GOOD WORDS

1903

EDITED BY THE VERY REV.

DONALD MACLEOD D.D.

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS

Good Words are worth much and cost little

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The Adventurer in Spain.*

By S. R. Crockett

Author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Sticki: Minister," "The Men of the Moss Hags," &c.

I.—The Adventure of the Way Thither

LANDMARKS and boundaries are ever kittle cattle. Even Lawgiver Moses found it so. And since then they have been eternally causing trouble all the world over. The ancient proverb anent the blessedness of having little national history might read equally well—"Blessed is the country with few frontiers." For very surely do our neighbours with the latest, most rectified, and most scientific frontiers envy us our silver strip of salt water, concerning which we have reason to say with Tennyson,

> God bless the narrow seas—
> I would they were a whole Atlantic broad!

Now I wanted to get into Spain in my own way, and, lo! on the very route I had chosen the local authorities were in the heat of the annual "frontier incident."

Of course, had I entered by easterly Barcelona, or westward by "Fried Sole Island" over the historic Bidassoa, there would have been no difficulty. Also—important consideration—nothing to write about. But for one thing, I was already deep in the most picturesque and most townless of French departments, the Ariége. I lacked the courage to turn back over interminable railways. To go forward was so much easier, and certainly the Over There beckoned witchingly from just beyond the white summits of the Pyrenees.

What to me then were great cities and cathedrals, French hotels and hired gipsy dancers? Ford and Borrow beckoned me to *their* Spain—the Spain that does not change—*tras los montes*—over the hills and far away, where are mules and mantillas, sierras and smugglers, crisp sounding Catalan, boorish Andorran, stern Aragonese breaking into flame at the lilt of the *jota*, and, chiefest wonder of all, the Basque tongue, strange, mysterious, older than the world.

I had wandered, driven by the weary ache of persistent insomnia, the length and breadth of this Sleepy Hollow of the South. At Foix, "chief place" of the Ariége, I had lounged away many days in its grass-grown square, red-breeched military everywhere about me, marching out before five in the mornings to the tuck of drum, and filing in again past the railway station before seven, with the free, clever marching step characteristic of the French soldier everywhere, from Dunkirk bound even to this same Foix in the Ariége.

For a week without once winking (as now it seems to me) I had sat twiddling coffee spoons at little feckless tin tables, painted (oh, how vainly!) to represent the marble of Carrara. The little city's crown of towers became permanently imprinted on my retina. As I read, I saw them dark or bright upon the page. Morning, noon, and night they were ever with me—iron-grey against the crimson-splashed dawn—thin and aerial in the white haze of noon, and again in the rich twilights of the South, becoming a veritable City of the Violet Crown, mediæval version, duodecimo size.

At midnight and in the still hours when no cock crew, I had, alas! too many opportunities of observing them trenching the Milky Way with triple coronal of velvety black.

In the daylight I spent many hours up there, a visitor of some distinction, permitted to roam where he would, and to return at his desire out of the feudal ages. This privilege was not accorded because of the suavity of

* Note as to Illustrations.—Like the Adventures themselves, the pictures have no claim to any merit save that of being original, first-hand impressions of scenes, places, and people far from the beaten track. I took them all myself, and they have not been tampered with in any way. As Scott said of his own practice, "I may have given some of the stories a dress cane and a cocked hat!" But the photographs are in every case "the real McKay!"—S. R. C.

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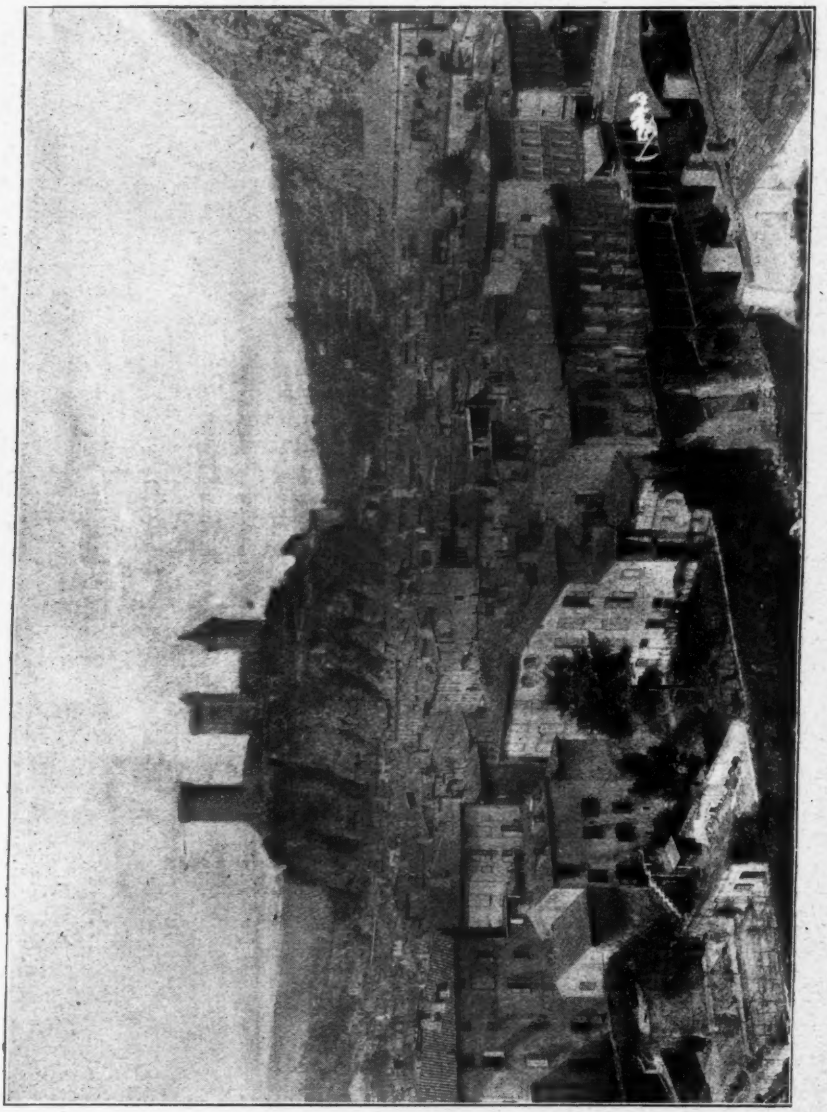
my address or any attractiveness of my person, but solely because the old lady kept tame rabbits, which were for sale. I bought one (price 3f. 50c.—tough!) and received into the bargain the freedom of the castle of Gaston de Foix.

The remaining rabbits mumbled contentedly on the very window sill from which the count chaffed his enemy of Toulouse when he threatened to cut through the rock on which the fortress stands, and bring the whole insecure rookery about its owner's ears. I had taken up a notebook with me, that I might imagine the scene; but instead of "By my halidom"-ing and "By'rlady"-ing I was the better pleased to poke stale



Foix, "chief place" of the Ariége

lettuce through the bars to Madame Thomas' rabbits, and watch, for hours at a time, their twitchy, hitchy, munchy gratitude.

Then, leaving Foix by an easy route, I made my way slowly Spainward, getting ever deeper into the mountains. At one little town I watched half naked Titans founding iron in the most primitive fashion, and understood for the first time how the short swords were forged which the soldiers of Marius drove to the hilt in Ambro-Teuton breasts upon Mont St. Victoire. At lazy Ussat I drank the waters, because (and I found the reason good) there was nothing else to do, and nobody but myself to do it. At Ax-les-Thermes I bathed in more than Roman splendour (bring your own towel!), and the landlady of the Hôtel de Rome told me that as it was not the season she could give me few luxuries except—the pleasure of her conversation. But, she added, "I must set one thing against another."

I did—and ordered a carriage in the morning.

But before I went, she told me (among other things) of a wonderful priest, who dwelt at the last mountain village before one ascended into the upper air—Hospitalet, the name of it. He was learned. He was kind. He "had the word." But he was not in favour with his ecclesiastical superiors, who for their own reasons had isolated him in this high corner of the vineyard. The Abbé could tell me all I wished to know. Did all Englishmen ask so many questions?

I rose very early next morning, convinced that all the geese in the Ariége, except the one which had lain heavy as lead on my conscience during the night, were cackling under my window. I looked out, and in the slanting orange of the sunrise, lo! the entire corporation of the washerwomen of Ax settling their pounding boards in the steam of the hot springs. Then I understood the faint cloudy blue colour which troubled me in my bath the evening before, a certain odour of washing day in the air, and a definite after desire to hang myself out on a line to dry. No wonder there are strong alkalis in the waters of Ax, or that Reckett hangs cloudily in suspension in your basin, and tinges the very towel with a faint cerulean hue between your face and hands.

Here is a cheap and certain road to fortune, for which there is no extra charge. Take a house next door to any laundry. Make an arrangement for a reversion of the suds, and advertise the Ax water cure and baths. I warrant that no expert will be able to tell the difference.

But, to return, over these mountains and some few more, there lay Spain. On the route was the wise curé of Hospitalet, and—my carriage was at the door. I bade my landlady adieu. Her bill at least was for full season's prices. I waved my hand to the gay washerwomen, whom I never could resist, and without regret got me over the lip of the simmering washtub of Ax-les-Thermes as fast as three brass-bound horses would carry me—a matter of at least three miles an hour.

Now I had been in Egypt in the first days of railways, when the famous arrangement about the "classes" was new—first class, ride except when told to get out and walk—second class, push behind at the hills—third class, push all the way! Comparable to this was the road up the pass of Puymorens, which winds exactly like an apple-paring thrown over the shoulder of the engineer. By cutting across the loops you can always have half an hour to sit down on a stone and wait for your carriage. Then half a mile further on there is another isthmus to cross, and time for another cigarette.

But by the way I chanced on the most picturesque of mills and the most affable of millers. At first he was about to set his dog on me, judging somewhat hastily by appearances. For indeed I had not had time to remodel my clothes since sliding down Quillan mountain in haste to capture my camera. But looking out of his mill window to summon the intelligent animal, the good man observed my carriage and three horses crawling up the slope a mile or so below.

"Ah," he cried, altering his intention, "lie down, you brute—come in and see my mill. It is much admired!"

Now this shows the use of a carriage with three horses. For otherwise that miller's dog would have been harassing

The road up the pass of Puymorens

my rear. And he was not a nice dog. He was particular as to his acquaintance, and always insisted upon an introduction.

Well might the miller of Deyrolles say that his mill was much admired. It was a perfect Chenonciaux of a mill. Water spouted from it, as it seemed, from chimney to foundation, the clear mountain water arching and glancing in the sun, making miniature cascades everywhere.

"Most convenient," said the miller, "when one wants to take a little mouthful of absinthe! Apropos——"

And the miller proceeded to show himself very apropos indeed.

All I could do in return was to take a picture of his mill, and offer him a lift up the hill as far as Hospitalet. Whereupon very willingly he turned off the water-power, and an entirely new Niagara flashed forth from a side lade.

"I myself will take you up and introduce you to Monsieur the curé," he cried; "all the travellers go to his house. He is a very learned man, and a lover of good company!"

"Is he your priest?" I asked, thinking there might be some purpose of private auricular confession, for it was nearing Easter.

"No," said the miller; "ours is a plain man, the son of a farmer over at La Tarasque. But I think he suits us all the better for that. We are a simple folk!"

When the carriage arrived our coachman also went in to view the mill while I held the horses. He came out wiping his mouth and smelling—apropos.

"I have never before ridden behind three horses," explained the miller, getting in beside me, "that is why I am coming. That—and the pleasure of your company."

Then he sat a long time meditating as we crawled up a hill.

"After all it is much the same as riding behind one horse," he said, at length, "only slower!"

But the miller of Deyrolles was a philosopher as well as a wit. He would not get out to walk up the hills. He would cross no isthmuses.

"Walk," he said; "no, excellent driver Jean, no! I can walk any day. I will have to walk to-morrow when I go down to Deyrolles. So whip up your horses, my friend, and at least let us enter Hospitalet with some éclat."

This we did, with an éclat which must have brought at least ten people to their windows. Hospitalet is the striking off place of the bridle track for Andorra, and in all respects resembles a village among the Alps of Savoy. But the country inn at which we drew up was clean and hopeful looking, and on account of his local knowledge the miller took on himself the ordering of the lunch.

There was a fall of water near, singing its own praises in the sunshine, and making a picturesque splashing down the mountain side. I made straight for it, camera in hand. Even as I went I was aware of a giant of a man coming towards me with long strides. He was bareheaded, and with the tail of my eye I could see something white in his hand. I thought this must be some petty lord of the soil come to take me to task for trespass upon his meadows. But I meant to have the picture first.

However the man stood quietly behind me till I had finished. I could hear his breathing stop as I made my exposure—a jewel of a man!

Then a book was thrust before me and a finger pointed out a place.

"Will you be good enough to translate that sentence into French?" said a voice. "I have only a grammar to help me with the English language!"

I turned in the very act of changing a plate. Small wonder that I was astonished. A tall priest stood before me, bareheaded, unshaven, his rusty *soutane* half unbuttoned,

Deyrolles. The sound of many waters

but with the unmistakable air of a man of thought and reading.

"Thank you," he said when I had, baldly enough, accomplished my task, "I came across as soon as I saw you."

"How did you know?" I asked, smiling.

"That you were an Englishman?" he laughed, chuckling to himself as if there could be any doubt about the matter.

"I saw you—I saw the waterfall, and I saw the black box! '*Voilà* my affair!' I cried, and I brought out my three weeks' puzzle to have it solved!"

"But I am not English," I persisted. "I am of Scotland!"

"It is the same thing!" said the priest, dogmatically.

"A large number of your kings did not think it at all the same thing!" I retorted. And expounded "the Auld Alliance."

"Ah," he said, "Monsieur is a historian. Come instantly to my Presbytery. Apropos I have some good wine!"

But I told him of the miller of Deyrolles, and of the lunch even now awaiting us. I invited him to join.

"For the pleasure of your company!" he said courteously; "but that I may do you honour, permit me to change my *soutane*."

Ah, why has not the Auld Alliance rubbed off some of these little graciousnesses of speech upon us rough tykes of the North?

We were a refreshfully democratic party as we sat us down—coachman Jean in his blue blouse, M. the abbé in his Sunday *soutane*, the miller of Deyrolles, and myself. We had a lamb dressed whole, the size of a good English hare, but deliciously cooked—salad, bread, and wine that smelled of the goat-skin, looked like Burgundy, and tasted as no wine of France does in these degenerate days.

"*Viva España!*" I said, as I drank and winked at the curé.

"Ah," he said, sipping slowly, "it is indeed a sad sin to defraud the revenue. I often preach against it from the altar. Smuggling is a very mother of iniquities. But what would you? This is doubtless good wine. And that—(he added sententiously) covers a multitude of sins. Besides," he added, "there is no proof. I have seen Monsieur the Receiver himself drinking it. He only shrugged his shoulders as he drank! But I think that he also had no illusions!"

In a few minutes we were deep in the effects of the French revolution upon the nations of Europe, and then I had a new view of my coachman Jean. Hitherto he had proved himself merely dreamy, stolid, and not a little morose.

But at the curé's first sentence he looked up sharply. His eye brightened. His head was thrown back. His nostrils dilated. Not otherwise does the war-horse scent the battle from afar. Jean was a controversialist—a born Jacobin. Progress was his watchword. In effect, as he said, America was his ideal. Ah, what a country! What enterprise! See here! He lifted a can of preserved salmon from the table. Could they produce such things in any priest-ridden country? And this—he lifted the mustard pot. Colman was the name emprinted thereon. Again America! The word New York was upon it—subordinate indeed to London, but still there. I pointed out the mistake. Colman was peculiarly and even hotly English in the mouth.

"It was," Jean continued, waving me aside, "the same thing. You have no priests in England."

"We have certain who call themselves so!" I remarked, carefully impartial.

"In Scotland? I thought you were all Calvinists there?" interjected the priest—his powerful voice, trained at the altar, forcing itself through Jean's shrill treble like the ram of a battleship crushing the iron skin of a torpedo boat.

Then, in a language not my own, I expounded history for the second time—searching for words, and occasionally finding them. To my surprise both the abbé and the Jacobin found themselves in unison or once.

"Why does a man call himself a priest when he is not a priest?" said Jean, thumping his fist on the table.

"When the day comes that your Calvinist ministers are reconciled with the Holy Church," cried the abbé, "they will be admitted simply upon profession.

But the others" (how the thin nostrils blew out with scorn!) "they will have to do much penance for having called themselves priests without the true apostolic ordination. Ah, yes, penance long and sore must they do."

. . . . .

The miller of Deyrolles listened to the three of us with infinite satisfaction. He nodded his head impartially when Jean or the priest made a hit—also when I found a word. He was specially enthusiastic when I got out my Bellows' Dictionary and looked up "incongruity."

"Ah," he said, "what a valuable book! It tells you what to say. As for me I never know. But I can grind corn. You see there were no schools in the Cerdagne in my time. But my meal is good all the same, and I make what money I need to live upon! Therefore am I not as happy as if I knew six languages and could speak like a deputy?"

Oh, most wise miller!

Next morning by six of the clock all was as it had never been. Our brave miller was upon his way back to Deyrolles—the abbé (let us hope) already in church at matins, or at least reading his breviary upon the way thither. As for Jean he sat on the box of my carriage, but he had relapsed. Or he had a headache. Something had disagreed with him. I thought at the time that he and the miller were saying "*à propos!*" a little too often yestreen, as it wore towards the shank of the night.

But as the green liquid was dripping through the sugar into their glasses at my expense, it was not my place to say them nay. Consequently this morning Jean held sombre views of life. He would not rise even to the "Social Contract." A Jesuit might have played with him. Almost he was a reactionary. At least, reaction of a sort was strong within him.

All the same we jogged on over Puymorens into the Cerdagne, that green valley smiling between the mountain ranges, half Spanish and half French. Yonder at last was Puycerda, the "Height of the Cerdagne," with the red and yellow ensign floating above its gateway. The good priest of Hospitalet had whispered to us that there was trouble on the border. No one was allowed to pass on any pretext. There had been mutual smuggling on an international scale. The French customs people were irritated with those of Spain, and the Spaniards crossed bayonets when any were delivered into their hands coming out of France.

But I was no smuggler. I had my papers of identification—my passport visaed in London at the Spanish Embassy. I had nothing of contraband except, possibly, some insect powder—nothing really suspicious save half-a-dozen cakes of soap.

Still I thought that it might be as well to turn aside before venturing the plain way into Spain over the bridge of Bourg Madame. If there was any friction it would be in that place. I would therefore take the by-path through Llivia.

But what is this Llivia of the Welsh-appearing name?

Llivia is an anachronism—a little splash of red and yellow Spanish wax left on the tricolour. For once the Spaniard had the best of it in his dealings with his formidable neighbour to the North. It happened some two hundred years ago, when the frontiers were being delimited and the treaties made. The Cerdagne was to be divided, partly by an imaginary line and partly by the streamlet which flashes through the beech copses beneath the citadel of Puycerda. Thirty villages north of this line were to belong to France—and so at this present twenty-nine of them do. But one, Llivia by name, chanced to be a "township" not a village, and so to this day it forms an "enclave," or piece of Spain shut in by French territory on every side. A neutral road, called indistinctively the Chemin International, runs from Llivia to a little bridge which gives access to Spain. There is another Douane there—a post of carabineers on the Spanish side, and generally a man fishing on the French. The fisherman is the real danger.

Driver Jean turned aside towards Llivia, and after we were well down the jolting by-road, a man came running full tilt over a field towards us, calling upon us to stop. We laughed, waved hands, and pushed on light-heartedly. Afterwards, however, we had occa-

sion to regret our precipitancy. However, we were safe in Spain, as we thought, none having hindered or made us afraid—except the man whom the three brass-bound horses, making their first spurt of the day, had left running wildly over the field.

Llivia is by all and large the dirtiest village I have ever seen. Cattle pass in droves along the street, or stand meditatively digestive in front of doors. I have never seen them sitting sipping absinthe at the cafés; but there is every sign, and the testimony of all the five senses, that such is their habit.

Yet there is a decent enough posada, lifted upon a terrace above the main street (or gutter). Within it, a pretty young wife, a lyrical baby, and a talkative military grandfather, who was ready to smoke your tobacco and abuse the people of Llivia—literally, till all was blue.

Meantime the young wife prepared a meal while I exercised my fascinations upon the baby. Then, the small score settled, the horses were put in again and we went hopefully forward. Above all things I was anxious to lay my head in Spain that night.

But, alas! much was there to do before that happened. As we neared the bridge at the end of the Chemin International, half a score of gendarmes appeared out of the bushes, and as many carabineers moved into position upon the Spanish side.

The dirtiest village I had ever seen

I was out in a moment and showing my papers. But it soon appeared that I had sinned the unpardonable sin. I had passed into Spain and out of France by a road which was not a legal right-of-way, a village road, a mere farm track—and so, all unwitting, I had become an outlaw. Neither country would have me at any price. I had been in Spain—that is, in Llivia, therefore I could not return

into France. Messieurs the gendarmes would see to that. I had never passed the customs examinations, therefore I could not be admitted into Spain. The ranked carabineers fixed bayonets to prevent me.

I stood and argued—showed all my well-ordered papers for the twentieth time. It was in vain. I could go back to Llivia and wait there while the case was submitted to the two several governments. Or I could remain where I was, on the neutral ground of the Chemin International, apparently till I struck root and sprouted. Jean the Radical had nothing to suggest. He wanted only to be well quit of me and jog back again to Ax. Indeed, to tell the truth, he basely deserted me in the day of my adversity.

"M. the curé of Hospitalet told monsieur," he declared, "*I* told monsieur. But monsieur was obstinate — *entêté* — pig-headed. But what would you—by example, is he not an Englishman?"

And yet he had heard me explain my nationality only the night before with a wealth of historical detail!

It was at the black blank moment of my despair, when the officer of gendarmes was on the point of sending me back to Llivia under a guard, apparently till the central government had time to make out my warrant for New Caledonia, that, quick as the god from the machine, appeared my saviour. We had been arguing upon the bank of the stream which runs through poplar clumps, beech coppices, and pollard willows. I heard a shout, and springing up the bank through the young spring greenery I beheld a man, rather short than tall, rather slender than sturdy, but with the broad shoulders and lean flanks of endurance, a face that broke every rule of regularity yet was so overflowing with good humour and ready responsive wit, that the effect was irresistibly attractive. A small carefully waxed moustache and hair crisp and curling distinguished the new comer. He was dressed in dark grey coat and trousers, and, for a touch of colour, wore a red sash round his waist drawn low over the hips.

Never was a man so thoroughly abreast of the situation. He shouted questions in Catalan to the amazed Spaniards on their bank. He rebuked the sergeant of gendarmes in his native tongue for keeping a gentleman waiting on the highway. He entered into repartee with Jean the socialist, in which that intermittent freethinker was conspicuously worsted. All the time he was employed in putting up his fishing rod. As soon as this was finished, he bade Jean get back on the box and opened the door of the carriage for me.

"Yes, we shall go back to Llivia," he cried, "and it will be the worse for somebody when Milor the Englishman has finished writing to his friend the Minister of the Interior."

As he clicked the carriage handle he whispered over the door, "I will make it all right. Do not fear. You shall lay your head in Spain when next you sleep."

So back to Llivia we went, where I think our return was not wholly unexpected by the ancient military gentleman in the Posada España. I saw something unpleasantly like a twinkle of mirth light up his eye as he borrowed a cigarette and lit a match on a conveniently stretched part of his trousers.

"And now," said my new friend, as we found ourselves alone over the green-eyed Pernod on the balcony, "I will introduce myself. I am called Julio Biño over yonder—a Navarrese. Yes, señor, but in the Ariége I am plain Jules Bineaud, and anywhere I hate to see a stranger put upon in my own country. And every country on both sides of the Pyrenees is mine."

"Are you then a Spaniard?" I asked.

Julio smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes and no," he said, "I am neither French nor Spanish. Yet I am both. I am of Navarre, and you know that that country lies on both sides of the mountains, like a saddle laid across the Pyrenees. I am the man who rides on that saddle."

"But surely you must be a citizen of one country or of the other?"

"I am a citizen of both," he made answer, smiling, "I am on the reserve of both armies, yet all the time I have served with the colours is only six weeks. I can vote for the deputy who pleases me in the Ariége, and yet give a voice for good Señor Cristobal when it pleases him to go up to Madrid to escape his wife's tongue."

Neither country would have me

"And what is your own business?" I asked next.

He looked at me a moment very straight in the eye, as if gauging the amount of confidence which might safely be placed in me. Then he spoke in a pleasant voice, even and quiet:

"I am of all trades that do not involve doing the same thing over day after day. I am the best gardener in the world—for a month. For a month I have been an incomparable corn-miller. I can build a house, but not two—graft a vineyard if it is not too big, chop down a tree, work a saw-mill, cook anything that ever was cooked, find something to cook where there is nothing, climb mountains, carry a pack on my shoulders, lead a score of pretty fellows to—ahem!—correct the inequalities of the revenue. There is no man native to these mountains, from Moncayo to the Cevennes, to whom I cannot pretend that I am his countryman, his *paysan*, born in the same commune, confirmed by the same parish priest."

"And what good does that do?" I asked in my simplicity.

"In effect, there are occasions," he replied, mysteriously shrugging his shoulder in the direction of my baggage, "I am not sure that this may not be one of them. When that old chatterer goes to bed (I regret that Biño referred to our soldier of Solferino and the Malakoff) I will talk to the young husband. He has had a little difficulty with the carabineers which keeps him somewhat retired in the daytime. But Biño can find him. Only for the present say nothing about our business to madame. She might tell her father, and that were as good as giving it out from the altar."

"But what are we to do?" I said, "I wish to proceed into Spain at once—on to El Seo, if possible. I have no desire to go five hundred miles about by train, to stay in cities, to eat with a crowd at *tables d'hôte*. I am not a gentleman of commerce!"

"I know—I know!" Even as I was speaking, the quick Southern eye took fire. Electricity seemed to snap from Biño's finger-ends and crackle in his excited voice. "I knew it as soon as I set eyes on monsieur. 'Here is one after my own heart,' I said; 'he has a small bag, all for use. He looks about and takes notes of the beautiful, the characteristic—aye, even while these long-eared ones are braying at him. Behold his little gun, his vista glass, his *chambre noir*. He travels to see, to record, to write. There is his pen sticking out of his pocket. I will go with him—I, Julio Biño, the Navarrese. I will company with him for love, so long as he wants me. For I also have the mind of the wanderer, of him that must all the time see new things, beautiful things!' So, señor, here I am!"

Still I was not a little puzzled, and my face showed it.

"Ah," continued my new friend, anxiously, "do not misunderstand. I am no beggar. I do not think of money. I have a house and vineyard yonder in the Ariége—another behind the mountains. But I will come with monsieur for love alone."

"But," I answered doubtfully, "I cannot permit anything of the kind. If you accompany me I shall require you to take a wage for each day—each week!"

"That I understand also," said Biño, "but let us not speak of it now. Wait till you see whether or no I satisfy you, and then we can settle all these matters. I am not such a fool as to think that my services are worth nothing. But I will leave it to monsieur to say how much."

He moved his hand slightly and sipped his absinthe with a cock of eye towards the door, which informed me that the "military chatterer," as he called our host, was immediately behind it. In this fashion I became acquainted with Biño, who through the years has remained protector and mentor, servant and friend—ever careful, faithful, ready-witted, daring, humorous, self-effacing, as ready to acknowledge a fault as to make a virtue of a success, in all things typically meridional in temperament—a little boastful, more than a little vain, doing everything with an air as if before a gallery and for the gage of ladies' favours.

Now it becomes necessary from this point to warn the reader that (except in the case of the larger towns) I shall use names both for men and places other

than the real. For these people, of whom I shall have to tell, are still alive and busy with their affairs, which very often are the affairs of certain Government officials as well. Now, though I owe the officials on both sides of the frontier not a few kindnesses, yet on the whole the balance falls the other way, and I have certainly no desire that any words of mine should bring difficulties upon men whose only fault is, that their interpretation of fiscal laws differs from that of the State functionaries, chiefly, moreover, in the personal matter of more or fewer pesetas in the official breeches' pockets.

But to this matter I shall have to return. For my acquaintance among smugglers is rather large, and on the whole they are as honest people as I have come in contact with in the Peninsula—or anywhere else.

It was about ten o'clock at night when Biño came into the little chamber in which I had been lying down on the bed fully dressed. He had with him a tall young man, in figure lithe as an eel, and of a countenance habitually grave. This was Little Stephen, so called to distinguish him from his father, who had once been Big Stephen, but could now have been tucked comfortably away under his son's arm.

Biño and Little Stephen turned my equipment over article by article, laying aside some for future transport, and stowing away the rest in a couple of brown Pyreneean "ruk-sacks," much battered by the rains. I offered to share the burden, but was told rather succinctly that if I followed them that night without carrying more than my own weight, I would do very well. And in this I was not long in discovering a truth and justice simply incontrovertible.

Then with the lamp set on the floor outside the half-open door, so as to throw a faint light upward on the ceiling, we three sat and took a hasty meal. The girl-wife smiled as she set the dishes before us. She was only seventeen, but she had already two children of her own, and was evidently very much at home in all the detail of smuggling as practised on the frontier. Such a package, however, as a six-foot Englishman, with all his impedimenta, had never been "handled" from that Llivian house.

Finally Biño asked her what she was smiling at, and she said, "I was thinking of the señor on the Col of Bellver!" Which showed that the young woman had either been "out" along with her husband, or had a very pretty gift of second-sight. For, if any one had been there to see, the señor did indeed furnish a humorous enough sight upon the Col of Bellver in the small hours of the following morning.

I had expected (and dreaded) a rope ladder as a necessary adjunct for getting away from Llivia. But instead we turned peaceably out into the night, and the door closed behind us. Only we did not depart by the main street, but turned to the left under gloomy arches, past pens that smelt of sheep and yet more convincingly of goat, passing about the church through the lych-gate, and breaking our shins as we did so over the tombs of departed smugglers, who had perished on just such expeditions as ours.

Deep peace dwelt on Llivia—as deep upon the town as upon the churchyard, disturbed only by the scraping of my English boots upon the most intolerable, shaly, clinkery, unnecessarily melodious hillside it has ever been my evil fate to scramble over. Presently we came to a standstill at the edge of a little patch of cultivation—colza, as I judged, by the faint mustardy glow underfoot.

"This will never do," Biño whispered, "sit down, señor!"

I had thought it strange that the feet of my companions made no sound, while I waked the echoes with the clattering of a cavalry division. But I could feel the Man of Many Countries busy with my foot-gear.

"Surely," I thought, "he is never going to take off my boots and let me walk barefooted over these razor edges.

But in a moment he had pulled a pair of "alpargatas" (or canvas shoes with soles of woven cord) upon my feet, and I stood up with a curious feeling of walking in my sleep. Now I was as silent as the others. The "alpargatas" clung to the slipperiest rock and made no noise on the loosest shale. Biño stowed away my boots somewhere about his pack, and I fell in afresh between the tall young man and my companion. We kept along the ridges high in air. Far beneath I

could hear the brawl of the frontier stream in which I had first seen Biño fishing.

At the bridge-end, where I had been stopped earlier in the day, we could see a flicker of light dancing uncertainly on a patch of grey-white road, and a little nearer the silhouette of a dark figure that marched steadily to and fro. The light from the guard-hut flashed on the sentry's sword-bayonet as he changed his musket from one shoulder to the other.

I could hear Biño chuckling behind me.

"They are on the look-out for you," he whispered, pointing with his hand; "they will wait long! We are in France now," he continued; "that is the bell of Ur church striking midnight. Go forward quickly, Little Stephen!"

We descended a steep and slippery slope of grass, saw dimly the white houses of a village high on the green Alps to our left, and got our alpargatas sopping wet in certain little streams which we kept fording every minute. Indeed, the whole hillside was alive with the bicker of running water. It was merry to hear in the night. They say Ur is the ancient name for "waters"—which, indeed, I can well believe, for this Ur is a place of many of them.

Down, down we went, the lush meadow grasses swishing long and dewy about our feet. Little Stephen stepped over a bush and set foot upon a bullock, which "routed" with surprise, and then made off with a clumsy rush in the direction of the little river. In a moment Biño's hand was on my shoulder and I could see that Little Stephen had instantly dropped on all fours. I imitated my companions. It was like playing at Covenanters-and-Persecutors among the Galloway moss-hags. I was glad to find I was not yet too old for the game.

"Civil guards!" he whispered. And from the depths of a willow, on whose rough hollow trunk I lay prone as Alexander Peden on Corriedow, I could see two motionless mounted figures sitting their horses on the opposite bank. They conferred together, presumably as to what had caused the bullock to break its rest with such cumbrous haste.

"If this were not France they would fire across on the chance of making us run," murmured Biño; as it is, they will go down and stir up the French picket to come after us."

It fell out so. The two civil guards (I became acquainted with them later, *not* in the way of business) turned their horses and rode slowly down the glen in the direction of the French posts.

Little Stephen put his hand back and touched me softly.

"Now!" he said, "hold your watch in your mouth—everything else that will spoil in your hat!"

And then, with a gait which I could not imitate, apparently running all on fours, he sped off down the steep side of the stream. In another moment I felt the water pushing cool about my legs. Biño took one hand, Little Stephen the other. The water was strong, for there had been a spate somewhere among the mountains away towards Porta. Mid-leg, waist-deep, breast-deep, the chill crept up, till I thought the thing had gone quite far enough. Then all at once I became aware of Little Stephen above me, dripping water on my head from a ledge. A pull, a push, and the three of us were beside him. The men gave their leathern bags a shake, felt for the tie knot of their "alpargatas" that they might not stumble over it, and then all three of us set stout faces to the stey brae. It was indeed steep though happily short, and presently we were out again on the plain lands of the Spanish Cerdagne.

I cannot fit words to my remembrance of the speed at which we crossed this half-English belt of country. Ditches, hedges, stone walls, clumps of trees, we halted not a moment for any of these. When a house appeared we gave its clamorous dogs a wide berth—otherwise we kept straight for the high mountains. There was a chillish wind blowing, clear and tingling. Nevertheless the pace kept us warm. So fanning was the wind that by the time we had reached the pines on the foothills and smelt the rare odour of the juniper berries I was quite dry.

Then came some rough, ugly work on slippery ground like a railway embankment which the navvies are still piling, or, more exactly, the moraine of a "shrinking" glacier.

My alpargatas got filled with stones, small like shot, and for the moment I missed my boots very much. But at the top of this *talus* we came on the first belt of pines, some of them with little more than their tops showing above the unstable surface. They had been snowed, or rather sanded, under.

Here Little Stephen threw himself down with an "Ouff!" of intense satisfaction.

"Premier Etage! One story up!" said Biño, casting down his bag and scooping a comfortable lair for himself in the sand with a convenient outlier of his body.

I had been under the impression that we were already at the top, but I made no remark. My desire for a more interesting entrance into the land of smugglers, than by the cars of the Peninsular Express, was assuredly not to be disappointed.

Here we rested a quarter of an hour and ate some bread and olives, washing the meagre fare down with a draught of wine smelling of the goatskin—which, however, warmed the way it went with a vigour begotten of having been previously well-laced with *aguardiente*.

"Drink," said Little Stephen, "it will make you long-winded. It comes from Cabrera's country, even from Vinaroz near to Tortosa."

And apparently he was right. For whereas hitherto I had gone with difficulty, now I trod on air. I acquired the clearsightedness of a man who has got his "eye in" at golf. We mounted through the pines, up and up, keeping mostly on the crests of the ravines so as to escape the falling stones which began to go whisking past our heads in a most suggestive manner. Then all abruptly the pines ceased, and above us, flecked and streaked with unmelted snow, hung a wonderfully serrated and bastioned range of peaks. So imminent they were that I thought they must surely fall on our heads.

"Second story—and only the mansarde above!" said Biño, cheerily propping himself against a wall of rock, which afforded some shelter from the steady chill push of a wind that seemed to hit us as it we were naked, so freely did it pass through our garments.

How the rest of the night went by I hardly know. The black frowning ridge above, somehow melted mysteriously away as we approached. We slid into a gorge which cut windingly through it. The bottom and sides of this trench were sleeked with fallen snow, coarse as rock-salt and crunching loudly under the feet. Then again down we went, striking this way and that through an intimate tangle of ravines, gullies, *cols*, breakneck paths, and slippery screes, such as I would have supposed no single man to possess the secret of. But little Stephen went forward readily and easily in the dark, like a man ascending his own staircase to bed, while from behind Biño assisted him with comment and advice.

It was in the small hours of the morning, bandied between my companions, that I first heard a name which was to become exceedingly familiar. I will call the place they spoke of "San Severino," for though that was not the appellative of the real saint, it contains the same number of letters.

"At what time shall we reach San Severino?" inquired Biño.

"For me," said Little Stephen, "I shall come with you only to the goat-herd's hut at the foot of Bellpuig. I must be back at Llivia by daybreak, or at least over the fords of Ur. But once upon Bellpuig you can find the way for yourselves!"

"Easily enough," said Biño, readily. And the two ran over local directions and indications—how the way went "past this stone, then by the white rock to the left of the crest, down the left bank of the *arroyo*—and be sure to whistle three times and receive an answer before advancing. You remember what happened to Grammunt's Francisco?"

I did not ask what happened to Grammunt's Francis—probably a couple of rifle bullets did the whistling which he had omitted. The frontiersmen of the Pyrenees do not allow any second deal in cases of mistake. If the aim is good, the loser pays.

It was a delicate task to remunerate Little Stephen when he bade us "good-bye," with an assurance that the rest of my baggage would follow in a day or two.

"If you love strange things you will not be in a hurry to leave San Severino, señor," he said, putting my hand aside—"no, no money. But if, when you return to your

own country, you will send me some English service cartridges for my little gun here, (he produced an officer's revolver of a good London make) that will repay me tenfold for a trip which has been a pleasure in itself."

He slipped the bag from his shoulders, and Biño did it carefully about me so that its weight would fall in the right spot.

"Now I will go fast," he said, "God go with you, gentlemen both!"

And go he did—so fast that he was out of sight in a moment. Biño watched him, whistling low to himself. Then he nodded his head and said, "Yes, he will go fast. There is no one in all the hills, from Canigou to the Atlantic, who can go so fast as Little Stephen. Pity he cannot lead a party! His head is not so strong as his legs. But for a guide, and to do as he is bid—ah! I would rather have Little Stephen with me than any dozen—always excepting certain of those good gospellers whom we shall meet at San Severino down there."

"And pray what is San Severino, and whom shall we meet there?"

"San Severino is an old monastery," he answered, "only nowadays they are somewhat strange monks who dwell within the abbey walls. It was a Carlist headquarters during the war, and indeed, to tell the truth, it is little else yet. The government gendarmes and Guardias Civiles give it a wide berth, or else approach it humbly. Nevertheless there are few folk so honest as Emmanuel Sebastian and his family, or whom I would rather have on my side when it comes to the quick pull on the trigger of fate."

We stood up, and the ruk-sack felt unexpectedly light. But I did not know how heavy it would weigh ere I entered the gate of San Severino with the morning light.

The convent, when at last we glimpsed it, stood immediately under the crest of a great wave of mountain ridge, which curled over it as if about to fall momently, yet three hundred years had gone by without bringing to the ground so much as one pinnacle of the stubborn limestone. Grey, battered, bleak, the very tiles of the roof bleached hay-colour by the winter storms, the towers of the monastery stood up on its flat plateau, stern and square as if cut from the native rock. I was strangely mistaken if a shrouded bottle-shaped mass in the corner done up in tarpaulin, did not represent a cannon. Every detail of the architecture was perfectly clear, for we stood not three hundred yards from the twenty-foot wall which surrounded the farm-monastery on all sides.

Biño whistled thrice without, however, exposing himself. Then, after a pause of listening, three times again. This time there came an answer back—two whistles and then two.

"That is for us to show ourselves," he said.

We came out and stood clear on the ridge, outlined against the sky.

"That is to give them time to examine us through the glass—they have a very powerful one," he murmured. "I myself brought it from Paris! Ah, they will not be long—they know Biño. There, I thought so!"

The gate was opened and three or four tall men came forth, shutting the fastenings carefully behind them.

"Now," said Biño, with increasing excitement, "we will go down and shake the hands of the bravest men in all Spain—aye, or France either. And I that speak to you am a Frenchman born, though a mongrel by adoption!"

We went down a well-beaten path, and as we drew near Biño whispered that it would perhaps be better if he went on ahead and explained my presence. The Sebastians were naturally somewhat careful about those whom they admitted to their intimacy.

"But do not fear, my word will be sufficient. That, and the fact that you have had a difficulty with the officials, will ensure your welcome."

So on a table of rock I sat down and thought what a little way into Spain does the hand of the law reach. Biño conferred apart with the guardians of San Severino, and then after a pause he and they came towards me.

"Señor," said Biño, saluting me first and then bowing to the four men, "permit me to introduce to you the four evangelists of San Severino—Don Matthew, Don Mark, Don Luke, and Don John Sebastian."

The four men uncovered and bowed pro-

foundly, as indeed I did myself. Then the eldest of them took me by the hand, and said, "Señor, I bid you welcome to San Severino in the name of our father, who awaits you within."

We were silent as we went towards the gate—I, because languages come slowly back to me, and only after the ear has been attuned for a while to their use.

Even Bino, moreover, seemed a little impressed. The grey boundary wall rising bare and high out of the savage wilderness of rock and juniper, without an ear of corn or sign of cultivation anywhere, was curiously impressive. All the interior buildings were hidden behind it, and we seemed to be prisoners advancing under escort into some fortress prison of monkish tyranny.

The four Sebastian evangelists stood back for us to pass in. We entered, not by the great gateway, which I never saw unbarred all the time of my sojourn in San Severino, but by a little port of grey unpainted wood, studded with great bolts of iron. As soon as we were within the enclosure bolts were shot as in a prison, and I looked about me in astonishment.

On all sides extended ranges of buildings —the closeness of the windows one to the other, and the unmistakable barracks look revealing the monastic purpose for which they had been intended. Through a gate opening into a second enclosure we caught a glimpse of a stable yard and many cattle pulling fodder out of openwork racks. Meanwhile the door at the top of the main staircase was opened, and there waiting to welcome us, stood one of the noblest figures I have seen—an old man tall and spare, but erect and of a military carriage. White hair fell gracefully upon his shoulders, curling a little outwards at the ends. He wore snowy unstarched linen at the neck and sleeves—the ancient Aragonese costume—black velvet knee-breeches, white sash, and an open shell jacket with many small gold bullets for buttons.

"Señor," said Biño, with a wave of his hand in introduction, "you are in the presence of Don Emmanuel Sebastian!"

The old man took me by the hand and said, "I bid you welcome? All that is in my house is yours!"

We walked down a long stone-flagged passage with ranges of doors opening to one side and glassless loopholes at regular intervals all along the outer wall. Then, quite unexpectedly, my host drew aside a heavy string curtain and ushered me into an apartment which to my eyes, accustomed to the small cottage rooms of the Ariége and the French border-lands, seemed nothing less than immense. The roof rose, lofty as that of a church. The rafters, where I could see them, were black with age. Doubtless it had been the kitchen of the monastery and was now the general meeting place of the family of San Severino.

Here and there peasant women in short Aragonese kirtles were busy about an immense fireplace. But the many tiny fires were of charcoal, and the cooking on the primitive "casserole" plan, so that the room was no more than comfortably warm. Two girls, dressed simply in black and evidently belonging to the Sebastian family, vanished discreetly behind another curtain as we entered.

Everything was characterised by an antique simplicity, eminently pastoral. Emmanuel Sebastian insisted that I should sit in his own great chair as the place of honour. As soon as he found that my foot gear was sopping with the snows he ordered one of his sons to bring a basin of water, and despatched a maid for dry hose and "alpargatas."

Upon the return of his youngest son, the chief of the house-servants, an old woman infinitely wrinkled and yet with a curious antiquated kindliness looking out of her eyes, knelt down before me, and to my exceeding discomfort began to remove my wet socks. All the time she kept saying something in dialect, but save from the smiles of those about I could not guess at her meaning.

Seeing my difficulty Don Emmanuel came over and explained, "She is the foster-mother of all these," he pointed to his sons, "also of my daughters within there, and she says it is her right to wash the feet of men. She has suckled many, and all her own are dead!"

By this time a long table had been laid, and while Don Emmanuel held me in talk—of England, of Don Carlos, and of the future prospects of "the cause," with the tail of my eye I could see one of the daughters of the house enter and give some directions to the women. She was tall, clad in deep black, but her face had a strange drawn whiteness, and her eyes a lustrous sadness such as I have rarely beheld on any countenance. I watched what Biño would do upon her entrance. He was standing among the evangelist brothers, and it seemed to me that as their sister entered they stood more closely about him as if to prevent any greeting. I resolved therefore, for my own part, to wait events.

There was so much of Oriental and Biblical about the family that it might well be that they had a certain Arab convention with regard to the seclusion of their women.

So I sat and watched Don Emmanuel, wondering at the air of high simplicity which set his bold features so well, and which ever and anon kept haunting me with a resemblance, a resemblance annoying in proportion to the difficulty of fixing it. It was most puzzling when he spoke Castilian, slow, clear, and oratorical. When he dropped into rapid colloquial French the resemblance seemed to disappear. It was not till he threw back his head in order to shout an order in Catalan to a herdsman who looked in for a moment, that I had it.

Don Emmanuel was a Spanish Mr. Gladstone! There was the same spare frame, though altogether larger and more bony; the same imperious eye, black and piercing; the eagle's beak, which might have been cruel but was only determined. And in imperative speech or quick reproach both had the leonine back-throw of the head which fixed the resemblance. Afterwards I found other points of likeness. Don Emmanuel was a Gladstone who had been all his life a fighter with his hands, all his life a leader with his head; who had lived on Pyreneean mountain tops as unchallenged in authority as David in his hold in Engedi; who had never changed his opinions; who began and ended where Mr. Gladstone only began—"the hope of the stern unbending Tories" from Guipuzcoa even to Cataluña.

Presently, while we still talked, the younger of the two girls in black entered with a tray, which she set down at Don Emmanuel's right hand. Still no introduction was made. Our host simply poured out small glasses of some delicately scented liqueur, one of which he presented first to me as the greater stranger, and afterwards another to Biño.

It was home-confected cherry brandy, much finer than anything sold under that name in commerce, being distilled at the monastery and flavoured with wild aromatic plants from the sierras. The old woman, who had insisted on washing my feet, remembered the days before 1835 and the dispersal of the monks. She it was who had guarded the recipe and still superintended its annual decoction.

At eleven Don Emmanuel looked about him sharply, as a gilded eight-day clock, shaped like an hour-glass, chimed the hour. He nodded to a herdsman lounging on one of the locker benches which ran round the sides of the kitchen. The man rose, threw down the striped woollen plaid he had been wearing round his neck, laid his hands on a rope which dangled beside the wall, and instantly the clang of a great bell resounded from high above. Don Emmanuel smiled at my wonder, as the sound swelled and reverberated from the hill crests about.

"It is Saint Martin, the old convent bell," he said, "often and often I have heard it call to matins and vespers in the old days—often after that to sterner business. But now we use it as a dinner bell. We are degenerate folk and have fallen on poor heartless days, but we must do the best we can."

Then in came a score of rough-clad men one after the other, each bowing with the instinctive grace of the Spaniard to the head of the house, to me the guest, and to the daughters of the family.

All took their places at table in silence. The upper end of the board was laid with a white cloth, coarse but spotlessly clean. The rest was bare wood, but scoured almost as

white. The girls came and stood opposite us, in the places reserved for them at Don Emmanuel's right hand. The house-father held up his hand. All followed his example, and in a kind of a chant the words rolled out "In the name of God the Father, of Christ his Son, of our blessed Lady Mary of the Immaculate Conception, and of our sovereign the Lord Carlos, King of Spain. Amen."

It was at once a benediction and an oath, every morning renewed, of fidelity to the things which were for ever past.

In that sudden clamour of sound there was something Gothic, barbaric, primeval. Not otherwise shouted the warriors who raised Pelayo on their shields. With such a crying burst Cid Campeador and his warlords on the turbaned men. Old days when men were stormily sure of things and held them once for all, spoke to me in that cry, which indeed stirred the pulses like blown trumpets. Then in another moment all at the lower end of the table were seated. Only Don Emmanuel stood still, and at last

So lost in grief indeed that she neither saw nor heard

with a graceful gesture made the delayed introductions.

"My daughter Donna Isadra and the little maid, our house-babe, Carmen, whom among ourselves we called Chica!"

The younger laughed and called out, "Chica, indeed—I would have you know I am not so very little, but that once on a time you were less!"

At which her evangelist brothers laughed, and the nearest pinched her cheek saying, "Little and foolish—so it was ever with our babe!"

But the elder daughter, Isadra, moved no muscle, nor could I see that she bowed ever so slightly in reply to our salutations. At which, having proved the highbred courtesy of the family, I wondered much.

The repast was plenteous, and saving some difference in the wine on my account, the same for gentle and simple—soup of lentils, trout with a sauce of white wine, a fragrant "olla," delicious brown bread, and the rich red Spanish wine. A dish of olives stood ready to hand, fresh from the brine, and from one end of the table to the other the goatskin gurgled incessantly. I thought there was in the wine which I drank a resinous twang, not unlike the flavour of Greek vintages, but with nothing unpleasant about it.

When the meal was over there was no stated dismissal, at all resembling the ceremonious beginning. Each herdsman and labourer rose when he had finished, made his bow to Don Emmanuel at the table-head, and went about his affairs.

Donna Isadra never once raised her eyes. The lashes which lay on her pallid cheek were of an astonishing length and blackness, But she said no word, and hardly ate or drank. Babe Chica (the "Little One"), on the other hand, chattered incessantly, continually breaking off into Basque or Catalan in order to achieve her phrases. For on that borderland of tongues every word is current coin, and half the time the inhabitants are not conscious what language they are talking.

But Don Emmanuel was quick to check his younger daughter, bidding her speak either French or Castilian. At which she thrust out her lips in a little pout, saying, "French I speak like a Spanish cow, and as for Castilian, that is the language of the black Alfonsists!"

"It is the duty of good children to speak that which is understood of the stranger within their father's gates!" said Don Emmanuel sententiously.

Whereat the girl pouted still more, and for a while was silent. She was about fifteen or sixteen, and had been long conscious of her position as spoilt child in a family of men.

With regard to her sister I could make no guess as to her age, but she was clearly much older than Donna Carmen.

When the cigarettes were lighted I sauntered into the open air, anxious to see the outside surroundings of this curious home. Passing out by the herdsmen's door, quite unexpectedly I found myself in a court of beaten earth strewn with juniper branches and rough heath—straw being evidently too precious a commodity to be used as litter so high among the mountains.

I strolled on through a well-tended garden, with flowers and pot-herbs growing in alternate beds. Something white attracted my eye at the end of an avenue of dark yews. I stepped quietly along, conscious of a kind of solemnity in the shade of that gloomy vista. Presently I saw on either hand niches and inscriptions. By the wall and beneath the trees broken tombs and headless statues of recumbent abbots lay piled. I had stumbled upon the burial place of the ancient abbey of San Severino.

I stood musing, dreaming of all that these once great men had seen and done in their day, and thinking how long it would be before our best modern reputations and high magnificences were cast down, shattered, and forgotten, even as they. There was eternity in the thought.

Then all at once there came to me the sense that I was not alone. I turned and saw Donna Isadra sitting on a low wall, her head bowed under her dark mantilla. She was weeping very bitterly—so lost in grief indeed that she neither saw nor heard.

(To be continued.)

NOTE.—In the February Number will appear "The Adventure of Donna Isadra."

Ruskin's Bibles

By W. G. Collingwood

"RUSKIN ET LA BIBLE"—who would have expected it?—is the title of a French book, written by a science professor, and published in Paris.

We all know that his works, from "Modern Painters" to "Præterita," are full of the Bible. Sometimes his allusions and quotations are merely ornamental, and sometimes his remarks are sharp enough to pain the reader; for Ruskin went through many phases of faith, or, rather, through a long period of doubt, from which he came, in his later years, into a new and very simple acceptance of the Christian hope. But at all times he took the Bible seriously, and in many a passage he has made its thoughts and stories live for us with marvellous reality. Hear him tell the Death of Moses or the Call of Peter in those well-known pages of his masterpiece, or follow him in "Fors" through unpalatable deductions from neglected commands, and you cannot but feel that he was a great preacher, "a man of one book," and that book was the Bible.

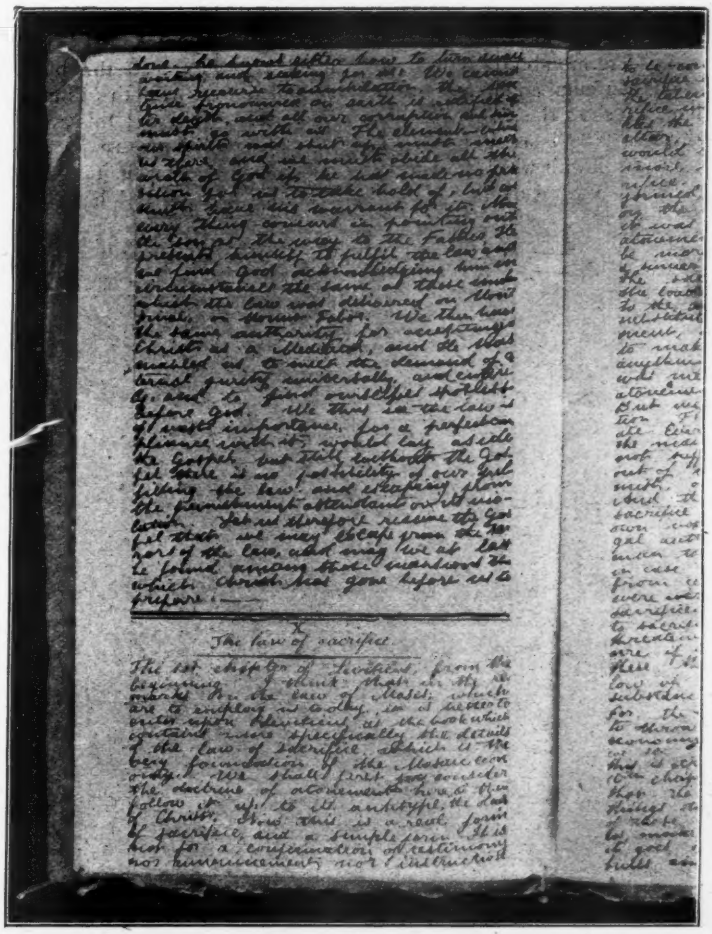
(Miss Hargreaves, photo, Coniston)

The Bible from which Mr. Ruskin learnt in childhood, and his Greek MS. Psalter

How he was brought up upon it he tells us in his autobiography. In Coniston Museum not the least interesting of the Ruskin relics is the Bible from which, as he noted on the fly-leaf, his mother taught him the paraphrases. Turning it over, one sees how the parts he has named as especially studied, Psalm cxix. above all, have been soiled; for even little John Ruskin, model of home-bred boys, was like Tommy Grimes the scamp—he couldn't always be good—and continual thumbing embrowns the page.

It was his mother to whom he owed this early training in a close knowledge of the text, "without note or comment." This was her Bible in the earlier days. Later in life she laid the somewhat worn volume aside for a new one, given her, as her husband notes in it, "at Dover, 13 May, 1858"; and a bearded thistle-head is fastened for a memento on the fly-leaf. To the end of her life she read in it every day, and every day learned two verses by heart; she has pencilled on the margins the dates in her last two years, 1870 and 1871; and after the daily reading she always put the volume away in its yellow silk bag with purple strings. This curious habit of dating came out also in her son's old age; perhaps the modern psychologist will diagnose in it some form of degeneracy, but in old times dates were important from a lingering respect for astrology, which is betrayed—most likely unintended—in the precision with which John Ruskin's father noted the exact hour of his birth. It is in a Baskett Bible of 1741, with engraved title-page, and a pencil drawing, probably by John in his boyhood, stuck in as a sort of frontispiece, a copy from a picture of Jesus Mocked, and opposite to it is written: "John Ruskin, son of John James Ruskin and Margaret Ruskin, Born 8 February 1819 at ½ past 7 o'clock Morning. Babtized (*sic*) 20 Feby 1819 by the Rev^{d} Mr. Boyd"—the father, I understand, of "A.K.H.B." To emphasise the Scottish character of the family one may note that this volume has bound up with it at the end "The Psalms of David in Meeter," printed

at Edinburgh, 1738. It is most curious that Mr. J. J. Ruskin, a distinctly well-educated man, should have made the mistake in spelling, and carried on the old tradition of providing material for the horoscope.



(Miss Brickhill, photo)

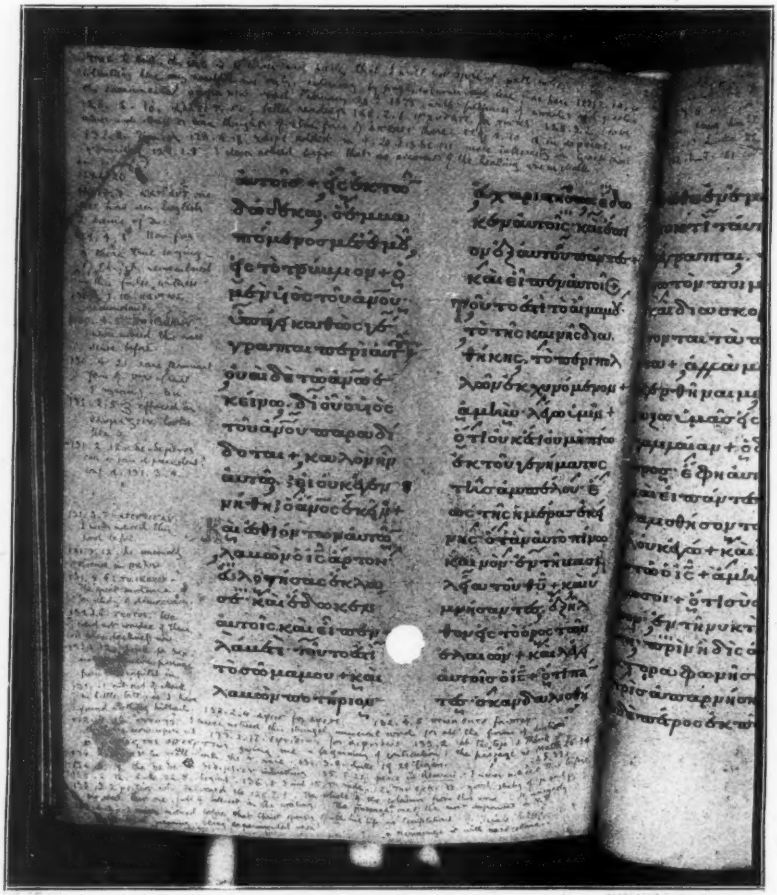
A page from one of the sermon-books written by Mr. Ruskin as a boy

Another Baskett Bible of 1749, nicely rebound in old red morocco, handsomely tooled, bears the family's earliest register. It is written in a big, unscholarly hand in the blank space of the last page of Maccabees; for this volume contained an Apocrypha, and the page becoming worn, it was stuck down on the cover. "John Ruskin, Baptized Aprill 9th, 1732 O.S." (*i.e.*, 1733 new style), and then follow the children of this John, with dates and hours of birth, among whom is John Thomas, born October 22, 1761, the father of John James, the father of John. Like many other remarkable men who owed their fame to their powers rather than to their circumstances, Ruskin came of a line of decent, respectable, bourgeois folk, who

read their Bibles, "feared God, and took their own part when required."

His earliest literary training, so to say, was closely connected with Bible study: for every Sunday he had to take notes of the sermon and write out a report of the discourse. One of his childish sermon-books is preserved in the Coniston Museum, and a page is reproduced here to show the care of writing and choice of wording insisted upon. In the stories and verses with which he amused himself, he learned a good deal of freedom and ease: in these he learned dignity of style, a corrective to boyish flippancy. Also he got the habit of thinking with his pen, so that he nearly always scribbled when most people would only meditate. His father's Bible (a small pica 8vo, Oxford edition of 1846, finely rebound in tawny leather, gilt) was used by him in later times, and side-lined vigorously; all the blank spaces are scribbled over with the thoughts that came as he read. He did this even in his most valuable ancient manuscripts, to the scandal of bibliophiles; but he thought of his books as things to use, and he used them in his own way.

There is a grand Old Testament in Greek



(Miss Brickhill, photo)

The Greek Gospels, with annotations by Mr. Ruskin

MS.; the back is lettered "tenth century," but Dr. Caspar René Gregory, who spent some time in examining the books at Brantwood, pointed out that the Greek date for 1463 could be dimly seen, printed off from the lost last leaf. It was bound in vellum in or after 1817, to judge from the water-mark in the fly-leaves; and the pages, a little waterstained, are written large and quaint with the reed pen, and adorned with strips of painted pattern and Byzantine portraits of the authors of the books—Solomon as a young king, Isaiah and the prophets in varying phases of grey-bearded dignity and elaborate robes of many colours, rather coarsely but very richly painted. Such a book to most would be quite too sacred for anything but occasional turning with careful finger-tips, or a paper-knife delicately inserted at the outer margin of the leaves; not to say, too crabbed in its contractions and old style calligraphy to be read with ease. But Ruskin read it, and annotated as he read. He did the same with the Greek Psalter in the Coniston Museum, shown in our first illustration; he did it still more copiously, and in ink, not merely in erasable pencil, in his most valuable tenth-century Greek Gospels, or rather Book of Lessons, from which we have a page photographed. I am very far from saying that this is a practice to be imitated; but any one who wishes to follow Ruskin in his more intimate thoughts on the Bible, at the time of crisis in 1875 when he was busy on this book, and when he was beginning to turn from the agnostic attitude of his middle life to the old-fashioned piety of his age—any one who wants to get at his mind would find it here.

Some of the remarks merely comment on the grammatical forms, or the contractions, or the style of writing. Where a page is written with a free hand, evidently to the scribe's enjoyment, he notes the fact; and likewise where the scribe found it dull, and penned perfunctorily. That is quite like him, to ask how the man felt at his work! But there are many curious hints of questioning, and then confessions of his doubts about the doubts, that go to one's heart to read. "I have always profound sympathy with Thomas," he scribbles. "Well questioned, Jude!" "This reads like a piece of truth (John xviii. 16). How little one thinks of John's being by, in that scene!" "The hour being unknown, as well as unlooked for (Matt. xxiv. 42), the Lord comes, and the servant does not know that He has—(and has his portion, unknowingly?)." To the cry for Barabbas (Matt. xxvii. 20) he adds, "Remember! it was not the mob's fault, except for acting *as* a mob"; and to verse 24 (Pilate washing his hands)—"How any popular electionist or yielding governor can read these passages of Matthew and not shrivel!" Then, on the parable of the vine, the earlier note to the verse about the withered branch cast into the fire and burned—"How useless! and how weak and vain the whole over-fatigued metaphor!" But then—"I do not remember when I wrote this note, but the 'over-fatigued metaphor' comes to me to-day, 8th Nov. 1877, in connection with the *καθὼς ἠγάπησε*, as the most precious and direct help and life." You remember John xv. 9: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love." That word was the help and life he found.

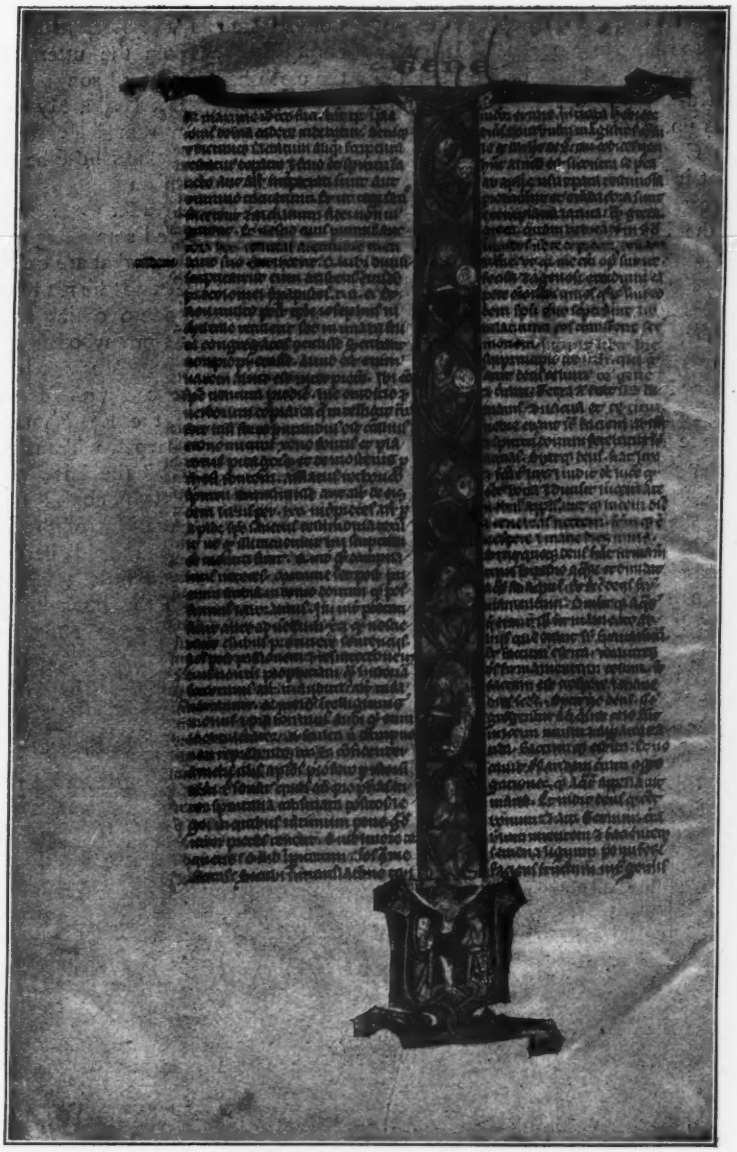
He used to read his Latin Bibles too, but most of these were collected rather for their artistic value than otherwise. Of printed Bibles there were few in his library; one—a Latin version in three volumes, purple morocco, printed by Fran. Gryphius, 1541, and adorned, as the title puts it, with images suitable no less for their beauty than for their truth—has the cuts resembling Holbein's work in "Icones Historiarum Veteris Testamenti" (Lyons, apud Joannem Frellonium, 1547). But he loved mediæval illumination, and owned too many thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Bibles, Psalters, and Missals to be described in this paper. The one he prized most is known as King Hakon's Bible, from a reference on the fly-leaf to King Hakon V. of Norway. It is a small volume (shown in our illustration as standing in front of the embroidered cover in which his Birthday Addresses are kept) with 613 leaves of the thinnest vellum, measuring no more than $4\frac{1}{4}$ by $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and written in tiny black-letter, double-columned; every page ornamented; there

are more than eighty delicately painted pictures, and hundreds of daintily coloured

(Miss Brickhill, photo)

King Hakon's Bible—a favourite volume of Mr. Ruskin's, containing many beautiful illustrations and initial letters

initials; a perfect treasury of decorative art. The binding is of the sixteenth century, and thought to be English; boards covered with brown leather, brass bosses and clasps, and stamped with panels of griffins in relief and the motto repeated between them of "Jhesus help." The book is French work of the middle of the thir-



(Herr E. Koren, photo)

An illuminated page of King Hakon's Bible

teenth century, and the black-letter inscription reads, "Anno dni. M°. CCC°. X°. istum librum emit fr. hanricus prior provīcialis a conventu hathersleu. de dono dnī. regis Norwegie," which is to say: "In 1310 brother Henry, provincial prior, bought this book

from the Conventus (whatever that means) at Haderslev (in Sleswig) out of the gift of my lord the king of Norway." It hardly seems as though the king had owned the book, as Ruskin believed when he bought it, but it is not surprising that the National Library at Christiania was disappointed in finding that it had gone into his hands from Quaritch's catalogue, just too soon for them; and that the Norwegians sent a scholar to report upon it, Herr Kristian Koren; and that on Ruskin's death they again tried to become possessors, though Ruskin's heirs have, so far, not seen their way to part with the treasure he so much valued. To Herr Koren I owe the photograph of one of its pages, here reproduced.

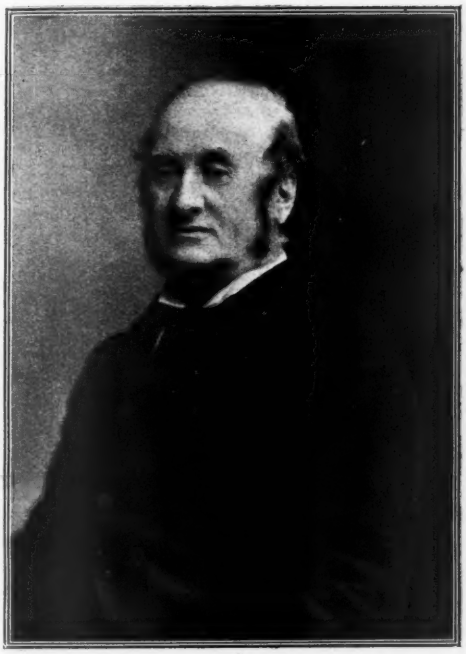
These were all library Bibles, kept in his study, and used there; but in travelling he had various little testaments which he carried with him, such as the set shown in the Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston in 1900. In his bedroom, for reading on wakeful nights, he had the "Stereotype Clarendon Press Bible, Printed by Samuel Collingwood and Co." in six volumes, one being the Apocrypha, and this, like others, bears marks of much use in notes and pencillings.

Quite at the end, his eyesight failed him for smaller type, and Mrs. Severn bought him a larger-typed Bible, which he read, or had read to him, constantly, up to his death. The only bit of his writing in it is a note of his sadder moods, "The burden of London, Isaiah xxiv."; I suppose he refers to the words, "Behold, the Lord maketh the earth empty . . . . From the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous. But I said, My leanness, my leanness, woe unto me! . . ." Those who read "Fors" know how little he trusted our imperialistic optimism.

Such a Bible-reader one might think, would have collected something in the way of a theological library, what are called helps to Bible-reading. But no! he read neither commentators nor modern critics, and I believe he had no interest in anybody's views about exegesis or analysis. He kept by him a few volumes of reference: Smith's "Bible Dictionary," Cruden, the Englishman's "Greek Concordance," Sharpe's "Translation of the Hebrew Scriptures" (he knew no Hebrew), and there were two copies of Finden's "Landscape Illustrations of the Bible," one for his study and one for his bedroom. But even these few were little used; to him the plain old text was the book he studied all through his eighty years, and knew as not many in this generation know it. Once in his rooms at Oxford I remember getting into a difficulty about the correct quotation of some passage. "Haven't you a concordance?" I asked. "I'm ashamed to say I have," he said. I did not quite understand him. "Well," he explained, "you and I oughtn't to need Cruden!"

The Secrets of Arctic Geography Revealed

By Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B.



(Elliott & Fry, photo, London)

Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B., President of the Royal Geographical Society

THE return of Captain Sverdrup and Commander Perry from the Arctic Regions is an occasion for taking stock of the progress of discovery, and of our present knowledge of that quarter of the globe.

We should bear in mind the objects and the results of Arctic discovery for the last three centuries. The expeditions sent out to explore the unknown regions, at least in the earlier periods, were productive of great benefit to many communities. The voyages of Barents and Hudson, of Edge and Fotherby led directly to the Spitsbergen fisheries, which brought millions to the participators of those enterprises, and added to the comfort and prosperity of Holland and the eastern ports of England for centuries. The discovery of Hudson's Bay led to the formation of that famous and prosperous company which bears its name. The expedition of Ross, in 1818, led the way for the whalers into Baffin's Bay; and the third voyage of Parry pointed out to them the wealth to be found up Prince Regent's Inlet. So that these expeditions were the originating causes of the prosperity of ports in Yorkshire and Scotland, and of the increased comfort of large communities. The Arctic fisheries in the Spitsbergen and Barents seas still enrich the people of Norway, while the fossil ivory of Arctic Siberia brings wealth to the traders of Russia.

These were the most lucrative consequences of polar enterprise, and they show how false is the notion that Arctic exploration has been of no practical value. But if it has increased the material well-being of numerous communities, its results have been equally valuable in the advancement of knowledge. The study of polar geology has brought new facts to light which disclose much that is of the greatest interest respecting the early history of our planet; while the phenomena connected with the tundras of Siberia, the inland ice of Greenland, the formation of icebergs and floebergs, the history of Arctic marine denudation, are of great value as subjects of study both in themselves and in their bearings on general physics. Equally important, from the same point of view, have been the observations relating to polar climatology, oceanography, and terrestrial magnetism, for they are all closely connected with questions bearing on the whole subjects of atmospheric and oceanic circulation and of magnetic forces throughout the globe. Arctic biology is another department of the greatest interest, and Sir Joseph Hooker has shown what special value attaches to collections of Arctic plants as throwing light on the distribution of

the floras of different areas. The highest study of all, the history of man, has received close attention in the Arctic regions at the hands of numerous observers, and we find the great service they have done to science and to literature from the frequent use that is made of their materials alike by the anthropologist and the general historian.

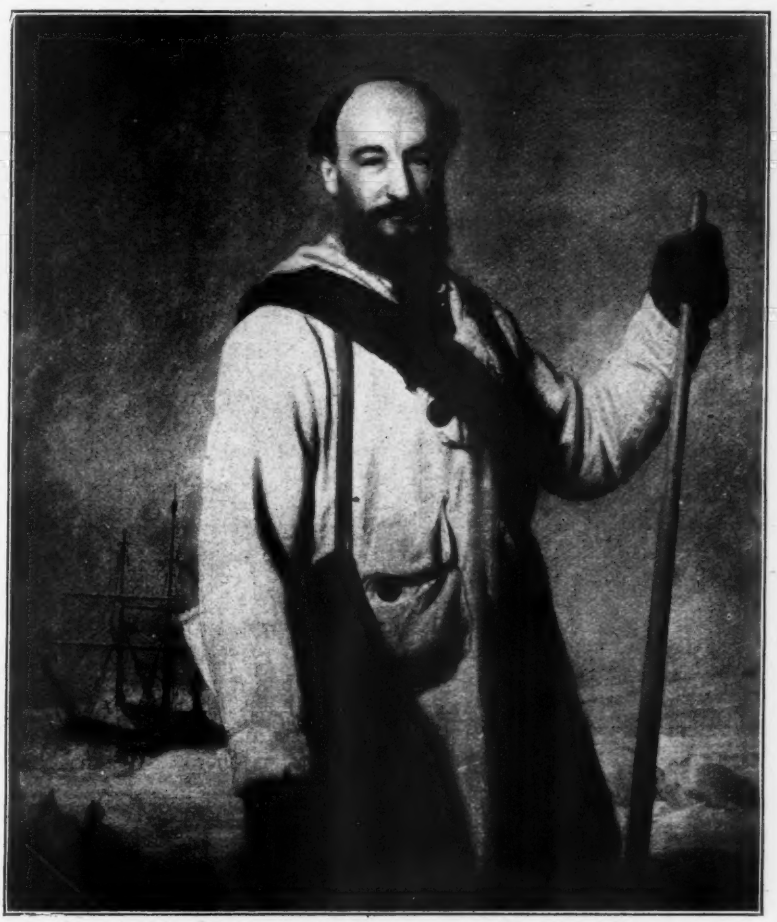
That these efforts to increase the sum of human knowledge have been the main objects of Arctic expeditions, apart from the searches for Franklin, at least for the last sixty years, is shown by the instructions to commanders since 1845, including those to the lost navigator himself. Yet a higher and greater benefit has been derived from Arctic enterprise, higher than commercial profits, greater than scientific research; the Arctic regions have been the best training-ground for our seamen; and Government exploring expeditions have led the way to the creation of our great colonial empire. They have fostered the spirit of enterprise, have been a school for our best officers, including Nelson himself, educating them in that calm self-reliance which the presence of danger alone can give. They have been agents of civilisation, creating a brotherly feeling of sympathy among the nations. These uses of polar discovery are of the highest national importance.

The general economy of the Arctic regions, and its main physical features, have now been disclosed to us by piecing together the discoveries of a long series of explorers. But this disclosure only dates from the return of Sir George Nares's expedition in 1876. Previously the puzzle was all in confused pieces. When the Council of the Royal Geographical Society seriously set to work to obtain the renewal of Arctic exploration, from 1865 to 1875, it took ten years to arouse the government and the nation to the importance of such enterprises. The Council, acting on the advice of Admiral Sherard Osborn and myself, selected the coast-lines facing the great polar ocean, beyond the channels leading from Smith Sound, as the next most important area to explore. Small American expeditions had entered Smith Sound on three occasions since 1854, explored the channels leading from it, and one of them had reached the opening to the polar ocean. Their charts were very incorrect, but we knew from the most intelligent member of the last American expedition that, though the land was made to trend for an indefinite distance due north, it in reality turned to the west on one side and to the north-east on the other. These were the coasts which the Council of the Royal Geographical Society desired to see explored, and the importance of undertaking such exploration was urged upon the Government. We always deprecated the absurdity of trying to reach the highest latitude, or the pole itself, as being productive of no useful result. Yet when at length the Admiralty undertook to despatch the expedition, it was announced that its main object was the attainment of the highest possible latitude in the direction of the pole. In vain it was represented that the land did not trend to the north as was shown on the American chart, and that to make such an attempt over the ice away from land would be futile and useless. It was resolved that the pole was to be the main object, and that useful exploration was secondary. The consequences and the result were exactly as we predicted. The first telegram from Sir George Nares was, "Pole impossible." It is not, of course, impossible, but the attempts to reach it are very wasteful and very useless.

Nevertheless the Arctic expedition of 1875–76, in spite of its pole hunting instructions, succeeded in achieving most valuable and important scientific results, more valuable and more important than those of any which preceded it. Upwards of three hundred miles of the coasts of the polar ocean were explored, the enormously thick ice which presses upon those coasts and the floebergs were carefully examined and described, the existence of the palæocrystic sea was established, and its general character ascertained, and most valuable collections in all branches of science were made. In these respects the expedition

of 1875–76 was exhaustive, and nothing remained to be done up Smith Sound but the completion of the discovery of the north coast of Greenland.

This memorable expedition, thanks to the labours of its zealous and energetic with some pride, the results of an Arctic training, as shown by the subsequent careers of the officers of the expedition of 1876. We have seen one Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, two Commanders-in-Chief in the Pacific, one in Australia,



(From the painting by S. Pearce. Walker & Cockerell, photo, London)

Sir George Nares, K.C.B.

officers, marks a turning-point in Arctic knowledge. Before 1876 it was a puzzle of confused pieces, a labyrinth without a clue. Since 1876 we have been able to put the pieces together and discern the whole plan. We may contemplate, too, another Admiral of Portsmouth Dockyard, another Comptroller of the Navy, another Commodore at Newfoundland, another falling mortally wounded while leading the Army to Tel-el-Kebir, two others captains of the *Excellent*, two others

(From the painting by S. Pearce. Walker & Cockerell, photo, London)

Sir Leopold McClintock, K.C.B.

captains of the *Vernon*, while the naturalist, Colonel Feilden, has followed up his work not only by services in the field, but by continuing most valuable Arctic researches.

After receiving the information respecting the palæocrystic sea along the three hundred miles of coast discovered by the expedition of 1875–76, we began to see that there was continuity in the analogous phenomena in other parts of the western side of the Arctic regions. A study of tides, direction of prevailing winds, and movements of the ice indicated that, beyond this farthest point west which was reached by the present Rear-Admiral Aldrich, then of the expedition of 1875–76, there was land to the south-west, between this farthest point and the north point of Prince Patrick Island discovered by McClintock. The same data, led to the conclusion that the coast of Greenland went north for a short distance beyond the farthest point reached by the present Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont, then of the expedition of 1875–76, and then south-east, forming a vast island. A study of tides by Professor Haughton confirmed this view.

When these and other geographical facts discovered by the expedition of 1875–76 were made known, it was found that they harmonised with other isolated pieces of knowledge which previously stood, as it were, alone, and had not been intelligible without them. Thus the value of discoveries is scarcely ever confined to the work itself, but they throw light upon the true bearings of former work and help towards the elucidation of larger questions. As regards the palæocrystic sea discovered by the Arctic expedition of 1875–76, this is eminently the case. Collinson and McClure had described to us similar ancient ice which composed the pack bounding the lane of open water along which they were able to pass to the westward from Bering's Strait. The same ancient ice had been reported to us along the whole western side of Banks Island. The surfaces of the floes were described as resembling rolling hills, some of them a hundred feet from base to summit. Mecham and McClintock had described similar ice along the western and northern shores of Prince Patrick Island. Here there was again the palæocrystic sea.

Standing by themselves, as isolated geographical facts, the heavy ice seen by Collison, McClure, McClintock and Mecham failed to reveal the whole truth. But the discoveries of the Arctic expedition of 1875–76 threw light upon and explained all these interesting phenomena. They led to the conclusion that the ice of the palæocrystic sea pressed upon the whole of the outer shore of the western side of the Arctic regions. One unknown gap remained between the northern end of Prince Patrick Island and Aldrich's farthest, and its exploration would be one

of the most important pieces of Arctic work in the future. This is what Captain Sverdrup has now achieved.

It was in 1876 that I first conceived the idea of the whole story of the Arctic regions, for the discovery of the Franz Josef Archipelago was nearly contemporaneous with the return of our Government Arctic expedition of 1875–76. My views were published in 1877. I held that there was a continuous drift, caused by the flow of water from Siberian rivers, the prevailing winds, and the currents from the Atlantic, from the eastern to the western side of the Arctic regions; that this continuous ice-laden drift, which could only partially escape down the east coast of Greenland, caused the tremendous pressure of ice all along the American side; and that there was no land, but a deep sea, north of the Franz Josef Archipelago. Consequently I believed that important discoveries would reward the future explorer who boldly advanced along this drift, because he would then be in the rear of the palæocrystic sea.

Nansen conceived the same idea, and successfully carried it out. His conception was wholly independent, for he had never read my notes before he started. But he has quoted from them since, to show the remarkable coincidence, in the preface to the Norwegian edition of his work.

The plan of Nansen was entirely original. Several facts confirmed his theory that the great polar ocean might be discovered and explored by following the drift from east to west; and his great success was due to his skill and forethought, to his scientific training, and, as regards the health of his people, to the minute care he took in the selection of provisions. The *Fram* was one of the strongest vessels ever built, and she rose satisfactorily to ice-pressure. In her Nansen's plan was crowned with success. He discovered the extent of the shallow Siberian sea and the position of the rapid descent to the abyss of the polar ocean. He ascertained the rate and character of the drift from the Asiatic to the American side of the Arctic regions, the depths of the great polar ocean, and the positions of the layers of deep-sea temperatures. There is absolute proof that the polar ocean extends far to the north of the actual track of the *Fram*, because the harvest of ice coming down between Spitsbergen and the east coast of Greenland must necessarily have its origin to the north of that track. Nansen's great work, embodying the scientific results of his expedition, is still in course of publication.

Nansen thus drew aside the veil which concealed the secrets of the Arctic regions, revealing to us the great polar ocean ever drifting its ice harvests across from the Asiatic to the American side, where they only have one outlet on the east coast of Greenland. Everywhere else they are forced on the shores or into shallow seas, without any channels of escape.

There is no object in reaching the Pole by travelling over the ice. The only use in traversing the ocean around it would be to obtain deep-sea soundings, but this could only be done on board a ship. With a capable commander and a proper system there is no great difficulty in reaching the Pole from the nearest land so far as distance is concerned. It is not to be compared with the work of McClintock and Mecham, whose journeys, if they had been from the nearest land northwards, would have taken them to the Pole and back with several hundreds of miles to spare, and without dogs. There would be risk from the movements of the ice in the summer preventing a return on the same track, and probably danger. As to merely crossing the lanes of water, our sledges were boats as well, and this difficulty could easily be obviated. But such an enterprise would involve a great waste of money and power, and would be quite useless.

On the completion of Nansen's memorable enterprise, two important pieces of work remained to finish the whole story of Arctic geography. One was the discovery of the north side of Greenland, the other was the exploration of the wide gap between Prince Patrick Island and Aldrich's farthest. When these two achieve-

(*Thomson, photo, Dublin*)

Dr. Nansen

ments have been done, we can connect the whole line of the palæocrystic sea from near Bering's Strait to the current on the east coast of Greenland. The honour of thus completing the Arctic geographical work was reserved for Peary and Sverdrup.

Peary deserves the highest credit for his important achievements, because he has succeeded with such very slender resources. His journey across the inland ice of Greenland, at heights of 8000 feet above the sea, enabled him to fix the northern limits of the inland ice and to reach a point whence he had a view of the eastern coast at a part which he named "Independence Bay." It remained to connect this point with the discoveries of Sir Lewis Beaumont and Lieut. Lockwood on the north coast of Greenland, working from the Smith Sound side. Lieutenant Peary undertook this enterprise in the spring of 1900, proceeding onwards from Cape Britannia, Beaumont's farthest point, with two companions, on May 4. Four days afterwards Lockwood's farthest point was reached, and on May 13 Peary came to the northern extremity of the Greenland Archipelago, which he reports to be in latitude 83° 39′ N. No land was visible to the northward. Proceeding onwards in a south-easterly direction, he was detained for ten days by a dense fog in about 83° N. He reported the same palæocrystic sea and the same floebergs along this coast as were described by the officers of the Arctic expedition of 1875–76. Musk oxen were seen during the journey and ten were killed. Peary's work completed, for all practical purposes, the discovery of the north side of Greenland.

There only remained the exploration of the wide gap between Prince Patrick Island and Aldrich's farthest, a great and final achievement which was reserved for Sverdrup and his gallant companions. The *Fram*, somewhat altered, was fitted out and amply supplied with stores and provisions, leaving Norway in the spring of 1898. Sverdrup himself was an experienced sailor and ice traveller, who was Nansen's companion both during his journey across the inland ice of Greenland and during his memorable drift over the polar ocean. He had with him Lieutenant Gunnar Isacksen, of the Norwegian Cavalry, an excellent observer and draftsman, and a splendid traveller; Commander Baumann, of the Norwegian Navy; Mr. Schei, a geologist; Bay, a Danish naturalist; Simons, a Swedish botanist; and eight men, one of them named Hendriksen, having previously served in the *Fram* with Nansen.

Captain Sverdrup's original intention had been to discover the north side of Greenland, and he passed the winter of 1898–99 at Cape Sabine, up Smith Sound. In the spring his parties not only explored the deep channels of Hayes Sound, but crossed Ellesmere Island to its west coast. In the season of 1899 the channel leading northwards was so obstructed by ice

that Sverdrup wisely bore up for Jones Sound, and the *Fram*, after proceeding up that channel, wintered on its northern coast in 1899–1900, the winter quarters being a fjord on the southern shore of Ellesmere Island. This land is now ascertained to be one long island extending from Jones Sound for 700 miles to the shores of the polar ocean, with the channels leading from Smith Sound on the east side, and the western side then unknown. The *Fram's* second winter quarters were in 76° 29′ N. and 84° 24′ W.

Captain Sverdrup's arrangements for sledge travelling were excellent, and all his people worked loyally and harmoniously together, one of the chief essentials for success in an Arctic expedition. Great hardships were endured in laying out depôts both in the autumn and the early spring. In the spring of 1900 two long journeys, occupying seventy-six and ninety days respectively, were made to the north and west, besides minor journeys to explore fjords.

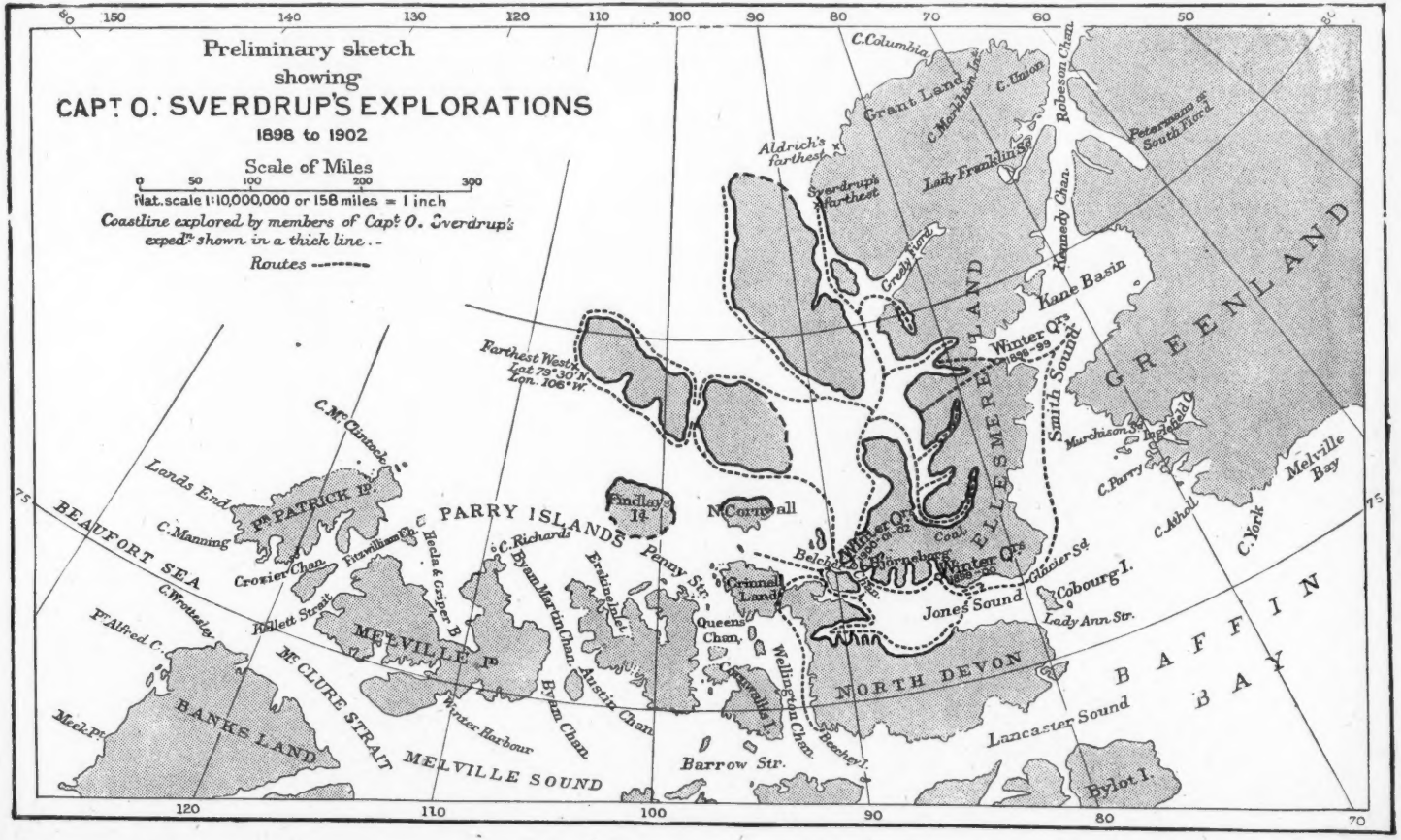
The *Fram* steamed out of winter quarters on August 9, 1901, and proceeded westward until she was beset off the north coast of the Grinnell peninsula. It was at the western end of this land that Sir Edward Belcher and Sherard Osborn wintered in Northumberland Sound in 1852–53. In May 1853 Belcher travelled along this north coast, discovered an island off it, which he named North Kent, calling the channel between North Kent and Grinnell Peninsula, Cardigan Strait; and sighted land far to the north, which he named North Cornwall.

The *Fram* was beset until the middle of September 1901, when an easterly gale broke up the ice and enabled her to pass down Cardigan Strait. Winter quarters were found up a deep fjord on the south side of Ellesmere Island. It was discovered that North Kent was separated from the main land on either side by two straits, Cardigan Strait on the south and Belcher Channel on the north, the narrow passages for the water from the polar sea into Jones Sound causing a very strong easterly current, so that there is open water in Belcher Channel very early in the year.

In the spring two long journeys were again undertaken under Sverdrup and Isacksen, to the north and west, involving very important discoveries. Much oxen as well as hares and ptarmigan were fortunately abundant, and the people were well supplied with fresh food. Walrus were also obtained in sufficient quantity for the dogs. Packs of wolves were following the musk oxen, and in May 1901 the explorers were aroused by a frightful howling. The dogs had been attacked by twelve wolves, which were on the point of carrying one off, when they were driven away. The dogs were quite helpless, as they were muzzled to prevent them from eating the leather harness.

In 1901 the explorers were unable to extricate the *Fram* from the deep fjord, and a fourth Arctic winter had to be faced. In the spring of 1902 Sverdrup made his longest and most important journey to

Captain Sverdrup


Preliminary sketch
showing
CAPT. O. SVERDRUP'S EXPLORATIONS
1898 to 1902
Scale of Miles
0 50 100 200 300
Nat. scale 1:10,000,000 or 158 miles = 1 inch
Coastline explored by members of Capt. O. Sverdrup's exped.n shown in a thick line.
Routes
GREENLAND
ELLESMERE LAND
Kane Basin
Smith Sound
Robeson Chan.
Petermann or South Fiord
Kennedy Chan.
Lady Franklin Sd.
Grant Land
C. Columbia
C. Markham Inl.
C. Union
Aldrich's farthest
Sverdrup's farthest
Greely Fiord
Winter Qrs. 1898-99
Winter Qrs. 1900-01-02
Winter Qrs. 1899-00
Farthest West Lat. 79°30' N. Lon. 106° W.
Findlay's Id.
N. Cornwall
Crinnell Land
Queens Chan.
Cornwallis I.
Wellington Chan.
Beechey I.
Barrow Str.
Austin Chan.
Byam Chan.
Byam Martin Chan.
Penny Str.
Erskine Inlet
C. Richards
Hecla & Griper B.
Fitzwilliam Ch.
Kellett Strait
MELVILLE Id.
Winter Harbour
MELVILLE SOUND
McCLURE STRAIT
BANKS LAND
Meek Pt.
P. Alfred C.
C. Wrottesley
BEAUFORT SEA
Crozier Chan.
C. Manning
Lands End
Pr. PATRICK Id.
C. McClintock
PARRY ISLANDS
NORTH DEVON
Jones Sound
Cobourg I.
Lady Ann Str.
Glacier Sd.
Lancaster Sound
Bylot I.
BAFFIN BAY
C. York
Melville Bay
C. Athol
C. Parry
Inglefield G.
Murchison Sd.
Coal
Belcher Chan.
Björnebore
75
120
110
100
90
80
70
60
50
150
140
130

the north, and his companions were usefully employed in various directions. Isacksen explored the coast of North Devon, and also went to collect fossils up a deep fjord where a considerable bed of coal had been discovered. Baumann went down Wellington Channel to Beachy Island, discovering that Grinnell Land was not an island, as Belcher had reported, but a peninsula connected by low land with North Devon. Other parties were employed in various directions, and some of them had more than one hair-breadth escape from destruction.

At last, on August 6, 1902, the *Fram* was extricated from her winter quarters and returned to Norway, after having completed the last great and important piece of geographical work that remained to be done in the Arctic regions. Their countrymen had good reason to receive Sverdrup and his companions with enthusiasm, and they have done so. Sverdrup himself has received the highest Norwegian decoration from his sovereign, and a pension has been granted to him by the Storthing.

Never were honours more worthily won, for a great work has been achieved. The gap between Prince Patrick Island and Aldrich's farthest has been explored. The last piece of Arctic discovery which remained has been completed, and the geography of the Arctic regions can now be studied and understood, after gallant and persevering efforts to obtain the information, which have occupied three centuries. Sverdrup has placed the last stone on the last pinnacle of the edifice of our Arctic knowledge.

It remains to take stock of what has been done by the united efforts of those heroic Norwegians. Jones Sound and both its shores, with the numerous fjords opening upon them, have been thoroughly explored. The hydrography of the straits which connect Jones Sound with the polar sea to the westward has been examined and explained. The whole of the western side of Ellesmere Island has been discovered and its deep branching fjords have been explored. In one of them extensive coal-beds have been found. Sverdrup himself reached a latitude of 81° 37′ N., only fifty miles from Aldrich's farthest. He also discovered another large island, running north and south parallel to the west coast of Ellesmere Island, being high land of the same character. Isacksen, during his westward journeys, discovered two large islands in 79° N., extending westward to 106° W., which is the longitude of the eastern part of Melville Island. To the south were seen the northern shores of two large islands. The southern shores had been sighted by the officers of the Franklin search expedition, and had been named North Cornwall and Findlay Island. Compared with Ellesmere Island, these western lands were low. Reindeer appeared to be plentiful. To the westward and to the northward no sign of land could be seen. But here was the heavy palæocrystic ice pressing on the shore. By the discovery of these most northern islands of the Parry Archipelago, and the tracing of the line of palæocrystic ice along their northern and western shores, the exploration of the gap from Prince Patrick Island to Aldrich's farthest is completed. We can now trace the line of ice pressure caused by the drift across the polar ocean from the Asiatic to the American side, from near Bering's Strait continuously to the east coast of Greenland. The whole scheme of Arctic geography is at length discovered and explained.

It is in this completion of the work that the great importance of Sverdrup's discoveries consists. He has forged the last link. There are interesting bits of work to be finished here and there. Further magnetic observations, especially round the position of Ross's north magnetic pole, are needed. More deep-sea soundings in many directions would be acceptable. But the main features of Arctic geography are now made known to us, and can be described in their relations to each other and as a connected whole. The work of centuries is finished; and we may now turn to the other and still unknown polar region, with the glorious cry of "Southward Ho!"

The Last Pioneer

By F. J. Davey

Illustrated from photographs

"DEAR Stolledge,—I have done better than I expected—certainly better than you deserved—considering you were stupid enough to let these people run into our debt without even a line of acknowledgment. Your £300 is safe enough, at all events, for I have been to Barom's place and it is a full 640 acre block, worth £2000 at the very least. You were right about one thing—it is not easy to get these bushwhackers to sign their names to anything; but of course you followed the old plan of coaxing and soft sawder. They learnt that game years ago! I knew better than that; I simply rubbed them the wrong way all the time—and they immediately jumped to the conclusion that I was one of the blunt, straightforward sort. Old Barom, for instance, is as honest as the sun, and mighty proud of it, too, so when he came here to the shanty they call a 'Hotel' one evening, I first gave him a little rum—just enough to wake up all his fighting virtues and send his judgment to sleep—and then told him indignantly that no one but a plausible old rogue would refuse to sign a mere acknowledgment of a debt he couldn't deny. That fetched him! He thought he was signing a mere I O U, but I managed to substitute the mortgage unobserved, and got his signature to it, with two others (strangers to the place) as witnesses. Better than all, I have discovered first-class indications of gold on his land, and I'm told the old fellow never remembers anything that has happened in his cups, so we can play our fish at leisure. See what it is to have an artist at work!

"Yours modestly,

"J. L. BRINKLOW."

Almost from the beginning it had been the yearly custom of the old-time settlers to meet together on the birthday of whoever was at the time the remaining earliest pioneer, and time was when there was scarcely a cottage big enough to hold them all, but the old days had gone, the old customs were fading away, for few indeed of the early-comers were left. So it happened that when Tug Barom's sixtieth birthday came (a week or so before Brinklow's letter was written) the party awaiting him, beside his wife and two adopted nieces, consisted only of four old fellow-pioneers and their wives. They all sat bolt upright in their chairs, for it was looked upon as something of a state ceremonial, especially by the men, who were clothed and in their right minds to an uncomfortable degree. Tug was expected in from the bush, and it was evident that his wife, who was not in good health, was becoming uneasy at his non-arrival. "I thought he'd ha' been here afore this," she said; "I can't think what's keepin' him."

"I know what you're thinkin'," said Tom Fletcher; "but you're wrong. Tug won't go near the Cappercorn to-day—I'm sure o' that."

"Poor ole Tug!" she sighed. "I do wish—but there, what's the good? Somehow it seems you men can't help it, not even Tug, an' him the best an' straightest man that ever lived, barrin' that one thing. But still—" she checked herself abruptly, for a man was standing at the doorway—a stranger, for they had never seen Brinklow before. "Is Theophilus Barom at home?" he asked.

"No," she replied; "but we're expectin' him ev'ry minnit."

"All right. Well, I'll wait for him," and the stranger, with a bare nod to the company, came in and sat down. Disliking the man instinctively, an awkward constraint fell upon them all; they wanted no stranger there on such an occasion, least of all so aggressive an intruder, and the long, dogged silence was becoming almost unbearable when at last a medley of shouts, with a great clanking of bullock-chains, was heard outside, and Barom came up the steps. A tall, grey-bearded man, whose wiry frame carried his sixty years with evident ease, though on his face the

marks of a life of strenuous toil were deeply scored, and he wore the look of quiet reserve that the old lone-lived bushmen often did, as of something caught from the bush itself. He stopped for a moment at the door, with a smile for his wife and friends, but the smile gave way to a frown at sight of the hat which the stranger had either forgotten or thought it unnecessary to remove. Brinklow rose. "Good-day," he said; "I believe your name is——" but his greeting and outstretched hand were alike ignored, and he scarcely knew his hat had been taken off—it was so quietly, gently done—till he saw it placed carefully on a chair, and the old man had crossed the room and was stooping to kiss his wife. "Well, M'ria, ole sweetheart, how d'you feel to-day, my dear? A bit better, eh? That's the sort! Why, Sophy an' Lina, you two girls grow prettier every day! An' you, ole friends, I'm glad to see you all. How're you gettin' along?" Then, addressing his unknown visitor—"We're on'y jus' ord'nary bush-folk, Mister, an' I s'pose it'll seem downright ridic'lous to you, but we've always had a fancy for purtendin' the Missis is a lady in her own house."

"I meant no offence—" began Brinklow.

"All right then, Mister, that settles it! No need to say another word. It happens to be my birthday, an' p'raps you'll join my ole friends here in drinkin' my health. Fact is, we five ole fellows are all that's left out of 'bout a hundred arrig'nal s'lectors, I'm sorry to say."

"What's become of all the others then, dead?" asked Brinklow.

"Dead? No!" rejoined Tug, with immense scorn. "Did ever you see a dead pi'neer? No, nor you never will! They ain't wiped out so easy. If you doubt my word, Mister, you jus' try an' kill one o' them an' see! Our ole mates wur bulged out by a pack o' rasc'ly city-sharks—that's what become of them."

"How? In what way?"

"Ev'ry way—good, bad, an'—an' diff'rent—any way that would pile up a debt. Big fortunes to be made out o' new sorts o' crops, o'ny the crops wouldn't grow here, an' wouldn't ha' paid if they did. Lots of the ole chaps went squash that way. A good many more wur fooled into puttin' down gold mines on their s'lections, an' whiles they wur diggin' below, the tops somehow changed owners. An' time-payments—Dick Talbot lost his farm an' all his stock, an' had nothin' left but a gran' pianna. McGarrigle went to law, an'—an'——"

"An' never came back," supplied Sophy.

"Aye, an' Ben Stevens," put in John Harman. "Stevens jus' axdent'ly lost his s'licitor out in the bush, an' the widda claimed more damages than Ben could pay, so o' course, out he had to go! Why, there was no sort o' devil's trap they didn't lay for us."

"Remember ole Tom Gleeson?" said Fletcher. "Tom sold his farm right out to a auctioneer called Mackworth for £800, this here Mackworth was to sell it off agen in buildin' allotments, an' it was fixed up between 'em that Tom was to run up the biddin' a bit an' buy in any lots as wur goin' too cheap. Well, Mackworth, what does he do but jus' fill Tom up with liquor the day o' the sale, an' nex' mornin' Tom found he'd bought it all back for about £3000. So out goes pore ole Tom, lost his farm, an' never got a penny."

"Aye, an' Abel Wicks," added old James Slowman. "Abel was sixty-seven years of age, Abel was, an' he'd never had the measles, never been married, nor never had any other complaint all his born days. An' then he ups an' goes a-courtin' a Sydney woman, and she guv him the sack an' guv him the measles the very same day. He was dead in a week, pore ole Abel was."

"Serve him right!" said Brinklow, "and all the others too, if they couldn't take care of themselves. In my opinion all those fellows simply had to make way for better men."

"Better men?" cried Barom, passionately. "Aye, Mister, better at lyin', an' swindlin', an' schemin', if you like, but not a blamed cur out o' the pack could ha' stood half what our ole mates went through! One year all drought an' the next all floods, one time money enough but no food to be got. I've seen the whole river starvin' for six months on end, an' all the while a shipload

o' food outside as couldn't come in over the bar. An' the nex' year—but it's no good tellin' you—you got to go through it yerself to know what it's like. But we did pull through some way or other——"

"We did so!" interrupted Tom Fletcher. "It wurn't the hard times as cooked us, but the easy times comin' after. We'd ha' been all right yet if the blamed city-sharks had o'ny left us alone. Why, they made it easy a-purpose—have anything we wanted an' pay when we liked—an' down we goes!"

"That's all nonsense!" said Brinklow. "It's only the natural order of things; pioneers were well enough in their time for the sort of work they had to do, but nowadays the country has no further use for them; that's all! For the matter of that, I'm what you choose to call a 'city-shark' myself, I suppose. That's our business-card."

Tug fidgeted uneasily with the card, and his eyes fell; with immense pains he had learnt to sign his name, but that he could not read was one of the few things of which his manhood stood ashamed. "Why, where's your spectacles, dad?" said Sophy, coming to his rescue, "Let me have a look."

"Oh, it doesn't matter. My name is Brinklow, of Stolledge and Brinklow, produce agents, you know. I want to see you a few minutes—on business."

Barom knew the firm only too well—the firm through whose extortionate charges his timber and corn had often enough been sold at a loss to himself, so that he stood about £300 in their debt. "All right," he replied; "but not here. Come out this way." And he marched through the door, leaving his unwelcome visitor to follow. Brinklow had just reached the corner of the house when a sudden blast of sound, close to his ear, for an instant almost made him think his last hour had come. "Nothin' to be scared about, Mister," scoffed Tug, with a wicked grin. "It's o'ny Sophy blowin' the horn to call the hands in to tea. Nobody can blow it like she can! I do b'lieve some o' these

A blast of sound close to his ear

days she'll blow herself right clean away through the thing." In high glee the girl blew another tremendous blast, so that she did not catch Brinklow's reply, but she heard her uncle's emphatic rejoinder: "No fear! I won't!" and again a moment or two later: "You can talk till you're tired, Mister, but I won't sign any of yer darned papers!"

So Brinklow went back to the Capricorn, to lie in wait there for his prey. And not in vain, for a week later he wrote his letter to Stolledge.

Two years had passed, and it was again the anniversary of Tug Barom's birthday, but to-day there was no gathering of his old-time friends, because of the shadow of anxiety and distress that had fallen upon them all. It was no wonder Tug looked worn and old, and that his wife seemed still more frail and delicate, for difficulties had come upon them thick and fast; their produce had been "beared" on the market to a price that yielded no return to the producers, the old man had been laid up by an accident, and for some time past periodical requests, growing more peremptory every month, had arrived demanding prompt settlement of the now much increased debt to Stolledge and Brinklow. The family were seated on the verandah.

"There's on'y two o' the ole fam'lies left now," said Mrs. Barom. "Poor Tom Fletcher an' James Slowman both swindled out o' their farms, an' all the rest of us in debt an' trouble. I'm glad the others didn't show up to keep your birthday, Tug; it would ha' been a bit too tryin', for I misdoubt we'll all be gone afore long."

"Aye, it seems to me—" began Tug gloomily, but a warning glance from Sophy caught his eye. "Why, ole lady, anybody'ld think you and I'd swallowed a frog a-piece, from the way we're croakin'. I dunno about the rest of 'em, but we shall pull through all right enough."

"Look here, dad," said Sophy, "why don't you sell the old first s'lection? What's the good of it to us, anyhow? Then you could pay off all you owe."

"You can sell that," rejoined Tug's wife, "an' welcome, for all I care. But, oh, Tug, if we were turned out o' this place I b'lieve it would break my heart. All the children wur born here, an' think of the ole terr'ble hard times we went through, you an' me, Tug, in this place, an' how the bitter hardships took them from us one by one"—the old woman's lip quivered as she glanced across to a row of little graves standing white against the dark forest beyond—"I don't b'lieve I could live anywhere else."

"You ain't goin' to try, M'ria, my dear. That's a good plan of Sophy's; we'll sell the other place, though it ain't worth much, but I reckon it ought to clear off the debt, anyhow. If any man was to try to turn you out o' here, I'd—why, whatever was that? Sounded like some'dy cooeyin' down in the mangrove creek, but whoever could ha' gone an' blundered into there?"

"One o' the calves got bogged, I shouldn't wonder," said Lina.

"Calves don't gen'ally cooey when they get bogged," remarked Tug. "You an' Sophy better go an' see what's up. I can't move for this dratted leg o' mine."

The two girls knew very well it was not a calf; but they were so taken by surprise to find a man floundering up to his waist in the mud-creek, and that man Brinklow, whom they had come to regard as their greatest enemy, that they burst into shrieks of laughter. "My gracious! Whatever are you doin' in there?" mocked Lina. "Why, this is real fun an' no mistake!" And they both laughed again at Brinklow's answering scowl:

"You know very well I can't get out!"

"You'd no right to ha' got in!" retorted Sophy. "It's dad's private propetty all roun' here, an' you'd better clear out o' that mighty smart, or if he catches you trespassin'——"

"Oh, shut up! Go and fetch somebody to help me out of this, can't you?"

"All the hands are away to a dance this evenin', but they might be home about midnight; leastways, they do sometimes, but law! very often they don't come back till mornin'. An' dad's laid up with a game leg."

"I'll make him pay for this, and you too,

you impudent hussies! By Dash, I will!" swore Brinklow.

"Dad don't allow us to hear that sort o' language," declared Lina. "Come along, Sophy."

"Here, I say! You're not going to leave me like this? I can't stop here all night! Surely you girls can do something."

"P'raps we might get you out with a rope," suggested Sophy, doubtfully. "That's what we gen'ally do with the pigs when they get in one of these bog-holes, on'y the pig's gen'ally dead by the time we've got him out—you see, it's purty sticky, an' we have to pull fearful hard."

There were plenty of ropes in the barn, and one could have been fetched in ten minutes, but the girls did not hurry themselves, and it took them half an hour to find a piece just sufficiently worn out for their purpose. Passing the rope over boughs on either side of the creek, they slackened the middle down to within Brinklow's reach and directed him to hold on with all his might. "Yo, heave ho!" sang the girls, hauling in alternately with spasmodic jerks, at each of which the man shot up another inch into the air, and at last had risen almost clear of the mud, when the rope justified its selection by snapping in two, and Brinklow splashed down again into the bog. "Never mind, Mr. Brickload, we'll get you out soon or late, if it takes us all night," said Sophy, soothingly. "If you don't succeed at first, try, try, try again," sang Lina. "Now then, Sophy, you pull first!"

Yo, heave ho!

And they did try, try, try again, until at last Brinklow was fairly landed, dripping with water and slime, and followed his fair rescuers up to the house.

"Keep out o' here!" cried Tug, noticing the man's foot on the lower step. "Don't set foot on my floor! You're too dirty, Mister, body an' soul! D'you know what

you've done to pore ole Tom Fletcher? D'you know you've drove him ravin' mad? The man that done that don't come on my v'randah!"

"For pity's sake, lend me a change of clothes," chattered Brinklow. "I shall catch my death of cold."

"For pity's sake! You know a lot about pity, don't you?"

"Let him have the clothes, Tug," pleaded the old woman.

"Listen to me, Mister. I haven't a rag to my name but what I've got on—and that's the first lie I've told this evenin'!"

"My oath! I'll make you smart for this! You can't say you haven't had warnings enough, Tug——"

"I keep that name for a few o' my honest friends," interrupted Barom, with some little dignity.

"It's about all you'll have left to keep then. I now hand you notice of foreclosure."

"Foreclosure?" echoed Tug, scornfully. "You've got to get yer mortgage first, I reckon."

"The mortgage is all right," sneered Brinklow. "You know that well enough. I've got it here in my pocket."

"Oh, Tug, Tug!" sobbed Mrs. Barom. "Somehow I felt it would come to this! An' now we shall be turned out o' house an' home! Oh, I can't bear it! I can't bear it!"

"You won't have to bear it, M'ria, my dear. Don't you b'lieve this rasc'ly son of a thief! There never was no mortgage! I told him I wouldn't sign any of his blamed catch-'em-alive papers."

"You ain't sayin' so jus' to comfort me, Tug?"

"Nothin' o' the sort;" and Tug stood up, reverently lifting his hat. "So help me God, M'ria dear, I never signed a mortgage in all my life—nor never will."

"What d'you call this then?" shouted Brinklow, pulling out a document and waving it defiantly. With a quick movement, Sophy, who was nearest him, leaned over the railings and snatched it out of his hand, and the man was immediately springing up to regain it, but—"Keep out, now!" thundered Tug. "Come one step further an' I'll break your neck! Read what it says, Sophy." The girl unfolded the paper, and slowly, with moving lip and following finger, went silently through its contents, the old people bending forward and eagerly scanning her face the while. And then, when she had come to the end, she looked up at her uncle, a look of wonder and pain and mute reproach.

The old man could not understand. "Why, Sophy, what d'you mean?" he gasped.

"Oh, dad, an' you swore jus' now you never did! Why, here's your name signed at the bottom of it."

"With John Trumble and Henry Green as witnesses," added Brinklow. "They will swear to it any day."

The old man buried his face in his hands, with a gesture of despair. "I sort o' remember now," he groaned, a half light breaking in on him at the mention of the names. "I got a bit slewed that evenin' they wur at the Cappercorn, an' now I think on it, there was some talk about an I O U or somethin'—an'—an' I suppose I must ha' done it."

"Then, if you weren't sober, the mortgage isn't worth that!" cried Sophy, with a snap of the fingers. "I've read so in the *Colonial Weekly* scores o' times."

"I don't care what the *Weekly* says," replied Tug. "If I put my name, drunk or sober, to that paper, I'm goin' to stand by it, come what comes!" He glanced at his wife, and the look of hopeless misery in her face stabbed him to the heart, "M'ria, my woman," he went on, his voice hoarse with the pain of it; "to think I should ha' played you such a trick as this! I might jus' as well ha' struck you in the face! Don't spare me, M'ria; I don't deserve it. Ain't you got e'er a angry word for me now I've been an' blighted the last of yer days? For pity's sake, say out some o' the hard things you must be thinkin' o' me!"

"Poor ole Tug!" she whispered, stroking his hand; "why, I ain't thinkin' any hard things. You didn't mean to do it—think after all these years I don't know that?"

Barom turned towards Brinklow, speaking

very quietly. "I cave in, Mister. You've bested me, right enough, an' my own fault too, though 'twas your doin' I got tipsy that night, an' more'n likely you played some cronk game on to me. But I ain't agoin' to ask no favour, though I don't b'lieve it would stand in a court o' law; but if I signed it—an' I s'pose I did—I ain't goin' back on it now. I jus' want to know how long it'll be afore we have to——" He checked himself in astonishment, for Sophy had suddenly gone off into a burst of laughter. He looked round in dismay—had she gone crazy, too, like poor Tom Fletcher?

"Rule Brittanyer!" Sophy shouted. "Oh my stars! If this ain't the king o' the shrimps! Here! take yer ole mortgage!" she concluded, rolling the deed up into a ball, and dexterously flinging it at Brinklow's head. The man picked up the paper, with an uneasy feeling that something must have gone wrong. "Where did you get the copy of the survey from?" she asked him.

The question set his mind at ease again. "It's a wonder they didn't make a bush-lawyer of you!" he sneered. "The survey is all right. I took good care of that—got the lines from the Lands Titles Office, so there's no mistake there!"

"Did you now? An' that's jus' where you fell in, Mister Smartie! If you'd acted honest an' asked dad, he'd a thought nothin' of tellin' you, an' then you wouldn't ha' been barkin' up the wrong tree! I say, dad! this farm we're on now is No. 166, 500 acres, an' was taken up in my name, wasn't it?" Tug nodded. "But you took up the old place, No. 39, 640 acres, in your own name, didn't you?" The old man again assented. "Well, that's where he come a cropper! It was T. Barom, not Sophia Price, he hunted up in the Lands Office, an' so he filled in the mortgage for the old place, No. 39. See!"

"You're sure o' that?" asked Tug, his face working with excitement.

"Certain!" she said. "Why, look!" pointing to Brinklow; and indeed the man's scowl of savage disappointment was evidence enough.

"What other selection have you got?" he asked, but nobody troubled to answer him.

An almost inarticulate cry came from Mrs. Barom. "Tug," she murmured faintly, "tell me, Tug—do you think it's really true?"

"Aye, M'ria, my dear, seems to me it is, an' thank God for it, though it ain't for me to glorify, for it's more'n I deserve."

"Never mind, Tug, never mind. I b'lieve 'twas that man's doin', whatever way he did it, an' not yours at all."

"Maybe, but 'twas my fault all the same. Look here, Mister, I was never overmuch of a drinkin' man, though I never felt no more ashamed o' bein' jus' a little bit slewed one day than o' bein' dead sober another, but I ain't too old to learn. Here! you said you're cold! Take this bottle o' rum—it's a bottleful more'n I shall want for the nex' hundred years an' more. An' as for the mortgage, you can foreclose on it an' welcome, any time you got none of yer other ugly tricks to 'tend to. Th' ole place is no particler use to me—I on'y took it up for the cedar that was on it, but it'll pay off the debt, anyhow."

"You old fraud!" growled Brinklow, with a horrible oath. "You scoundrelly old humbug! I might have guessed you'd have something up your sleeve."

"You'd ha' guessed right," replied Tug, rising and baring his arm to the elbow. "A few years ago it could fell a bullock wi' one blow, an' even now I should say it would—why, he's gone!" He sat down again, and his wife put her arms about his neck.

"Tug," she whispered, "did you mean it—what you said jus' now—you know—'bout the nex' hundred years?"

"Aye, M'ria, my dear. Bad as I am, you know I never broke my word." And the old lady knelt down and thanked God that He had given her the only thing her heart had still to wish. "I b'lieve," she said; "I do b'lieve I'm the happiest woman alive."

Mandres

(From a sketch by Lady Verney)

Children's Country Holiday in France

By Sir Edmund Verney, Bart.

THE Western slopes of the Vosges mountains on the North-Eastern frontiers of France, gradually subside into long rolling hills covered with corn, alternating with forests of beech and oak, and with rich pasturage in the well-watered valleys. These breezy uplands form the water-shed of the Moselle and other rivers, on whose banks buildings and factories aré rapidly springing up. But above the busy life of Nancy and Epinal, the upper country is inhabited by a simple, industrious race, living in substantial stone houses with wide-spreading roofs; ploughing and wood-cutting, making cheese and butter, and rearing poultry, untroubled by any modern theories of scientific agriculture.

When the summer comes round, the quiet villages of the Vosges are suddenly invaded by strangers. Express trains from Paris arrive and deposit their load of passengers and luggage at little wayside stations. Hotels and private houses are filled to overflowing; the special source of attraction being the mineral waters, with which the whole neighbourhood abounds. There are hot springs and cold springs and warm springs, all varying in their chemical components, all pouring out in exhaustless abundance waters which, from Roman times, have been famous for their healing and recuperative powers.

The village of Contrexéville is one of these favoured spots; from June to

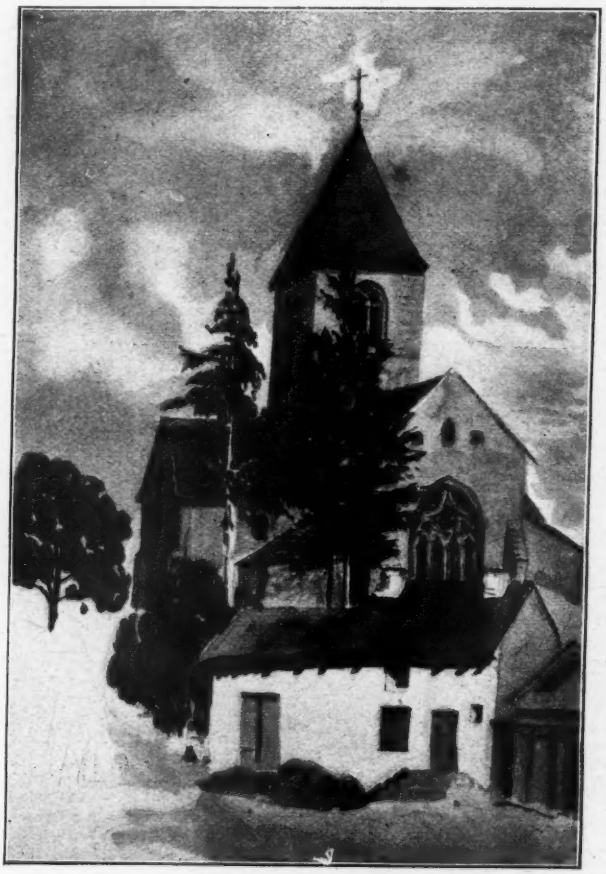
September it attracts the gouty rich from all countries. The Shah of Persia, a Russian Princess and other Royalties, have been amongst this year's guests, and many French ladies, as remarkable for their enormous girth as for the vivacity of their conversation. In the height of the season the population of wealthy invalids overflows perforce to Martigny on the one hand and to Vittel on the other. In all three places the same *régime* prevails of early hours, spare diet, prescribed exercise and a deluge of waters within and without, mitigated by palatial hotels, bands, theatres and lovely public gardens.

While Contrexéville is taxing its resources to cajole the idle and corpulent rich to eat less, and to walk more, the neighbouring village of Mandres is intent upon a task, certainly not less worthy, but of an exactly opposite nature—to get the overworked and underfed slum-children of Paris to rest quietly and to eat all that can be crammed down their poor little throats. It must be set down to the credit account of Dives at Contrexéville, that the scheme for fattening young Lazarus originated with him.

The remarkable work of the School Colony (Colonie Scolaire) at Mandres-sur-Vair is becoming famous throughout France, and is well worthy the attention of those interested at home in the various plans for giving a country holiday to the children of our own large towns.

The scheme originated with Dr. Graux, a Paris physician of wide interests and cultured taste, who is one of the leading doctors practising at Contrexéville during the season; he was discussing with a patient of his in 1887 the condition of the children in the Paris slums, the high rate of mortality, the deterioration, physical and moral, of the survivors, the anæmic condition of the children at the end of the school-year, and the difficulty of showing them a simpler and happier mode of life to which they might aspire.

The question was practically familiar to both the friends, as Monsieur Duval (an engineer and machine-maker by profession) was a member of the Municipal Council of one of the poorest and most crowded quarters of Paris, known as the XIth Arrondissement, and the



Old Village Church at Rélanges near Contrexéville

(From a sketch by Lady Verney)

doctor was an enthusiast for moral and sanitary reform.

Dr. Graux suggested an entirely novel idea, that a Paris municipality should acquire land and a building in a country district, to be used for the sole purpose of a holiday resort for the poorest class of children in its elementary schools. He also pointed out that within two or three miles of Contrexéville itself there was a site and a building that would fulfil all the desired conditions.

St. Remimont, an agricultural village close to the School-Colony

(From a sketch by Lady Verney)

On a bracing hill-side just above the village of Mandres was a large country house, built by the Marquis de Favincourt in the seventeenth century. His successor fled amongst the crowd of noble *émigrés* at the outbreak of the Revolution. The estate became national property, and was sold to the peasants, who cut down the timber, broke up the park, and converted the château into barns and granaries; but it had not suffered much and was then for sale.

M. Duval, who was as generous and energetic as he was wealthy, did not wait for official delays or even to consult his colleagues at Paris as to the practicability of the scheme; he bought the château at once, with enough land round it for large gardens and recreation grounds. Dr. Graux himself superintended the planting of trees and shrubs. The old building was adapted to its new uses, and largely added to; the most necessary furniture was purchased, and M. Duval handed the whole thing over to the Caisse d'Ecole of the XIth Arrondissement of Paris, ready for occupation. Education, and all that concerns the welfare of the scholars, is liberally supported by the French Republic, and the gift was cordially accepted.

The XIth Arrondissement is in itself

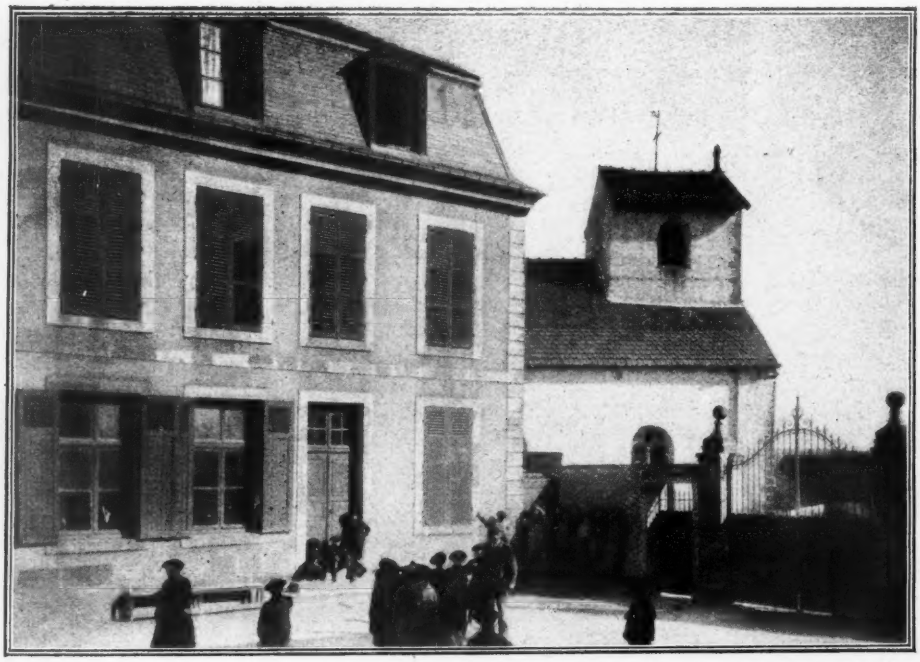
a large overcrowded city of 220,000 inhabitants, chiefly of the working classes, with a school-population of 20,000 children; it is the eastern part of central Paris, including the Place de la République.

In the summer of 1889, two years from the first discussion of the project, the School Colony of Mandres was actually inaugurated by the arrival of the first trainfull of two hundred pale, weary and eager little boys.

The main building is divided up into large dormitories, store-rooms, and a committee room. The added building contains a fine refectory with kitchens, the room above which is used as a day-room, with a small library. The refectory opens into a wide glazed verandah giving shelter to the children in wet weather, and, except while actually eating or sleeping, the children live out of doors. The one instruction given to the teachers in charge is to keep the children happy and amused in the open air. The only task insisted upon is a weekly letter to the parents, which is utilised to make them give a connected account of what they are seeing and doing.

As a matter of fact, the more intelligent of the children take a pleasure in writing excellent compositions upon the various incidents of their stay; they collect wild flowers and insects to form a small local museum. One boy who had special musical ability, was allowed time to practise his violin, and it was being arranged for him to have violin lessons in Contrexéville, but this was an exception. The boys make their own beds, while a staff of servants is kept to do the household work.

As the scheme provides that 1000 children, from ten to fourteen years of age, shall each have three weeks' residence in the country, the summer holidays of two months' duration do not afford sufficient time. In the month of May the holiday children are selected by a committee of



Chateau of Mandres and Parish Church outside the gate

medical men, with the advice of the school teachers, and the first batch of two hundred is composed of those children who from weak health or dull brains are making the least progress in their studies, and are not likely to distinguish themselves in the summer examination and prize-giving at the end of July.

A month of their school-time is therefore sacrificed to the building up of their health at Mandres, and after that they still have the full school holiday on their return to their parents. Alternate batches of two hundred boys and two hundred girls are despatched throughout the summer, not a day being lost, the children returning from Mandres crossing the train by the way, bringing a fresh party dawn from Paris.

The last to go are the *élite* of the school in character and ability, those who have distinguished themselves at the summer "concours," some of whom will not return to school any more; the others will be back in time for the re-opening of the schools on October 1.

No difficulty is made by the parents, who are only too delighted with the treat given to the children, and are not put to any other expense than that of sending them properly clothed.

When the names are settled each child is registered under a number, and he goes off to the Mairie of the Arrondissement in Paris, where four hundred strong little wooden valises, each numbered and with its own key, are stored for this purpose. Each child receives a valise with his own number and a list of the outfit required. A dark blue cloth cap is presented to each boy and forms a distinguishing mark. The boxes are returned to the Mairie the next day ready packed, and are then strongly fastened together in tens, and sent to meet the children at the Gare de l'Est. The journey of some 225 miles takes the whole day. The railway company conveys the children at the military rate of quarter fare, but will not send them by express train. They assemble at the station at nine in the morning, and reach Contrexéville at half past five in the afternoon. Here the tradesmen, who are purveyors of the School Colony, undertake to supply carts whenever required for the use of the children. Ten of these long, light Lorraine carts, each large enough to contain twenty children and a teacher, are waiting at the station to convey them along the pretty country roads, through the avenues of poplars, to their holiday-house.

Each child is weighed and measured on arrival and on departure; the average gain for boys is two kilogrammes (four and a half pounds), and for girls one to one and a half (about three pounds). Some boys have gained as much as eight pounds in the three weeks. When the girls are given some form of the gymnastic exercises now confined to the boys, their increase in weight and width of chest may perhaps be as striking as is already the case with the boys.

The greatest change in their appearance is wrought during the first eight days of their holiday; the skin becomes much clearer, and the whole aspect of the children is brighter. Life which has been an anxious fight to many a little street Arab, has suddenly become a tranquil state, sheltered from worry, in which cruelty and hunger are unknown. The mere quiet and silence of the country have a soothing influence, greatly aided by the unwontedly generous diet and kindly surroundings. After the first week the children begin to put on flesh and to relish the change of food, although some, accustomed to the stimulant of black coffee, with perhaps a dash of rum in it, despise at first the hot morning milk which they say is only fit for feeding pigs; but when once they have taken to it, they enjoy it and thrive upon it.

The diet is abundant and excellent; after the hot milk soup in the morning there is a substantial mid-day meal of stewed meat and vegetables, when each child has before him his tiny bottle of red wine; a bowl of milk at 4 P.M., and a supper of soup, roast meat, vegetables, and fruit, with plenty of fine white bread at every meal.

Baths are in course of construction at

the School Colony where there is an abundant supply of excellent water; in the building are ample lavatories, and for the present the children are driven into Contrexéville for baths, returning in tearing spirits flourishing a towel as a flag.

The girls do not get so much exercise as the boys, but they are trained in household matters, cleanliness, order and good management. A little girl of ten years old, the sixth child of a family in the Rue St. Maur, who marvelled at all

Mandres. Modern annexe with wide glass verandah

In the short space of three weeks it is found that the change in the child's manners is almost as marked as in his bodily health. Cleanly habits of thought and action, perhaps hitherto unknown, the discipline of good manners at meals, and the unselfishness induced by the common life of a well-ordered community, tell upon the character quickly at such an impressionable age. Something practical is effected in combating what in some cases are inherited tendencies to evil. The scowl of the hunted animal is giving way to the natural gaiety of childhood, and this applies to the girls quite as much as to the boys.

she saw, seriously undertook on her return home to teach her brothers and sisters, her father and mother, what was meant by order and cleanliness; how to sweep, tidy, dust, to fold clothes, and how to wash with plenty of water; in short she went back a model little housewife.

Monsieur J. Cornely, a well-known French writer, published an account in the *Figaro* of September 3, 1900, of a visit he had paid to the School Colony at Mandres. His talk with the inhabitants elicited some charming answers; a boy aged ten, who came of a family of six children, said that they lived like princes, and that you had only to hold up your hand

at meals to get a fresh bit of bread; another was chiefly impressed with the extraordinary fact that he had a bed all to himself, which he was not asked to share with any other soul.

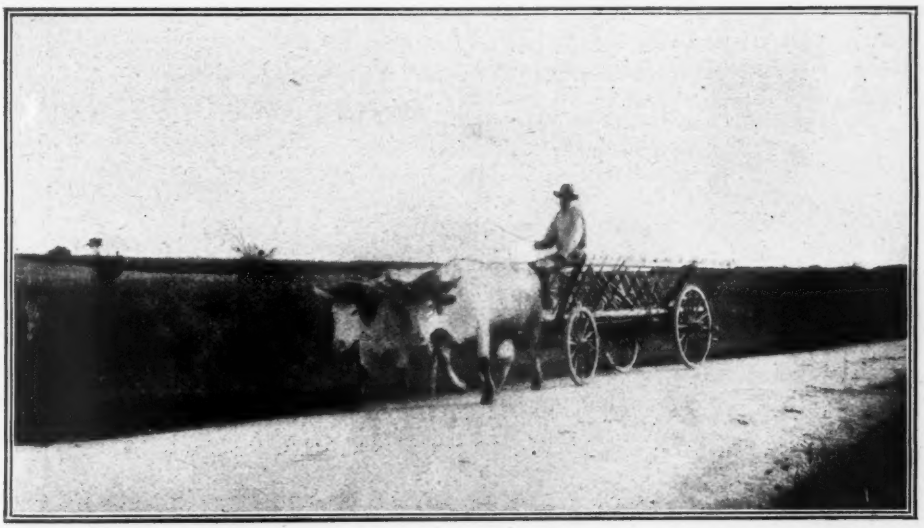
The chief charm of the holiday for the town children consists in the long walks in the beautiful woods, abounding in fern and heather. The teachers take out one hundred boys at a time and show them the stems, roots, leaves, and flowers, the birds and the beetles they have hitherto only seen in pictures and diagrams. The hay and the corn harvest and all agricultural operations are watched with intense interest. Mandres eminently lends itself to Nature-study; the village may be described as one vast farm-yard. The houses are set well back from the street, and the space between is occupied by the woodstack and the dung-heap.

The wood is brought in long, narrow carts, drawn by patient oxen, who come lumbering up the steep streets; and there is a pleasant sound of constant sawing and chopping, that the logs may be stored up for the winter under the big arch, which is the central feature of the house.

The dunghills are alive with cocks crowing, and hens scratching, and the women calling to their poultry to come and be fed.

In Contrexéville it is true, these comfortable customs are ruthlessly disturbed, in deference to the strange prejudices of visitors; before the bathing-season begins a police order obliges each householder to remove his dunghill from before his door; but no such troublesome innovation disturbs the peace of Mandres. Horses, bullocks and poultry live in the street, and seem equally happy and domesticated, and before sunset it is a charming sight to see the great flocks of geese returning to the village in charge of a goose-herd with red cloth streamers to his long wand, or a goose-girl who might have come straight out of a fairy-tale.

The children must have wonderful stories to tell on their return, and they receive many kindnesses. The Russian Princess from Contrexéville, a homely, motherly figure, alighted one day from



Lorraine cart. These carts serve to carry a score of children, with their teachers, from the railway station to the château

a motor-car, with a packet of sweets for every child, and a supply of hoops and very childish picture-books. A gymnastic display was got up in her honour, and it was pleasant to see the accuracy and zeal with which the boys performed their exercises among the trees of the orchard, which after thirteen years' growth give quite a respectable amount of shade.

Their instructor was a man of remarkable physique, who, being attacked with consumption as a lad, and his life despaired of, was himself a wonderful instance of the beneficial effects of the scientific training that he imparts.

The sympathetic interest taken by the teachers in the success of the summer outing is very noteworthy. Besides his keep, each receives the trifling honorarium of thirty francs, scarcely sufficient to pay for shoe-leather; yet they are expected never to lose sight of the children day or night, nor are the children ever allowed to go oustide their own gates unaccompanied. All are lay teachers; no religious instruction is given, but the children whose parents desire it are taken to the parish church, which is just oustide the School Colony gate.

Many interesting points are suggested by a comparison between the Country Holiday Movement as carried out in London and in Paris.

In London, a matter of national importance is left characteristically to private benevolence only; while in Paris, the start being given by private generosity, the work is carried on by the municipal authority. The expense of the French system is very much greater; the total cost of sending 1000 children into the country for three weeks is about 60,000 frs. (£2400), or 60 frs. (£2 8*s*.) for each child, this includes the maintenance of the house and grounds, the railway fares, and the care and supervision of the children during their holiday. In England 10*s*. is paid for the keep of each child in a cottage-home for a fortnight, which scarcely pays the cottager unless two or three are taken together; the parents contribute to the railway fares, and nothing is paid for supervision from the moment when the child has started from the railway station in London.

The French children are better and more scientifically fed, and enjoy a holiday of three weeks instead of two, and above all they are assured of getting it. Any falling off of voluntary subscriptions in London, or such a calamity as the smallpox outbreak, which caused many guardians last summer to warn off London children from the villages in their unions, may suddenly deprive the children who most need it of any country holiday at all.

The French realise more readily than we do what an admirable national investment is the spending of money for the health and the education of the children, who are the only true wealth of a State.

But with all its limitations and its haphazard working our country holiday at

Parisian boys with their distinctive blue cloth caps

its best has charms and advantages of its own. London children, who are affectionately welcomed by the country secretary, generally a lady, and put into suitable homes, are introduced into quite a new world, make fresh, often lasting, friendships, and experience for themselves both the advantages and the drawbacks of country life. They take their share in the village interests, challenge the country boys to cricket, and generally beat them, and if a few apples are stolen and some rabbits and squirrels have a bad time of it, the independent life that our boys lead affords a valuable training of character.

They are trusted, and are usually worthy of trust. They swarm into the hayfields and ride in the waggons and are treated everywhere with good-natured tolerance, and are allowed to try their hands at all sorts of occupation.

Manners observed are quoted at home. "Mother," said a little girl, "our young lady calls Lady V. 'Mother' in speaking to us, same as if she was any one else." "'Course she does," replied the mother, rather missing the point; "it's only washerwomen nowadays as says 'Ma.'"

Boys and girls leave laden with gifts of flowers, fruit, and vegetables, which, with the characteristic generosity of the poor, the cottage-mothers often send back to the unknown mothers in London. Many a boy after he has gone to work in succeeding years has returned to the same kind hearth when a rare holiday has given him a day out of town; in some cases the parents of a delicate child have boarded him out for several months or even years in the village where his country holiday was spent, and under these conditions children of younger age can be sent to an experienced cottage-mother than are dealt with in France.

Such spontaneous and valuable friendships are impossible under the French system. The boys are always treated as children; no surreptitious knife or ball drops out of a trouser-pocket; work and play are alike regulated; the School Colony is entirely self-contained, and enters into no relations with the village community.

Much of the contrast has deep root in the different habits of the two nations; but an English observer has something to learn from the generous endowment and scientific organisation of the children's country holiday in France.

The Unbidden Guest

THERE is a hidden chamber in my heart
Where one called Memory keeps my precious things;
She guards them patiently with jealous wings,
Those treasures Love and I have set apart.

And sometimes, in the quiet eventide,
With all the long day's work and worry o'er,
I steal away behind that secret door
And for awhile with Memory I abide.

Then one by one she brings them forth for me,
My priceless jewels trusted to her care,
Loosens their wrappings, shows each beauty rare,
And spreads them for my weary eyes to see.

But, suddenly, I see another stand
At Memory's side, with misty tear-wet face,
And, till Sleep draws me thence with close embrace,
Sadness with Memory lingers hand in hand.

KATHARINE ALISON BROCK.

All the Days

Sunday Readings for January

By the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham

FIRST SUNDAY

"*ALL THE DAYS*" (i.)

"And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—ST. MATT. xxviii. 20.

WE could not ask for a better watchword than this at the threshold of a new year. Alike the Promiser and the Promise are supreme. The words first fell, syllable by syllable, from the immortal lips of the Lord Jesus Christ, standing "in the power of an endless life" in the midst of His disciples, on that unnamed mountain in Galilee, "where Jesus had appointed them." There He was, the Lord of death, which He had conquered, and of time, of which He took command, to hold it in His victorious grasp and use it all for the fulfilment of His purposes of grace and glory. Coming up from the grave He now stood in a wonderful sovereignty above time; it was His absolute right to say what He would be, what He would do, in all its future course.

And then, the words so spoken by Him were altogether full of Himself. He uttered no vague and general guarantee, but something as personal as possible. He undertook to be, HIMSELF, the immediate Companion, Fellow-traveller, Fellow-worker, with His people to the very last of their travel and their work. To give His words in their precise order, as the Gospel in its Greek gives them, "I with you am." Person with persons, Heart with hearts, Saviour with followers, Lord with servants, "*I*, with *you*," this was the prospect. Aye, and the Promiser, true to His own eternity of being, casts the promise into a form perpetually present: "I with you" (not "will be," but) "AM." It is to be always *a present moment* of faithful fulfilment; up to the date of every new stage of the way, they are to be sure that they have with them "Him that is."

And all this, "even unto the end of the world." We may render this more exactly, "even until the consummation of the age;" that is to say, in the sense of those words which is amply assured to us by Scripture usage, "Even until I, this same Jesus, in manifested glory, at the close of this great period of redemption, come again." The thought is not of a collapse of the universe, but of the gathering up of a process into its magnificent result; and that result is to be His Coming. So the Presence is but to be the path to the Presence. The unseen Divine Companion is to be but the Conductor of His saints up to the moment when, upon a sudden, He will dawn upon them as the unveiled Bridegroom, coming again, to take them to Himself.

Infinite treasures of peace, grace and glory thus lie hid in those few words of the Risen Christ. For they promise to His disciples the possession of Himself now, always now, as the avenue to Himself for ever. They tell them that for their journey they shall have always, beside them, all that He is for them. And at the end of their journey they shall find an open heaven, in being, after the manner of the life of glory, "for ever with the Lord."

But we have not quite reached the last of the re-translations which the Greek of this wonderful verse invites. "Lo, I am with you alway," says our Authorised Version. And the Revised Version retains the familiar rendering. But in its margin it gives us the literal and most significant equivalent of the original words; "Lo, I am with you *all the days*."

Yes, this is what the Evangelist records precisely as the Master's promise; "all the days." We may even go a little further in exact translation, without

straining too far the fine and delicate texture of the Greek grammar: "all the days, *and all day long*."

Is this a mere phrase, meaning "always," only expressing the idea more at length? Nay rather, it expresses it more in depth, in detail, in intensity. It brings the Presence home to the very steps of the pathway, and does not leave it to float vaguely over its general course. "All the days"! Who does not know how day differs from day, even in a life of fairly even tenour? Who does not feel the difference of the days' surfaces, and see the varieties of their colours? From the golden sunlight of a day of joy to the ink of a day of woe, through all gradations the scale runs as we travel on. From the grass of the meadow to the miry clay of the marsh, to the hot dust of the level road, to the flints of the steep ascent, to the waters of the cold river, varies the surface. And the great Companion knows it all. And He breaks up the great Promise of the Presence to adjust it to every detail of our need. "I with you am, all the days, and all day long, even unto the end."

SECOND SUNDAY

"*ALL THE DAYS*" (ii.)

"And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—ST. MATT. xxviii. 20.

COME again with me to that mountain in Galilee "where Jesus had appointed them," and listen over again to the Promiser in His Promise. He is always there, He is always speaking there, in this unalterable assurance, "I with you am."

Let us ask to-day, as we listen, a question left out of sight in our first meditation. What is the context of the words? How do they link themselves to the utterances just before? For manifestly they are somehow linked; the promise does not float in the air. "*And* lo, I with you am." That small word "*and*" points us back; it is a cord which pulls at a weight of truth behind it.

The answer is obvious, and as momentous as it is obvious. The Lord had just uttered His great Commission. His disciples were to spend themselves upon making Him known to "all the nations," gathering them into a believing and obedient host, sealed and signed with His baptismal blessing, brought "into the Name" of Triune love and life, into a living union with the God of grace and a living allegiance to His Will. They were to go out into the world to be witnesses to their Master, and willing labourers for Him and His Kingdom. So, and with them as such, would He be present, even to the end. "*And* lo, I with you am."

The first and greatest reference of the promise falls then upon the Lord's disciples in their missionary capacity. Whether we think of the individual, or of the community, so it is. Behold the messenger of Christ in "the uttermost parts of the earth," perhaps in complete spiritual isolation, perhaps in bodily peril; in the African interior; amidst multitudinous masses of humanity in India or China; seeking the wanderers on the plains of North Western America, or even upon the ice of its eastern shores; penetrating the forests of the southern New World; landing on Pacific islands; attempting the iron gates of Arabia or of Thibet. Or behold the organised forces of Christendom on the larger scale, the enterprises of Churches, of Societies, in their councils at home and in their campaign among "the nations." For every faithful pioneer and pastor, for every organised advance, prayerful and believing, under the great Commission of the Risen Lord, this supreme Promise has its first and special application. Let the missionary clasp it to his heart, above all when either the dangers or the monotony of his task lie heavy upon him. "I with thee am, I with you am, all the days, and all day long, even unto the consummation of the age." Yes, there, close to you, He is. His heart is laid upon your heart, His arm embraces your fatigue, His prescient eye is fixed upon the consummation of the age, which you cannot see, but which to Him is now and here.

Yet surely the missionary, in the particular and familiar meaning of the word, will not grudge an application of the promise to other disciples than himself and those who, like him, have, "for the sake of the Name, gone forth" (3 John 7, R.V.). Not only by the evangelisation of "the regions beyond" is that great Commission carried out. "To make disciples of all the nations," to "teach them to observe all things commanded" by the beloved Master, is a work which is shared in true measure by all who truly live to Him, and who realise that they are all "saved in order to serve." The faithful pastor and evangelist in the Christian land, bringing into true discipleship the incredulous, the careless, the fallen, the "lapsed," teaching the nominal follower of Jesus really to "observe all things He has commanded" in a surrendered life, is carrying that Commission out. So is every living and loving helper of the pastor's work. So is every disciple, of every kind and name, who, knowing and adoring the Crucified and Risen Christ, so lives on and in Him as to receive of His fulness, and to reflect His image, and to commend His blessed Name by that reflexion, shining into the darkness of sorrow and sin around. Not only the devoted evangelist in the ends of the earth, but the mother manifesting her Lord in her home, the friend among his friends, found faithful to that Name in the tests of common life, in doing or in bearing—each and all have part in the commissioned work. And so by each and by all, and for all the days, and for all day long, the promise may be claimed, humbly, surely, joyfully; "Lo, I with you am."

THIRD SUNDAY

THE MESSAGE OF THE LONG PSALM (i.)

"How sweet are thy words unto my mouth!"
"Therefore I hate every false way."
PSA. CXIX. 103, 104.

THE hundred and nineteenth Psalm is a singularly interesting study, and from many points of view. It has its considerable literary interest. It is the largest and most elaborate example of a device of Hebrew poetry intended evidently both to give a certain grace of form to the composition and to assist memory, namely, the alphabetical grouping of verses. The Psalm is instantly seen by the reader to be symmetrically divided; it consists of twenty-two octaves of verses. In most English Bibles each octave is headed by the name of a letter of the Hebrew alphabet, which alphabet begins with *Aleph* and ends with *Tau*. A beginner in Hebrew soon discovers that each octave is so written that every verse in it opens with some word whose first letter is the letter which heads the octave.

This is interesting; an antique device of literary skill. Does it seem to us mechanical? Surely it is not more so than our systems of rhymes; a system elaborated even to extreme nicety in some of those hymns, modern and ancient alike, which live and move most vividly with poetic fire and heavenly grace.

Then further, the long Psalm, on inspection, is alive with human interest.

Its writer half reveals himself to us by passing allusions. We gather that he is young, that he is solitary, that he is despised and persecuted. We see him on fire with love to God, and actually weeping over the rejection of God by man. We see him at private worship, "seven times a day." Above all, we see him with the holy Book before him. It is "the joy of his heart;" it is "a lamp to his feet;" "O how he loveth the law" of his Lord.

Who was he? Was he David? It is not likely, in view of some of the literary features of the Psalm; though this has been often assumed, notably in that rich treasury of spiritual gold, the commentary on the Psalm by the late Rev. C. Bridges, a saint the light of whose life I saw in my young days, and feel its radiance still. Was it Daniel? To me this has often seemed a probable conjecture. It may well have been. But God knoweth.

Now, approaching the Psalm for some

further study of its contents, we are met by one obvious and impressive element in them. The Psalm is full, from end to end, of the thought of the writer's love for the sacred Book of his Lord, of his assiduous study of it, of his mingled delight in its contents and awful reverence in presence of them. To quote in illustration would be to transcribe the much larger part of the Psalm. The Book bears many titles, but they all obviously attach to one subject. ("The Word," "the Law," "the Statutes," "the Testimonies," "the Judgments," "the Commandments;" we need no commentary to give the terms their reference. The man has before the eyes of his heart the written Oracles of God, as they existed in his day. He was, probably unconsciously, himself contributing a new treasure to their store. But his own immediate thought was, that the store before him was unspeakably precious, sacred, sweet, wonderful, a field exceeding broad, a mine pregnant with thousands of gold and silver. To explore it he was up before the dawn, and he got to his beloved task again before the night quite shut in the day. He found in it the guide of his inexperience, the strength of his heart, when tempted to give way to opposition, oppression, or scorn. The Scriptures were his "songs in the house of his pilgrimage;" his personal friends, the living and loving "counsellors" to whom he turned, with whom he talked.

If we are right in our guess, the Psalm belongs to the age of the Exile, and so to a time when the old order of sacrificial worship was in long abeyance, to be revived again, indeed, but only for a while. It is as if the Holy Spirit had seized the occasion of that valley of humiliation to open the eyes of the saints, as never before, to the immeasurable preciousness of the Written Word, that Word whose very details were to be so sacred at a later day to the Son of Man Himself.

There is a passage, attributed to St. Chrysostom, and certainly very ancient, in which it is foretold that in the end there will be great confusions in the Church, but that the Holy Scriptures will then prove to be, as never before, the rock and rallying-point of faith. Truly our confusions are many. May our Bibles become to us all the more what they were to the saint of the long Psalm.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE MESSAGE OF THE LONG PSALM (ii.)

"How sweet are thy words unto my mouth!"
"Therefore I hate every false way."
PSA. CXIX. 103, 104.

WE have watched the writer of the long Psalm as he bends over his beloved Book, and tastes the sweetness of its words, and praises the Giver seven times a day for the gift of it, and rises very early and saves time at night that he may know it better.

Let us steal up to him again, and catch some of the utterances of his soul over his treasure. What, above all other things, gives to this man his love, his passion, for his Bible? Does the long Psalm tell us in any intelligible way? Assuredly it does.

One thing is plain. The Book is dear to him for no merely antiquarian reasons, nor again as a mere exercise of his mind. Beyond doubt its sacred prestige, from a glorious past, was much to him. And no one can read his recorded thoughts without feeling that the study of the Book, and his converse with it, had told powerfully upon the elevation and firmness of his thinking power. But those things are not before him, though they are in him. The thing which is to an overmastering degree both before and in him is the thought that in the Bible he hears nothing less than his Lord and God, speaking to him, speaking with him, to let his servant know the glory of His holy WILL.

If the long Psalm is on one side the glorification of the written Word it is on the other the glorification of the sacred Will. In octave after octave this strain sounds on. "Blessed are they who walk in the law of the Lord;" "I

thought upon my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies;" "Order my footsteps in Thy word, and let not any iniquity have dominion over me." Here again is an element of the long Psalm so large, so deeply interwoven with its texture, that if we would illustrate it fully we should need to transcribe phrases from the whole length of the composition.

Yes, the sacred Book lies open here before a student who is supremely conscious that in those pages speaks the Will of God. And to him that will is the very heart of Him whom he has found to be (v. 57), his "Portion." Such has Jehovah become to the man that He is his wealth, his inheritance, his estate, his home, his all. By the Master's grace this has become the servant's experience. In the dialect of the Old Testament he expresses the choice and the joy which another of his race, long after, was to express in the dialect of the New; "I count all things but loss, that I may know Him."

And because that possessed yet longed-for "knowledge" was of the spiritual sort, therefore its direct and profound result was a thirst and hunger after an ever-growing insight, for practical results in obedience, into the Will of God. Man may exercise his reason, aye, in the noblest sense of that great word, upon theistic study, and may reach in that line even sublime results, yet wholly fail to fall in love with the Will of God. But let man get some spiritual glimpse, some intuition, while not reason only but conscience and affection are touched and moved from above, into "the glory of the Blessed God," and then, by a law of the soul, he will love and long for the Will of God.

> "Thou sweet, beloved will of God,
> My anchor-hold, my fortress-hill,
> My spirit's silent, fair abode,
> In thee I hide me and am still."

So sings Tersteegen. And his deep, sweet song is only the instinctive voice of the being which has "seen the God of Israel," the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, as He *is* to be seen when He lifts the veil and shows us something of His fair glory.

So let us follow the saint of the long Psalm, as he beckons us in to read the Bible with him. By the grace of his God and ours the Book shall be to us what it was to him; with that wonderful and undeserved advantage for us, that what he had in part we have in whole—Evangelists and Apostles crowning the work of Prophets and of Psalmists.

"Thou sweet, beloved Will!" And that Will is nothing other than the manifold expression of the eternal Love.

Disce cor Dei in verbis Dei; "Learn God's heart in God's words." So writes Gregory the Great to his lay friend Theodore, entreating him to read his Bible. We too will ponder the Word, that we may know the Heart, and do the Will.

The Story of a Barn Owl

By E. Kay Robinson, Author of "To-Day with Nature"

WHEN midnight has fallen over the long pasture and the salt marshes between our lonely house and the sea, that stretches away unbroken to the North Pole, I sit writing by my uncurtained study window and glance up as I hear a comfortable screech outside. That is "V'roucious" going home, and saying good-night to the house for old sake's sake. He is the survivor of a family of four barn owls who used to live in a rabbit-hutch, and he obtained the name of "V'roucious" from the mock ferocity of his manners when he was a baby, in the same way that his smallest sister was called "Tamey," because she never by so much as a hiss or a clack of the bill resented our familiarities.

We had known something of the family of barn owls before they were provided with a home in the rabbit-hutch. Among a group of seven aged and hollow-hearted elms, there was one which you could not approach at dusk in early May without one of the old barn owls screeching at you as it drifted among the shadows like a ghostly aeroplane, or alighted without a whiff of sound upon some neighbouring branch whence, itself silhouetted upright against the sky, it could watch your proceedings. And when you passed on through the thickening gloom, you would catch a gleam of something white sliding swiftly between you and the dark bank of trees, and hear the long-drawn "Scree-e-e-e-e" with which he reassured his family as to your departure. If, however, before passing on you rapped on the hollow trunk of the elm, a chorus of muffled hisses would issue from a large hole some ten feet from the ground; and in the daytime you could pick up the pellets of undigested bones, fur, and feathers which the owls scattered around on the grass. On the whole it was not surprising that we all knew when the barn owls had a nest full of young ones.

There might have been no story to tell about them, however, but for one of those raging storms which are often a speciality of the month of May on the East Coast. The old elm, which, in spite of its trunk being a mere husk of timber at one point, had ridden safely through the tempests of winter under bare poles, was now handicapped by an immense spread of new spring leaves, which caught the hurricane of May like the mainsail of a topheavy yacht and, with a ripping crash that woke us in our distant beds and made us think that the greenhouse roof had been blown off again, the giant fell to earth, leaving a jagged ten feet of stem and one small branch standing upright.

There, next morning, huddled in a corner of the hollow-topped stump, and blinking in the painful glare of day, were four young barn owls. Such delightful creatures they were, each dressed from head to foot in a suit of snow-white fluff, with the figure of a muff set on end, exactly the same width from top to bottom. When they heard the grating of the short ladder being placed against the trunk, they all looked intently at the wood at their feet because the noise seemed to come thence; but presently they became aware of a shadow falling upon them, and four silly-wise faces turned upwards as though moved by a single lever and gazed, half-seeing, at the head and shoulders of a human being within a yard of them! Then the character of "V'roucious" came out. Disengaging himself from the huddled group, he made a fierce advance of at least five inches, with half-spread wings and straddled legs, uttering hisses of menace. Then he drew himself up to his full height of seven inches of snowy fluff and clacked his beak. Still the enemy held his ground, so the valiant infant resorted to his most terrible threat of all. He bowed his head almost to his feet, and wagged it slowly from side to side. This is the ultimatum of the angry barn owl, but it had no effect. On the contrary, the antics of "V'roucious" so heightened the deliciousness of his fluffy appearance, like a grotesque ornament from a Christmas cake suddenly endowed with life,

that the temptation to possess him for a pet was irresistible. With great care, on account of the ferocity of his demeanour, a handkerchief was thrown over him and he was neatly gathered up inside it, so that his claws and bill were rendered harmless. Greatly to his captor's surprise, "V'roucious" made no movement whatever from the moment the handkerchief fell over him, and when this was carefully unrolled at the foot of the tree he lay on his face on the grass without sign of life. Had he expired in a paroxysm of fury? He was turned over with a gingerly forefinger, and he lay on his back with his eyes wide open. Very carefully he was tilted into an upright position, when he promptly clacked his beak and turned his head from one to another of the faces looking down at him, and then turned it over on his back and looked hard into a crevice of the tree trunk. "What a darling!" was the unanimous comment upon this exhibition of scathing contempt for all present. "We must take him home—and the others!" When all were of one mind, it needed little argument to convince us that it really was our duty to remove the poor little wretches from their exposed position, where they would be drenched with rain, mobbed by sparrows, and perhaps ill-used by crows. Besides, if we did not take them, some one else would, and perhaps wring their necks, or kill them, to be stuffed and set up in a room in a glass case.

So, in a very short time, "V'roucious" was joined by his brother and sisters on the grass at the foot of the tree. Much less ceremony attended their removal. The handkerchief was dispensed with and each one became absolutely motionless as soon as it was grabbed, and when handed down the ladder and placed upon the grass made no attempt to stir, no matter which side chanced to be placed uppermost. Then a procession of five of us started for the house, one carrying the ladder and the other four a baby barn owl apiece. You cannot realise the pleasure of holding a young owl unless you have tried it. He has such a plump little kernel of a body inside an inch-thick halo of fluff, soft and snowy as swan's-down. He makes no struggles whatever, but his face with its humorous parody of human philosophy turns to gaze in wise wonderment after every large object, such as a tree or a barn, past which he is carried.

Installed in a commodious rabbit-hutch, with a plate of chopped meat before them, they all huddled, like a football scrimmage, in the far corner, "V'roucious" with his face to the foe crowding back the others, who seemed to be content to stare at the wall or whatever else happened to be in front of their beaks. So a piece of matting was hung in front of the hutch to darken it and they were left to themselves. When the matting was lifted an hour or two later, they were again scrimmaging in the corner, but—every scrap of the meat was gone. Another plateful was supplied and disappeared in like manner, so we were prepared to find them all in robust health next morning; but what we were not prepared to find was a row of dead mice laid outside the bars of the hutch. In the quiet hours of the night, while we were sleeping behind barred doors, the old father owl—whose business it was to look after this family, since his wife was busy in another tree incubating the second brood—had wandered screeching to and fro for his lost children, until he heard a faint echo of their answering hiss as he swept like a ghost past the home barn. Checking in his flight, he flung out another long-drawn "Scree-e-e-e" into the night, and, sure enough, the hiss re-echoed again from the coach-house wall. "Scree-e-e-e" he called again, as he drifted past the coach-house; and there was no mistaking this time the chorus of glad hisses which came from the rabbit-hutch in the opposite corner.

The matting did not exactly fit the wired front of the hutch, and a sweet and anxious colloquy it was no doubt which ensued through the crack between the father owl and his captive family. We, at any rate, were glad next morning to know that the young owls had had quite as much meat as was good for them during the previous day, when we thought of the tantalisation which they must have endured when their father brought mouse after mouse for them and could not get one through the bars! So he did the best that he could. He laid

the five mice out in a row close to the wire, trusting that somehow or other his children would get them. So they did; and I think that the father must have known that they did, because every night for weeks the row of mice was laid outside the wires. Sometimes there was a half-grown rat among them, but in this case the head was always bitten off: whether because the skull of a rat is a dangerously large object for young owls to throw up in their pellets, or because a rat's head is a titbit which the old owl could never resist, I do not know, but probably it was from a combination of both causes. Thus, if the skull of a rat would be a troublesome item in a baby owl's stomach, any adult owl which chanced to exhibit a selfish fancy for the heads of all the rats that he caught would have the best chance of rearing his youngsters. These would in turn inherit his weakness for rats' heads and rear their young successfully also; and so it would go on until all the barn owls in existence had such a hereditary taste for rats' heads that they never imperilled their children's lives with them. It is in this indirect way that nature works most of her diplomatic successes.

But young owls do not remain babies for ever; and there came a morning when there were no mice or rats outside the wires. The father owl had now a second family of greedy youngsters to provide for, and he knew that the first brood was strong enough to forage for itself. It had somehow got behind a strange network of wires, it is true, but if the father owl thought about this at all, he probably concluded that this was a freak on the part of his elder children and that they could, if they chose, get out by the same way that they got in. At any rate, he had done his duty by them.

Fortunately, they were never dependent upon their father's exertions for food. They had developed a civilised preference for butcher's meat, but especially for "lights," over anything in fur or feathers. They would eat dead sparrows or rats greedily enough if nothing better was forthcoming; indeed once or twice they had to make shift upon soaked bread for a day's meal; but as a rule they were pampered and regarded the carcase of a rat as a kind of counter to play games with. If you suddenly lifted the matting in front of the hutch, the owl that was nearest to the dead rat would kick it hurriedly into a corner; and "V'roucious" would advance into the middle of the floor and go through all his antics of challenge to mortal combat. If you wanted that rat, he said almost in words, you would have to step over his dead body for it. At other times they made believe to hide the rat. The only loose object which they had in the hutch, except the sand on the floor, was a small piece of brick; so they used to push the dead rat into a corner, scrape a lot of sand up to it, and place the bit of brick on its head. They evidently had an idea that the rat's head was its important part—had this any connection with their father's habit of biting off the heads of the rats that he brought?—and were quite satisfied so long as you could not see that. Similarly they believed that they were hidden if you could not see their heads; and they would scramble up the walls of the hutch and stealthily peep down at you under their half extended wings, evidently under the impression that they were skilfully "taking cover" behind their own feathers.

Two of them never abandoned this trick of scrambling up the wall whenever the matting was raised. They were such "ordinary" typical owls that they never received pet names; they were always "the others," whereas "V'roucious" and "Tamey" were individuals whom we loved. "V'roucious" very soon gave up the habit of scuttling to the roof of the hutch whenever we visited him, because he thought it undignified. He preferred to stand his ground and go through his routine of hostile demonstrations; and by putting forward your hand and withdrawing it quickly as in fear, you could discover with what lightning-quickness the owl can pounce on a mouse. Indeed, I think that "V'roucious" missed our hands by a hair's breadth because he thought it wiser not to push things too far. Sometimes, when visited too soon after dinner, he was not in a position to exhibit much active hostility; and he was never funnier than when he stood one day, haughtily posing in the

middle of the hutch, with an air of lofty indignation at my unwarrantable intrusion, and a rat's tail hanging out of his mouth. Even an owl cannot digest an entire rat all at once; and "V'roucious" had need of much patience and many gulps before the whole of that rat's tail was decently stowed away.

"Tamey" used to remain on the floor of the hutch also, but without any demonstrations of hostility. She simply turned her face to the wall so long as the matting was uplifted; but if you liked to take her out and carry her about the garden she submitted meekly and seemed to take quite an intelligent interest in her surroundings. So, if the truth be told, did "V'roucious"; for his swash-buckling spirit subsided instantly if you reached out a resolute hand to grasp him, and if he was laid on his back on the lawn by the side of "Tamey," both would lie there like babes in the wood waiting for robins to cover them up, until they were picked up again.

So summer passed to harvest, and autumn followed: and the question of releasing the owls was by common consent deferred until the spring. It seemed unlikely that birds which had been daily pampered upon butcher's meat and dead rats would be able to provide for themselves during the hard times of winter. And when spring came, the nightly visits of a wild barn owl to the rabbit-hutch—you could not approach the spot in the evening without seeing a ghostly presence flit a few yards off to the stable wall on to a wire arch close by in the garden—suggested that the time had really come to set our prisoners free, since it was evident that they had a friend outside. So at dusk the door of the hutch was opened, and we ambushed ourselves and watched. We were almost tired of waiting, and it was growing very dark, when something like a white handkerchief floated out of the hutch and with two or three easy wafts of its wide wings soared over the coach-house and the barn. The deed was done.

But, hours later, when the open hutch was visited with a light, it still contained three owls, "Tamey" and "the others." It was "V'roucious" who had flown forth. So, lest cats should assault our willing captives, the door was closed for the night. Next day we caught several glimpses of poor "V'roucious," generally pursued by a mob of sparrows. He had apparently failed to secure a safe day's lodging anywhere; and, as dusk fell, he was found sitting disconsolately on the ground near the house. So he was picked up and put back into the rabbit-hutch. There was joy over his return, because we were all fond of the owls, and, as human beings always will, we interpreted his conduct in relation to ourselves and thought that we had won his affection. The truth came out, however, a few days later, when "V'roucious" was more than usually indignant at the curtain of matting being raised, as it revealed "Tamey" in the middle of the bare floor with an egg! This was a contingency which had never occurred to us as probable, and no preparations had been made for the advent of the "interesting stranger." Sanitary exigencies demanded that the hutch should be kept scrupulously clean; and there was nothing but the sanded floor for poor little "Tamey" to make her nursery upon; but she did her best, and clutched the egg with one foot, while she spread out the opposite wing to shield it from our sight. Confronted by this unexpected complication of affairs we, like "Tamey," did the best we could: and with four bricks built her a little cubicle in the corner of the hutch, where for a few days she reposed in comfort with her two eggs, while "V'roucious" sat with a dignified mien on the top of the bricks, and "the others" scrambled up the wall.

But something was wrong. Perhaps it was the constant presence of the other two owls which upset "Tamey"; more probably she missed the accumulation of pellets which serve for a sort of nest to wild barn owls. Anyhow she was generally sitting on the bare boards in her cubicle, while the eggs were rolled into corners and stone cold. Presently one was broken, and the other was found to be only half full of fluid; so it was removed, and for a while rabbit-hutch politics resumed the even tenour of their course.

Then occurred one of those sudden, inexplicable tragedies which sicken one at times of the attempt to make friends of wild things.

One summer afternoon, "V'roucious" and "the others" were discovered in a dishevelled state and dabbled with blood. On the floor lay a pair of expanded wings—beautiful barn-owl wings—and a bare breastbone. This was all that was left of "Tamey," who had been killed and eaten by the other three! There was no pleasure in any of them after that; and we were glad to see the last of them drift like a ghost through the hutch's open door at dusk.

But there was no room for new barn owls on the farm, just when the resident birds were rearing their second brood; and for a night or two the darkness was sonorous with angry squeals and screeches as the intruders were being hunted in detail off the premises. So the unerring fate that waits on those who interfere for a while with the course of nature followed our effort of selfish kindness towards those barn owls. From a pole-trap beside a near covert the wide white wings of one barn owl hung suspended head downwards, as the poor bird had flapped out its miserable life. On the keeper's gibbet another dangles, mummified to nothing in weight and swinging in every breath of wind. There are "the oth probably. "V'roucious," as befitted a bird of such masterful personality, has managed to survive the buffets of adverse fate, and is now "the owl" of the barn and neighbourhood. How do we know? How does a shepherd know one ewe among a hundred? How would a pigeon fancier recognise his own homer at a Crystal Palace show, among hundreds of birds identically coloured and almost identically shaped? We, who had reared "V'roucious" from his delicious babyhood, when he was swathed in a softer suit than swansdown, and gazed at us with the wistful wisdom of the infancy of ages, are we likely to be mistaken in the familiar "Scree-e-e-e" of our old pet? Besides, when he glides like a ghost round the house, he always makes a dip towards the corner by the rabbit-hutch, and when any of us are abroad at night in summer we may feel the whiff of his wings close to our faces and hear his comfortable screech passing from us into the dark. Who, too, should it be but "V'roucious" who speaks at midnight outside my lighted window? One night, indeed—the first night that it was warm enough for me to write without blind, curtain, or shutters—I was startled by a clattering on the glass, and for one instant saw the wide white wings and open white face with large black eyes of a barn owl sliding down the panes of glass. It was "V'roucious"; but my dazzling lamp blinded his eyes and the invisible glass betrayed his claws, so he slid down into the outer darkness, and has never attempted to come to me again. But he calls "good-night" to me often; and — in spite of the black tragedy, as it seems to human judgment, though God knows what nature's warrant may have been for poor "Tamey's" execution — I cannot help feeling the happier when I hear that "Scree-e-e-e," though I may peer out into the darkness and see nothing but a moth idly fluttering up and down the window-pane.

V'roucious and Tamey

The Victory of the Boy

By Hilda C. Hammond-Spencer

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

HIS real name was Edward Arthur Desmond, but the name by which he was known to all those of his intimates was simply that of "The Boy." He was a prepossessing young person, who had made his first appearance at a time when his parents were not blessed with many of this world's goods. They had had a stroke of bad luck; the bank in which they had placed their money had failed, and in consequence they had had to live very sparingly to enable their tiny income to provide the bare necessities of life—luxuries were out of the question. Young Mr. Desmond had been only too thankful to accept a small post in Birmingham, which he had been lucky enough to have offered him; the salary was not large, but, as he had remarked to his wife, smiling bravely at her as he said it:—"Beggars cannot be choosers."

They had kept the Boy with them for five years, although only his mother knew how hard it was to see him growing thin and pale in the smoky atmosphere of a large manufacturing town. It was bad enough there in the winter, but it was when the long, hot days of July began that the Boy felt it most. He was a plucky young man, and did not complain, or grow fretful; but he became more and more languid, until a time arrived when he lay in his little cot, gasping for air, and the doctor was hastily summoned.

"He must go to the country, or seaside, for a thorough change," was his verdict, and he looked sympathetically at Mrs. Desmond as he spoke the words, for he had a shrewd suspicion that it was beyond the means of the young couple to give the Boy the change which he prescribed. "A month's fresh air in the country will make a different child of him; otherwise—" he left the sentence unfinished.

There was plainly only one thing to be done, and it must be done quickly, for this suffocating life was killing their little son. His parents held an anxious consultation on the spot as to ways and means, and it ended in a letter explaining matters being despatched to Mrs. Desmond's old nurse, a kindhearted and apple-cheeked personage, who lived on her own farm in Guernsey. Then they packed the Boy's few little possessions, and awaited the march of events.

He was better next day, and took a keen interest in the telegram which arrived: "Delighted to have him. Send him by return," a reply which made his mother laugh, for she was a merry little woman by nature, and adversity had not succeeded in destroying her sense of humour.

"It sounds as if he was a bale of goods!" she ejaculated, kissing her son and heir between every other word; a form of treatment which, as a rule, he rather resented, and to-day looked upon as taking a mean advantage of his weakness, but to which he submitted, being, in truth, overjoyed at the news which the "tellyglam" contained. He could hardly realise that he was going away from smoky Birmingham, going to the fields and the sea for which he had always longed, but which, in the course of his short life, he had never seen. Small wonder that he was excited! After all, it was not possible to send him "by return," as it was late in the afternoon before the message came, but the next evening saw him and his mother at Southampton Docks. She could not take him over to Guernsey herself, but she had come to put him in charge of the captain and the stewardess, and to see that the juvenile traveller, at any rate, *started* in safety.

He felt himself to be a young person of no small importance as he trotted down the deck, disdaining the use of his mother's proffered hand. She tucked him up comfortably in his berth, with the willing stewardess hovering near, willing to "lend a hand" if necessary, and waited until the

valiant hero of the occasion had closed his tired eyes, and was breathing regularly, before she bent over him, with a queer little sob in her throat, and kissed him gently. Then she tiptoed silently out of the cabin, trying to smile cheerfully, for the benefit of the stars and the kindly captain who met her on the deck. After all, it was only a separation of six weeks—six weeks were absolutely nothing—and it would make all the difference in the world to him; but in spite of these comforting thoughts, it was a pale and miserable little mother who cried herself to sleep that night, in the third-rate hotel near the Docks.

The Boy was a good sleeper; he had been known to slumber peacefully through a severe thunderstorm; so the arrival of the passengers in the cabin, and the hundred and one noisy sounds incidental to the boat's departure had absolutely no disturbing effect on him, Through the short summer night he slept, while the boat churned its way through the foamy sea; little it mattered to him that one or two nervous ladies were bemoaning the thick fog into which they had plunged, that the foghorn kept sounding at frequent intervals, and that they were going at half-speed.

It was only at about 5.30 A.M.—and what was the precise noise which disturbed him then, no one will ever know—that Edward Arthur Desmond opened a pair of sleepy grey eyes, and lazily stretched his arms above his head. Why, where was he?—that was his first thought—and where was every one else? What was that strange noise, that shouting and trampling overhead? He sat up in his berth, and surveyed the scene with open amazement, and not a little disgust. He did not at all approve of being left out in the cold in this fashion.

Some one entered the cabin hastily—his friend the stewardess. Her face was white, and she ran to the Boy's side.

"Come along with me at once, my pet!" she said, lifting him to the ground. "You must be a good boy, and not cry. Don't be frightened, like a deer!" As she spoke, she proceeded to wrap him in his little coat, then she took him in her arms, and ran with him to the deck, where she put him down, and hurried away in another direction.

The sight that met the Boy's astonished eyes was a curious one. On every side were panic-stricken men and women, their faces blanched at the thought of how near death might be to them. The Boy looked at them curiously; he could not understand their terror.

Presently his attention was attracted by a frail-looking lady, dressed in black, who stood by herself, a striking contrast to the rest of the agitated crowd. The Boy thought she looked lonely, and, having a fellow-feeling for her, he made his way to her side.

Arrived there, he stood in silence for a moment, then, as a mark of favour, and one, too, which invariably met with appreciation, he tucked his small paw confidingly into her arm.

"Are you 'fraid, too?" he asked, with a glance into her face. "You needn't be 'fraid, really. I'll take care of you."

The object of his interest looked down at her self-constituted defender in surprise.

"Good gracious, child, how you startled me! Who are you, and where have you sprung from so suddenly?"

The words were brusque, but the tone was not unkindly, and the Boy did not remove his hand.

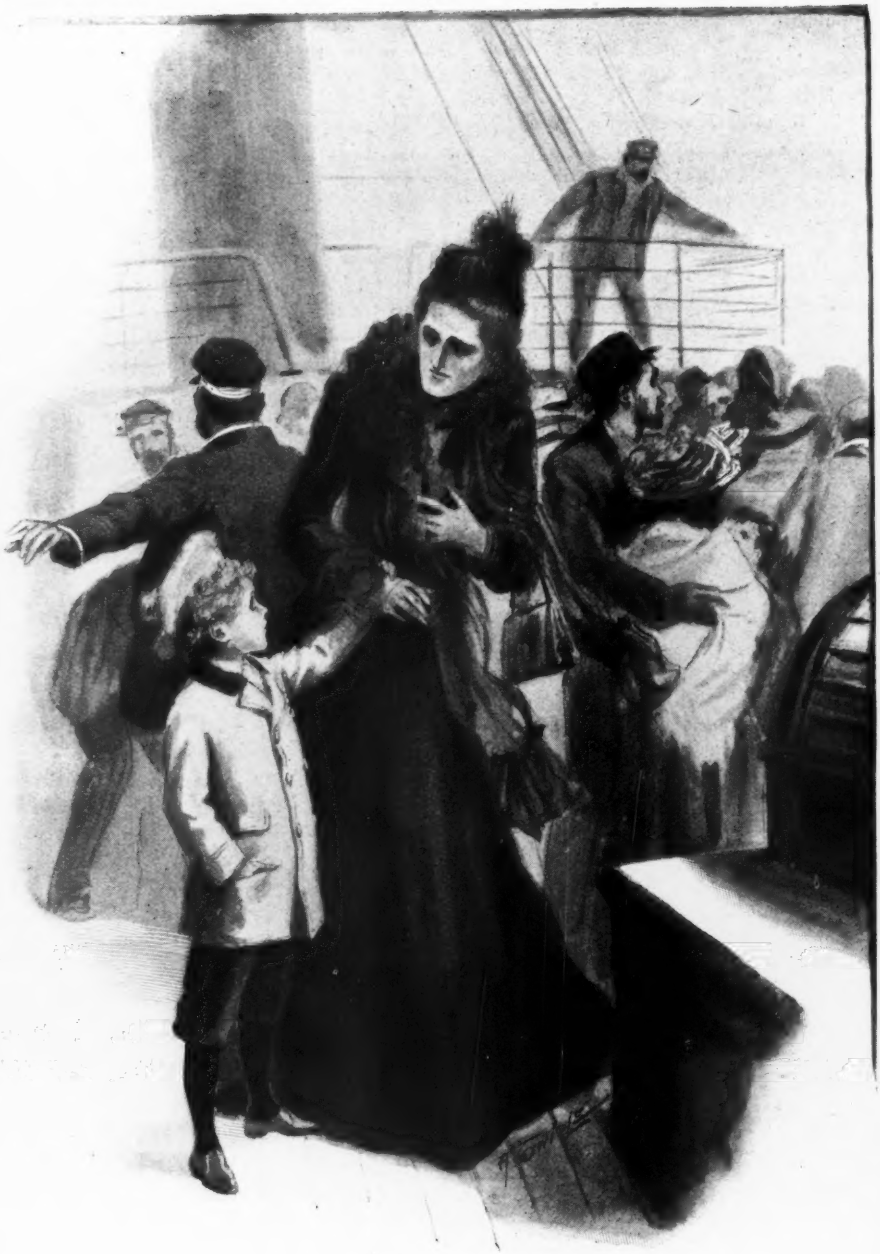
"I'll take care of you," he repeated, unheeding of the tense excitement around them, and unconsciously tightening his hold. "I'm the Boy; that's what Daddy and Mummy call me; my *Sunday* name," with emphasis, "is Edward Arfur Desmond. I've been ill, and I'm going over the sea to get well." Then, with a sudden change of subject, "What's the matter with all the people? Why are some of them crying?"

His companion hesitated for a moment.

"The ship has struck on the rocks in the fog, and some of the people are afraid. We will have to get in one of these," she said abruptly, pointing to the boats which were being lowered.

The Boy was awed, but not very alarmed. All the same, he had no intention of being left behind to play the part of Casabianca.

"I'll go with you," he announced. "I'm not a bit 'fraid!" and chuckled, as at the



Ill' take care of you, he repeated

recollection of some particularly good joke. "I'm quite 'lone, you see. Mummy told the Captain to take care of me; she couldn't 'ford to bring me herself." He had a queer but firmly-fixed habit of beheading some of his words.

They waited together quite calmly, while the first boats were eagerly filled by the trembling crowd, and at last their turn came. Just before one of the sailors took him up in his arms, to hand him down to his companion in the boat below, the Boy caught sight of a forlorn-looking kitten, evidently the forgotten pet of some terrified passenger, and he snatched it up, with an inarticulate gurgle of delight. It cuddled close to him under his jacket, all through the long hours they were adrift on the water, and as his companion watched them together her austere face softened into a smile. How was it, she wondered, that she had formed such a false impression of children, more especially small boys? She had imagined them to be wild, noisy, young demons, with a craze for torturing dumb creatures, but *this* little fellow—she put out a hand, and stroked the curly head—upset all her ideas. Later on, when the Boy's eyes, which he tried manfully to keep open, would insist on closing, he, kitten and all, was lifted on to her lap, and it was against her shoulder that his tired head rested.

The fog had melted away, and the sun was shining brightly many hours later, when the boatload of anxious people saw, with much relief the coast of Guernsey gleaming before them. Many had hardly expected to see land again, and sat silent, thanking Heaven for their preservation. They were a queer-looking gathering, even to the Boy's inexperienced eyes. Several of the women were wrapped in rugs, after the fashion of Indian squaws; most of them were clutching bags or small parcels, evidently valuables which they had, half-unconsciously perhaps, seized before leaving the cabin. They had seen nothing of the other boats since leaving the ship, and one poor lady, who had, in the crush, been separated from her daughter, sat there in a state of wild anxiety which was pitiful to see.

There was a large crowd on the Guernsey pier to see the shipwrecked passengers land, for one of the other boats had arrived shortly before, and the news had spread quickly. On all sides were to be heard exclamations of sympathy at their condition. The Boy himself had hardly landed before a comfortable-looking old lady bustled up to him.

"My poor lamb!" she exclaimed, giving him a hearty kiss on each cheek as she spoke—and in spite of his tender years he was man enough to detect the real kindness which was in her, and so swallowed the kisses with a good grace—"I should know you anywhere, by the likeness to your dear mamma! It's you, Master Edward, isn't it?"

"Yes," the Boy replied, smiling up at her. "We've had a most 'citing time, and I've got a dear little kitty!" He displayed his treasure, much to the worthy soul's astonishment.

"And you'll have a cold too, unless I'm much mistaken. To think of your having been shipwrecked, and out in an open boat since the Lord knows what time in the morning! You must be half-starved, dearie!"

The Boy confessed that he *did* want his breakfast rather badly, and he was being taken off, when his unknown friend made her appearance. Promising to come to see him, she wrote down his name and address, said good-bye to both him and the kitten, which he insisted on holding up that she might take a fond farewell, and then departed. She must really be very lonely, he thought once more, glancing after the carriage in which she sat, rigidly upright, for there had been no one on the pier to welcome her, or to say they were glad she had been saved. He hoped she would come to see him soon. He, at any rate, would be glad to see her, and would tell her so; then, perhaps, she would not feel quite so lonely.

The days passed, but the Boy's friend did not keep her promise. He often wondered about her, with the "long, long thoughts" of childhood, but never arrived at any satisfactory answer to the problem. Then, one day, when the end of his visit to Guernsey was drawing near—and what a sunburnt, sturdy young man those six weeks

had made of him!—he was playing in the shady garden, when he heard Rachel's good-humoured tones raised in wonder and joy; after a slight pause, the Boy's sharp ears caught the sound of light footsteps flying down the path behind him; before he could turn to discover the identity of the intruder, somebody's arms were around him, some one was kissing him, some one with a smile on her face, and tears in her pretty blue eyes, and the Boy's mother was with him again!

He could not quite understand it at first, but the bare fact was so good that it needed little understanding, and he was content to give his mother one of those hugs for which her heart had been hungering ever since that night when she had left her son on the ship.

It was not until some years later that she showed him a letter which she had received, forwarded by Rachel, and which accounted for her sudden and mysterious arrival. The letter was written in a fine, old-fashioned hand, and the envelope bore the Guernsey post-mark.

"DEAR MRS. DESMOND,—

"You have never heard of me—at any rate, not by name, though it is possible that your little son may have mentioned his friend of the shipwreck to you. He was kind enough to take me under his wing, and to look after me, fearing I might become alarmed—and I can assure you of what you, of course, know already, that 'The Boy' has the makings of a most chivalrous gentleman in him.

"I fully intended to see more of my protector, but Fate, in the shape of my old enemy, lung trouble, chose to frustrate my plans. I have been seriously ill from the effects of the exposure, and my doctor tells me that my days are numbered, so has kindly consented to post this letter to you, after my death. I would like you to explain to the Boy why I was not able to keep my word; that the spirit was willing, but the flesh weak.

"I have never been fond of children; in fact, I have never known any; but your son has shown me my mistake. I am a very solitary woman, with no one to care whether I live or die, and it is lonely going out, as I am going, to face death alone. Eccentric and cold, doubtless, the world calls me, and perhaps it is right.

"My lawyer has been with me to-day, and you will find that I wish the Boy to inherit my money, with you to hold it in trust for him, using it as you think best during his minority. He, I feel sure, will make a better use of it than I have ever done.

"Please give him my love. I do not ask you to teach him to remember me, for I do not think that anything in his nature spells forgetfulness of his friends.

"Yours sincerely,

"CLARA DENISON."

"Boy," said his mother that night, kneeling by his cot, "what made you talk to your lady, as you call her; why did you choose her, instead of any of the other people?"

The Boy pondered for a moment.

"You see," he explained, seriously, "she was all by herself, and I wasn't a bit 'fraid, so I took care of her. I am fond of her, she was so kind to me and kitty. She didn't talk much, but I think she liked me, Mummy dear."

And his mother, leaning her head against the Boy's curly one, thought so too!

Things and other Things

Our Literary Examination Papers

DURING the year 1902 the GOOD WORDS competitions (in addition to the "Coronation Odes" and "Songs of the Empire") took the form of "Open Letters to Living Authors." The success of the competitions was unquestionable, and many of the leading literary papers have spoken with admiration of the high level of critical ability shown by the various successful competitors. To all those who have written us pleasant and congratulatory letters on the success of the competitions and on the manner in which they have been conducted, we hereby return our thanks. It is not a little gratifying to the judges to be able to record that during the whole year there has only arisen one person to complain of or criticise the justice of their awards, while they have received some dozens of the kindest and pleasantest letters imaginable.

In accordance with the promise in our last number we now enter upon another series of competitions, which we hope will furnish at least as much entertainment to our readers as did the "Open Letters" while at the same time calling for an equal exercise of the critical and literary faculties. We propose to give each month an examination paper either on the work of some author or on an individual book. The papers will be set by Mr. H. R. Heatley, with the assistance of the same gentlemen who acted as judges in the "Open Letter Competitions," and who will co-operate with Mr. Heatley in the awarding of prizes. There will generally be eight or ten questions, some of which will always be found to require something more than a mere knowledge of the text of the subject-books. The papers will be marked to scale as in an ordinary school or university examination. Prizes will be awarded to those obtaining the highest marks in each individual paper and also for the best aggregate marks for given terms as follows:

MONTHLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.

HALF-YEARLY PRIZES.—First prize, £2: second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

ANNUAL PRIZE.—First prize, £5; second prize, £2; third prize, £1.

In all, therefore, there will be 45 prizes. If any competitor should succeed in winning all the first prizes throughout the year, the aggregate would amount to £25. On the other hand, a competitor may fail to win any monthly first prize, and yet, by getting consistently good marks month after month, come out first in the half-year's or year's total. The object aimed at is to give a chance to everybody—to those who compete only occasionally as well as to the regular competitors. A single brilliant paper or a knowledge of any one author may get its reward in a monthly prize, but the wider literary range will tell in the aggregate prizes for the longer periods.

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Editor.

The marks will be published monthly, the total for the month, quarter, half-year, and year, to date. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to the Literary Editor.

The marks for the January paper will be published in the March number of the magazine—and so on.

Examination Paper No. I

Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"

1. Explain with reference to the context:
   i. "'Hwat's that gawky guggling about?"
   ii. "Saufen and singen go not together."
   iii. "Brazil is St. John's Wood."
   iv. "What a mouth for a pipe!"
   v. A coal-scuttle in her 'scutcheon.
   vi. Eothen met her there. Not in Baker Street, but in the other solitude.

2. Give a list of the titles of the Marquis of Steyne, noticing any which have a particular significance.

3. Justify (if possible) the following epithets:
   i. Peace to thee, kind and selfish, vain and generous old heathen.
   ii. You silly, heartless, ungrateful little creature.

4. Notice any apparent inconsistencies in the text. Can they be explained?

5. "Thackeray's range took in the whole of Society in England." How far could this be proved from "Vanity Fair" alone?

6. On what occasion did
   i. Rebecca lose her presence of mind?
   ii. Dobbin break out into unexpected melody?
   iii. Mr. Chopper put on his best shirt frill?
   iv. Betsy tell a wicked story?

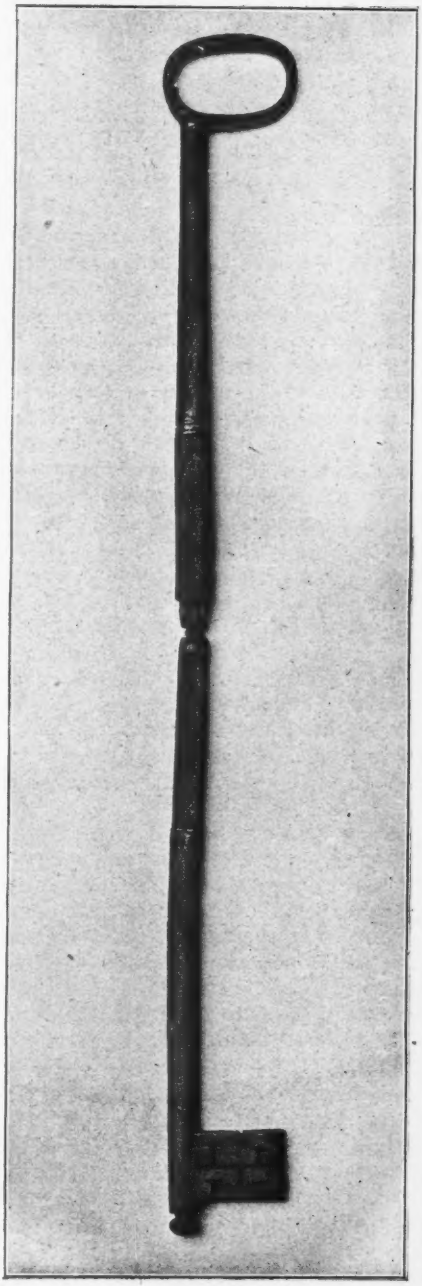
7. It has been suggested that the character of St. Barbe in Lord Beaconfield's "Endymion" was intended for Thackeray. Is there anything in "Vanity Fair" to justify the supposition?

8. Quote any *obiter dicta* on
   Rotten Boroughs—Religion in Hampshire—Habits of Readers—Women's Power—The Roast Beef of Old England—Gambling—Locomotion in Ireland—Long Engagements—Stock Exchange Manners—The Use of Tobacco.

Answers to the above must be received by January 20.
The February examination will be in the Poems of Tennyson.

Guy Fawkes' Key

THE key here represented is one that ought to be better known than it is, seeing how narrowly it missed playing a very disastrous part in English history. For it is the identical key by means of which "that arch-conspirator," Guido Fawkes, obtained access to the vaults under the then House of Lords to lay the mine which was to destroy King James I. and his councillors at the opening of Parliament on November 5, 1605. It will be remembered how Guy Fawkes and his partners in crime, Catesby, the Winters, Percy, and the rest, first established their base of operations in a house rented by Catesby at the south-east corner of Old Palace Yard, adjoining the House of Lords, intending to break through the wall of the cellar, and so reach the vaults, where their powder barrels were to be placed, from the rear, so to speak. Fortunately, however, houses were built more solidly in those days than they as a rule are at the present time, and after some weeks of hard work the plotters found themselves very little nearer the fulfilment of their object than when they had started. In the middle of their labours, too, they were interrupted by hearing, or thinking they heard, a bell tolling in the vault for which they were aiming, which so wrought upon their superstitious fears, or perhaps it would be better to say their guilty consciences, that they desisted for a time from a continuance of their work. The next interruption of the same sort, however, was productive of more advantageous results from their point of view. When they had resumed their assault on the intervening walls, and carried the breach a little further, they were a second time alarmed by a "mighty rushing sound" as of water pouring in somewhere near them, and dropping their tools, they rushed headlong into the street to escape the danger which they believed to be threatening them. Some of the more strong-minded among them, however, as soon as the first alarm was over, set themselves to inquire the cause of the mysterious noise, and found it to be that a coal merchant, who was renting one of the vaults into which they were hoping to break, had been emptying a load of coals into it.



Guy Fawkes' key

They also ascertained that his lease was shortly to expire, a circumstance of which they immediately availed themselves by putting forward Guy Fawkes as the new tenant of the vault. The offer was accepted, with the results so well known to every reader of history. One can imagine the lessor of the vault, probably some minor official, whose perquisite the rent was, handing over the key now before us to Fawkes as the outward and visible sign of the latter's tenancy, and thus innocently making himself an accessory to the treasonable design against his sovereign. The vault, known, from its association with the plot, as the Powder Cellar, remained in existence until 1883, as well as the low square-built entrance hung with a solid oak door, known as Guy Fawkes' door, through which he passed into and was dragged out of the vault to his trial and ultimate execution. On the demolition of the vault the key was removed to the Library of the House of Lords, where it now is. Its almost abnormal length testifies to the thickness of the door which it was designed to open, and was evidently the reason of its most curious intrinsic feature, viz., its being made with a hinge in the centre, to allow of its being carried more conveniently in the trouser pocket of that, or, indeed, any other period.

Some Travellers' Mistakes

An amusing instance of the mistakes of travellers (and tourists) occurs in "Wesley's Journal" (No. 16, p. 59). "We reached Selkirk safe," he writes. "Here I observed a little piece of stateliness which was quite new to me. The maid came in and said, 'Sir, the Lord of the Stable wants to know if he should feed your horses.' We call him ostler in England." No one would have been more surprised at this little piece of stateliness than the maid herself. No doubt what she said was "the lad of the stable" (the stable-boy), giving the "a" the very broad sound which is oftener heard in the west of Scotland than elsewhere, and which is practically an "o." Her "lod" might easily be mistaken for "lord" by English ears.

With Wesley's mistake may be bracketed Dorothy Wordsworth's amusement at the use of the word "gay," in the account of her tour in Scotland. "Gay and dangerous" seemed so odd a combination of ideas that she could not repress a smile on first hearing it, but in time she found it was "not uncommon in Scotland." At Edinburgh, for instance, "William, being afraid of rain, asked the ostler (the Lord of the Stable) what he thought, who, looking up at the sky, pronounced it to be 'gay and dull,' and therefore rain might be expected." The common spelling of the word north of the Border is "gey." Whether it is a form of "gay," used as "pretty" is often used in England, is not very clear; but its general association with "and," as in "gey and dull," suggests that, like "far-and-away" (="fern-away"), it may have a very different origin.

John Wesley
From the painting by William Hamilton, R.A. In the National Portrait Gallery.
(Painted when Wesley was in his eighty-sixth year.)
Walker & Cockerell, photo., London

A little while ago another traveller's mistake appeared in the pages of a lady-novelist, who had evidently heard the word "Comether"—spell, enchantment—for the first time, and who converted the word into "the 'Come-hither' in her eyes." A pretty enough phrase in its own way, but not the same thing as that "comether" that may be "put" on one.

W. C.

The Girl who Spun Gold from Clay and Straw — An ancient Saga of Sweden, Ireland, Italy, and France

ONCE upon a time there lived a woman who had a beautiful and good-natured daughter; only one thing did she lack, she was not industrious. This caused her mother much sorrow; she did her best to correct this, her daughter's only fault. In order to shame her, her mother told her she must take her spinning up on to the roof of the cottage, so that all the people round might see how lazy she was. Even this availed not; the girl was just the same as before.

Now it happened one day the prince of that kingdom while a-hunting had to pass the cottage where these two lived. On raising his eyes he was surprised to see a young and lovely girl seated up on the roof at her spinning. He immediately drew rein and asked, "Why do you spin up there?" The worldly-wise mother answered for her daughter, saying, "My daughter is there as an example to other young girls. So clever is she that she can spin gold out of clay and wisps of straw."

The prince was greatly astonished. "If that be the case," said he, "this poor cottage is no place for your daughter, she must come to my palace and be my queen." Forthwith the mother fetched her daughter down from the roof, and arraying her in her best, off she drove with the gallant young prince to his palace.

On their arrival the young girl was taken by a maid of honour and placed in a tower-chamber of the palace, called the "Maiden's Bower," a bucket of clay and a bundle of straw, together with a golden spinning-wheel, being placed beside her. Now the poor girl felt worried, for she knew well enough she could not spin flax properly, much less gold, so resting her head on her hand she thought and thought what she could do, until she could think no more and began to weep bitterly. Whilst she sat thus weeping the door suddenly opened, and a little hunch-backed man stept in.

"Why do you weep like that, little maid?" he asked in kindly tones. "Why so sorrowful?"

Lifting her head, "How can I be otherwise," she replied, "when the prince has commanded me to spin gold from clay and straw and I cannot do it, and if it be not done by daylight it will surely cost me my life?"

"So!" said the little hunchback. "Very good, fair maid. I will help you. See, here is a pair of gloves. Put them on and see then if you can spin. To-morrow night I will come again. But harken! one condition. If you do not find out by then my name you must be my bride." Indeed she was astonished and perplexed! But on looking up again, the little hunchback was gone. So the girl took her seat at the wheel, and putting on the gloves commenced to spin. By daybreak she had used all the clay and straw, and such fine gold was the result as never was seen before.

And now the whole court was rejoicing at the prince having found a bride so beautiful and so clever! All the same the young girl wept and was sorrowful; and as time went on still she wept, for she thought of the ugly hunchbacked gnome who was coming to claim her. When the shades of evening drew in and the prince returned from his hunting, he went to the Maiden's Bower to see his ladye-love. Finding her so sad he did his best to comfort and cheer her, saying, "Cheer up, sweet maid, and I will relate an amusing adventure I've had to-day. Whilst a-hunting I espied such a comical little man dancing around a juniper bush and singing a funny little song."

"What was the song?" interrupted the maid, full of interest and curiosity, for a thought flashed through her mind that it might be her little hunchback.

"This was it," said the prince, singing the following quaint little ditty:

> I sing and I dance and I frolic all day,
> While a maiden sits spinning gold of clay,
> Puzzling her brains my name to tell,
> When every gnome knows it, knows full well
> It's Titteli-turn—Titteli-turn.

Instantly the young girl wiped her eyes, and smiles broke through her tears, like sunshine through the rain.

"Sing it once again," said she, for she wanted to fix the name in her mind.

> I sing and I dance and I frolic all day,
> While a maiden sits spinning gold of clay,

Puzzling her brains my name to tell
When every gnome knows it, knows full well,
It's Titteli-turn—Titteli-turn
Titteli-turn—Titteli-turn.

After this she was no longer sorrowful, but ready to converse lovingly with her affianced, who could not sufficiently appreciate his sweetheart's beauty and cleverness. He did wonder though a bit why she was all at once so happy, but supposed it must be his story, and the charming way he had told it.

At midnight, when the fair maid was alone in her bower, all at once the door opened and the little hunchback entered. Immediately the girl sprang up to greet him, exclaiming, "So you have come again, Titteli-turn—Titteli-turn. Now, on hearing his name the ugly little gnome was so enraged that, with a shriek, he bounded through the roof, and was seen no more. So happy was she now that her face was wreathed in smiles. And so she fell asleep, and dreamed happy dreams until the beautiful sun peeped in and wakened her and reminded her it was her wedding-day with the young and handsome prince, who loved and admired her with all his heart and mind.

(Translated from the Swedish by Amélie Fraenckel and Caroline Corner-Ohlmüls)

The Likeness of Christ

It is said that Leonardo Da Vinci, when painting "The Last Supper," found no model for the head of Christ, and that his hand trembled when he drew the Saviour's features.

THE task is well-nigh done; but still
The sweetest face of all remains.
O painter, crown with reverent pains
The heavenly summit of thy skill!
He falters. Are the peaks too high,
For e'en his tireless art to reach?
To kindle language in that eye,
And part those holy lips in speech?

The teeming town, the fields, the shore,
Failed not to furnish types where shone
The ideal Simon, Andrew, John;
And hold they not a Christ in store?
Some form, or several forms that blend
With compensating grace to build
The structure of a perfect end,
The dream of majesty fulfilled?

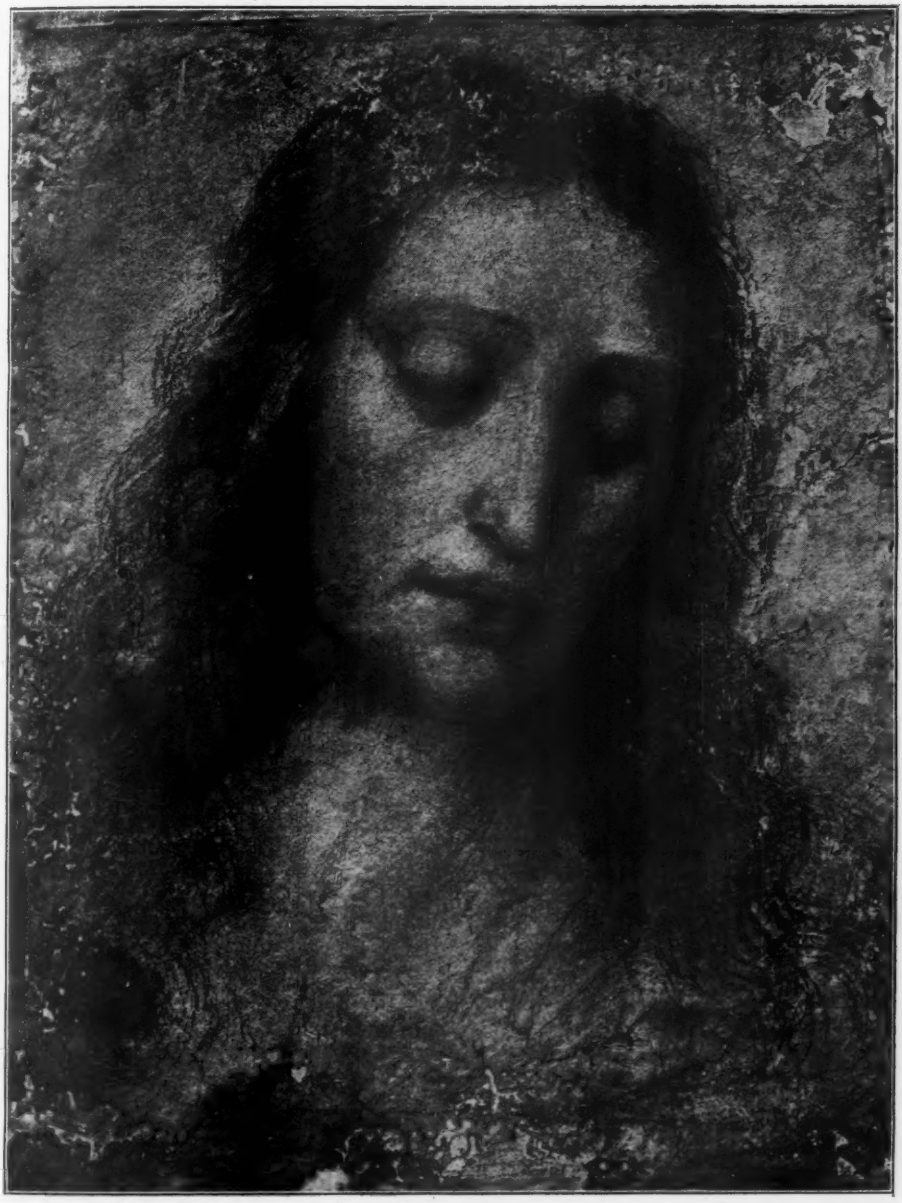
'Tis not around him, but within,
The golden vision must be sought:
He sees the model in his thought,
And trembles as the lines begin.
A face wherein no feature fails
His prayerful fancy fain would draw;
He labours with a cheek that pales,
A heart that pants with fervid awe.

The world has nought whence he can learn
How at The Board the Christ should seem;
He may not build upon a dream,
Yet whither can his genius turn,
If not within his soul, to scan
The semblance of the King of Saints,
Where Heaven shall show the perfect Man
To faith that trembles while it paints?

O gifted limner, we who see
Those pleading lips, that patient brow
Traced by thy pencil, e'en as thou,
Would fashion Christ as He should be!
Yet not on canvas, cold though fair,
The triumph of memorial art,
But wrought in living deeds that bear
Signs of the labour of the heart.

Well may we falter, as we strain
The yearnings of our love to show;
No earthly life can make us know
The Life we would reveal again.
The soul that opens to the breath
Of Heaven sees more than mortal sight,
And, hearing what the Spirit saith,
May paint the living Christ aright.

F. H. WOOD.



Leonardo da Vinci's study for the head of Christ in his celebrated picture, "The Last Supper"

Britain's Swiftest Cruiser

H.M.S. *Drake*, H.M.S. *Good Hope* (in which Mr. Chamberlain made the journey to South Africa), H.M.S. *King Alfred*, and H.M.S. *Leviathan*, are the swiftest, the most powerfully engined, the most heavily gunned, and generally the most formidable cruisers in the Royal Navy.

The swiftest of the four is the *Drake*, which hoisted her maiden pennant in the December of 1902. On her trials she made over 24 knots, this constituting a record, for no British cruiser has ever before attained so great a speed. The other three of these "mighty cruisers" have done very well, for each exceeded her contract speed, 23 knots.

It may be interesting to compare this class with some other first-class British cruisers:

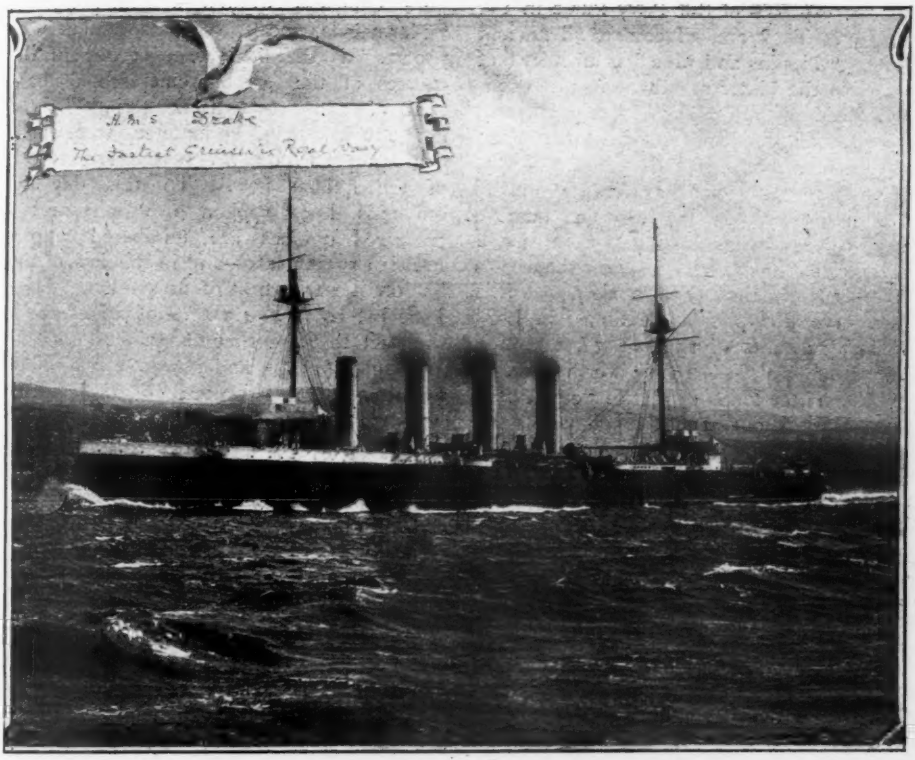
Year completed.	Class.	Length and Beam.	Displacement. Tons.	Horse-power	Speed.
1897 . .	{ Powerful / Terrible }	500 × 71	14,200	22,500	22
1898, 1900 .	Andromeda	435 × 69	11,000	16,500	20
1901 . . .	Cressy	440 × 69½	13,000	21,000	21
1902 . . .	Drake	500 × 71	14,100	30,000	24
Building .	Monmouth	440 × 96	9,800	22,000	23
Building .	Devonshire	—	—	—	—
Building .	Unnamed	450 × 47	10,865	—	24

It is impossible to give particulars of the six cruisers of the *Devonshire* class, as an alteration has just been made in these vessels, owing to the introduction of "capped" projectiles and other improvements in naval ordnance.

The dimensions of the *Drake* are: Length 500 ft., beam 71 ft., and draught 26 ft. Her displacement when in fighting trim is 14,100 tons, which is 100 tons less than the *Powerful* and the *Terrible*, the two heaviest cruisers in the King's Navy. The ten "Coast" cruisers of the *Monmouth* class displace each 9800 tons, and the six new cruisers of the *Devonshire* class will displace 10,270 tons. The *Drake's* speed is 23 knots, and she has two sets of triple-expansion engines, which collectively develop 30,000 indicated horse-power, the most powerful machinery ever put in a war-ship. These engines drive twin-screw propellers at the rate of 120 revolutions per minute; steam is generated at a pressure of 300 lb. per square inch in forty-three Belleville boilers. She carries 2500 tons of fuel in her bunkers, and will be able to steam at a cruiser's speed of 14 knots for 12,500 sea miles, equal to a voyage from Portsmouth to Melbourne, without renewing her fuel supply. The *Drake* carries thirty-five guns. Forward and aft is a 9.2-in. gun, weighing 28 tons, and firing a 380 lb. shot; each is 36.86 ft. long, and, using cordite, develops a muzzle energy of 17,830 foot tons.

These two large guns have been made by the Vickers Company, and their gun mountings are of an entirely new type, and are arranged to be worked by hand as well as by hydraulic power; with these it is expected that the guns will easily maintain a continuous fire of four shots per minute. There are eight 6-in. guns on each broadside, arranged in a series of two-story casemates. These are 7-ton guns, firing 100 lb. projectiles of special construction, and are capable of maintaining a rate of fire of eight rounds per minute. There are also a number of smaller guns. For protection the *Drake* has along her broadside armour 6 in. thick, which extends for fully two-thirds of the length of the ship, and is 11 ft. 6 in. deep. The forward end of the ship from the belt to

the upper deck is protected with 2 in. nickel steel over the skin plating, and an armour bulkhead 5 in. thick extends across the ship at the extremity of the 6 in. side armour.



H.M.S. "Drake"; the fastest cruiser in the Navy

There are also two armoured decks. The cost of the *Drake* is over a million, and she will have a complement of 900.

Fruits in the days of the First Tudors

THE place of honour among fruits must be assigned to the strawberry, and in point of time also both the strawberry and the cherry deserve high rank. They were known in the thirteenth century. In Henry VI.'s reign Lydgate sang:

> Then unto London I dyde me hye,
> Of all the land it bearyeth the pryse;
> "Gode pescode," one began to cry,
> "Strabery rype, and cherrys in the ryse.

Nor will our readers forget the more famous suggestion of the Duke of Gloucester to the Bishop of Ely, that he should send to his Palace in Holborn for some of his strawberries: Holborn, where two hundred years earlier we know another garden, the Earl of Lincoln's, grew cherries. Shakespeare also alluded to the wild strawberry. They had "strawberries and junkets" at the Cloth of Gold celebrations in 1520—a "junketing" if ever there was one.

That they were hawked simply proves that it was the only means of getting them to the notice of possible buyers. Early strawberries were a delicacy then as now. Jasper, the gardener at Beaulieu, brings strawberries to King Henry VIII. on May 25. "Apples," "pepyns," and "codlinges" often occur in cooking recipes, and people knew what apple fritters were. Pippins at the Cloth of Gold seem to be priced at a pound

the thousand, 8300 cost £8 2*s*., though the price varies at other times. Apples are mentioned separately. Apples occur with pears, plums, and nuts among miscellaneous expenses of the Privy Purse in the summer. They are, of course, all ancient fruits. "Pippins and wine" is an item that occurs in the winter months. Apples occur as Yuletide gifts. "For divers poor men, women, and children that gave the King capons, hens, oranges, apples, books of wax, and other trifles" (1538). Plums, especially damsons, or dammosyns (so called because they came from Damascus), were much prized, and the preserving of them was perhaps more a household anxiety than it is now. We find prunes mentioned in Lord Paulet's accounts of 1528 at 3*d*. a pound, and later we find them worth 10*s*. a barrel. Three kinds of prunes were known. Oranges work out at five a penny in 1520 and lemons at twelve pence a hundred, taking what was probably a wholesale price. They were used a great deal in cooking, as orange pies and "fritters." They are mentioned all the year round, though the "sweet oranges" are confined to the spring months. A dumb man brings "sweet oranges" to the King in February 1531, and Lady Lisle has 200 sent over to her in March. They are classed with dates and other "pleasures," brought by one Hobart, who also brings oranges, marmalade, and pomegranates to the King, as well as citrons and lemons. The first mention of marmalade dates from Henry VII.'s reign. The original "marmalado," remember, was not made of oranges, but from the quince, the Portuguese for which is *marmelo*. There is a payment for a gift, among other sweets, of "mermyelad" in 1517, in the Magdalen College Registers published by the Rev. W. D. Macray. Whether we invented orange marmalade is doubtful. Oranges and quinces were often cooked together, and perhaps some ingenious person suggested "orringadow," a recipe for which is extant. "Marmalado," whether orange or quince, was a rarity, and one of the few sweets with which they concluded the enormous banquets of those days. Four pounds of marmalade at a big feast (the betrothal banquet of Princess Mary) would suffice for a taste only. As people had already partaken of "baked quince," this was perhaps orange marmalade; for few courses were complete without a baked quince. "Marmalade, socatt, comfetts, wafers with ypocras" is the final order of one of the courses at the great archiepiscopal banquet of 1504. "Frittour orringe" is a not unusual item, commoner, sometimes, than "appel frittours." It is time to speak of the quince now. To this day the quince is always spoken of with respect—preserved quinces are numbered among Parisian sweetmeats—and in the days of the Tudors it was a fruit of distinction. Here Lisle is thrown into a state of agitation by the fact that the time of quinces is come—October (1538), and she appears to have forgotten how many pounds of sugar go to how many pounds of "quynchys, barbarance, damsyns, or plummes." The next year Husee tells her that Lady Garnayshe is sending by Hugh Bolton's ship, "sixty quinces and a basket of barberries," for she always made barberry preserve if Husee could find the barberries for her, which was not always the case. One supposes that they used the seedless variety of the common barberry, which has almost been exterminated on account of its supposed injuriousness to corn. The idea is scouted by some, but there is the remarkable instance of Rollesby in Norfolk for the idea, and—we leave it to the reader. The Pacific Slope settler makes to-day, "Oregon grape wine" from a handsome variety of *berberis*. Perhaps they put barberries as a sweetmeat into the "long comfits" of those days. Green ginger, almonds, raisins, filberts, and dates, constituted, with apples, pears, prunes, marmalade, "long and short comfits," the sixteenth-century dessert. From a nobleman's accounts in 1528 we gather that small raisins were 3*d*., and large 1½*d*. a pound. Currants are often mentioned with raisins. The term "figges and reasones of the son," would mean sun-dried raisins, and not grapes simply packed in sawdust. These figs were the dried figs of Portugal, not green figs.

The Adventurer in Spain*

By S. R. Crockett

Author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Stickit Minister," "The Men of the Moss Hags," &c.

II.—The Adventure of Donna Isadra.

AS I saw it then, the little graveyard of the ancient abbey of San Severino lay flooded with sunlight, dreaming in the mellow afternoon languor. But just under the shadow of the cloister wall there was still a blue swathe of coolness. For the high airs of the central chain visited it on their way across to the Canigou, and, in particular, stirred the yellow lily heads which were ranked thickly about one grave, with a faint continuous rustling. Beside it sat Donna Isadra.

My instinct was to withdraw softly, but the movement of the girl's hands stopped me. She stretched them out over the low grassy mound with a little pathetic movement, at once wistful and unconscious, which I had never seen except in the dying or those in the grasp of mortal weakness. I ought to have gone away; yet I could not choose but look.

She murmured something in a caressing tone, of which I could only distinguish the words, "Speak to me!" The girl was making an appeal to some one unseen—present, indeed, to her mind, and perhaps to her eyesight, but to all the rest of the world laid to rest under that green sod.

I turned, and was moving away on tiptoe. But even as I did so, Don Emmanuel appeared from the abbey chapel by some door which I had not noticed, and, going up to his daughter, he touched her with infinite gentleness on the shoulder. I think I have never seen so rapt a face as she raised to his. It was like that of an angel on a rood-screen, shining all over with fulfilled and heavenly desire.

"He has spoken—he has answered!" she said, nodding joyously to her father. And, what made the look of happiness on the girl's worn face more remarkable, the tears were still running freely down her thin cheeks. They fell upon her father's hand, and he let them abide there. I slipped quietly away; but as I went I could hear him coaxing her to return to her chamber out of the heat of the sun.

"Yes, I can go now," she said, laughing a little; "he has not forgotten Isadra!"

I was busily employed in examining some of the broken sculptures in the cloisters when they came out hand in hand. A devil with his head split from crown to ear grinned at them, or perhaps gleefully at my sudden pre-occupation. His nose had once on a day been the spout of a gargoyle, and the monks (or the elements) had wasted much detail upon his expression.

I affected not to observe the pair, and, drawing out my note-book, made bold to sketch the complicated leer of the fallen demon. But, as soon as she saw me, Donna Isadra left her father's hand, and running across the grass she touched my arm, saying, "He also did that! You are his countryman. Perhaps you knew my Don Richard Vincent, you English stranger?"

"No, no, my daughter," said Don Emmanuel, following her with the gentlest expostulation. "It was all so long ago——"

"Long ago!" cried the girl, flashing out at him almost angrily. "Why, he has just spoken to me! There! where the lilies are yellow!"

She pointed back to the entrance to the graveyard with one hand, grasping my arm meantime with the other, "Come with me and you shall hear for yourself," she said, "come, Englishman! He will not speak before *him* (pointing to her father), because he never liked my Don Richard. Ah—stand back from me—off, off! You are not my father! Had it not been for you, he might have been standing beside me in the dear warm flesh, instead of lying yonder—dead! And ... d!"

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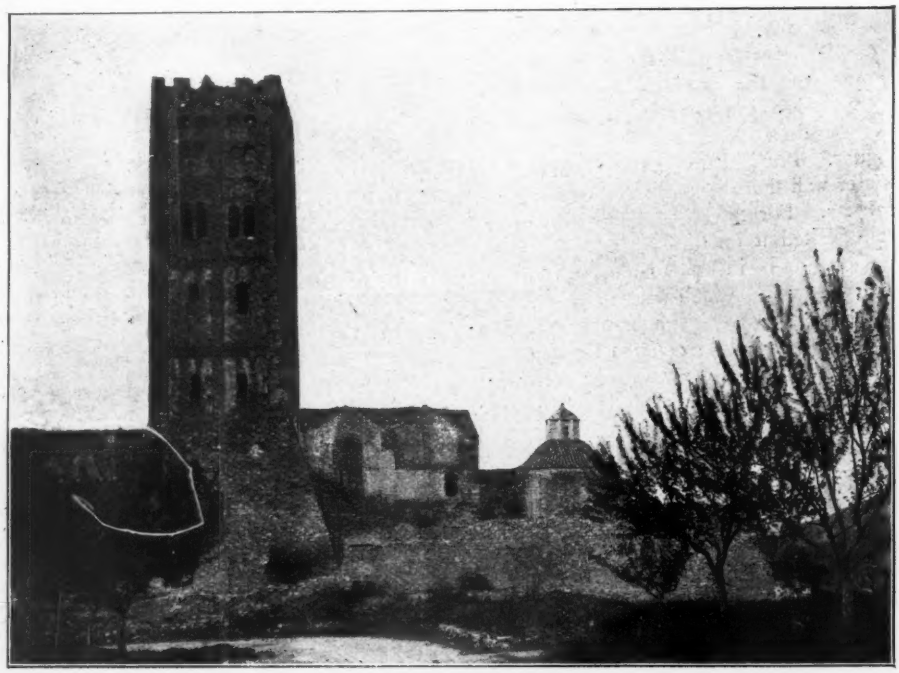
Then it was pitiful to see the stern old man trying to take her hand with soft murmurs of deprecation, like one who pleads with a sick child.

"Come," she said, without taking any notice of him, but still smiling at me and laying her thin fingers on my sleeve; "come, I bid you. He will speak to you, I am sure. He speaks most in the morning, very early, when the mists are on the hills! and, when he is most pleased with me—when I am happy and content to go on waiting and waiting, then, ah then, he will speak to me at any hour of the day. But it is not often like that. For I fret—I weary—I am not good. And then he is silent. He will not speak. He is angry with his Isadra!"

I looked up at Don Emmanuel, and through the bitter pain on the old man's face I could see him signal to me. "Yes," the sign said, "go, do not cross her."

So I went with the woman whom God had stricken, I knew not how. Her father followed heavily after, his haggard face bent upon the ground. But she stopped him imperiously at the gate.

"No farther," she said, "stand back! Once already have you sent him away. That is enough of ill to do for one day, surely—man that was my father!"



San Severino

We walked across a space of grass, dazzling in the sunshine. In the midst, the girl gave a little cry, and running, she flung herself down on the raised grass of the tomb. Her hands were clasped in an ecstasy.

"He is pleased with me to-day," she said in a low, even, strained voice, like one who fears to wake a patient sick unto death; "he called even before I came near. It is because he has something to say in his own tongue—something that I cannot understand—though he began to teach me English. Yes" (she turned quick as some feline creature

to me), "*I can spikk Engliss. I lova you wita my heart, Deek, mine Deek!*"

She laughed merrily and clapped her hands at her own success, and my astonishment. Then she spoke again in her own tongue.

"I have not forgotten—no, Isadra has not forgotten one word he ever said. But his own language! He loves that! Listen—I bid you!"

And, pulling me down to my knees, she signed that I too must hearken, watching me all the time with the most pathetic anxiety in her face.

"Is it not so?" she repeated. "He speaks—it is his own language. 'I love Isadra,' he says—so much I understand—what is the rest?"

And with the tail of my eye I could see Don Emmanuel signalling to me from the doorway which he dared not enter.

"You hear his voice?" she repeated, all her soul in her words. I nodded. Then an air of infinite relief came over her face. "And they say it is fantasy—that no one can hear him but Isadra! Carmen sometimes, to please me, pretends she hears, but then when I ask her she cannot tell me what he says. Perhaps because he speaks English when she comes near. But you hear—you understand! You are of his nation. What does 'Dick mine' say?"

"He says, 'I love Isadra!'" I answered.

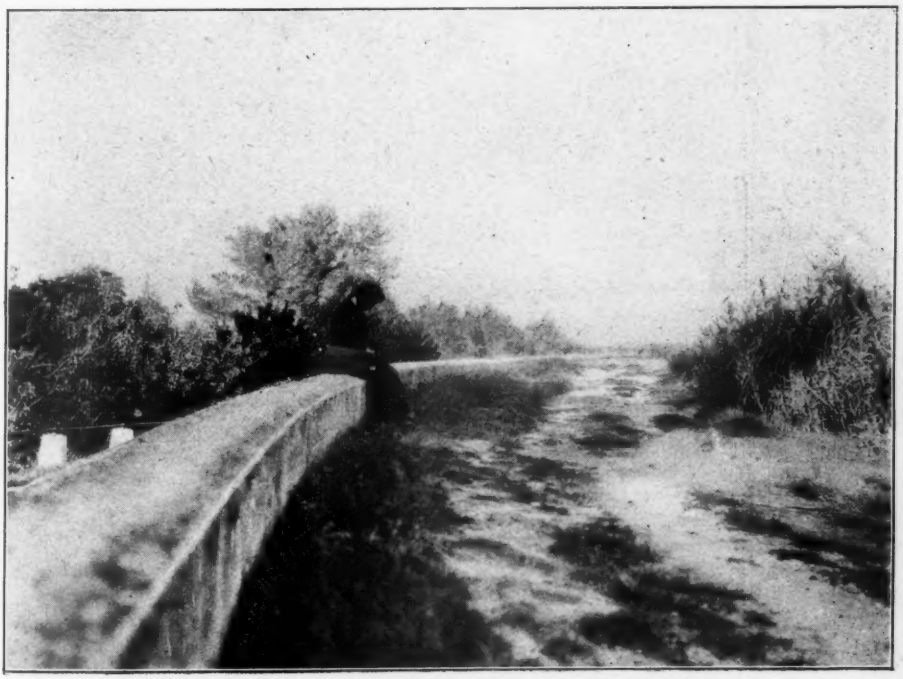
She nodded gaily. "I know—I know—but the rest? Quick, tell me the rest."

"'I shall love Isadra for ever!' That is what he says," I continued. And I do not think I lied.

She cast one searching, wistful glance up at my face, and then rising, clasped her hands as she had done upon entering.

"Yes, yes," she murmured; "that is what he always used to tell me at first! But afterwards he says other things. Listen, he is speaking!"

But I heard only the rustle of the hill-wind among the daffodils. I had no interpretation. The girl turned to me again.



The little graveyard of the ancient abbey

Twenty years seemed taken from her age. She looked over her shoulder to see if Don Emmanuel was within hearing distance, and then, pulling me down to listen, she began to speak in my ear, hastily and confidentially.

"You think it strange that he whispers, but that is because he wishes to be heard only by those he loves—those who trust him. They do not believe—*these!*"

With a large gesture of contempt she took in the buildings of San Severino and all their inhabitants.

"Why should they?" she continued. "They have living hearts beating here—not dead and dull ones like mine and his. Their god is their belly. They mind earthly things and speak them out loud. But the dead speak in whispers—for if *they* spoke out loud, so that all could hear, the world would never sleep again. You sleep seldom, they tell me, and then not for long. I heard Biño tell my father so—I mean Don Emmanuel Sebastián. I never sleep at all! That is why I can hear 'Dick mine' so well."

With another quick change of mood she sat down and pulled a piece of embroidery out of her pocket.

"Ivy leaves, you see," she said; "you can guess why. He used to bring me one every time he came, to wear in my hair. It is the English custom. They do not fade like flowers or change with the seasons. 'They were like my love for you,' he said, and he spoke truth. So I have planted them beside his grave, and they do not change. The lilies alter, but not they. So when I need company I bring my work, and we sit and gossip like two friends—he under, and I above. That is sweet, when death itself does not alter love. Is it so in your country?"

But I had no words to answer her with.

"They think I am mad," she went on, smiling. "He thinks so—Don Emmanuel—they all think so. This is because they are afraid of the dead. They are afraid to die. Thrice blessed Maria, if they but knew. *Life, not Death, is the thing to be feared*—To have to go on living when you pray for death! Why should I be afraid of 'Dick mine' *now*, when I loved him so much alive—*before—that—happened—which—happened?*"

The last words were spoken slow and distinct, like the tolling of a passing bell.

. . . . .

All the while I was in mortal fear lest she should ask me to tell her more of what I had heard the rustling heads of the lilies say. But speedily she relieved my mind. The deadly grief of her soul vanished as frost from a window pane when the fires are lighted within. There came a happy look into her eye. She nodded brightly up at me.

"Now you can leave us," she said. "I have wasted overmuch of your time. Besides (here she smiled), we that are old lovers have many things—sweet things—to say between ourselves. *You* understand!"

She leaned towards the lilies clustering on the grave, and in a confidential, everyday tone, she said, "He is going soon, Dick mine!"

In answer, the daffodil blooms rustled, perhaps not wholly in irony, because she at least understood them. They spoke to her. I turned and went my way. As I lifted my Basque cap I saw her drawing the black mantilla about her, like one who with loving solicitude has been bidden to wrap herself well from the wind's shrewdness. And I doubt not that she had once more heard and obeyed the Voice.

. . . . .

At the porch, withdrawn into a little recess, Don Emmanuel was waiting for me. His fine, large-featured, forth-looking face appeared drawn and well-nigh desperate. The pain of his soul had marked it deep. Upon the instant I resolved what I must do. A stranger should not intermeddle with the grief of such a household. For there is no sorrow like that, when a beloved object turns without cause against its own. And here, for aught I knew, there might be cause enough.

To my surprise it was Don Emmanuel who began to speak of that which had taken place within the cemetery. His mood, his very manner, were altered from those of the dignified patriarch of the house. He spoke hastily—almost, as it were, in deprecation of any harsh judgment on my part.

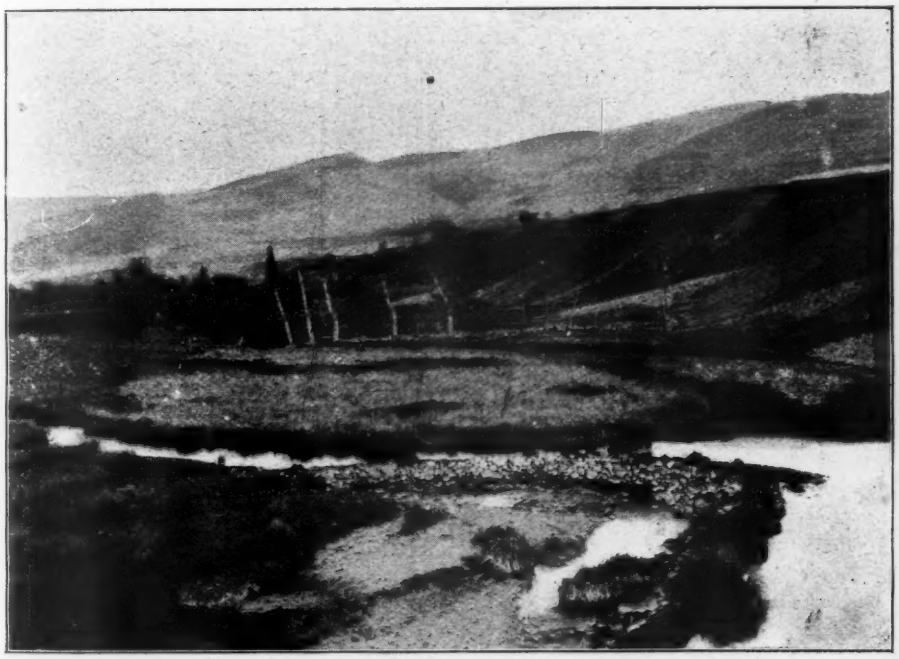
"I thank you, sir," he said, "for your forbearance in thus humouring the delusion of my unhappy daughter. Heretic or not,

what you do to help her will be reckoned to you for righteousness. Of that make no doubt. Since you have thus, by no fault of your own, or of mine, been brought into our sorrow, I judge it necessary that you should know the truth."

"Don Emmanuel," I said eagerly, "I beg that you will not feel compelled to tell me anything whatever. I will immediately take my departure. I am a wanderer, and I can only hope that you will forgive my unintentional intrusion, and in the meantime accept a thousand thanks for your most gracious hospitalities!"

"Ill merited are your thanks as yet," said the old man; "but I beg that you will continue to accept the poor cheer which San Severino can offer in these degenerate days. It is but little that Emmanuel Sebastian can do for his guest now. But I tell you plainly, if Isadra, my daughter, is of the mind to give vent to her troubles by talking with you—by speaking of—the man whose love has brought her thus low—it may be the happiest day that hath dawned—not only for her brethren in the hall, but for me, her father, who now pleads with you, being ashamed to ask so much from a stranger."

Thus talking, we passed out of the gate of the monastery, our feet following a well-trodden path through a dell where the wild thyme scented every yard with its fragrance, mingling with the blown resin-tang of the pine needles on either side. In a little while the path began to mount steeply, then it turned sharply round a pinnacle of rock, and, lo! beneath us lay stretched out a long pass, almost a defile, cleft through the heart of the mountains towards Andorra, the snow-capped summits of the Eastern Pyrenees, and the triple crest of the Canigou guarding it on either side.



The wild thyme scented every yard with its fragrance

Mechanically Don Emmanuel sat down; and then rising hastily again he offered me the seat on the smooth slab of stone, which, as I perceived from scratchings upon it and

the hard trodden look of the earth all about, had long served as a look-out post. But I declined, and threw myself at length on the dense elastic carpet of aromatic juniper, benty fescue grass, and darnel, which lifted me up off the ground as on a mattress of woven wire.

Don Emmanuel drew out his book of Alcoy papers, and rolled himself a cigarette, with the easy precision of an automaton. He was evidently thinking deeply all the while, and I took care not to interrupt him, but lay to all appearance absorbed in the magnificent prospect of half the snow summits in the Pyrenees stretched out before my eyes. With the lifetime habitude of a Spaniard, the old man inhaled his loosely rolled cigarette in half a dozen long whiffs, and then exhaled them slowly as he talked.

"This was the beginning of our sorrow," he said, looking away into the distance through the haze which surrounded him. "In the last years of the war, when Carlos, our king, was once more betrayed by his own, this our Isadra, my daughter, was merry and young even as is Carmen, her sister, this day. But, to these old eyes at least, far more beautiful than Carmen (a good girl, mind you, and a golden) will ever claim to be. And many were they who thought so.

"A busy place was San Severino in those days. Aye, a king sat where you sit to-day, in the chief guest's place, nor would he permit me, his servant, to serve him. I must sit at meat with him in the master's seat, and entertain him as a host. Yet princes of the blood of Bourbon and Condé stood behind his chair.

"But our Isadra cared for none of these, neither for king nor princes. Scarcely would she wave her hand to them. For we of the north are not as the men of the south, who shut up their women-folk. Only, be it said, the maid had four brothers and a father. There was no fear.

"Nor was there—from without. But I had forgotten that a woman's heart is always taken from within. There dwells a traitor who unbars the door and lets in the foe—which thing not fathers nor many brethren standing about can prevent.

"And so it was with Isadra.

"For when the days were full, came an Englishman, one Richard Vincent, young, good to look upon, bold too, standing in fear of nothing. In those days all the world that was young and gallant came to Spain for a sight of war, and some few also for the sake of striking a blow upon the weaker side. But of these were not many Englishmen. For ye are not of the Religion—you English; and (what we count the deadly sin!) you have shed the blood of your anointed kings—even of that Charles who, they say, came here a-courting to Spain.

"But somehow, from the first time I set an eye upon Richard Vincent, I mistrusted him. He had no care for our blessed Religion—or, indeed, for any other. He never looked inside a church unless he had seen a pretty woman go in before him. And when he met a priest, he would take the other side of the way. Oh, yes, we who fighting for the King and Holy Religion, know by these signs our true friends. But at the time I thought no more than that he was, like many another, enamoured of the clanking of spurs and the clash of battle—knowing too that he would think other of it after his first green wound.

"He was of excellent family, this Englishman, and came with recommendations from the highest quarters. He was ready with his tongue, too, and with his pen, had been in Spanish America and spoke our Castilian with the South American accent—but, as all now know, to the best purpose for himself.

"The king himself took a fancy to the young man, and, as his custom was, made him on the spot one of his favourite councillors. Was there ever yet a Spanish prince who took counsel from his own, but always from the alien? Yet if the Bourbons had not the good old Spanish vices, the sins royal of kings, mayhap we would not have died for them so readily.

"So it chanced that while Don Carlos abode at San Severino, and Don Jaime of Parma came daily from the camps, going to and fro, this Don Richard Vincent, the Englishman, used our house as his own, and (what none had ever done before), cast the

And so as he went by the bullet overtook him and he fell

glamour of love upon the young maid Isadra."

As he said these words the old man crushed a spray of feathery juniper between his strong fingers till the parched spines were small like snuff. Then he scattered the dust to the winds.

"Ah," he continued, stolidly and without heat, "wherefore did God not give me insight, that I might have ground him to powder—thus!"

Don Emmanuel thought a while, and I began to fear that he did not mean to tell me any more.

"But to give the dog his due," he went on at last, hastily, like one who has won a victory over himself, "in love the Englishman was true—yes, steel true, and I blame not any woman for thinking so. Only toward men and to the salt he ate was he false.

"Briefly, it came to this. There was a leakage somewhere of the secrets of the king. His plans were being betrayed to his enemies. Did we make a march—lo! we were forestalled, and the troops fell into an ambush. We had suffered more—only these Alfonsist fools had not the knowledge how to hide themselves, nor even the poor courage to fall on when they trapped us. We slipped through the net meshes. But our friends were apprehended by the Frenchmen on the other side of the mountains. Our convoys of ammunition were captured in the passes. Our ablest smugglers were waylaid. Our guns fell into the hands of an enemy so crass, that we knew well he could never have found them out for himself. And all this befell not once, nor twice—no, nor a hundred times.

"Till one day the king, and he who was far wiser than the king, even Don Jaime of Parma, the king's brother-in-law, came to me to take my counsel.

"'It is among your own folk that the matter lies,' I said, 'among these incomers who are more to you than any score of faithful subjects. The traitor is one of them! Go find him for yourselves!'

"'Then,' said Don Jaime, 'let us watch those who go out from us with despatches—to General Elio at Jaca, and to the army before Bilbao. For since no more than one in six of our messengers ever returns, and but one in three ever delivers his despatches, it is possible that some, mistaking the camp, may deliver them instead to the Alfonsist generals.'

"And that was a thing very well thought on by Don Jaime! Now it chanced that I was watching down by the fords of the Llobregat, in Francoli, a dangerous country, wherein are many enemies of the king. And I watched long and carefully, for the despatches to Tortosa were at that time very grave and in their folds held many men's lives.

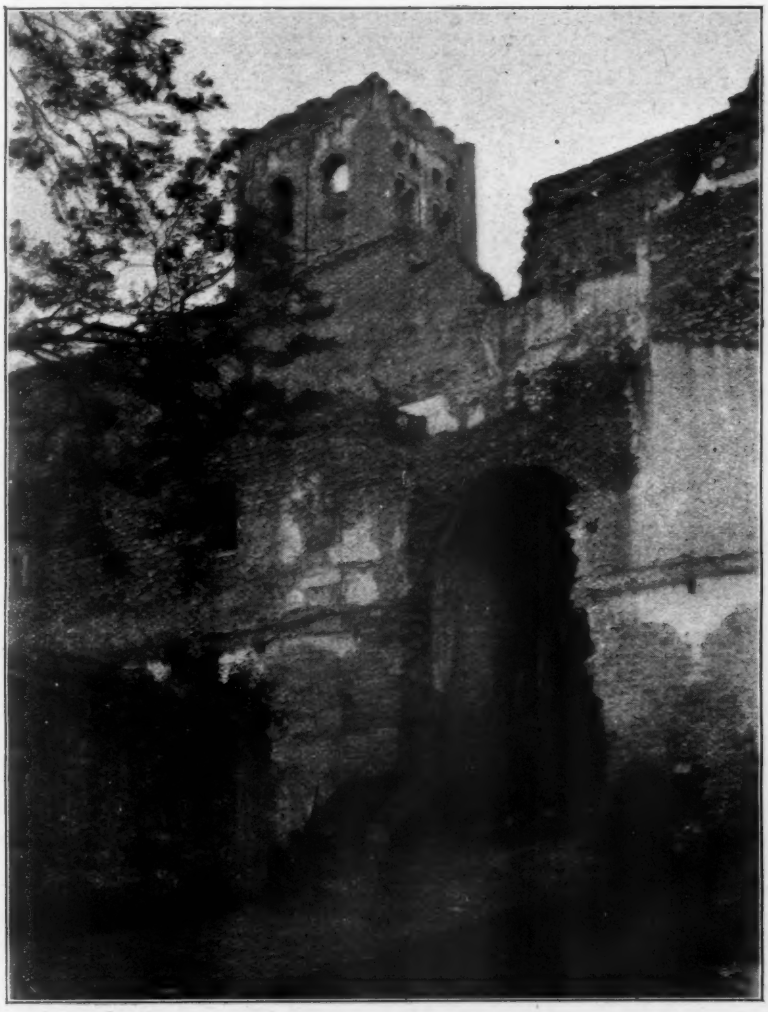
"And one morning very early, lying out on the shoulder of the hill where it slopes down to Poblet, I marked one that had been a follower of our camp. He walked furtively, and ever as he went he twisted his neck to see behind him. So I knew the man, and summoned him to stop. But at the first sound of my voice he ran. For the fear of guilt was on him. Now I was lying prone, with my rifle sighted on a rock a hundred yards ahead of him, which I knew he must needs pass. And so as he went by, the bullet overtook him and he fell.

"But the despatches which were found upon him were written in the handwriting of Richard Vincent, the Englishman, and in his language. There was the list of our forces, their dispositions, together with the plans which had been decided upon only the night before in the king's tent. And that which of itself would prove whether the Englishman was a traitor or no, an appointment for that very night within the ruins of Poblet with an Alfonsist officer. Now with a Spaniard the writing in a man's own style and rubication would have proved that man's innocence. For at such a time no man of sense would sign a letter to his own mother, save with a name agreed upon and that not his own—by no means his own. But with the English, one cannot tell what they will do. Now in this one thing I was unlucky. The messenger being dead, there was none from whom to demand explanation. For the bullet had passed between his shoulder blades, and after that had splashed upon the rock, as indeed I knew it would. For I had tried the distance twice that after-

noon before—knowing that if any man came that way he must perforce brush his shoulder against that rock.

"For in those days there was small time for questioning. If, being called upon, a man did not instantly throw himself face downward in the dust, a bullet went through him on the word. So it was with this camp follower—a worthless fellow he was too, a Murcian—Baza his name.

"And so that night we watched within the ruin which thirty years before the Reds had made of beautiful Poblet, my eldest son Matthew and I, Emmanuel Sebastian. You know Poblet—yes? Well, then we lay behind the great retablo, looking out through the



The ruins of Poblet

broken porch into the court, where the roses blow all the summer long, and along the dark arcades where the monks walked in their generations, clad in white, each with four quarterings proven upon his shield on the refectory wall.

"But all that was long past, and Matthew and I lay silent, with the lizards creeping cold and furtive over us, so still we were. Our rifle barrels and sword bayonets were well rubbed with grease and soot that they might not shine. For we were very near to the trysting place and in all the open spaces the moon shone like day.

"Half an hour from midnight there entered an officer in the blouse of a labourer. From the direction of Montblanch he came, where the Alfonsist army lay. But we knew by the setting of his shoulders, the drilled look, who he was. And, besides, we could see his braided gold collar glint under his blue linen. Then after waiting an hour for him there came another, proud, without disguise, even as I had seen him at the assaulting of Pamplona. And when the moonlight shone on his face—lo! it was our Englishman, the favourite of the King Don Carlos, our sometime guest of San Severino.

"And at the moment I heard Matthew stirring by my shoulder. I knew that he would shoot. Also that if he shot, he would slay. For, next to a matter of women, the betrayal of secrets makes men mad. So I whispered to him, 'Hold, take the other, the Alfonsist! For he might escape on trial, being in uniform and not within our lines. But the Englishman shall die in any case. Therefore let us capture him alive. There are many secrets under his boina!'

"So having shot the Alfonsist dead almost at point-blank we sprang upon the Englishman, and, if we had not first clubbed him in the first surprise with the butts of our rifles, the two of us together would not have been able to take him. For, indeed, he fought like the Four Sons of Aymon!

"But at the end of five minutes we held him, thong-tied hand and foot, and at our mercy. Then I set myself to question him before we slew him. Nor did he deny. Only he asked for time to settle his affairs before he died. But concerning the manner of his death he questioned not, well knowing.

"Then we put it to him why he had come among us to betray us. And he smiled and said, 'It was an order. It was necessary for some one to go. How could I command another to do that which I dared not do myself?'

"After some while he asked a question which set me me thinking.

"'And what, pray you, sirs,' he said, 'is your own practice? Don Carlos hath (or rather had, for I found out most of their names,) spies in the camp of the Nationalists. It is a necessity in all wars—the highest game to play, and—the highest risks for the loser. Well, I have lost. Fear not but that I will pay my reckoning. Deliver me to Don Carlos, that I may die. But first, as ye have in you the hearts of men, let me go for a day, that I may do justly by the woman who loves me. Don Emmanuel, I am trysted to be wed to-morrow!'

"Then Matthew cried out with a laugh, 'A likely thing that we should let you go. You have deceived us too long. You shall die here and now. What security have we that we would ever set eyes again upon you?'

"Quoth this Don Richard, 'You have only my word and the honour of an Englishman!' And with that he turned to me and said, 'You, Don Emmanuel, know that I speak truth. If I say that I will be in this place the day after to-morrow at this time, you will find me here ready to pay the penalty. For myself I do not ask the reprieve, but for a woman. I have a priest engaged to marry us, and it will lie on your two souls through eternity if, through you, I keep not my word to the woman who trusted me. Let it be your own case, Don Emmanuel. If this thing were to do—if you yourself were the man—would you not ask so much grace, that the sin of treachery might not blast your soul through all eternity?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'I would ask!'

"'And having passed your word, would you not return—even if it were to death?'

"'If I once passed my word I would return!' I assured him.

"'Then can you not believe it of another?' he cried: 'are you the only true man whose word is dearer to him than his life?'

and said, 'I thank you, señor. Your confidence shall not be violated. I will be at your service by this hour the day after to-

Monistra where there was a camp of our Carlistas

"So I believed Don Richard, though I knew him for a traitor and a spy, and bade Matthew unloose him.

"The Englishman rose, shook himself, morrow, if there is any reliance to be placed in horseflesh. See to it that you have enough officers to constitute a court-martial, and a good file of marksmen to give me a soldier's

send-off! It will not take long. I have played for my life and lost it But for the grace you have done me, I promise that you, Don Emmanuel, shall have cause to be thankful all your days!'

"And so with a wave of his hand he was gone, looking, I admit it, very gallant in the moonlight—a man to take any woman's fancy.

. . . . .

"So, leaving me alone at Poblet, Matthew started out for Monistra, where there was a camp of our Carlistas, to bring back the officers for the court-martial. Also I wished to send in the despatches which we had captured. For that we two should shoot the man, though a traitor, to my mind savoured over much of murder.

"Now Matthew, being young and knowing not the deep things that sway the hearts of men—even of evil men (and this man was far from being wholly evil)—looked never to see him again. But being old, I knew better.

"So, Matthew having departed and Poblet growing very silent, save for the jackdaws among the pinnacles and the great 'crabra' wasps booming about from crevice to crevice, I had much time to bethink me. I thought of the young Englishman and of the woman he had gone to marry. To wed and then to leave her, to return here to die a traitor's death. Surely it had been better to die once and be done with it. Yet I could conceive of honour which bound him to keep his word—to stake all on the one final favour which we had permitted to him.

"Would he come back? Almost I hoped that he would not. The king's service? Well, that was a great matter, certainly, yet for once it seemed a thing less than this traitor's life.

"Why, I said to myself, should I make of a woman a wife one day and a widow the next?

"And had it been possible I would even then have recalled Matthew, but by this time he was far on his road to Monistra. Invention had gone from me. I could think of nothing to save the man's life during these hours I spent in the silence of the ruins. None came near me all that day, and but for the dead Alfonsist officer in the vault by the chapel gateway (to the right hand as you enter) I might have believed it all a dream.

"I thought of the Englishman standing up with his bride—the priest facing them. I thought of the girl (some man's daughter) looking up with trusting face. I thought of the parting—the farewell kiss—the first to the wife new-made—the last also!

"'Some man's daughter'—I repeated the words over to myself—'some mother's child.' Or perhaps like my own—motherless. Which led me to think of Isadra; and I gave thanks to Mary the blessed mother, that, circled by her brethren and abiding in the home, she would grow up free and heart-whole, careless of men, till the day when, with her father's blessing and her brothers' approval, she should wed the man given her for her mate.

"As the hours went on I grew more and more resolved that I would stop the Englishman, free him from his oath, and bid him go his way in peace. Why should his blood be on my hands? His treachery to the king was discovered. Well, then he would do no more harm. And as for the example, what was that to a maid-wife mourning alone for a dead bridegroom?

. . . .

"So in this access of weakness a sudden fear came upon me that Matthew would return sooner than had been agreed upon. I therefore stole down the avenue in the deepest shadow of it, past the broken statues of the martyrs and confessors, and so went skulking northward till I came to a little hill—the one that overlooks Espluga, where, among the thorns and prickly pears, I ensconced me Here I waited well hidden, for, being of the mountains, I knew well how to conceal myself from mere men of the plains.

"First there passed me two priests, a young and an old, walking sedately so long as any were in sight, but anon glancing over the shoulder and spying none, laughing aloud and clapping each other on the back, very jovial about something. One threw a book he had been reading into the air and caught it again. Which I judged not seemly in a priest.

"Then came by a herdsman driving a bunch of cattle. Out of the archway underneath

the aqueduct they came as from the mouth of a cavern. From the little Espluga hill I could see very far, and even in the moonlight I thought that I should be able to distinguish Matthew and his Carlistas, as well the Englishman riding back alone to take his deserts according to his word.

"And I, Emmanuel Sebastian, that am a true Carlist, and have bled for the cause in three wars, I prayed that he might not come.

"From noon to gloaming I swept the countryside with my eyes till they ached with the glare, and almost refused their work.

"Once away beyond Espluga I heard a noise, a sound as of many guns going off in the distance, and the crying of men fighting and encouraging each the other. But I thought little enough of that, for Espluga is ever a turbulent town, and the folk of it take to

Then came by a herdsman driving a bunch of cattle

Aye, shame to me, I promised gifts to our Lady of Montserrat if she would aid him to escape the penalty of his treachery. For, I said, 'Surely if every one of us were dealt with according to his sins, who in all Spain would be left to fight either for king or pretender?'

"I had tasted no meat for twenty hours, yet I felt no hunger. I was so set on saving this man's life. Yea—though I myself should then be the traitor. For the thought of the woman unwedded lay heavy on my heart.

their knives and muskets as naturally as priests pouch their altar dues.

"So in the declining day, a ruddy orange haze settling slowly in a pool in the west, the sun egg-shaped and red as blood in the middle halving, quartering, and then winking out—I lay among the prickly Moorish figs and waited. And with my long fast, together with the silence, I might easily have fallen asleep. But, being where I was, each time I drowsed and fell forward the cactus prickles waked me. Then I remembered that I was there with purpose to be untrue

to the only anointed king and to the cause thrice-fought-for. And for what? All that I might save an English traitor's life.

"But again I bethought me of the woman by this time a happy wife, and my heart melted within me. For the old and those who have suffered much are kinder to the young than the young are to each other.

"Long time I waited, till the orange lights grew grey and the twilight brought out the bats fluttering and swooping, while the night-jar cried harshly as it hawked here and there for the long-beaked 'porcellano' moth-birds which come only in the gloaming.

"Yet the plain, far as I could see it, lay deserted, pallid under the moon. In Espluga at my feet, the noise sank, and the lights of the supper fires flickered red at the open doors.

"The moon, high in the heavens, brightened from lead to polished silver, and all the plain of Francoli grew pearl-grey with mist. So in the pale chill of the light, filtered as through frosted glass, I lay restlessly chewing thistle fluffs and the sour-sweet cactus figs, the after-taste of which cloys even to spitting.

"But neither did Matthew's cavalcade arrive across the steep sierra from Monistra, nor yet the single horseman appear out of the north to keep his word and receive his doom. Then came a strange sense of disappointment over me. I feared that the Englishman had not spoken the truth—that, as my son had said, he had been twice a traitor. I was in a strait betwixt two, and knew not what to think. I wanted him not to die, yet I wished he would come to prove his faith to his word.

"But the moon rose higher, growing at the same time smaller and clearer. And still the plain lay empty beneath me.

"But at the hour after the midnight I saw the soldiers coming, and among them they carried one or two wounded But I saw nothing of Matthew. So, fearing for my son, and being convinced that the Englishman would not return, I went quickly back to Poblet.

"It was one Ezkerra, a Basque, who met me in the gate, very angry that the traitor had been let go free. 'And see you,' he cried, 'that which your weakness hath done to you and to the cause. As we returned, passing by Martorelli, betwixt that and the Alfonsist camp at Montblanch, there fell on us an ambush, doubtless set by your traitor Englishman. And had it not been for one, a good Carlist and a brave soldier, who is now with us wounded, we had all been slain. He was travelling our way and helped us to beat off the brigands. But as it is, Matthew, your son, fell at the first fire, and if he be not dead, he remains a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.'

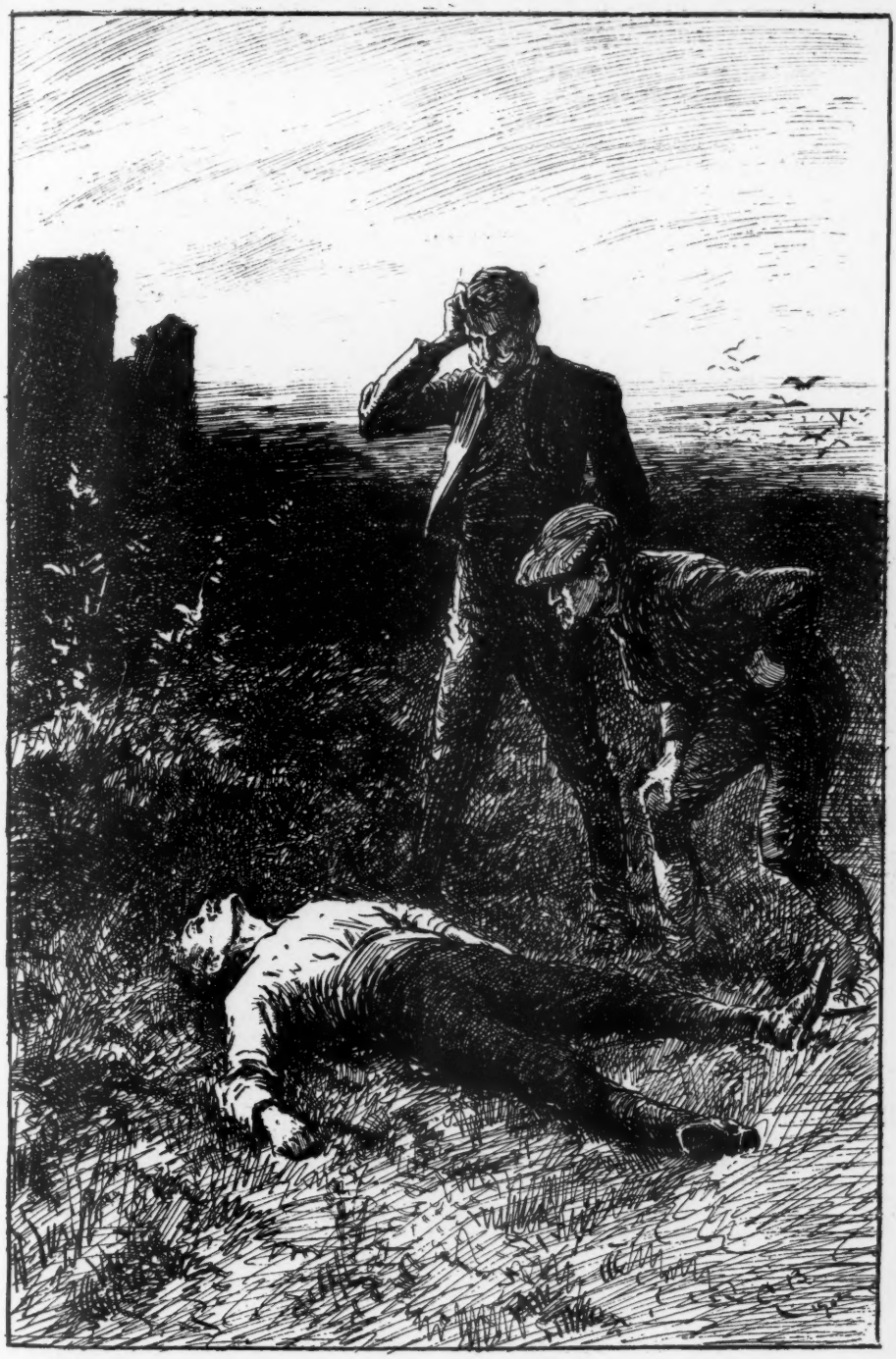
"Then there came upon me deep anger and sorrow for what in my weakness I had brought on our house.

"'God do so to me and more,' I cried, 'if I spill not the blood of this double traitor—for the life of my son!'

"Then Colonel Ezkerra the Basque took me aside and said, 'Fear not, we will have him yet. Even if he reach the camp of the Alfonsists, still—God is gracious—there are good men with sharp knives that will reach a spy even there. The like has been done aforetime. For treachery is an ill trade. It prospers not for many days together.'

"Also Ezkerra said, taking me by the arm, 'They will not slay your son—even if he be taken. There are too many hostages of theirs in our hands. It is not as in the first war, when no quarter was given. The world has wagged someway since then! So, leave you Don Matthew in the hand of God, and come and look to the two wounded Garrigas of Puymorens, and to the brave man who succoured us. They have sore need of your skill.'

"So I went in, and in the cloister arches they were laid a-row. The morning was spueing up out of the east when I got the bullet out of the shoulder of Juan Garriga of Puymorens, a miller with the meal-dust yet in the crinkles of his broad countenance. He had fainted with the pain, but Ezkerra threw water upon him, as I lifted the now useless lantern and blew out the candle. I passed to the next straw couch. But he who lay beside him was past all aid of man. He was shot through the lungs, and had not long to live. The first level streak of sunshine that came through an eastern wicket fell upon his face.



When I saw him lying cold, traitor though he was, I had rather it had been Matthew, whose whistle you hear upon the hill yonder

"It was the Englishman, Richard Vincent.

"And when he saw me he smiled and spoke haltingly—as those speak who, instead of air, breathe their own lifeblood.

"'I am—a—little – late, Don Emmanuel,' he gasped, still, however, smiling; 'but the delay was none of my fault. There will be no court-martial. Certain brigand countrymen of yours saved you the trouble. But a dozen bullets from a firing party could not have done the business more sufficiently.'

"Then for a time I could not speak. For this marvel almost came between me and my reason.

"Then he said again, 'Once—you—granted me—a prayer. Do this also for me, Don Emmanuel. Carry me out so that I may not die within walls!'

"So we carried him out, the Basque colonel bearing up his feet and I his head. And when we laid him down he held out his hand and said these words, 'Farewell! God go with you, my father. Kiss my wife, Isadra—little Isadra, to whom I kept my promise!'

"And so, still smiling at my astonishment, the Englishman died—my son, the husband of my daughter. And 'fore God, when I saw him lying cold, traitor though he was, I had rather it had been Matthew, whose whistle you hear upon the hill yonder. For my daughter had wedded a strong man of his word, though a heretic thrice condemned. The Son of Mary of Sorrows give his soul ease from his sins! Such shall not dwell for ever remote from God's grace, whatever the priests may say!"

. . . . .

Then light as a snowflake that settles on a dyke, ready to be blown further upon the least waft of air, Donna Isadra stole upon us.

"I heard, my father," she said, looking upon him with love as she had not done before. "It is as I thought— as I knew. One day you would do him justice—poor 'Dick mine.' There was none so true—none so faithful. That which he said he did, though he died for it. My father gives thanks for his son—loves him more than the sons born of his flesh! Ah, these are good words for Isadra to hear—late in the speaking, but good—good! Now I too will love you once again, my father!"

And with the light of a new happiness in her eyes, she threw herself impulsively on Don Emmanuel's neck.

Again I judged that it might be well to leave them alone, but Donna Isadra would not let me go.

"You have brought me two things," she said; "my father's good words, and also that he should speak to me so long and so lovingly to-day—longer than ever before!"

"And now go, my father," she continued after a pause. "I will tell the Englishman the thing which befell me—as one cannot tell it even to a father. For he was of his people. He has heard 'Dick mine' speak in his own tongue—aye, and interpreted to me the very words he said."

Without a murmur Don Emmanuel rose and went up the path, his face greatly lightened of its pain.

"Ah," said Donna Isadra, smiling with the far-away, half-shy, half-covert look of those whom God hath touched, "you recline on the rough hill-carpet just as he did—to a marvel. We of the country—we sit or we stand, but you English cast yourselves down caring nought at all for dignity and very little for snakes. It is good to see once more—very good. But I must hasten. I have much to tell—things that others not of his race may not hear. May I speak French with you? Then the herdsmen will not understand, if any chance to come this way.

"My brothers call Don Richard, my husband, a traitor. But men who are traitors deal not with women as he dealt with me. They hold not their plighted word at the cost of their lives. Also in what he did Don Richard was within his duty. From the beginning he was of the army of General Prim—his father a friend of the Dictator's. They had met in England, and Don Richard came with the Count of Reus to Spain. After a time it became necessary to find out the strength and intentions of the enemy. So he went. Who but he could have ventured? The Carlistas would conceal nothing from an Englishman, so rich, ignorant, careless, debonair! Who was to know (what I knew) that his mother was of Spanish blood and

his father an officer in De Lacy's English Legion? That was in the first war.

"Well, he came amongst us. He spoke to me as others spoke, but without flattery. And at first I answered him like the others, scornfully and lightly, even as Carmen my sister does to-day, who is but a child. So was I a child. But from the first I knew when his eyes were on mine—aye, even when I was not looking, I knew.

"And I—I watched for him as he rode out by the king. I loved to see them together—these two kings of mine. And once when Don Jaime of Parma spake apart with me, after the foolish manner of the Italians (I thought that he spake kindly, being but a child), Don Richard was very angry. And like an Englishman he would have stricken Don Jaime with his fist on the spot, which would have been death to smite the king's brother. But little Don Richard cared. And Don Jaime, though he was a prince, cried out that the Englishman was right, and asked my pardon courteously for I knew not what. Scorn or slight I felt none—understood none—being (as I say) but a child.

"But after that Don Richard chid me sharply, saying that I was to bide by my father or my brethren.

"And when I cast it up to him how, in that case, he had no right to speak to me, he answered only, 'If I had my way, pretty Isadra, I would be more to you than father and many brethren!'

"So with these words he left me. And I pondered long upon them.

"Thus it was, as I think, that I first began to think about Don Richard. And, as it were, in spite of myself, my heart began to go out to him—little by little, but surely. For he never made love to me with night singings and honeyed words as the manner of our country is, but ever in that English earnest, of which I at least proved the power. For, as he well knew, he walked each day with death as with a familiar friend, not knowing the hour when discovery might come. Therefore he husbanded his time, and spoke straight words, such as women love.

"Then one day as he went out to battle, he told me that he loved me—plainly he told me, and that he might never come back. Whereat I cried, and he comforted me. And in the comforting a new thing was born in my heart—this love of mine that shall never die.

"Up under the pines it was I used to meet him; in a place where I had played as a child. The night was falling when he came to find me—ever with some excuse of despatches, some royal message for my father, both unfeigned (for indeed he had his own way in all things with our Carlos).

"Then I would steal down, a mantilla over my head, slipping through the little side door of which my father had given me the key, that I might pass to and fro between my chamber and my little rose garden.

"Ah, señor, there are things that one cannot tell in words. But those who know, know. And those who know not, would never understand.

"And now though he is dead and only comes to me in whisperings, and though I cannot feel his arms about me any more, I am not all sorry. I have loved and been loved again. What more is the life of any woman?"

She seemed to lose herself in reverie. I did not interrupt with any word of mine. I wished the current of her thought to run clear. When she spoke again it was in a lighter vein.

"Ah, that first night he taught me English," she sighed the words. "It comes clear as out of a burning mist. Have I forgotten? Has Isadra Sebastian forgotten? Do girls in England forget such things? Well, a Basque maiden cannot forget. She hath never giggled in corners nor glanced sideways at boys from balconies as, they tell me, girls do in Madrid and the red Alfonsist towns. We keep our red for blushing, we girls of the Black! And when we love, it is once and for all—not a fresh love every week—bass and tenor time about at the window bars on serenade nights! Do lovers in England never sing serenades? I think not; for once, when foolish young Martin Puy (my brother Luke's friend) came 'tink-a-tanking' at our window—it was my father's, at any rate, not mine—Don Richard laughed and threatened to go forth and twist his neck! He and I were in the rose-garden under the pines, sitting very close each to other, and listening. Which thing, being heard thus,

made of poor foolish Martin Puy a very mirthful jest!

walked with his life in one hand—had store of good words and bright sayings—aye, and

The rose garden

"Ah, you would not believe that ever I jested and was merry? Yet so it was, and Don Richard too—though, as I tell you, he a smile for every one! A strange traitor, verily! Yet they call him so to this day.

"The English? Ah, I had heard it was

hard to learn, yet I found it was not so. He was a good teacher, Dick mine—so good, indeed, that I asked him (being fretful) whether ever he had taught his English to any other girl in that fashion before. But at that he stopped my mouth. But I held him to the question, and made him answer ere I set him free.

"Yes, thus it was. I do not forget. When I did my lesson well he rewarded me. And when I could not say the word rightly, he punished me. And strange—you will not understand—the reward and the punishment were one. *So zat—ees—why—I—speaka—ze—Eenglish—with—a—good—accent!*"

Again her tone changed.

"Ah, Dick mine, that you should die, who were so good and so made to make others happy—me, at least! For in love, 'tis really only herself that a girl cares about. But, indeed, what I tell you is wicked of me. I know, yet I say it. I would rather have had him dead than share him with another. Are girls not like that in England? They are in our Spain. I, at least, am so."

I intimated by a shake of the head that I did not understand these things.

"Ah," she cried, with a quick flash of youth upon her worn face, "that I do not believe. Remember, 'Dick mine' told me many things of England. Yet it is a good land, since it gave him to me."

. . . . .

"But one day he told me that he must soon depart. The very thought struck me to the soul, as a knife strikes. I could not do without him now. So I pled with him to take me with him. But, because his work was dangerous and must be done alone, that thing could not be.

"'Nevertheless,' said he, 'in two days I shall return, and we shall be married. Father Jerome, who came with me from Bayona, will do it for my sake. I had occasion to lay him under an obligation.'

"So at that I clapped my hands with content. I was so young, I thought all would be well then. And his going did not seem to be hard at all. For, come what would, I should have a part in him that none could take away from me. And all the time he was gone I said to myself, 'Isadra's husband,' instead of 'Dick mine' as before. Over and over I said it. It was sweet to say. And I spoiled many leaves of paper with scribbling 'Isadra Vincent' upon it, as he had told me was the English fashion of married folk. Yes, I wrote it once on the leaf of my Missal and had to tear it out lest my father or my brethren should see. And I have thought since that perhaps all the evil which befell might have come from that. Yet perhaps not—we were born fated, he and I, that was all.

"Two days he was gone. And then when on the third he came back, he was gay of mood and merry of heart. But now it seems, looking back, that there was a look of secret weariness on his face. Yet then I minded nothing at all, save that I waited for the hour. And Father Jerome brought two friends of his for witnesses, holy men, and to write things in a book, that all might be properly done. Also Father Jerome gave consent in name of my father, because he was absent. So all was done rightly, and I was his—he mine. Wonderful it was to think upon!

"But now I know that when God gives such happiness as He gave then to me, He gives it not for long—lest men and women should not be happy in His Paradise, having tasted a sweeter here on earth. Yet it returns in dreams, and I pray to Mary the Mother that what the priest says may not be true—that in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage! But perhaps God will be a little kinder to those whose happiness in each other was but as the clapping of hands together, a moment and no more.

"For the next day, lo! my husband must leave me, and I abide alone looking after him down the long lonely valley. He gave me his papers, all that concerned himself alone. He told me also that there were some in England who would be kind to me for his sake, if ever I wanted kindness. And when I demurred to take the papers, saying that they were doubtless something precious, he bade me have no fear. They were all mine, and not another's. For was I not all he had ever loved?—all he had in the world to love? A sweet thing that to keep always as the heart's last message!

"And even when he was gone, there came

no sadness over me, no fear, no premonition. For all the time could I not feel his ring (it had been his mother's, he said) on its little golden chain about my neck? Often I ran up to my chamber to draw it out, and try it on my marriage finger—to make sure I was indeed a wife!

"And once in the heart of the night, very far away, I heard my husband's voice saying in his English, 'Good-night, little Isadra!' just as he used to do.

"'Go with God, "Dick mine"!' I answered, before I thought, even as he had taught me to say.

"And I held out my arms to him in the darkness."

. . . . . .

"So, indeed he went with God. That was his good-night. And the morning has not yet broken for Isadra. But break it will. He said so. And now I must go back to him. He has been long alone, and he wearies quickly for me. But—you have brought me good luck, for he is ready to talk to-day. Sometimes he is sad and silent, and then Isadra, too, sits sadly. And, señor, do not be too sorry. There are many that are far sadder than I and 'Dick mine.' What is it that old Father Jerome says when he comes, putting his hand on my head? I do not know the Latin words, but it means 'In death not divided!' Now hear me speak the English. Do not I speak it well? *Good-a-night! Good-a-bye! Go you also with God!*"

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(To be continued.)

James Hogg and his Poetry

By William Wallace, LL.D.

THE personality of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, is one of the most likable in Scottish literature; and that may be said even more truly of the Hogg of history than of the Hogg of phantasy, to use Professor Ferrier's phrase, who is enshrined in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." These are two quite distinct personalities for the real Hogg was not voluble in conversation, but could only emit an occasional quaint or poetical flash; he was convivial, but not a gourmand; he was simply an untaught shepherd, endowed with poetical genius, the proper issue of a race of pious, unaffected, superstitious country folk, a noble specimen in physique and *moral* of the peasantry of Scotland, capable of bearing adversity with indomitable cheerfulness, a true singer, and unequalled in any literature, at least in the poetic realisation of fairyland. The word Border poetry calls up inevitably in the mind not only the ballads collected and imitated by Scott—who, by the way, drew from the memory's store of, among others, Hogg's mother—not only Lady Grizel Baillie, Jane Elliot of Minto, and Mrs. Cockburn; but pre-eminently James Hogg, who was the first to be consciously inspired by the characteristic Border scenery of round green hills, lonely glens, and clear rushing streams, who made Yarrow, Ettrick, and St. Mary's Loch into poetical symbols, and has drawn to the country innumerable pilgrims of sentiment from Wordsworth down.

Hogg was born at the end of 1770, in a cottage on the bank of the Ettrick, Selkirkshire. The name Hogg is a corruption of the Scandinavian Haig, still preserved by the ancient family of Bemerside. His father, Robert, was descended from a line of Border shepherds, and, like his son after him, saved money enough to stock a sheep farm, only to involve himself in difficulties and descend to his original rank a few years after James' birth, when the poet's short school life of some six months in all came to an end.

At seven Hogg was a cowherd barely knowing how to write, and able with pains only to read the Bible; but doubtless

well stocked with the ballads and legendary lore of Ettrick Forest (Selkirkshire), of which his mother was a repository. In the naïve and self-complacent "Memoirs of the Author's Life," he retails the recollections of his hard life with a wealth of detail; how, though it would "scarcely be believed," he loved a rosy-cheeked maiden at eight, served a dozen masters before he was fifteen, and never served one without getting a verbal recommendation to the next, "especially for my inoffensive behaviour"; how he remembered "being particularly bare of shirts"; how he bought a violin when he was fourteen, and learned the Psalms of David by heart. His youth, receptive as it must have been to the influence of his environment, was plainly uninfluenced by literature in any shape save only Routh. He confesses that he read "The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace" and "The Gentle Shepherd" in his eighteenth year without emotion or appreciation. But the father of Blackhouse (father of his and Scott's friend, William Laidlaw), whom the poet served for ten years from 1790, had a library, and on the hill-side the Shepherd read Milton, Pope, and Thomson. His mind was stirred, and at last he began to write; but not till an incentive came from a more fortunate quarter.

A half-witted fellow met him on the hill one day, and repeated to him the whole of "Tam o' Shanter." Burns had just died. Hogg had never heard of him, and when the "natural" related the story of the farmer poet and singer, the shepherd's emulation was moved, and so his first painful essays in composition were lyric. Professor Veitch, himself a Border poet, has pictured once for all the genesis of Hogg's verse-making:

"I like to picture Hogg at this period, as he herded on the Hawkshaw Rig, up the Douglas burn—a dark heathery slope of the Blackhouse Heights, which divide the Blackhope Burn from the other main feeders of the Douglas. There, on a summer day, during these ten years, you would find on the hill a ruddy-faced youth, of middle height, of finely symmetrical and agile form, with beaming light blue eyes, and a profusion of light brown hair that fell over his shoulders, long, fair, and lissome as a woman's. Now it was here in those long summer days, that extend from morn to gloamin', and amid similar scenes in Ettrick and in Yarrow, that this simple, untaught, yet impassioned shepherd lad, with his heart full of the lore his mother and grey-haired men had taught him, developed the peculiar cast of his poetic genius. It was thus he learned to love simple, free, solitary nature so intensely; it was thus that his heart soared with and yearned after the 'Skylark' of a morning, and swelled into lyric passion of an evening, 'When the Kye comes Hame'; it was thus he learned to conceive those exquisite visions of Fairy and Fairyland which he has embodied in 'Kilmeny,' to feel and express the power of the awful and weird in a way such as almost no modern poet has expressed them, as in 'The Fate of Macgregor,' 'The Abbot M'Kinnon,' 'The Witch of Fife,' and others—to revel, in a word, in a remote, ideal, supersensible, yet most ethereal beauty and grandeur, which has a spell we do not seek to analyse."

Hogg's songs were written to be sung by the farm girls, and quickly became part of the currency of the musical over a wide district. The first to attain the dignity of print was "Donald M'Donald," written in 1800 in defiance of French invasion. It was at once popular, but Hogg complained that "no one ever knew or inquired who was the author." About this time Scott found him out, and encouraged him to persevere. In 1801 he published a still-born volume of "Scottish Pastorals," but he had to suffer his first serious reverse of fortune before he commenced publishing in earnest. With £200 he had saved he took in 1804 a lease of a Hebridean sheep farm; the speculation failed in the inception, and penniless he betook himself to shepherding in Nithsdale.

When the first volume of Scott's "Minstrelsy" appeared, Hogg thought to rival his friend's performance, and with that friend's countenance, Constable brought out for him "The Mountain Bard," a small collection of original ballads, mostly of poor quality and little promise. By this book, however, and an essay, "The Shepherd's

Guide," generally called "Hogg on Sheep," he made £300, and straightway started farming again. He began on too large a scale, and once more his purse was emptied.

It was a hard struggle, but Grieve, a native of the Forest, in business in the capital, gave him a home. He wrote hard; bundled all the songs he had by him into

(From a drawing in water-colours by S. P. Denning. Walker & Cockerell, photo, London)

James Hogg

This second failure turned his country-folk against him; no one would hire him again as a shepherd, and in February 1810, he went to Edinburgh, and set about making a living by his pen.

"The Forest Minstrel," which did not pay, although the Countess of Dalkeith gave him one hundred guineas for the dedication; started a weekly journal, "The Spy," the greater part of which, prose and verse, he

contributed himself, and which died within a year; and dallied with the drama—in vain. He made many friends, and retained, in spite of his querulous vanity, the affection of Scott, who tried hard to get him a permanent post of some kind; and the hard-headed shepherd never lost his head in an ultra-convivial society, though the jollities of a mad Right and Wrong Club cost him a dangerous illness.

After three years of unprofitable labour and scheming, journalising, and quarrelling with publishers, he made a hit in 1813—and it was a great hit—with "The Queen's Wake." But though it won fame for him, it brought him little cash, his publisher having failed just after the issue of the third edition. Profit, however, came in other ways. In Principal Shairp's words, the book "secured for him the acquaintance of Wilson, Lockhart, Southey, Wordsworth, even Byron—made him, in fact, free of that great poetic brotherhood which then illumined England." Byron commended the work to John Murray, who became Hogg's London publisher and his friend. To relieve his pressing necessity the poet again appealed to the Duchess of Buccleuch (the Countess of Dalkeith, to whom the "Forest Minstrel" was dedicated), and at her behest, after her death in the following year, 1814, the Duke gave him at a nominal rent the small farm of Altrive Lake on the Yarrow. Having no capital, he conceived the idea of getting some by a book of poems contributed by his distinguished friends; but Scott declining on the characteristic plea that "every herring should hing by its ain heid," Hogg parodied him, Wordsworth, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Wilson, and himself in "The Poetic Mirror." He published also two volumes of dramatic tales, which were unsuccessful, and Scott, Blackwood, and others helped him to bring out an illustrated edition of "The Queen's Wake."

For the rest of his life Hogg was a farmer-littérateur who, while fully conscious of the considerable place he had won in the world of letters, was spurred to write mainly by the necessity of making good by his pen his losses on sheep. Here is a catalogue of his later works: 1815, "The Pilgrims of the Sun"; 1816, "Mador of the Moor"; 1817, "The Brownie of Bodsbeck" (a prose tale of the Covenanting persecution); 1819–20, "Jacobite Relics of Scotland" (two volumes of verse collected by him in numerous journeys to the Highlands together with some of his own best lyrics on Highland and "Prince Charlie" themes); 1820, "Winter Evening Tales" (prose); 1822, "The Three Perils of Man" (prose tales); 1823, "The Three Perils of Woman" (ditto); 1824, "Confessions of a Fanatic" (ditto); 1826, "Queen Hynde" (epic poem); 1829, "The Shepherd's Calendar" a collection of articles contributed to Blackwood's Magazine"; 1834, "Lay Sermons," "The Domestic Manners and Public Life of Sir Walter Scott," and the first of a series of "Montrose Tales."

All the while he kept up his connection with Edinburgh. Robert Chambers has told of the rude conviviality which his visits provoked in a circle that loved and admired him. "Maga," Lockhart, and Wilson used and abused him; it was to the seventh number of the magazine that he contributed the famous "Chaldee Manuscript" (not all his, of course) which can only be mentioned here. He was a hospitable host to his neighbours, and to the crowds of pilgrims who made Altrive almost as sacred a shrine as Abbotsford. Wordsworth visited him in 1814, and he repaid the visit at Rydal. The relationship with Scott was never broken. To his neighbours he was a "kind-hearted chield" who "gied himsel' nae airs." Had he been content to farm Altrive he might have had leisure to produce better work; but when he married in 1820 Margaret Phillips, an Annandale woman, slightly above him in social standing, he took on also at a high rent the farm of Mount Benger on the opposite bank of the Yarrow, and lost £2000 before his seven years' lease was out.

In 1832, he visited London and was fêted by the literary world—Carlyle says he talked and behaved like a "gomeril" (donkey), and wore a plaid at the suggestion of his publisher for the time, who straightway failed, after the manner of Hogg's publishers. He died of a liver complaint in November 1835.

It is impossible to deny Hogg genius. All that may be legitimately said in depreciation of the mass of rubbish and commonplace which he produced merely throws into stronger relief the perfection of his achievement in "Kilmeny" and "The Skylark." His "Mador of the Moor" and "Queen Hynde" are poor enough journeyman's manufacture. For his form and measures he went frankly enough to school to Scott and Bishop Percy. His vocabulary is not rich, and close as he comes to the heart of nature in descriptive poetry, his fidelity to epithets such as "brown mountain," which he has conventionalised, is irritating. He prided himself on his knowledge of the Scotch language, but was not in reality an expert, and sinned as deeply as Chatterton in the use of the sham antique. Yet all his work that deserves to be remembered is original in every sense of the word; much of it is in a class by itself, and a high class at that. He was inordinately vain, yet his apostrophe to Scott is not altogether ludicrous: "Ye can never suppose that I belang to your school of chivalry. Ye are the king o' that school, but I'm king o' the mountain and fairy school, which is a far higher ane than yours." It is true, as Shairp put it, that "no other poet in our language has ever described fairyland so well, or embodied the whole underworld of ghosts, spectres, wraiths, brownies, water-kelpies, with such an eerie thrilling sense of reality." Among painters of nature, too, despite the tendency to stereotyped epithet noticed before, Hogg occupies a high place. He was veritably inspired by the mountain and the moor,

> The glowing suns of spring,
> The genial shower and stealing dew,

the "lea" starred with "snowy gems." He had

> Viewed the Ettrick waving clear,
> When shadowy flocks of purest snow
> Seemed grazing in a word below;

and wrote of sun and storm, green hills and wild birds, not so much for the purpose of painting a definite background for action, as because he had to find a vent for the emotions which Nature roused in him. His skill in the portrayal of action was indeed variable; compare the success of "The Witch of Fife," in which interest is divided between the action and the environment of nature and demonology, with the comparative failure of "Earl Walter," a ballad of action pure and simple. They were healthy thoughts that came to him in the ten years of his making on the Douglas Burn. The skylark was an "emblem of happiness." "The sheeted flame and sounding rain," "heaven's own breast and mountain torn" by the thunder, were to him "nature's grand turmoil." There is not a trace of the morbid in his poetry. Like Kilmeny herself his handling of the world of romance, of Border violence, witchcraft and fairy, is "pure as pure could be." Hogg had no conception of what is grandiloquently called "architectonic" in literature. He failed to write even a passable long poem, for even "The Queen's Wake" is saved by part of its contents only; he invented no new form of verse, and attained no particular skill in the heroic couplet which Scott's example lured him to essay. But his best ballads are almost of the first class, though most are utterly spoiled by verbiage and prolixity. His best songs are among the best of their class; in these he attained the perfection of form as by instinct. It is no more a disparagement of him to say that he imitated his predecessors and contemporaries than to say of Burns that he imitated Fergusson. His success in "The Poetic Mirror" suggests that, with a finer appreciation of form in literature, he might have gone far in departments into which he did not seek to enter. Considering his origin and his native habit of mind, the restraint of his humour is remarkable.

As to his personality it only requires to be added that if his alleged rudeness is worth discussion, Professor Ferrier has probably come nearest the mark in his appreciation:

"There was a hearty homeliness of manner about Hogg and a Doric simplicity of address, which were exceedingly prepossessing. He sometimes carried a little too far the privileges of an innocent rusticity . . . but in general his slight deviations from etiquette were rather amusing than otherwise."

We can still laugh at the story of Hogg's

first visit to the Scotts when, finding Mrs. Scott extended upon one sofa, he stretched his brawny limbs upon another; and in his address to his host and hostess progressed in the course of the evening from "Mr. Scott" through "Shirra" (sheriff) to "Walter and Wattie," and from "Mrs. Scott" to "Charlotte." But it seems ludicrous to the present generation that any one should have been deeply offended by his "Domestic Manners, &c.," or that Lockhart in his turn could have been charged with malignity for his references to Hogg in the "Life." And one cannot wish that he had been modester, since his vanity enriched literature with the story of his resentment of the fancied slight he suffered at Wordsworth's hands at Rydal.

In this volume* an attempt has been made to confine selection to what of Hogg's work deserves to survive. Only "The Queen's Wake" has been printed entire, although a considerable proportion of it is as second-rate as "Mador of the Moor," and Hogg's other ambitious essays which are as dead as "Thalaba." His prose scarcely fails to be noticed here; but it may be said that he derived his inspiration in this medium also from Scott, and that, working upon ample materials, historical, adventurous, tragic, magical, he combined great fluency with supreme weakness in construction. His "Confessions of a Fanatic," which has been erroneously ascribed to other hands, is, however, perfect in its way, and shows what Hogg could have done had he but taken pains to master the art which Scott himself had to learn. But art was to Hogg, as readers of "The Queen's Wake" will see, something to be eschewed as inimical to inspiration.

* This article forms the introduction to a selection of James Hogg's poems edited and annotated by William Wallace, LL.D. Isbister & Co. Ltd.

Beyond

I

THERE is a Land,—beyond these scenes of strife
And clamouring tongues and wars that never cease,—
Where, in the calm of the Serener Life,
No thought of discord mars the perfect peace.

II

There is a Life,—beyond this vale of tears
And aching hearts, that yearn and yearn in vain,—
Where Death's dread Empire passes, and sad fears
No longer cloud the anxious soul with pain.

III

So we will wait, in patience and in hope,
Until the veil be lifted, and we see,—
Where eyes no longer strain, nor senses grope,—
The meaning of Life's sad sweet mystery!

A. FREWEN AYLWARD.

Fig. 1. Desmids (Closterium lunula), or unicellular plants, found in standing waters. Actual length, about $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch

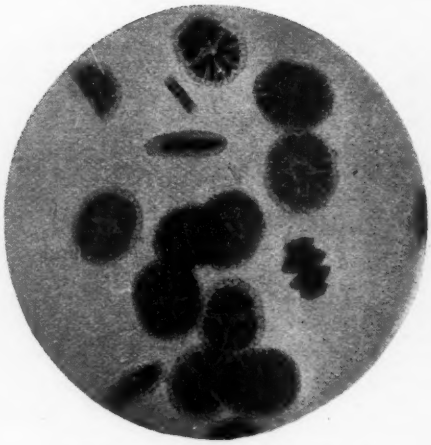


Fig. 2. Other forms of desmids, chiefly Micrasterias denticulata. Actual length about $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch

The Beginnings of Plant Life

By John J. Ward

Illustrated by Photo-micrographs taken by the Author

IN an earlier paper * I showed that the common green stain which coloured the damp portions of my old wooden fence was made up of myriads of individual living plants, and that these probably reproduce to-day that simplest form of plant life from which by natural evolution all the complex and specialised trees and herbs around us have gradually risen. In view of the dignity of their relationship it may be worth while to consider in detail some other low forms of plant life, and show how very beautiful and wonderful are even these tiny atoms which occupy almost every vacant niche in Nature.

For the infinite variety of form and habit that plant life assumes adapts it to flourish in sites where life of any kind might have seemed impossible. Leathery and powdery plant incrustations cling to the hardest rocks and stoniest soils; vegetable moulds take up their abode on almost every perishable article; trees and ships are often completely destroyed by a plant growth known as "dry-rot"; while smut, rust, bunt, and other familiar forms of parasitic fungi prey upon living plants to such an extent as to spoil and destroy whole crops of grain or fruit.

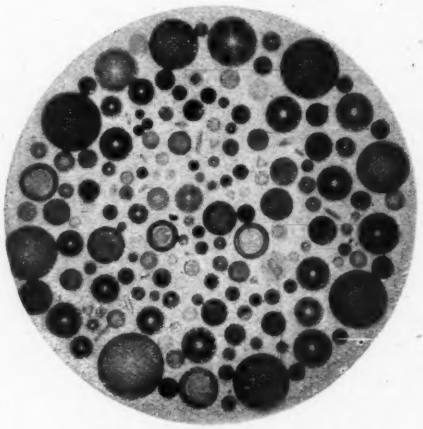


Fig. 3. An arranged group of the cleaned shells or shields, of the tiny plants called "diatoms." The actual group measures $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter

* Good Words, February 1902.

Fig. 4. Some diatoms shown on a dark ground to illustrate their glassy nature. Individuals vary in length from $\frac{1}{25}$ to $\frac{1}{150}$ of an inch

What seems worse still is that many of them not infrequently invade the organs of living animals, and are the known causes of many diseases. A single drop of pond, river, or sea water will often reveal multitudes of varied plant forms; and, in short, it is difficult to point to any natural condition of land or water that is free from plant life. Its germs, or spores, fill the air we breathe and are consumed in all the food that we eat. The very ground we stand upon may be built up of tiny plants, as I will show later.

While mentioning fungi, moulds, and other parasitic organisms as being representative of plant life, it is not my purpose here to consider this class of plants, but rather those that are more nearly related to the higher plants, by their possession of that important green colouring matter "chlorophyll" or its equivalent (which we considered in our "Green Leaf" paper).*

Almost all damp situations and standing waters, such as rain-water cisterns, drinking troughs, wet ditches, ponds, &c., will provide examples of minute algæ, or the earlier forms of plant life. And these, like our green film from the fence, will be mostly unicellular plants—each microscopic cell constituting an individual plant, which eventually divides into two or four similar cells, with the same power of division.

* Good Words, August 1902.

Sometimes the newly-formed cells have long cilia, with which they swim freely about in water; and stagnant ponds often owe their green hue to myriads of these active green cells swimming gaily about within them. When shown under the microscope, perhaps the last thought that would occur to the inexperienced observer would be that these wonderful little organisms are plants at all; and as there are large numbers of lowly plant forms that possess mobile powers in water, and are almost invariably associated with minute animalcules similarly endowed, even experts are often puzzled to decide to which kingdom the tiny living forms belong. So it comes about that many of these organisms have been bandied about by learned scientists from the animal to the vegetable kingdom and back again, until the ordinary student scarcely knows what to believe.

In recent years, however, a better understanding has been arrived at, at all events with regard to the more familiar forms, and quite a large number of these ciliated and

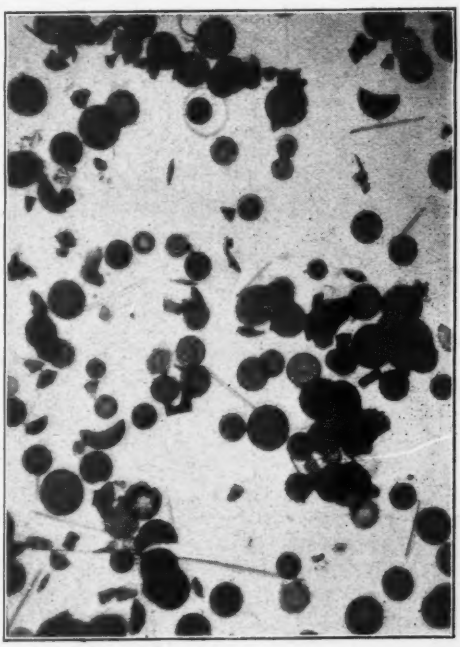


Fig. 5. Diatoms dredged from the Atlantic at a depth of about 2½ miles

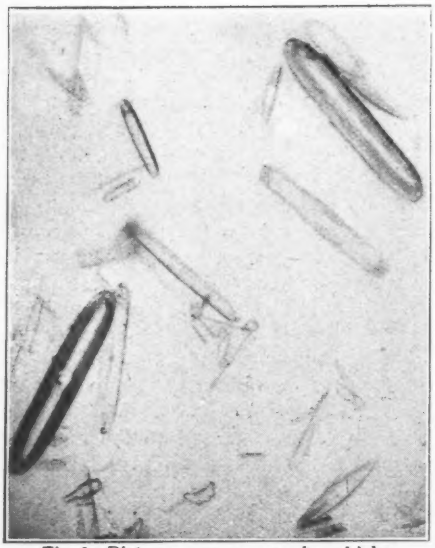


Fig. 6. Diatoms common in ponds and lakes

gaily swimming organisms have been shown conclusively to belong to the vegetable kingdom.

Fig. 1 shows a number of the singular unicellular plants which are called "desmids." These are minute fresh-water algæ, of a beautiful green colour, and numerous diverse forms. Every moderately clear pool or ditch will provide examples of these interesting plants, and they especially abound in ponds which lie in exposed and bleak situations. The species in the illustration is characterised by its crescent-like form. Each cell is free and able to move about in the water by a curious feeble movement, and if kept in a glass vessel they all move slowly to the side next to the light and congregate there. For a period of over twelve months I kept a large quantity of these desmids propagating in a common glass jar, having accidentally gathered a few attached to some of the common duckweed which floats on ponds.

Desmids, like other green plants, evolve oxygen in sunlight; and so, together with the duckweed, which also multiplied in the glass jar, the water was kept fairly pure, and the desmids increased at such a rate as to completely line the sides of the glass vessel with a film of bright green colour.

A desmid cell possesses a thin outer coating or cell-wall, sometimes adorned with spiny projections or markings. Surrounding this, a transparent film of gelatinous matter is recognisable, although sometimes only by its preventing the cell-wall from touching external objects. Inside the cell-wall proper is a layer of colourless protoplasm, which encloses the mass of green-coloured living substance of the cell or plant. As these plant cells all more or less possess a half-way division, they apparently seem to be two separate cells joined together; but such is not the case, each desmid being but one cell.

In the case of our first example, when reproduction is about to take place, the contents of the cell divide into two halves, which seem to retreat from each other in the

Fig. 7. Chains of diatoms in their natural state adhering to a larger microscopic alga, magnified

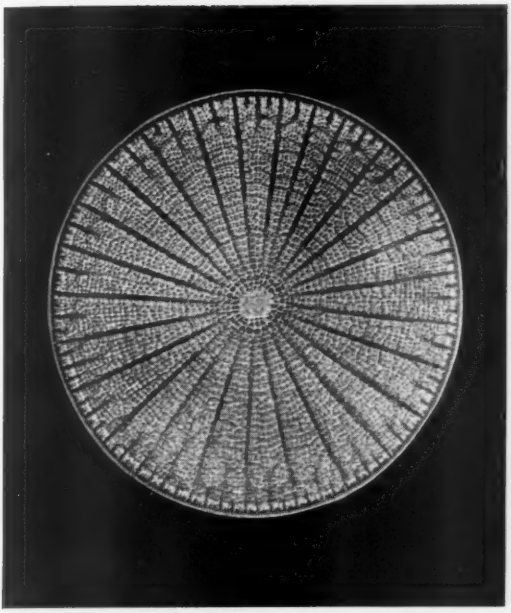


Fig. 8 An individual diatom-shield (Arachnoidiscus Ehrenbergii) immensely magnified

direction of their length, and so become constricted towards the centre, and finally break away. Each irregular half then soon develops its symmetrical crescent shape.

Our second example (Fig. 2) shows other species of desmids which present a somewhat different method of reproduction. Instead of breaking away to form new half cells, each of which, united with the remaining halves of the parent desmid, constitutes a new plant, the two new halves gradually develop in the centre, at first like two little rounded discs touching each other at the edge, which gradually become larger and push each other further apart, until, finally, the indentations round their edges appear, after which they become detached as perfect desmids.

There are other and more complicated methods of reproduction and cell division even with this same species, but these need not concern us here, though they show that even these lowly single-celled plants gradually approximate in structure and methods of reproduction to higher and more complicated forms. And it should also be observed with regard to these delicate and beautiful organisms, how frequently symmetry and regularity of form prevail. But this we will consider more in detail in our later examples.

Meanwhile let us glance at some of the most extraordinary forms of the invisible vegetable kingdom—tiny unicellular plants of unimaginable minuteness, called "diatoms."

These minute and marvellous algæ are abundantly distributed in nature. Wherever exposed water is to be found, diatoms may be looked for, whether it be stagnant, running, salt or fresh, warm or cold; even the melting snow on the summits of the highest mountains, or the water that lodges in your rain-water spout, frequently contains diatoms in abundance.

As water evaporates these invisible plant particles become dry, and by reason of their lightness and tenuity get wafted from one region to another by the high winds. The hottest sun and bitterest cold does not affect their vitality. As the air calms they settle down again, and after months of cold or

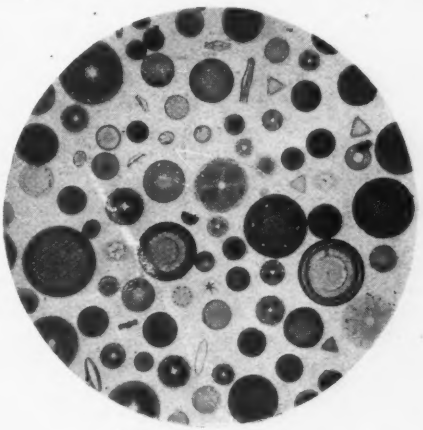


Fig. 9. The central portion of the group of silicious diatom-shields shown at Fig. 3, more highly magnified

scorching sun, given moisture and sunlight they again rapidly multiply, and so become distributed everywhere.

When considering the desmids I mentioned that the cell-walls sometimes developed regularly on the cell-wall, and so the single vegetable cell becomes clothed with an almost indestructible flinty armour. But this is not all; one side of the frustule or shell develops slightly larger than the other, and

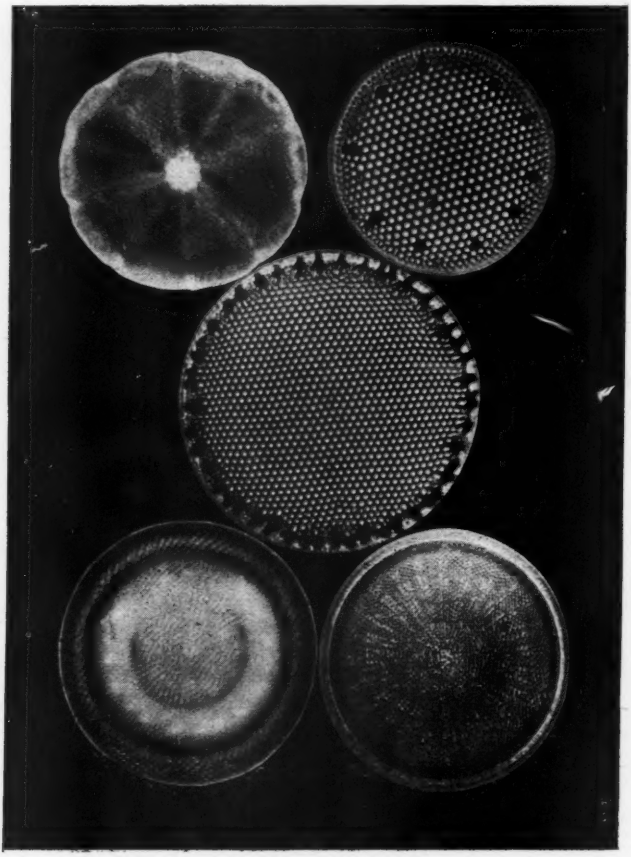


Fig. 10. A few selected diatom-shields from the central portion of Fig. 9 again shown under increased magnifying power

spines or markings on their surface. Now diatoms present most extraordinary and remarkable features in this respect. Each little vegetable cell that constitutes a diatom has the power to absorb from the surrounding water that chemical combination termed "silica," a small proportion of which exists dissolved in most natural waters. The silica which it thus appropriates becomes deposited fits over the smaller, after the manner of the halves of a pill-box or canister.

On the surfaces of these flinty shields delicately carved and chased symmetrical markings are revealed when considerably magnified. An arranged group of these tiny and wonderful shields is shown in Fig. 3. This group actually measures one-twelfth of an inch in diameter, so that it will be under-

stood that these are considerably magnified, although but the faintest indications of their fascinating sculpturings are visible.

The refined nature of some of the markings of diatom valves defied the powers of the best microscopes for many years, and even with the best of modern lenses most skilful manipulation is required to bring out their details of structure. The more delicate forms are used by the makers of microscopes for testing the accuracy of their work.

A very remarkable fact regarding these minute sculpturings is that frequently, as the magnifying power is increased, new and unsuspected details of structure become visible. What were minute rows of dot-like spaces, when enormously magnified, reveal other perforations and sculpturings within them of equal beauty and symmetry.

And, when we have exhausted the powers of our best optical instruments, who knows what lies beyond? If unsuspected marvels of fascinating minuteness have been revealed with the advance of modern instruments, one cannot help wondering where this decoration ends. The method by which these rustules, or valves, resist putrefaction almost indefinitely; and as the organisms multiply very rapidly by subdivision, and keep falling in a steady shower to the bottom of the water as they perish, layers of these glass-like shells gradually result in considerable deposits of solid flinty material which resists acids and even the dull red heat of an ordinary fire.

The familiar polishing material "rotten-stone" or *Tripoli*, large deposits of which occur in Bohemia and other parts of the world, is a soft friable rock which chemically is almost pure silica; but the microscope reveals the fact that it is not mineral silica, but built up of the tiny and beautiful silicious shields of diatoms. And as those forms found in rotten-stone are characteristic of fresh-water species, we conclude that where these deposits are found lakes or marshes existed in previous ages.

In long periods of time by the slow percolation of water these diatomaceous deposits (a minute speck of a diatom deposit composed almost entirely of one species is shown in Fig. 4) are slowly dissolved and then re-

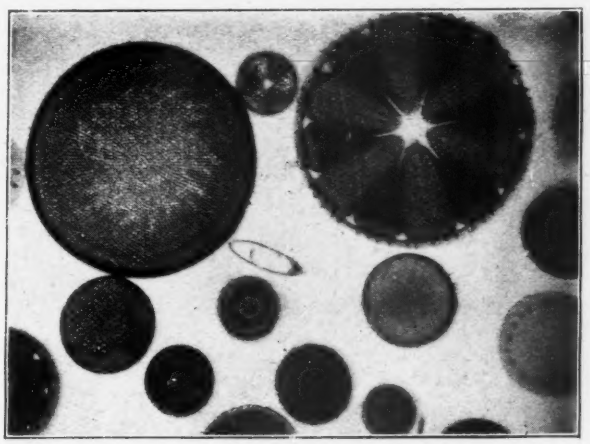


Fig. 11. Several diatom forms from the top central edge of Fig. 3 immensely magnified

tiny plants construct their almost indestructible shells defies all attempts to explain; and in saying "almost indestructible" I am well within the mark, for these silicious deposited as a hard opal like rock. So these apparently insignificant plant atoms, by their vast numbers and rapidity of multiplication, play most important parts in the formation

of the earth. The city of Richmond, in Virginia, is said to be built on a stratum of diatoms 18 feet thick. Estuaries and harbours are frequently considerably shallowed by the accumulation of these flinty deposits, and the surface and ooze of many seas reveal diatoms in abundance.

alike possess their characteristic striations, dottings, and markings, when highly magnified.

It is extremely interesting to watch the peculiar gliding movements of some of these boat-shaped atoms. Without any visible effort or means of propulsion they slowly

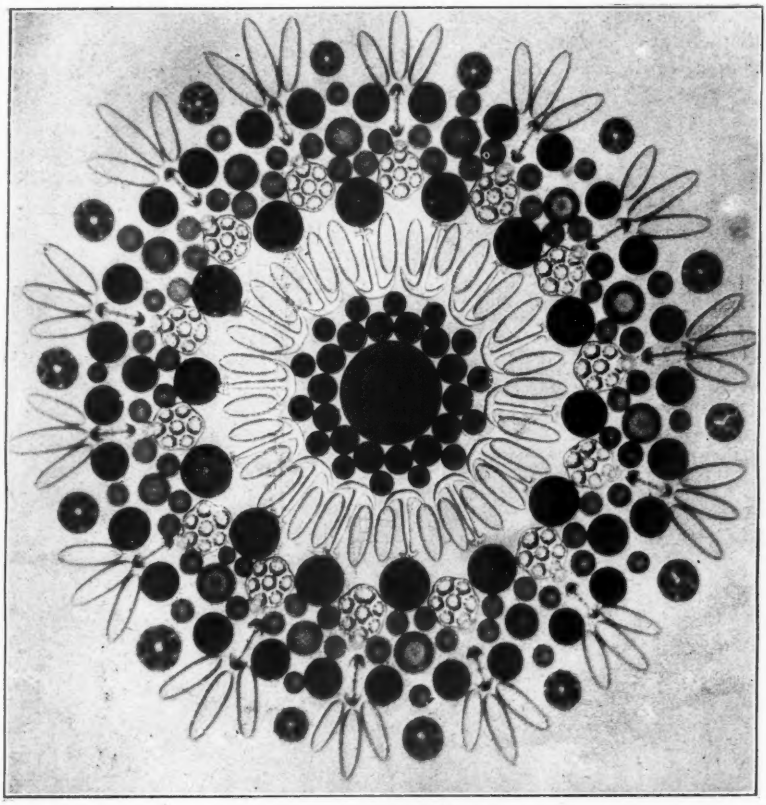


Fig. 12. A group of cleaned diatom-shields arranged in an artistic manner within a circle actually measuring only $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch in diameter

Fig. 5 shows diatoms dredged from the Atlantic by the *Challenger* at a depth of 1990 fathoms, or just over $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

The variety of forms assumed by the frustules, or shields, are as varied as their surface markings, and quite beyond description. The most familiar species found in ponds assume the long oval or boat-shaped forms, such as those shown in Figs. 4 and 6, and many are extremely delicate forms; but all glide in a straight line through the water, and should anything obstruct their passage they make no effort to round it, but without turning reverse their motion and glide backwards, apparently on the same straight track on which they came, often repeating the movement several times as if unconvinced that the path was impassable.

Other common forms do not lead such a free life, but remain attached, and form

chains of somewhat oblong or square frustules, each adhering to the other at the corners, the chains ultimately being fastened to, or intermixed with, other and larger algæ or aquatic weeds. Fig. 7 shows an example of diatom chains in their natural situations, clinging to portions of a much larger alga, although the portions shown of this latter are microscopic. Others develop foot stalks, by means of which they attach themselves to stones, &c., and so form little groups or clusters.

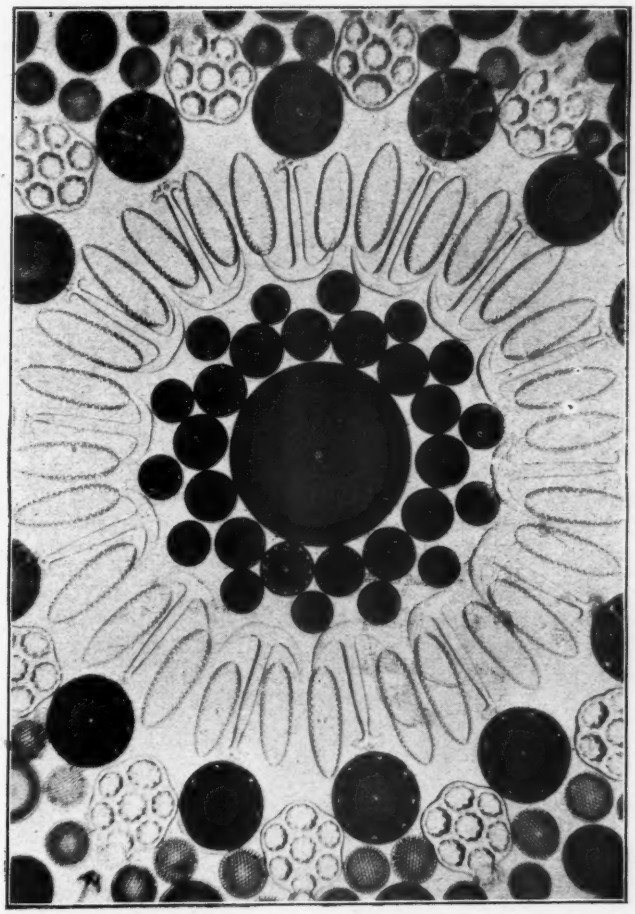


Fig. 13. The central portion of the group Fig. 12, again more highly magnified

The beauty of the markings of the frustules cannot be readily seen in the living diatoms; but the skeleton shields, when cleansed of their living matter by heating to red heat or dissolving by nitric acid and magnified, reveal to perfection their wonders of symmetrical precision and minuteness. One of the cleaned shields from a marine form is exhibited in Fig. 8. Two hundred of these, placed edge to edge, would scarcely extend one inch, and this is a very large form, comparatively speaking. The lines and markings on some species are estimated at about 1-76,000th of an inch

apart, so that a hair from the human head cut longitudinally into 400 thin slices would approximately fill the spaces between 400 of these marks.

We cannot here even glance at the life-history and methods of reproduction of these lowly and beautiful unicellular plants. The subject is so great and their species are so numerous that we should require a separate article; so I must be content to call attention to their beauties, which show that the lowest and most minute forms of plant-life present no less wonderful revelations of structural detail than the highest and largest.

As an instance of the revealing power of the microscope, I will again call my readers' attention to Fig. 3, and ask that it may be compared with that of Fig. 9, which latter represents the central portion of the former still more highly magnified, showing how further details of structure are brought out by the increased magnifying power. And again, in Fig. 10 a few forms selected, but re-arranged, from the centre of Fig. 9, are shown under considerably greater magnifying power.

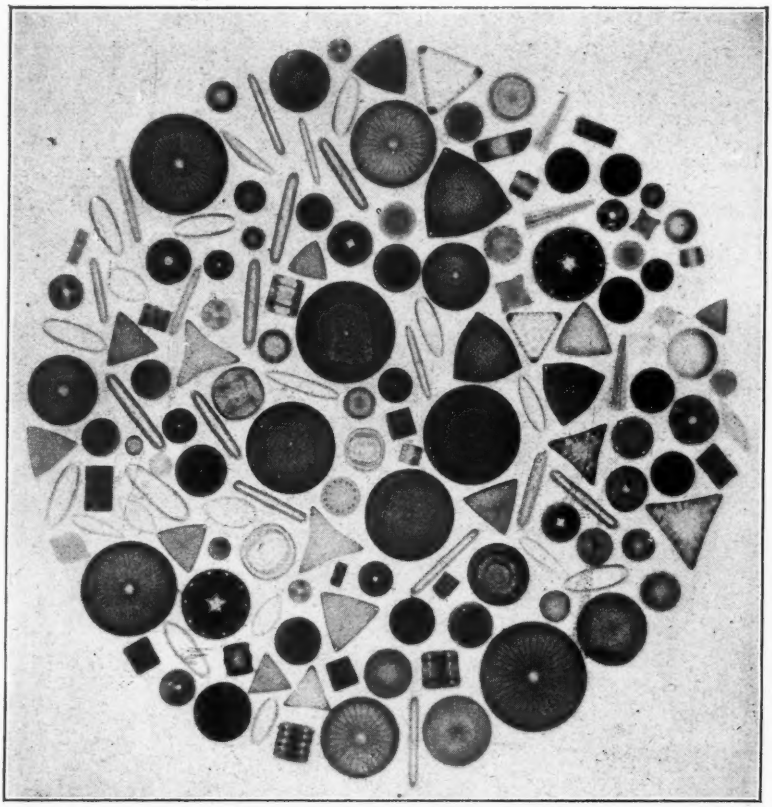


Fig. 14. Another diatom group, also arranged within a circle of ¼ of an inch in diameter

Fig. 11 shows another combination immensely magnified from the top central edge of Fig. 3 group, the members of which can readily be identified by their relative positions. These will serve to give an idea of

the beautiful and wonderful frustules or shells of diatoms.

It may occur to those who study these illustrations how beautifully these diatom shields stand apart in the groups, or how prettily they are arranged, for it is true that they have been arranged in these forms. Here we get an instance of man's skill with the minute, for each of these diatoms have been selected as perfect forms, and skilfully placed in their relative positions.

Fig. 12* shows a beautiful group of diatom valves, arranged in a symmetrical and artistic manner by one skilled in this work. The actual group measures one-eighth of an inch in diameter; every individual specimen has to be placed within this small compass. This is truly very wonderful work;

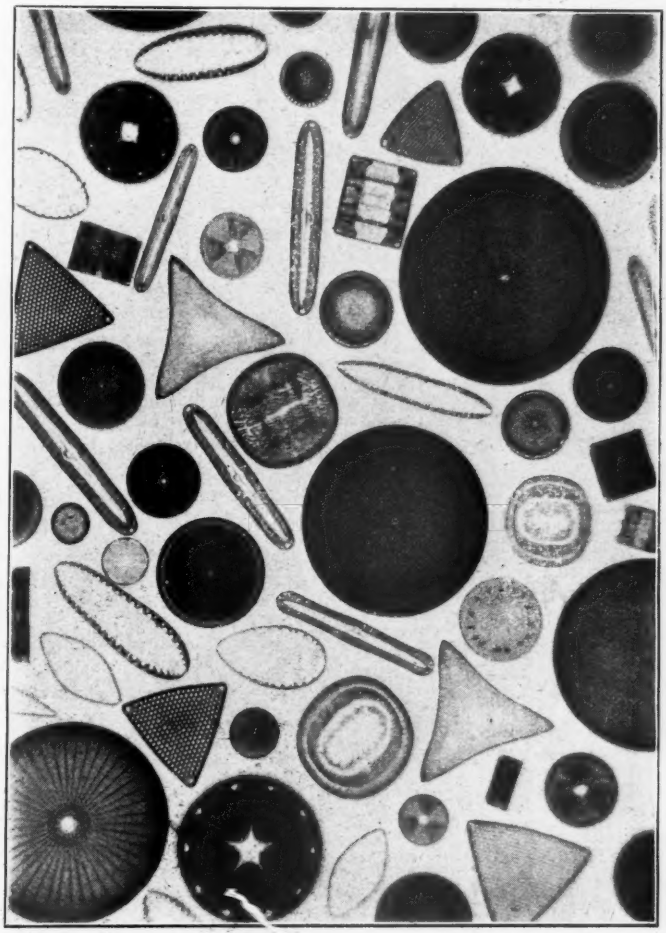


Fig. 15. A portion from near the centre of group Fig. 14, more highly magnified

* By the courtesy of the preparers, Messrs. W. Watson & Sons, 313 High Holborn, W.C., I am permitted to photograph this microscopic preparation, also that shown at Fig. 14, for the purpose of illustrating this article.

Fig. 16. Thread-like plants, composed of vegetable cells attached to each other (Spirogyra)

but when we magnify these exquisite atoms and see their marvellous symmetrical arrangements, thousands of times smaller yet perfect withal, we see how insignificant man's most clever and ingenious efforts become in comparison with Nature's humblest works.

The central portion of this prettily arranged group is shown more highly magnified in Fig. 13. And to show the infinite variety of form and design in these fascinating plant atoms, another wonderful group is illustrated at Fig. 14, which also is arranged within a circle one eighth of an inch in diameter, while a portion from near the centre of this is again further magnified at Fig 15.

In conclusion we may glance at a few forms of algæ that show a further advance in plant form; that is, an advance on the single cell.

We take from almost any pond some of the common green slime almost invariably found in such localities. On examining this material we find long strings or threads of vegetable cells, all alike yet attached, as is shown in Fig. 16. When these thread-like plants are about to propagate or multiply, corresponding cells in individual threads, as they rest beside each other, throw out tiny tubes which eventually meet. The cell-wall between them then dissolves, and the contents of one cell pass into the other. This process is shown taking place in our illustration; and it results in the formation of a spore for a future plant, which by subdivision of its primary cell becomes a thread-like plant like its parents.

From this stage in plant life a gradual evolution of form and specialisation of cells begins to take place, and in slightly higher forms in the "life scale" certain cells are told off to attach those simple celled plants to fixed objects, and so we get the first indications of the roots of the higher plants.

And other forms again show indications of the stem (see Fig. 17) by producing a row of supporting cells which take no part in reproduction, this being left to the rows of cells that they support. And as our concluding example, a still more advanced type shows a differentiation in the structure of its stem, possessing a central system of cells, with a protective outer layer of other cells, and so something akin to the bark or skin of the higher plant forms appears. Fig. 18 shows an

Fig. 17. A lowly aquatic alga, showing the early stages in the evolution of the plant stem (Draparnaldia)

alga possessing this first differentiation in stem structure. Advancing structure may readily be traced, although all algæ are still of lowly form, for even with our last example, each disc on its stem is but a cluster of simple thread-like cells all radiating from the one point.

So we may trace a gradual rise from the lowest to the highest forms of life, and learn to recognise that all life is akin. No isolated and unconnected instances occur, although it is not always perhaps possible to link up our chain, and trace direct connection between the beginning and the end. Yet surely there is enough evidence to show that Nature is one harmonious whole; breaks which are difficult to explain may occur here and there, but time and advancing knowledge will reveal much.

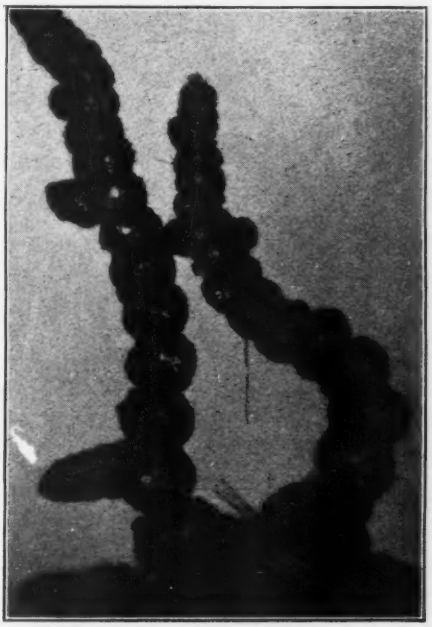


Fig. 18. Another aquatic alga that approaches nearer the higher plant forms by a differentiation in the cellular arrangement of its stem cells (Batrachospermum)

David and Jonathan

By G. B. Burgin

I

IT was an ideal life for Jean Loriot. He soon realised that tobacco does not make many demands on the intellect, and that the dealing in it is confined to the easily acquired knowledge of a few elementary facts in connection with prices and weights. He sold a good deal of it, smoked a good deal of it, and gave away a good deal of it to Duclos, the retired Captain, who had had enough of glory after sacrificing his left leg in Algiers. To make matters even, Loriot had lost his right leg in a threshing-machine; hence, his enforced retirement from farming in favour of town life and tobacco at St. Eustache, that pretty, old-world Brittany town, with lichened roofs, grey stone houses, brightened in front by gay little gardens, and always having ample accommodation for the great white pigs—pigs which made so much noise in the conduct of public affairs that they had to be silenced when they knew too much. Six o'clock in the morning was the death hour. Duclos, as the only man versed in military executions, was always expected to be present. He pronounced the funeral oration on the defunct, and was generally rewarded by the owner of the pig with a tit-bit, which he invariably shared with Loriot.

Both were tall, fine, big men of thirty and thirty-five respectively. They were slightly grizzled, with frank, open, blue eyes and fierce moustaches. Strangers sometimes thought that they were brothers. Unlike brothers, however, they never quarrelled.

At six, the Captain came down into the shop and helped Loriot to set out the stock-in-trade on a small counter just inside the

door. The one little window was gay with geraniums and a pink hydrangea in a green pot, the Captain's birthday gift to his friend. The Captain's big chair was close to the old stone fireplace. He invariably made the coffee for their "little breakfast." Loriot provided the rolls. Where one went, the other went also. People nicknamed them "Les Inséparables."

After "little breakfast," Loriot swept out the shop, and the two friends had their first pipe. In summer, they sat just outside the door, where they could see the diligence start from the Hôtel du Boule. The Hôtel du Boule formed the base of a triangle. As you faced the hotel, Loriot's shop was on the left-hand side. At the top of the triangle, three roads converged; on each side of its base were other roads. Consequently, any one who wanted to come into St. Eustache could not possibly do so without attracting the notice of either Loriot or the Captain.

At twelve, Loriot and the Captain went over to the hotel for *déjeûner*, leaving Madame Lajoie's little grand-daughter, Marcelle, to mind the shop. As a matter of fact, the cronies generally had their meals in the salon. If a customer came, they saw him from the open door; and, as they knew the wants of every peasant for miles round, could always hop over the road in time to prevent the child from selling the wrong things. Besides, the dining-room was decorated by all the art students who had ever stayed in St. Eustache, and the two friends found the eccentricities of the different schools rather confusing. For themselves, they had made the acquaintance of an American artist who took pupils. The American artist was an Impressionist, with theories about pure colour—theories which gradually became convictions with Loriot and Duclos. If pupils wanted to paint a sky, they must not do it at once after the manner of the average Philistine, but put in little squares of separate colour like a Chinese puzzle. Some day, the artist explained, if the pupils stopped long enough in St. Eustache, they would learn how to paint a sky without showing how the little squares combined. But most of the pupils went back to Paris before they arrived at this exalted stage of art. That they did so, never shook the faith of Loriot and Duclos in the American's theories. He was a great man who honoured them with his friendship.

After *déjeûner*, of course there was coffee then a nap until the diligence came back filled with bicyclettes and "mad English." The vagaries of the "mad English" filled Loriot and Duclos with mild gratification, and the wild efforts of tourists to speak the French of St. Eustache sometimes, but not very often, astonished them. Both Loriot and Duclos, too polite to show their amusement, spoke comprehensive scraps of English to these wondrously clad worldlings. St. Eustache, however, was not particular about costume provided it looked picturesque. After a time, visitors—men, women, and children alike—learned to go about without stockings, clad in white linen, girthed by a red scarf, and wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat, which cost five sous. The men and boys bought white linen trousers at two and a half francs, and rope-soled shoes for climbing the rocks in the bay at eighty centimes. Not even a millionaire could spend more than ten francs a day in St. Eustache, and it was hard work to do that, for the "mixed bathing" cost nothing. There were numerous little "cabines" in the rocks where people dressed and undressed.

This was in summer, when the hotel dinner was always at seven, with good Brittany cider free. White wine cost a franc a bottle, but this was extravagance except when cold weather set in. On fête days, Loriot treated Duclos to a bottle of white wine, and Duclos treated Loriot to a bottle of red. They drank both bottles, as they did everything else, together.

It was evident that they were poor. Gossip, in order to account for their poverty, said that they helped to support numerous distant relations. When Duclos came back from Algiers, he was a stranger to Loriot, but met him at the hotel at *déjeûner*. Each was attracted by the other's missing leg; each noticed that the other wore a somewhat shabby shoe; and the same idea occurred to both. An itinerant boot-vendor, followed by a big van, drawn by a lean white horse, had

just arrived in the Place and was proclaiming the fact with trumpet-blasts loud enough to wake the dead. Shoes hung all round the van and were tied on underneath, where they swayed in close proximity to a half-starved mongrel, whose ostensible duty was to keep off dishonest folk. Having confidence, however, in the good people of St. Eustache, the somnolent dog allowed himself to be dragged along by the dispirited horse, and woke up at intervals to snarl at a pair of wooden sabots which continually banged against his protruding ribs.

"If Monsieur le Capitaine will pardon me," somewhat diffidently suggested Loriot, "is it not that I am right in supposing that he is desirous of purchasing a pair of shoes?"

"Monsieur is absolutely right," said the Captain. "Perhaps a stranger may be pardoned if he also surmises that Monsieur is about to renew his foot-gear."

They looked at one another's shabby shoes and simultaneously sighed, for good shoes cost money, and money was scarce with both of them.

Loriot called loudly for coffee and cognac. "Monsieur has served his country, Monsieur is a stranger in St. Eustache, Monsieur will permit me the privilege of offering him the hospitality due to so greatly distinguished a patriot and soldier?"

Duclos bowed, and accepted a cigar in addition. Presently, he drew a long breath of satisfaction. "Monsieur is an admirable judge of tobacco," he said gravely. "Would Monsieur confer the further favour of advising me if it is really possible to buy a pair of honest boots in St. Eustache?"

"With pleasure, Monsieur le Capitaine. Monsieur has lost his leg in the wars?"

"In Algeria. Crushed under a gun-wheel. And Monsieur?"

"Torn in a threshing-machine."

"I perceive that it is the right leg which Monsieur has had the misfortune to lose?"

"And if I mistake not, Monsieur le Capitaine, you have parted company with your left."

The Captain bowed formally. "It may have occurred to Monsieur that for a man with one leg to buy a pair of shoes is a piece of unjustifiable extravagance?"

"Exactly. But in a provincial town like St. Eustache, it is very difficult to make a shopkeeper see reason."

"If I mistake not," said the Captain, "there is this travelling bootseller in the Place. Should Monsieur permit, I will accompany him, and purchase a pair. We are much of a size. Will Monsieur do me the honour to stretch the sole of his foot against mine?"

Loriot measured his remaining foot against the Captain's. It was a little difficult to keep his balance, but he successfully accomplished the feat by holding on to the table. "Ha, ha!" he cried jovially, "the affair goes well."

The Captain looked down and saw that Loriot's foot matched his own. "It is the Finger of Fate," he said solemnly. "I was deploring the unnecessary extravagance of buying a pair of shoes when I had need only of one, and I have the pleasure to meet you, Monsieur. Will you do me the honour to accept a shoe from me in return for your politeness to a friendless wanderer?"

"I was about to make the same suggestion had not Monsieur le Capitaine taken the words out of my mouth," declared the Tobacconist. "Let us go to this lean-horsed vagabond and equip ourselves."

They embraced and went out into the Place. "I desire a pair of boots," said the Captain to the itinerant bootseller, with a slightly conscious emphasis on the word "pair."

The boot-vendor brought out a stool for the Captain to sit upon, tried on a boot, and named the price. After some haggling, he reduced his terms one half, for the Tobacconist was shrewder than the Captain, and made audible suggestions anent the infamy of overcharging a man who had fought for his country.

"Give me my shoes and begone," said the Captain, who did not like haggling.

All the doorways were filled with curious folk by this time, and their inquisitive good-natured faces were more formidable to Captain Duclos than an onslaught of Arab raiders. "Give me my shoes and cease to cackle of your wares," he said, conscious that

people were already beginning to notice his wooden leg.

"If the hen did not cackle," quoth the boot-vendor, "the world would not know that she had laid an egg."

"And if you do not cease talking," said the Tobacconist, "St. Eustache will know that you have not sold any boots, for Monsieur le Capitaine will go elsewhere in search of an honest man."

Thus sternly admonished, the boot-vendor tied up one shoe and handed it to the Captain.

"What is this? Have I not paid for two?" demanded that worthy.

"It has occurred to me that Monsieur has no need of the other," said the boot-vendor, thus obliquely hinting that he had noticed the Captain's infirmity.

"And it has occurred to me, worthy friend," said the Captain, "that if I pay for a pair of shoes I am entitled to have them. No more words, please, but give me the shoes. You ought to be blown from the mouth of a gun."

The boot-vendor gave him the shoes as half the people of St. Eustache looked on with eager interest. Did the Captain intend to wear them both on the same foot?

The Captain fiercely twirled his moustache in order to hide his embarrassment.

"Perhaps," suggested Loriot, "Monsieur will do me the honour to rest himself in my shop;" and, taking the parcel, he led the way, leaving the bewildered boot-vendor scratching his head in the middle of the road.

"Is it possible!" The boot-vendor looked after them. "Is it possible that these infamous ones will divide the shoes between them, when out of the compassion of my good heart I charged only half price! Of a truth, they get up over night in St. Eustache!"

II

Ten years later, Duclos looked timidly at Loriot; Loriot regarded Duclos with equal gloom.

"Whence comes it then, this infamous suggestion that we marry?" asked the Tobacconist, letting his pipe fall to the ground with a crash.

Captain Duclos uneasily picked up the pieces. "It is an ill omen," he said, seriously surveying the brittle clay. "Of a truth, my friend, our outposts are raided. We are in danger—and afraid."

"Yes; we are in danger—and afraid."

"Courage, my brave! Courage!" feebly muttered the Captain. "Here is Madame Lajoie's letter. It is not sentimental."

Loriot allowed the letter to flutter idly to the floor. "There is no courage in me," he faintly admitted.

Captain Duclos peered cautiously forth across the way. Although it was only seven o'clock, Mademoiselle Gabrielle, the artist in "Modes," waved a little white hand to him with an ironical smile from the opposite doorway; and as she smiled, she sang of love.

"Pouf!" spluttered the Captain, with redoubled uneasiness. "To sing in our hearing—on such a subject—when she knows Madame Lajoie is determined to pounce upon us, is of an indelicacy inconceivable in one so—so beautiful."

"And if she keeps on singing, her joyousness will become insupportable," added the Tobacconist, ruefully selecting a cheaper pipe from his stock. "There will be no profits to-day if I go on at this rate."

Mademoiselle, still singing as she came, tripped daintily across the road. She was thirty, but looked ten years younger, and bore the reputation of being difficult to please. "Of a truth, an ankle to dream about," said Duclos, hastily throwing himself back in his chair. "Will she ever marry? Oh-h!" He sighed profoundly.

Mademoiselle Gabrielle paused in the doorway. "Bon jour, Messieurs les Conspirateurs!" she cried; and bowed with a coquettish air.

The friends jerked themselves to their feet in order to return her bow with gallant devotion. "You mock us! We looked for sympathy," the Captain protested.

"I sympathise only with brave men, Monsieur le Capitaine. Two of you, afraid of one woman! An old woman, too! And you cannot even run away from her. Fie!"

"But such a woman, Mademoiselle, of a firmness detestable," murmured the Tobacconist.

"Pouf! I fear nothing on earth but dishonour, and—and a woman's tongue," declared Duclos. "Gabrielle, angel of my heart, you are not deceiving us? Madame Lajoie does us the honour to wish to marry one of us?"

"Haven't you received a letter from her? All the town knows. Besides, she has already admitted as much to the Curé; and the Curé told me to—to—" She hesitated for an appropriate word.

"Protect us?" asked the Tobacconist.

"No, no; to reform you," retorted Mademoiselle Gabrielle. "He has his doubts of you both. Monsieur le Curé is a wise man: he distrusts bachelors."

"We return the compliment. Fat black crow!" disrespectfully murmured the Tobacconist.

"Poor lambs! Flon-flon, pim-pom!" mocked Mademoiselle Gabrielle.

"What is to be done?" groaned Duclos.

"Oh, then you do not want to marry?" queried Mademoiselle, with another irrepressible smile.

"Of a surety not," they both declared. "I do not want to marry Madame Lajoie," added the Captain as an afterthought.

Madame Lajoie came out on her verandah and frowned. "You see," declared Mademoiselle Gabrielle, suddenly becoming serious. "Heartbreakers that you are, you no longer belong to yourselves."

"We had better retire on our supports," said Duclos.

Mademoiselle Gabrielle looked at their wooden legs, and her smile was as the smile of an angel. "Poor men, you haven't enough supports to retire upon."

"I spoke à la militaire," hastily corrected the Captain.

Mademoiselle Gabrielle softly whispered something in his ear. "It is the only thing to be done," she insisted, and daintily recrossed the road. "Of a truth, she is an angel," the Captain declared, sighing heavily.

Mademoiselle Gabrielle shook her robe, as with a light flutter of wings, and went indoors.

"How dull the place seems!" said the Captain. "No wonder those artists grumble when she does not sit in the doorway. They're not as mad as they look."

At mid-day, St. Eustache was on the alert; the Captain and the Tobacconist, in reply to another communication from Madame Lajoie, had requested the honour of a private interview with her at four o'clock that afternoon. What did this portend? Was the Captain about to make matrimonial proposals on behalf of the Tobacconist? Or was the Tobacconist about to reciprocate on behalf of the Captain? No one knew, but all the world—the world of St. Eustache—wondered. Even the "mad English" perceived at *déjeûner* that something was in the air, for white wine appeared on the hotel table instead of cider. This, of a surety, was an omen; and Madame Lajoie did not appear to inquire after the health of her guests—a most unusual proceeding on her part. There was one tourist who never could understand that the little knife-rest beside his plate was to put his knife and fork upon, in readiness for the next course. He wanted a fresh knife and fork for every dish. This, Madame had firmly maintained, was an extra. The tourist declined to pay, but spent most of his time in clamouring for clean knives and forks. To-day, in Madame's absence, he got them. Usually, when he succeeded in obtaining a clean knife and fork, she glided noiselessly up to him and took them away. The tourist "chortled," he was so pleased; but still Madame did not appear.

At *déjeûner*, the Captain and the Tobacconist were resplendent — clean-shaved, white-vested, each with an immaculately polished shoe, black coat, and light Sunday trousers. But, in spite of their grandeur, they had no appetites, although, to keep up their courage, they drank the good white wine feverishly, and muttered little encouraging phrases to one another at frequent intervals.

"Pouf!" said the Captain at last. "This will never do, Loriot. We attract the attention of the universe. Besides, we look as if we were going to be taken out and shot. Ask for more ragout."

Loriot asked for more ragout, and pushed it away untasted. "I sympathise with

Monsieur," whispered Marie as she changed his plate. "Naturally, Monsieur has little appetite. Monsieur shall have of the best green figs."

Even this delicate tribute to his weakness for green figs, failed to tempt Loriot's appetite. From time to time, he stole glances at the grimly resolved face of his friend. Then they went back to the shop and waited in oppressive silence until four o'clock, each pretending to be asleep save when an occasional customer disturbed them.

Just before they started for the hotel, Mademoiselle Gabrielle ran over with a couple of rosebuds and pinned them deftly into their coats. "Now, we are fit for execution, mes braves," she said, standing back and surveying Duclos with an indescribable smile. "Be firm. It is the only thing to be done. I wish you well out of it." She fairly ran away.

"It is the only thing to be done. She wishes us well out of it," they echoed dolefully.

Duclos' bright blue eyes twinkled. He brought Loriot a stiff glass of cognac, and took one himself. "Pouf! That's better. Your arm, comrade."

"Comrade, your arm. We will be firm. Let us go!"

They made a gallant show as they stumped across to the hotel. "Does Madame do us the honour to receive?" they asked Marie, with great formality.

Marie had a white cap on her head and a tear in her eye; they looked so innocently brave, and bravely innocent. "Oui, Messieurs," she murmured; and led them to the slaughter.

Madame somewhat grimly received them. She was attired in black satin, wore all her rings, looked sixty-five, and was still busied with accounts. "You wrote to us, Madame," said the Captain plunging into the breach, with all the impetuosity which had cost him his leg.

Madame bowed. "Ah, yes. Pardon, Messieurs; but I had forgotten. Accounts are so engrossing." She reluctantly shut up her ledger, wiped her pen, and surveyed her visitors with a penetrating glance.

"Which of us," pursued the intrepid Duclos, laboriously lowering himself into a chair and motioning Loriot to do the same, "Which of us does Madame wish to honour by marrying?"

Madame's iron mouth relaxed as she put down her spectacles. She even simpered. "I had not decided; it is immaterial," she said graciously. "Arrange it then between yourselves. But it is necessary for the well-being of the hotel for me to marry."

Loriot had an inspiration and was about to speak. Duclos checked him with a wave of the hand. "Madame does not quite understand our position," he said deferentially. "Perhaps Madame will permit me to explain?"

"I know that you are poor. I have assured myself of that." Madame bowed. Her manner implied that the sooner they got to actual business and she could go back to her accounts the better for all parties concerned. That the situation savoured somewhat of humour, never even occurred to her.

"In her gracious kindness and complaisance," continued Duclos, "Madame has never alluded to" (he glanced pensively down at his wooden leg) "our infirmities. If Madame had given the matter her serious consideration, she would have perceived that, practically, we are not two men, but, roughly speaking, only one man and a half."

"Monsieur is right. It had not occurred to me," Madame gravely admitted, as if there might be something in so serious a contention.

"Consequently, if either of us had the honour to marry Madame, Madame would be defrauded. And Madame is perhaps also ignorant of the vow which her generosity has induced us to take?"

As Madame admitted this inevitable ignorance, a steely glitter came into her eyes; the Captain was too fluent; she had underrated both his will-power and his intelligence.

"In consequence of our—our infirmities," solemnly continued the Captain, "we are placed in an awkward predicament. Therefore, we have taken a vow. Both of us will marry Madame—or neither."

Madame considered the Captain's absurd proposal with a simple gravity which showed her earnestness and good faith. "To marry you both would be bigamy." She gave a business-like glance at their respective wooden legs. "After all, a wooden-legged man would damage the parquet floors a good deal. Gentlemen, I have the honour to thank you for your courtesy and to wish you 'good afternoon.' Your proposal is impracticable, and I must ask you to consider the negotiations as ended."

She took up a sheet of paper and ran her eyes down it. "Ah, yes, Monsieur Grosjean, of Plancoet, is next on my list; I will write to him. Marie, show these gentlemen out."

The friends stumped solemnly into the shop. Once inside, they philosophically filled their pipes and sat down. "You have saved me—you and Gabrielle. Henceforth we are safe from Madame Lajoie," murmured Loriot, puffing away. "She will marry Grosjean, of Plancoet."

"Henceforth we are safe," mechanically re-echoed Duclos. "She will marry Grosjean, of Plancoet. How long have we been brothers, Loriot?"

"Since ten years."

"Since ten years! Ah! it is a long time. A long time. Gabrielle has been very good to us. If I were ten years younger and alone! Ah!"

He puffed lazily at his pipe, without moving. A change came over Loriot's face. Duclos had betrayed himself at last.

"You won't leave me, Duclos?" he said tenderly. "I can't live without you. You will never marry?"

"Marry! Pouf!" said Duclos. "Marriage is for the young. I am nearly fifty. Marry! Pouf! You are unnerved. You dream. Another little glass of cognac? Ah! Now, as those mad English say, we are 'all rights'!"

Presently, his pipe dropped into his lap, and would have burned a hole in his beautiful Sunday trousers had not Loriot gently put it on the table. Tired out with the conflicting emotions of the day, Duclos slept. As he slept, he smiled, his lips formed a name.

With a sensation of spying upon his comrade, Loriot bent down and caught the word "Gabrielle."

"He loves her but he won't leave me. He has saved me from that old dragon, yet this is the way I reward him. He is only forty-five; she is thirty. He would still be near me. It is hard. Hard! But I—I—will give him up. He shall not suffer for my sake."

Halting irresolutely on the threshold, Loriot looked back and thought of all the happy days they had passed together in the last ten years, of the faithful friend and comrade Duclos had always been to him. Duclos, with his customary generosity, was sacrificing himself on the altar of friendship. And Gabrielle? Her ready wit had saved them! Must she also be sacrificed?

He came back to Duclos, patted him tenderly on the shoulder, and went out.

Presently, the door opened and Gabrielle stole in. Her lips quivered as she crept up behind the sleeping man's chair. She put her warm, white arms round his neck.

Duclos awoke with a start. "Pouf! What's this?"

"I have come to wake you, Monsieur le Directeur——"

"Directeur!" Duclos rubbed his eyes. "Directeur, Gabrielle! Directeur of what?"

"Of modes," said the audacious Gabrielle.

"But Loriot," faltered Duclos. "I—I can't leave Loriot."

"Eh bien, we'll take it in turns to cross the Place," said Loriot's sad voice.

Gabrielle, smilingly, gave a hand to each. "Angel!" they murmured together, and kissed her hands.

Ruskin's Library

By W. G. Collingwood

IN any strange house, while you wait for your host or hostess, how much you gather of their tastes and ways from the books on the table and in the shelves! You cannot help noticing either the presence or the absence of literature, and you do not need to open the volumes to guess what sort of reading the good people like. Well-known bindings and styles of binding betray them at once; and unless they are abnormally tidy their pet books are sure to be somewhere in the room they use. Of course, one must discount the evidence of a cover which too obviously matches the furniture; and if you are an author, and expected to call, be not too lifted up on spying your own book gracefully displayed. You may assume that working books, professional tools, are in the workshop; and there are few houses without a certain litter of ephemeral printing, magazines and library volumes, necessary for intelligent conversation. But if the people read, you will soon know it, and learn at a glance much about their tastes and characters.

When you know your friends well enough to browse among their books you learn still more. The way they cut their pages, skipping or plodding; and if they ever do scribble on the margins, what they have marked; and which books are much used, and which are exiled to top shelves; and how they are kept —unbound, or perhaps all too beautifully bound; these things tell you more than an autobiography would, more than many years of ordinary acquaintance.

Ruskin's library was scattered all over his house—and though he has been dead these three years, and for many years earlier made little use of his books, the bulk of them still remain pretty much as he left them. At one time, when he was busy upon literary work, he was continually buying, and every corner was heaped with new purchases and old lots weeded out to be given away or sold; but the net result of his choice and taste, what he personally cared for and kept, can be seen by a visitor at Brantwood—the books for constant use in the study, and favourite reading in his bedroom, and the rest dispersed about the place. Most of these books I remember in just these same places twenty-five years ago, or more; so that in taking you into his study I am showing you the workshop where he wrote "Oxford Lectures" and "Fors Clavigera," and handling the tools he used.

Art and Political Economy were the main subjects of those lectures and letters, and I suppose the public assumes that these were the subjects most interesting to him. Whether you are of those who think him great on Art but astray on Economics, or of the later school who have resolved that he never knew anything of Art, but had real insight and foresight in matters social and political, you would expect to find evidences of both—rows of reference volumes, and all the standard works. But they are not here; Art and Political Economy are conspicuous by their absence.

Perhaps you will query my sweeping statement as you take down a volume of Crowe and Cavalcaselle from the "history bookcase" to the right of the fireplace: but see, it is only a stray volume!—and open it; only a few pages are cut, and those considerably bescribbled with dissent. Ought he to have known by heart these authorities on Italian painting? It might have saved him from an error or two, and from some useless discussions; but he knew the pictures themselves, and his business was not to write handbooks, but to bring his readers directly into touch with the generalised human view he took of painting. There is, however, the "Dictionnaire de l'Architecture" of Viollet le Duc, much used in parts, for he alternately admired the research and quarrelled with the conclusions of the great French architect, whose name he persisted in spelling "Violet." There are some very successful artists whose perspective is always wrong; and others whose drawing can always be corrected by an art-student; but they can paint pictures! Ruskin's work is full of little faults: *de mini-*

mis non curat; but he got at the root of the matter, mostly, and he could make you see it. All the tinkering criticism about his mistakes only shows that he thought "first-hand," so to say, and wrote with a full pen.

This bookcase is chiefly made up of Carlyle, Gibbon, Alison, Milman, and the old standards, of course thickly annotated.

(Miss Brickhill, photo)

Ruskin's Library

There are also some volumes of Mr. W. S. Lilly, but you open them and find no sign of life; Ruskin may have read but he has not marked. There is his old copy of Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art" (1847), much read in the period of "Modern Painters," vol. ii. It is stamped with "Mr. Murray's compliments," but that must refer to the previous owner. You see his name in queer cramped pencil "Burgon : Oriel," with Greek e—Burgon of the Greek vase, the High Churchman, whose dark thin face and bright eyes, and humorous contempt for all "doxies" but his own, make him so well remembered by Oxford men of the passing generation. There is something odd in Ruskin's early excursions into primitive Italian art being, as it were, "*vice* Burgon, resigned." Then there is "Roman Antiquities," by Alexander Adam, LL.D., 1819, doubly ear-marked by "John J. Ruskin," and kept for his father's sake, and for the sake of his father's old schoolmaster. Ruskin, at all times, was open to the appeal of associations; all his judgments about men, women and things must be corrected by the personal equation, and without his biography one can never quite rightly appraise his works.

The "Bible of Amiens" and some passages in the latest lectures hint that he was really interested in Anglo-Saxons and Irish Saints.

There is the Venerable Bede, evidently studied, and the life of St. Patrick—you know he was always respectful to the patron of Ireland—but not a leaf cut! There is J. R. Green's "Making of England," appreciatively annotated, and Sharon Turner, much marked and cut down in a reckless way to fit the shelf. A much worse example of this chopping of books is Westwood's "Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS.," a most valuable folio, from which Ruskin has sawn the top edge and ripped out all the best plates. As in the case of his mediæval missals, scribbled on the margin by his irreverent pen, he would say that his books were for use and not for curiosities. On the other hand he bound some volumes much more sumptuously than they deserved. On this shelf there is a very splendid tome, lettered on the back "SWISSE HISTOR.," evidently bound abroad, which on opening you find to be Gaullieur's "La Suisse Historique," much used for intended work on Swiss towns; and another grand, thick, bevelled, gilded, crushed-morocco series lettered "HEPHAESTUS," which turns out to be "Les Ouvriers des Deux Mondes" (Paris, 1857)—the only sample we can find of the Political Economy we were looking for. Nor is there anything of the sort elsewhere in the room.

On the other side of the fireplace is a nest of shelves filling the corner; you see it in the photograph, above the chair where he used to sit in his later years on the fire-ward side of the table: his working chair of the earlier period, with the wastepaper-basket by it, is on the other side of the table, with the light coming from the left. These shelves are full of maps and scraps, presented poems at the top and other gleanings awaiting removal when he should next put his room in order; old Bædekers and chess-books lower down, with the set of chessmen and the little travelling board handy for a game after tea; coin-boxes filled with the British Museum reproductions of those bonny Greek heads, thick, rich and bossy, like nuggets come to life or fossils in metal.

Over the fire are no books, but, as many pictures of the Brantwood study have shown, a della Robbia relief, replacing the Turner which once hung there; and the stuffed kingfisher, Cyprus pottery and figurines, a bit or two of colour in Japanese enamel and Broseley lustre, and in the middle of the mantelpiece the Swiss girl which we have photographed. It is a brown old wood-carving, nearly a foot high, with the vineyard pruning-hook (now broken away) and the *hotte* or creel full of vineleaves; (they use the word *hot* for a pannier or creel in the Cumberland dialect also;) and though the drapery is commonplace—kerchief, corset and skirt—there is something of the fine school of sculpture about the lines, not unworthy of an old Nuremberg bronze. I do not know how or whence this figure came to the Ruskins, but it was old Mrs. Ruskin's before it was brought to Brantwood, and here it is, so to say, the very centrepiece of the house. When he sat writing at his usual place and looked up, his eye would light on it first of all, before rising to the Florentine Madonna above or wandering to the Turners on the wall to the right, or out of window to the lake and mountains and Coniston Old Hall opposite. What has he not said about the beauty of the peasant-girl in the fields as compared with the proud ideals of classic art?—that the painting we most need is to paint cheeks red with health, and so on? Here was always the reminder of that bed-rock principle of his thought. You know how George Borrow describes a writer who used to find his inspiration in a queer portrait over the fireplace? This, I think—though I never heard Ruskin say so, and perhaps it is rather the symbol than the cause—gives us the keynote of his study and the work that went on in it.

The rest of his library represents not so much his professed occupation as what you might call his hobbies. To the left, within reach of the writing-table, all is Botany, and not very modern botany either. Beyond the cases full of Turners in sliding frames, and drawers of business papers, all is Geology and Natural History, mostly out of date, or shall we call it "classical"? There is Mineralogy, old Jameson, and Cloizeaux, gorgeously bound, and Miller, and perhaps a larger number of the handbook class, in French and English, and of more modern date, than

(*Miss Brickhill, photo*)

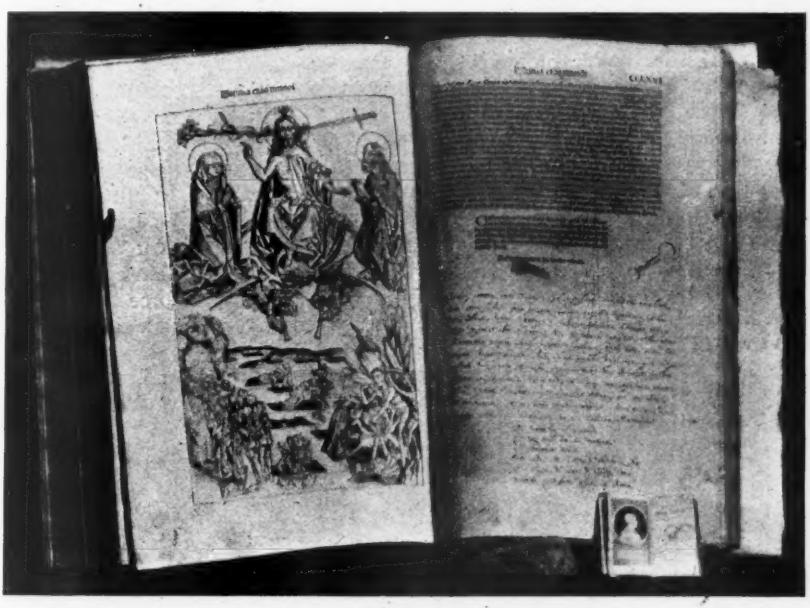
RUSKIN'S SWISS FIGURE

RUSKIN'S LIBRARY

in any other department. There are his old friends Forbes and Phillips on glaciers and geology, and some more recent three-volume treatises with uncomplimentary scribblings on their margins. There is Yarrell's "Birds"—he never could endure the cuts; and three sets of Bewick. One of the most used is Donovan's "British Insects," 8 vols., with coloured plates.

Opposite you find more botany; the nine-

Of poetry and *belles-lettres* he had a great assortment, as might be expected, and mostly in volumes interesting for their history, though not chosen as rare editions. He kept his grandfather's "Burns," his father's "Byron," his own college "Aristophanes," with copious lecture-notes and sketches of the Poetry of Architecture in blank spaces. He had Morris' "Earthly Paradise," "from his friend the author"; a



(Miss Hargreaves, photo)

Two books of Ruskin's—a "Nuremberg Chronicle" and a tiny "Horace"

teen massive folios of "Floræ Danicæ Descriptio," the twenty-seven volumes of the old, old *Botanical Magazine*, with the beautiful plates of Sowerby, the three dozen volumes and index of Sowerby's "English Botany," the six volumes of Baxter's "Island Plants," the nine volumes of Lecoq's "Geographie Botanique," and so forth; all showing his purely artistic and "unscientific" interest in natural history. Modern anatomy and evolution were nothing to him; what he cared about was the beauty of the creatures and the sentiments that clustered round them in mythology and poetry.

"Linnæus" that had belonged to Ray, the great Cumbrian botanist; "A Dyaloge of Syr Thomas More Knyghte" (1530), with the neat autograph, "ffrancis Bacons booke"; and, of course, his Scott manuscripts have been often described by visitors to Brantwood. One little token of unexpected reverence for a name which hasty readers might think was not to be spoken in Ruskin's study, is a tiny duodecimo in yellow silk—"Dialogo di Antonio Manetti," about the site, form, and measurements of Dante's Hell—inscribed apparently by the great artist "di Michelagnol Buonarroti."

Greek authors, and a few translations like Jowett's "Plato"; Missals and Bibles in mediæval Greek and Latin; a few old printed books—"Danthe" (1491), and a couple more "fourteeners"—but only on subjects in which he was interested, such as heraldry—Randle Holmes (1688), and Guillim (1638), coloured by Ruskin and much marked; Douglas' "Virgil" (1553), Chapman's "Homer," the original "Cowley" of 1668, various copies of "Poliphilo," together with standard poets, complete what may be called the bric-à-brac of the shelves above the mineral collection. Some readers of Omar Khayyam may be interested in his dissent to stanza 34, and energetic assent to 21, 25, 45, and 46, scored on the margins in the edition of 1879; and some of his artistic readers, will they be sympathetic or scandalised at his collection of Rodolph Toepffer's Genevese caricatures? There is very little about Art in all these lines of books: Millingen's "Greek Vases," and the still greater work of Lenormant and De Witte are there indeed, but the only other art books are those of two old friends, Prout's "Sketches at Home and Abroad," and Harding's "Elementary Art."

Some of the books he used for special work are in other parts of the house, and many must have been sold or given away when they were done with. A number of those he gave away are in a case at the Coniston Museum, from which we photograph a fine *Nuremberg Chronicle* side by side with the tiny "Horace" he used to carry in his pocket on journeys abroad. In his bedroom he kept a great deal of favourite reading for wakeful nights—Carlyle and Helps, Scott and Byron, Shakespeare and Spenser, Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Genlis, and the books of his youth, a most curious collection of dingy antiquity, with not a few French novels: and elsewhere are the ponderous tomes from which he gleaned. His work was not done without much reference to books; but, after all, it was never compilation. Perhaps it is a truism, but this look round Ruskin's library gives it some freshness and force—that the writing which makes its mark in the world is not the second-hand, patchwork sort, however laborious and however learned. He looked at Nature, and wrote down what he saw; he felt deeply, and wrote what he felt.

Sunday Readings for February

By the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham

FIRST SUNDAY

SOLITUDE IN COMPANY

Acts viii. 39. "And he went on his way rejoicing."

THIS was the "man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, who had charge of all her treasure." He had visited Jerusalem, we remember, as a religious pilgrim, and was now on his way back to the remote region which we know as Abyssinia. Somehow he had become a proselyte to the faith of Israel. To worship the Lord of Israel in His own temple he had got leave of absence from his sovereign, and had found his way, down the Nile, across the Isthmus, up from the Palestinian coast-land, over the hill country, to Mount Moriah. Perhaps it was in Jerusalem that he had bought his copy of Isaiah. However, he possessed the great prophet's scroll, and was reading it aloud to himself as he drove slowly southward, when Philip came up, and, with a tact only the truer because he was filled with the Holy Ghost, got him into conversation about the Lord Jesus Christ.

Not by accident but by the finest touches of the will of God the evangelist came up with the traveller precisely as the traveller was reading Isaiah liii. We need have little anxiety, in the light of that fact, about the

prophetic import of that chapter. The finger of God has here written all over it the name of God's dear Son, the Lamb of Golgotha, the Bearer of our sins, who sees in our salvation the fruit of the travail of His soul.

However, the two men read, and conversed, and opened their souls to one another, driving mile after mile along the solitary road. Then they passed "a certain water," silent and clear amidst the waste. And, lo, the new convert, beholding by faith the truth and glory of his Redeemer, and taught by his guide about that Redeemer's precept of baptism into the Holy Name, descends into the pool, and comes up a disciple indeed, accepted, dedicated, "joined unto the Lord."

How close, tender, profound, must have been the fellowship of hearts between Philip and the Ethiopian! Is there anything which so immediately and so fully opens the depth of one human being to the depth of another as the intercourse which has resulted in the one proving to the other the instrument of conversion? Everything would concur in the case of the Ethiopian to develop that experience to the uttermost. The mystery and beauty of the coincidence of their meeting, the unmistakable hand of God in the conditions under which they met, their isolation from the world of common intercourse, the glorious newness of it all to the traveller—everything would bring him and Philip together with an indescribable intimacy of thought and affection. Years of friendship would spring, as it were, instantaneously out of their converse, when that converse had led one of them, by the other's hand, to the cross, to the face, to the heart, of Jesus Christ.

What bliss now to journey on together! The treasurer will, of course, carry the evangelist with him to be his pastor, and the missionary-father of his native Ethiopia. Philip will be more than ever wanted now to develop the Ethiopian's knowledge and belief, to educate him, to encourage him, to equip him for his new life and its influences.

Not so, not at all. "The Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more." No, never more, till they met in the unseen bliss beyond the veil. No more talk together, nor worship together. As far as we can possibly tell, the new convert went on his vast journey homeward with nothing but his Isaiah and his baptism to help him: bereft of all we understand by Christian surroundings—no Christian public worship, no Christian Communion, no Christian New Testament. Aye, but he had the supreme secret. He had found the LORD.

> For Philip indeed went, but JESUS stay'd,
> And travell'd with His friend.

And Jesus is the fellow traveller still. In solitudes of place, in solitudes of feeling, in the last solitudes of life, time-worn and bereaved, the blessed "Great Companion" can work that miracle still, and show us how to travel, to the end, "rejoicing."

SECOND SUNDAY

THE CONSOLATION OF SPIRITUAL FELLOWSHIP

1 Pet. v. 9. "Knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren which are in the world."

We may re-translate these words, with a very slight paraphrase in one or two details, the better to bring out the meaning of the Greek. "Knowing that the same types of our afflictions are being carried out for your brotherhood which is in the world."

Here the following points appear. First, "the same afflictions," as a phrase, gives way to another phrase which lends itself better to the thought that the "sameness" means not identity of detail, but identity of *sort;* a reflection which will spare us many a useless question in our hours of trial, whether precisely similar incidents can be conceived of as coming into another life. Then the word "accomplished," which might seem to mean "already over," and anyhow might seem only to imply the mere prospect of a termination, gives way to the words "being carried out." And these words put before us the thought of *a process* now going on, and, moreover, of a process which is tending not only to a termination, but to what is far different—an outcome, a result, an achievement, a something developed and attained as the purposed issue of it all. Here

is a contribution real and precious to the full message of the sentence. We are reminded that these "types of our afflictions" are not merely so many dolorous experiences made just tolerable by the thought that some day they will be over;

> For though the day be never so long
> At last it ringeth to evensong;

a view of things which may rise no higher than that of the malefactor on his way to the hideous execution of "the wheel" in old France; *le jour sera fort, messieurs, mais il finira;* "the day will be trying, but it will close!" No, St. Peter has a far different word for us than that. These things "are being carried out," "directed towards an end," as the skilled artificer directs all the blows of his hammer, all the wounds of his chisel, towards the shape and structure present from the first to his mind and reached at last by his manipulation. The Lord is superintending, adjusting, directing these "types of our afflictions"; let that truth be present to the spirit in each hour of suffering, and it will transfigure it. Lastly, our new translation brings to us, in its word "brotherhood," the delightful thought of the cohesion and solidarity of the family of grace. It is not only "brothers"; it is a "brotherhood." Alas, between brothers, taken as units, there may be contentions which are even "as the bars of a castle" (Prov. xviii. 19). But, speak of a brotherhood, and we have before us the thought of brethren bound into heart-unity. The word implies a deep and sympathetic cohesion. It helps us to the thought of a magnetic intercourse, so to speak, alike in trial and in comfort;

> Our bodies may far off remove,
> We still are one in heart.

And now, in what connection does St. Peter place these facts of the spiritual sphere before his readers? He is writing under a great impending shadow of persecution; a time is at hand when the great Enemy will have leave to "sift them as wheat"; "a fiery trial" (iv. 12) is to try them. And those Christians of Asia Minor in the first century were precisely as human as ourselves. Martyrdom was no easier to bear in the age of the martyrs than it is to-day. Lacerated hearts, not to speak of limbs, were then what they are now. Ruined homes, dislocated affections, not to speak of literal fire and sword, were terrific realities in the old world as truly as in this latest hour of time.

What were they to do? Supremely, they were to remember two secrets, which were divinely good for them then, and are equally good for us to-day, whether we are called to to lay down life in the old style (as in China in 1900), or to yield it to the stress of trial in any other form whatever, stern or subtle. First, they were to "resist, made solid by their faith" (so literally); reliant on the Lord their Rock, and so drawing His Rock-strength into their weakness. And then, they were to remember in the dark hour that somewhere, somehow, a similar type of trial was being victoriously met by some fellow believer, in that same strength so met as to be not merely endured but taken as the means to a glorious end, "working out the exceeding weight of glory."

THIRD SUNDAY

THE END OF THE LORD

James v. 11. "Ye have seen the end of the Lord."

St. James here, as we remember, refers to Job. He briefly sums up the memorable book which bears that name under two headings, "the patience of Job," and "the end of the Lord." Terribly did the patriarch suffer. Not always did he suffer well; some sorrowful words, some even deplorable words, escaped him in his bewilderment of loss and misery, physical and mental. But upon the whole, in a very wonderful way, he had "patience"; he persisted in the conviction that the eternal Judge was on the side of right, not wrong, though the temptations to think the opposite seemed to crowd around his darkened eyes. Then at length the Lord interposed in direct remonstrance with His servant. He brought him to his knees in complete confession and surrender, by a path which we certainly should not have forecast, the manifestation of His inscrutable wisdom and power in the glories of creation.

However, to his knees Job was brought, breathing out words which are now immortal as the voice for ever of the awakened soul; "Mine eye seeth Thee, therefore I abhor myself." Then comes "the end of the Lord." He turns towards His servant in a benign and wonderful reversal of his sorrows, yes, and a more than reversal. He gives him the splendid privilege of being the prevailing intercessor for his misguided friends, and then heaps upon him a rich abundance of temporal mercies, lighted up with the light of the smile and peace of God.

There is a message here which reaches far beyond the particular circumstances. Is not this view of the character of our gracious God, as it comes out in "the end of the Lord," a view to suggest encouragement to troubled faith under innumerable varieties of trouble? Does it not suggest to us the weight and truth of the often repeated appeals of Scripture, not least in the Psalms, to "wait for the Lord"? "Blessed are all they that wait for Him." "My soul, wait thou only upon God." "Since the beginning of the world men have not heard nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him." "Said I not unto thee that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

It is the very nature and function of faith, of reliance, to wait. "What a man seeth," says the great Apostle, "why doth he yet hope for?" Similarly, "What a man seeth, what is before him this moment, why doth he yet trust for?" Faith, to take a practical definition, is reliance, *more or less in the dark*, upon the undisclosed action and purpose of a trustworthy person. It is a confiding expectation of "the end of" that person. And it will be more or less true to its nature, it will be more or less patient and willing to wait, other things being equal, as the person trusting more or less knows, is sure of, is satisfied with, the character and capacity of the person trusted.

In the case of Christian faith, the trusting person is the mortal man who has, by grace, got some sight of the trustworthiness of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. And in proportion to his insight into the divine character of the Person trusted will be the simplicity, the repose, the inextinguishable hope, of his reliance.

To aid us in this attitude of faith, an attitude distinctively and supremely Christian, let us remember often "the end of the Lord," the way in which His heart, repressing itself for a while, for good and disciplinary purposes, delights in the end to pour itself out in blessing. This is a characteristic of the action of our Lord and God, this breaking out of the sun after the discipline of cloud.

Let us remember this when our own life, in its personal experiences, has the shadows upon it. Those shadows are not "the end of the Lord." It is His character not to bring the clouds finally upon the sun, but the sun finally out of the clouds.

Let us remember it when we are sad about the Church. Poor Church Visible. Truly she is not her own Saviour. But the Lord has her in His care. And He has not exhausted His resources. Mighty revival lies yet in His hand. Let us wait for the "end of the Lord."

Let us remember it for the weary, rebellious world. It has destroyed itself; it cannot possibly restore itself. But we have not yet seen, even for the world, "the end of the Lord."

FOURTH SUNDAY

"YE ARE OF MORE VALUE"

St. Luke xii. 7. "Fear not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Our blessed Lord makes two allusions to the sale of sparrows, allusions singularly beautiful and significant from His lips, letting us understand a little how His sacred thought took in the smallest and the commonest things of earthly life. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" is His question in Matt. x. 29. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?" is His question in Luke xii. 7; showing that He condescended to notice how, when "a quantity was taken," one poor little bird was thrown into the bargain. And

then, in connection with this pathetic cheapness of the tiny animal lives, comes in this assurance on the part of the eternal Son about the character of the eternal Father; "one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father;" "not one of them is forgotten before God." Infinitely tender, infinitely humane assurances! Remember them well when the distressing problem, perhaps the distressing sight, of the sufferings of helpless, of affectionate, of beautiful animals is upon your heart. Human maltreatment of animals is as painful a phenomenon of the world as can be named, next under the tremendous phenomenon of the cruelty of man upon man. And "the silence of God" seems, as a rule, to be unbroken over this sad scene. But here, through that silence, comes the Son of God, knowing all things that lie in the infinite heart of the Father, with whom He is one. And He says that no sufferings of the animal world are taken as nothing by the Eternal; "not one is forgotten before Him." The poor tortured dog, the worn-out horse, the maltreated bird —eternal eyes are upon them all. The universe will surely hear, further of it for the supreme King remembers and takes note. Woe to the will that thinks scorn of the sufferings of the animal, whether the conditions of cruelty be savage or civilised, half bestial, or cloaked with a scientific plea. "Not one of them is forgotten before God."

But our chief concern to-day is not with the animal, but with the man. The Lord Jesus spoke thus of the sparrows that He might with the more emphasis speak of His human followers, and of the thoughts of Himself and His Father about them; their personal work and value in those same divine eyes which took note of the birds and of their death. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Here is a side of truth which is not always prominent in the Bible. The Law, the Prophets, the Master Himself and His Apostles, very often indeed present the exactly opposite side, the abasement of man, the utter and absolute unworthiness of man, the wonder that lies in God's taking account of him, above all the miracle of the mercy that God exercises in forgiving him, and allowing him to be his Lord's accepted disciple and servant at all. Yes, the message of man's total dependence on the Lord as His creature, and entire unworthiness of the least of His mercies as His sinning creature, is large in the Bible. It is not too much to say that without the fullest recognition of that message and the sincerest sympathy with it we shall find the Bible, the Gospel, the Christ, either insoluble enigmas, taken as they stand, or voices which for us have only a faint attraction.

But then there is, thank God, this other side. There is a point of view from which man, and now particularly believing man, is of mighty "value" in the eyes of his Father and his Saviour. True, he is a creature. But he is the creature made in the Creator's image. True, he is a sinner. But he is capable, in his Saviour, of such a transfiguring restoration that he can be the temple of the Spirit here, and the exact reflection of the unveiled glory of Christ hereafter.

Yes, man is of "value" before God. He is no mere piece upon a chess-board. He is the precious masterwork of the eternal creating Love, and the dear object of that same Love redeeming. He is, let us dare to say it, sacred to his Lord. He is of "value" to Him, a value indefinitely greater than that of all the lovely tribes whose innocent life flits in the forest and sings beneath the vernal skies.

Then let him respond to the sublime regard of Him who made him, and who has saved him. Let him, let us, look up into those man-loving eyes, and "yield ourselves unto God" with joy.

The Joke of His Life

By Marion Ward

Illustrated by A. D. M'Cormick

OLD André gave a sudden chuckle. Half a dozen bronzed faces rose instantly into the yellow circle of light cast by the camp fire and looked at him expectantly.

There was a respectful silence. Then: "What's the joke, boss?" inquired a bearded giant, deferentially.

André chuckled again.

"Any o', you bin down to Roxley lately?" he asked, slowly, a twinkle in his shrewd old eyes.

One misguided man answered. He was a new comer. "I hev," he replied, cheerfully, then dropped his jaw amazed at the furious glances that were levelled on him from all around.

All old André's pleasantness vanished. "Oh, you hev, hev you?" he said with a surly stare at the innocent offender, and relapsed into an aggrieved silence.

The perplexed culprit sought mute counsel from his companions. "I was only there a little while," he ventured presently, meekly, "on bisness."

Old André looked at him. "I s'pose you heerd all abouter Silas?" he said ungraciously.

The man's neighbour pinched him violently.

"Say no, you darned fool," he whispered fiercely.

And bewildered and confused the other blurted out: "I—I nivver set eyes on the man—nivver knew there was sich a person. I—ow!" the last elicited by a second vigorous pinch from his left-hand neighbour.

"That'll do; don't pile it on any thicker," came warningly.

And the man desisted, wondering how on earth he could have uttered such a desperate lie when he was Silas Begg's bosom friend.

"What abouter him?" insinuated the giant, delicately.

André began to twinkle again, and the tension of the group relaxed. The danger signal was down, and "all right ahead" was gaily flying once more. He settled himself to his story.

"Came about thiser way," he said. "You know Silas Begg allays was the orneriest fool in cre-ation"—(here, stirred by reproachful conscience, the repentant Judas showed an inclination to break in, but the young 'un put a forcible hand over his mouth, and he subsided unwillingly). "Ever sence he was a little kid folks hev allays said, when anything untoward happened to him: 'Oh, Silas! Well, you know, he allays was a fool.' And I guess twas the truest word they ever spoke. Not that theer's anything bad in him—best tempered chap goin', only so darned silly. Well, one day not long sense they was a-chaffin' him fur bein' so sorter simple, and he lost his temper 'n got mad. It was that sharp-tongued, little nipper o' a Doc. that riled him up so. 'Why, Silas,' he said, slyly, 'don't believe you ever made a joke in your life—jest you wouldn't know how.' Silas, his face got red and he answered back purty sharp. But he warn't no match for the Doc., and purty soon he found the room hotter 'n he could stan'. 'He'd a show 'em all some day whether he could or not,' he said, and bounced outer the room. Well, every one else forgot all about the whole biz, but he didn't. He thought about it and got madder and madder, though he didn't say nothing. Well, so one day he 'lowed he must go up to New York on bisness, and he said good-bye to Mrs. Silas and Mrs. Robert (that's his sister 'at lives with them, you know), and off he went. Hadn't been gone above a fortnight when down come a black-edged letter to say as how a devasting fever 'd laid him low fust day he got there, and took him off quick, and he'd been buried

at once, 'count thet the infection shouldn't spread. 'N the letter went on to say as 'ow he'd sent his dear love to Mrs. Silas and Mrs. Rob., and thet his last solemn wish was thet they shouldn't visit his grave fur six clear weeks fur fear it might be infected; 'n also he begged them solemn not to go puttin' on black cloes fur him, as he couldn't abide 'em. Well, when they got thet there letter them two women were stricken with grief, fur 'lowing he was a fool, he'd bin a good husband 'n a loving, 'n Mrs. Si. was main 'n fond o' him, so 'twas a great sorrow to her. Mrs. Silas she said first, p'raps twas all a mistake—p'raps it warn't true, but Mrs. Rob. she cried harder 'n shook her head 'n said: 'It must be true, there couldn't be no mistake, for 'twas writ in his own hand-writing, 'n Silas never told a lie in his life, ef he was a fool.' And then Mrs. Si. see there could be no hope 'n no mistake 'n she jest cried her eyes out. So they sent out to all theer friends to tell them of his death, and then they set about buying the mourning—fur though the letter had said not, as Mrs. Rob. said, wiping her eyes: 'Pore dear Silas allays was a fool.' So they bought a whole rig-out, most expensive they could find, fur Mrs. Si. said sorrowful: 'Ef he hadn't bin done justice to in life he should in death.' So they jest rigged themselves out like two wimmen funeral hosses. Well, 'bouter three weeks afterwards it was, Mrs. Si. and Mrs. Rob. were settin' in the back parlour kinder mournful hilarious—they'd jest had a tea-party fur friends and condolences, and hot muffins and sponge cakes to their tea, and now all the guests was gone Mrs. Si. got kinder low-spirited and talkin' 'bouter it all. And Mrs. Rob. she sympathised and told of how she felt when pore Robert died, and so they got talking comfortable in the dark room. Mrs. Si. she sighed and said as how she'd hoped of there being some mistake at first, until she noticed the handwritin', and then she knew there couldn't be none. And Mrs. Rob. she sighed too and said no. And then Mrs. Robb kinder pulled herself up and stared at Mrs. Si. so queer that Mrs. Si. jumped quite scared, and said what was she a-lookin' at her in that way for? And then Mrs. Rob. said kinder scart and slow: 'Annie!—how could—he—'a writ that letter—in his grave?' And Mrs. Si. she burst out crying and said how *could* she say such dreadful things? And Mrs. Rob. still looked at her very queer, and she says kinder whispering: 'Well, *but* —if *he* writ it, and it tells o' *his* death, it must 'a' bin arter——'; and then Mrs. Si. she stopped cryin' all o' a suddint and she stared at Mrs. Rob., and Mrs. Rob. she stared at her, and at last Mrs. Rob. she says, hushed like: 'Could he——?' Mrs. Si. she stamped with her foot and she said, sharp: 'He just wouldn't *dare!*' And then they stared at each other again. Just at that minnit Mrs. Rob., she happent to look across at the winder, and suddintly she gave a little howl and clutched at Mrs. Si., and Mrs. Si. gave a howl too and clutched at her and said: 'Oh, what was she a-doin'?' And then she looked too, and there, skulking past the house and peeking in kinder furtive was Silas himself!"

André stopped a full minute to let this telling point sink in, and not one dared for his life to say a word, which sign of respect made him continue in right good humour:

"Yes, him it was in flesh and blood, and a madder pair o' wimmen you never did see. But they wouldn't be done—wimmen allays hev the last word you know in argiffication *or* joke—so they put their two heads together and before they went to bed that night they'd writ a note to every one of their friends and sent it round by little Marth', the chore-girl. That's the way wimmen allays get the best o' us, bein' so quick with their wits."

He paused again and looked slowly round at the excited faces. He had the true narrator's trick of always stopping at the most critical point. Then he slowly drew from his pocket a huge chunk of tobacco and began leisurely to hew himself a quid with his great jack-knife.

The eyes watched him anxiously.

He had the true narrator's trick of always stopping at the most critical point

"Well?" suggested the young 'un, timidly, at length.

Old André took no notice. He very deliberately cut it even, and trimmed all the edges with accurate nicety, and then slowly and carefully inserted it in his cheek. Then he looked at them and smiled kindly.

"Well, next day"—a sigh of relief went round, and his smile broadened appreciatively—"next day nothin' happened till the evenin'. I guess he didn't dare venture till 'twas dark, but then up he goes and knocks at the door. Little Marth' opens it—she's a shrewd little gal, bright's paint — and she looks at him kinder inquiring. Silas he grins kinder foolish, and he says: 'Good evenin', Marth',' and he goes to push by her into the house. But Marth' was too quick for him. 'Go 'long wi' your "Marth","' she says, sharp like, lookin' at him unrecognising, 'I know *your* kind, but you don't get inter *this* house, Mr. Burglar, not if I knows it!' and the plumps herself straight in front o' him. Silas he gets red's a turkey, and he says, sheepish: "Why, Marth', you ain't forgot me, surlee? I'm Silas Begg com' back again.' Little Marth' she looks up and winks, and then she puts up her apron and begins ter cry. 'Oh, you bad, wretched man, to say sich a thing!' she says, sobbin', 'pore dear master's bin dead and in heaven this three weeks 'n more.' Silas he looks reg'lar taken aback, and he sounds quite scared as he says: 'But I'm not dead, it was only pretence. Don't you know me, Marth'?' 'No, I don't!' says Marth', snappy-like, 'and what's more you can just git!' and she gives him a push and slams the door to in his face.

"Well, Silas, he felt sorter queer, but just then he sees the little Doc. passing, and he rushes and catches holt of his arm. 'Wal, Doc.', he cried, trying to sound hilarious, 'can't I play a joke now? How air you arter all this time?' The little Doc. looks him up and looks him down, and then he shakes his hand offer his arm, and he says, kinder freezin' polite: 'I beg you pardon, my good sir, but you have made a mistake. I really do not know you from Adam.' Silas, he gives a kind o' choke. 'But I'm Silas!' he cries, desperate like. 'It was all a joke. I'm Silas Begg come back!' The little Doc. looks at him very stern. 'You must be mad, man, or drunk,' he says, solemn's a judge. 'Silas Begg died three weeks ago,' and with that off he walks and leaves Silas standin' there, and not sure whether he's a-standin' on his head or his heels.

"Well, that night, as he darsen't go home again, Silas went to the inn to stay, and he thought sure they'd know him there, anyhow. So up he goes to the black waiter, and, 'Well, Sambo?' he says, mighty friendly, and Sambo he bows and he says: 'Evenin', sar; what is your pleasure, sar?' Silas he sorter turns green, and he says: 'I'm Silas, Sambo, Silas Begg; don't you know me?' And Sambo he flings up his hands and rolls his eyes till they're all white, and he cries out: 'Mussiful Hebens, it's a looney!' and off he skoots as fast as he kin go.

"And everywhere it's just the same. Nobody knows him, nobody reckernises him, and Silas grows at last he don't hardly know himself. Well, one night he feels so mournful and so queer that he makes up his mind to go down store and hev a game o' cards, for, he says, desperate-like, 'they *must* remember me there!" for all this time he hadn't dared venture his face out o' doors. So he waits till it's night, and then he goes down and he marches straight into the card-room. 'Good evenin', boys,' he says, very pleasant, and tryin' all he knew to look easy and brassy. But soon's they heard his voice every one stopped talking and looked at him same's if they'd never clapped eyes on him afore, and the man came forrard mighty polite and offered the stranger a cheer. But Silas he couldn't stand no more; his face went white and his eyes bulged, and he yelled out: 'I'm Silas Begg, you durned fools!' and then stood glaring and shakin' all over. Then the manager tells him sharp he must quit if he don't behave decent and stop speakin'

evil of the dead, and at that Silas rushes kinder frantic straight at me and cries out: 'André, you tell me—in heaven's name who am I?' Well, I sorter pitied the poor beggar, he looked so wild and wretched-like, but I thought of them two pore wimmen what he'd deceived so cruel, and I looked at him solemn and sarcastic and I said: 'I'm not good at readin' men's names writ on their forrards. If you'll tell me fust though, I'm willin' to oblige.' And when I said that Silas he flings up his arms with a kinder screech and rushes plumb outer the house.

"That night Mrs. Si. was settin' alone in the kitchen—little Marth' had just stepped down to the store ter get something—and all of a suddint the door flung open, and Silas, all haggard and wild and pasty-coloured, rushed in and tumbled in a blubberin' heap on the floor at her feet. 'Oh Annie, Annie, for God's sake!' he gasped out, 'tell me true: am I Silas P. Begg, or am I a stark-starin' looney?'"

André stopped finally and chortled reminiscently.

"What'd she do?" came in an eager chorus.

André took out his quid, expectorated freely, and put it back.

"Wal," he drawled slowly, "bein' as she was a woman and soft-hearted, she could only do one thing—but she lows more'n ever now that Silas allays was a fool."

One Gift

You are my dearest; therefore I will give
My best to you so long as I shall live;
And, as my best is naught compared with you,
I add my griefs as complement thereto.
But, wonderful it is, my griefs grow light
When they are brought, Dear Heart, within your sight;
Therefore I add to these my hopes and prayers,
Brimful of trust, and free from fears and cares;
These fly to Heaven, and leave me here to live,
Poor, but for love, which you are pleased to give.
This, Dear, your gift, which came to me in need,
Blesses my life and makes me rich indeed.
Rich but in this—this only I can give—
Love that is yours—as long as I shall live.

DAISY CLARK.

Handwriting Curiosities and Problems

By T. W. Wilkinson

HANDWRITING affords an inexhaustible field for study and conjecture. The particular factors which give it individuality, its infinite variations, the impossibility of disguising it, the changes it undergoes through disease—these and other circumstances make it a study of great and lasting interest. And, though a whole library has been written about and around it, there is much more yet to be learned of its peculiarities.

How does a man get his own distinctive style of handwriting? Does it, as Dogberry says, "come by nature," or is it acquired? There is often so great a resemblance between the "fists" of different members of a family that the possibility of handwriting being inherited cannot be doubted. Sometimes that resemblance consists mainly of a little mannerism, while at others it is seen in the whole style of caligraphy, and is not less marked than the more common facial resemblance of those who are akin. Indeed, by chirography alone a relationship could be established in some cases.

The autographs of the Royal Family show one amusing inherited characteristic. It is a stroke made after the name has been written. The Prince Consort finished off by drawing this above the word; the King does likewise, only his Majesty's final touch is more commonplace, since it is below his name; and the late Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg took the middle course, writing "Alfred," and then sweeping his pen through it. This is not the only resemblance between the autographs of the Royal Family; but it is the most striking and persistent feature of them as a whole.

Of more general similarities in handwriting there are many instances. A number may be found in the signatures of Charles and Mary Lamb (Fig. 1), and combined they loudly proclaim the writers to have been brothe and sister. The family likeness, moreover, extended to the ordinary caligraphy with one rather important difference—the genial essayist's sloped upwards and his sister's downwards. By the same testimony the two Pitts (Lord Chatham and William Pitt *secundus*) were indubitably father and son. The close resemblance between their signatures (Fig. 2) is, indeed, remarkable. Equally striking was the similarity between the signs-manual of the Colmans, *père et fils* (Fig. 3), both having the same form and characteristics.

Fig. 1

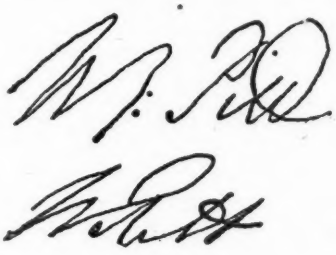


Fig. 2

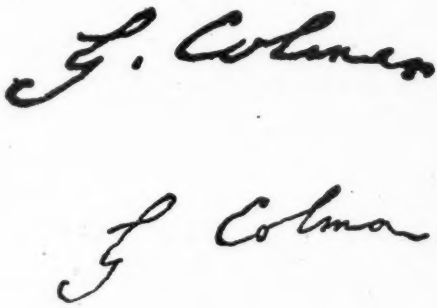


Fig. 3

Among contemporaries there are many

no less singular cases of heredity in handwriting. Perhaps the most curious is that

Fig. 4

of the Grossmiths, George and Weedon, whose signatures (Fig. 4) ought to be sufficient to establish their relationship in a court of law. Notice in particular the "G," as well as the "mith" in the surname.

That even so close a resemblance may be the result of imitation, deliberate or unconscious, is often exemplified in the writings of people who are intimately associated, and in those of man and wife. A clerk frequently practises some of his employer's little tricks of the pen; a neurotic girl will re-form her hand after that of anybody to whom she becomes attached; a wife's hirography, when there is a strong marital affinity, often slowly changes till at last it has many of the characteristics of her husband's, and two or three employés trained in the same establishment have in many instances "fists" with more than a superficial resemblance. All this proceeds from imitation, which is sometimes practised of set purpose and at others unknowingly. But in Mr. Weedon Grossmith's case the signature is typical of the general hand (Fig. 5), particularly as regards the peculiar "G" and the manner of crossing the "t."

For a further instance of inherited traits in the same family, look at the signature of Geo. Grossmith, junr. In it the characteristic "G's" again crop out. If every son wrote so much like his sire, forgery would be a good deal commoner.

A careful study of autographs will reveal another fact that goes to prove that caligraphy may be inherited. Sometimes a man's

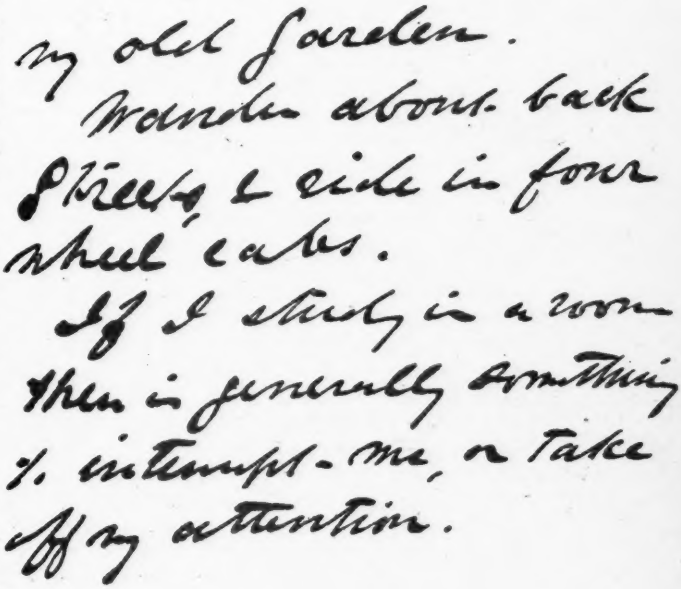
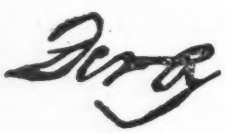


Fig. 5

hand, while very different from his father's, is similar to his grandfather's or great grandfather's. Just as a good or bad quality or a disease—inebriety, for instance—may apparently die out in a family and yet show itself again after remaining dormant in one generation, so handwriting characteristics may be arrested in transmission, with the result that in some cases we find marked resemblances in family autographs written with long intervals between.

There is an illustration of this peculiarity in the three signs-manual of members of the house of Stanley (Fig. 6). The first is the signature of Edward Stanley, twelfth Earl of Derby, who died in 1834; the second that of Edward Geoffrey, the fourteenth Earl, him whom Lytton described as



> The brilliant chieftain, regularly great,
> Frank, haughty, bold—the Rupert of Debate;

Fig. 6

and the third is the autograph of Edward Henry, the late Earl. Little or nothing in common have the first and the second signatures; but compare the first with the third, and they appear to be two examples of the same man's sign-manual—the one written in the autumn of life and the other in middle age. The family likeness is distinct, unmistakable.

Hundreds of households contain writings showing the same interesting effect of transmitted traits. And this circumstance, coupled with the resemblance often discernible in the "fists" of living members of a family, shows that, as Darwin and others have maintained, heredity sometimes plays an important part in giving "character" to handwriting. Our caligraphy never wholly "comes by nature," because no two men write alike. A man's hand is as much a part of himself as his face. "By my life," says Malvolio, after he has picked up the letter which Maria has thrown into the garden, "this is my lady's hand; these be her very c's, her u's, and her t's; and thus she makes her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand." And with equal confidence can we identify the caligraphy of anybody known to us. But, while handwriting is never altogether hereditary, never inherited as a man may inherit a physical blemish, it is beyond question often partly so. The law seems to be this: when the mental features of parent and child, of two brothers, or of brother and sister, are similar, the handwritings are likely to be similar, and the closer the likeness between them the more striking will be the resemblance in their chirography.

Another interesting problem in connection with handwriting is how the authenticity or falseness of a sign-manual can be clearly established. Numerous people make anxious inquiries on this point at banks, because occasions arise, of course, when such proof would be of great value. Everybody knows that a gentleman sometimes declares that he did not write a signature purporting to be his on a cheque, deed, or other document; and there have been many cases where he has, presumably in good faith, persisted in his disavowal, despite the evidence of experts and of ordinary witnesses to the contrary. On the other hand, how often do interested parties impugn the genuineness of a signature to a will or deed after the owner has departed this life!

For these and other reasons some method of identification is badly needed, but it is by no means easy to discover one. As a solution of the problem some men use different forms of signatures according to circumstances. In general, these vary only in minute details, such as those which can be detected in the three signatures of Sir John Tenniel (Fig. 7). The first and second the famous cartoonist used as trade marks,

or, in other words, for signing his work; the third is his ordinary signature. The differences, in fact, consist for the most part in varying the formation of letters, the shape and size of the dot over the "i," the crossing of the "t," etc. And in practice a man who adopts this system makes

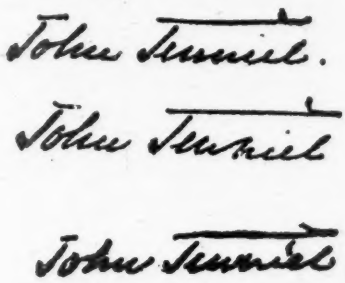


Fig. 7

use of his "private mark" in signing cheques only, so that if a forger obtained his letter signature and reproduced it on a cheque, the swindle would be discovered immediately the slip was presented for payment at the bank.

No device of this kind, however, can be a really efficient safeguard. A forged cheque for a large amount was, for instance, cashed not long since without giving rise to the slightest suspicion. The teller examined the signature with more than ordinary care, and, as its form was above reproach, and it contained the "private mark" of the presumable drawer, he passed it unhesitatingly. Yet the signature was a forgery, which had been effected by tracing a genuine example on another cheque.

If a private mark is to be such in reality, it must be something practically invisible to the naked eye, an unvarying part of the signature, and so simple that it can be made in full view of a second party without his knowing its character or object. Expert forgers are keenly on the alert for whatever does not fulfil these conditions. To stimulate ingenuity we suggest a check which does answer the requirements. Let a man, after he had written his signature, pass his pen downwards through some particular upstroke, as if merely giving a finishing touch to a part where an accidental break has occurred through the ink not running freely or some other cause. The result will be a double line which, if made properly, will present no peculiarity to the eye of the forger; but it will be seen under a microscope, and by photo-micrography its special character can be demonstrated in a court of law. The example here given (Fig. 8) shows such a private

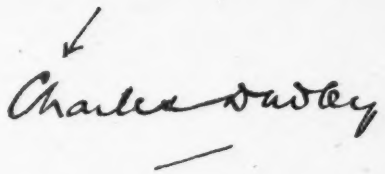


Fig. 8

mark in the up-stroke of the capital C. Although invisible to the naked eye, it is quite plain by the camera.

The infinite variations in handwriting constitute an important branch of a fascinating study. If it is strange that no two persons write alike, how much more so that it is beyond the power of any man to sign his name twice in exactly the same way—that is, pen two signatures which, on being superimposed, shall exactly tally in every particular! No doubt many persons believe that they form their signature with machine-like sameness; but it is an axiom of experts that such a thing is impossible, and when they find two identical examples of a sign-manual they know of a certainty, not only that one is spurious, but that it has been forged by means of tracing.

Besides varying in normal circumstances from hour to hour and day to day, one's writing undergoes inflections by reason of the vicissitudes of life. Ill-health in particular greatly modifies a hand. Caligraphy being a method of muscular expression, it is affected by anything which disturbs nervous control and the distribution of nervous energy; and this is so well recognised at the present time that writing is becoming more and more important a factor in the diagnosis of disease. Of course the physician has long made valu-

able deductions from the handwriting of the insane, but now he learns much in some cases from the chirography of a patient whose mind is well balanced.

Many remarkable cases in point are on record. In one a change was observed in the writing of a gentleman shortly before he was seized with a fatal illness. Two or three years later a precisely similar thing was noticed in the hand of the deceased's brother, who subsequently succumbed to the same disease; and history repeated itself again not very long ago, the handwriting of another brother, now dead, showing the first symptom of the scourge which has proved so fatal to the family. Here are three parallel instances of chirography undergoing an inflection as a precursor of mortal illness.

Insanity is indicated by writing in many ways, notably, perhaps, by two pronounced features, ornamentation and underlining. As a patient grows worse, and his active brain teems with grandiose ideas, so his caligraphy becomes more and more florid, till at last it abounds with extravagant curves and flourishes. Underscoring increases in like manner, many lunatics further emphasising words and sentences by enclosing them in circles, squares, etc. The letter we partly reproduce in *fac-simile* (Fig. 9), addressed by an asylum inmate to the Home Secretary, affords a typical illustration of the employment of such devices, though some lunatics are more lavish with them. Occasionally even the address on a letter which a poor deluded creature hands to an attendant with strict injunctions to post is underscored and surrounded with a border.

Though a love of flourishes and perfect sanity may co-exist, frequent underlining, in the opinion of some eminent experts in lunacy, is always symptomatic, even in an ordinary and presumably sound-minded letter writer, of obscure nervous affection. A well-known "mad doctor," indeed, once

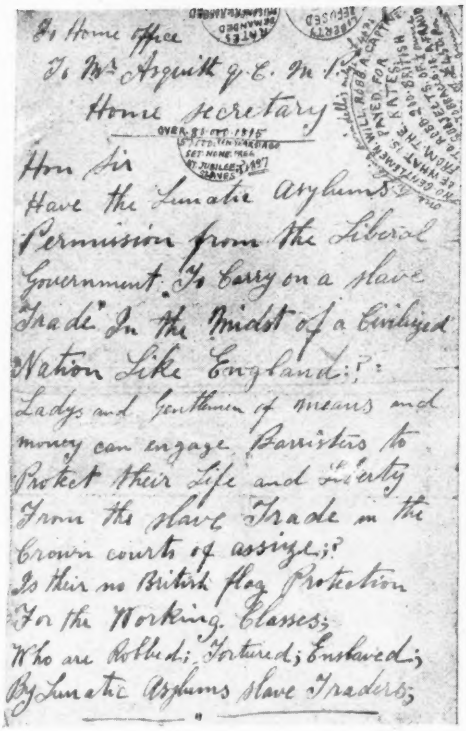
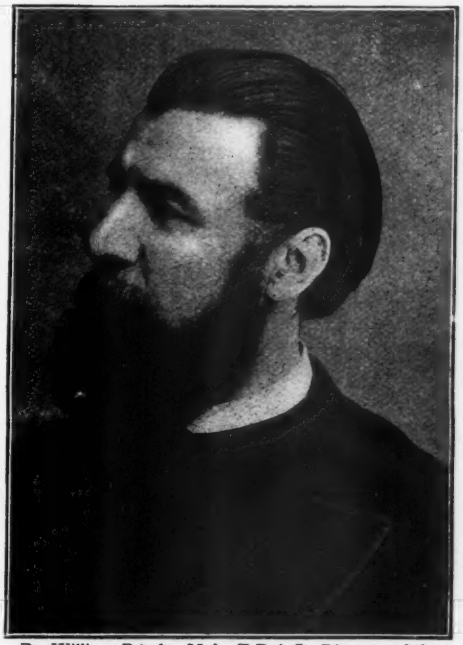

To Home Office
To Rt Asquith q.C. M.P.
Home secretary
Hon Sir
Have the Lunatic Asylums
Permission from the Liberal
Government. To Carry on a slave
Trade In the Midst of a Civilized
Nation Like England:?:
Ladys and Gentlmen of means and
money can engage Barristers to
Proteet their Life and Liberty
From the slave Trade in the
Crown courts of assize:?
Is their no British flag Protection
For the Working Classes;
Who are Robbed; Tortured; Enslaved;
By Lunatic Asylums slave Traders;

Fig. 9

stated that he invariably regarded with a certain amount of suspicion the mental condition of such an individual. Surely, however, allowance ought to be made for the age and the sex—particularly the sex—of the writer! The underscorings in young ladies' letters are, as Lowell says, "a wonder even to themselves under the colder north-light of matronage."

Chirography, however, has yet much to teach us. We have not discovered all its secrets, nor the full significance of its modulations in health and disease. To the patient student it will long yield knowledge—knowledge, perhaps, of value to all the civilised human race.



Dr. William Brooks, M.A., F.R.A.S., Director of the Smith Observatory and Professor of Astronomy, Hobart College, Geneva, New York State

Taking Photographs by the Light of Venus

By Herbert C. Fyfe.

EVER since the invention of Photography men of science and amateurs have been endeavouring to learn all they can about the wonderful process which enables images of objects to be caught on a sensitive plate in such a way that prints can be made from it even after long intervals of time.

Whilst in the great majority of photographs that are taken the light from the sun is used to produce a picture, it is quite possible to get good results by employing other methods of illumination.

It is possible to photograph by means of ordinary gas-light, acetylene gas, the electric light, the oxy-hydrogen light, magnesium light, etc.

The electric light is now utilised by most of the fashionable photographers of the day with very good effect, and thus the sitter is under no necessity to wait for a fine day. Some time ago an excellent series of photographs taken at night by means of the light coming from the gas lamp-posts was exhibited at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition, and most amateurs are aware that on a fine moonlight night good photographs can be taken.

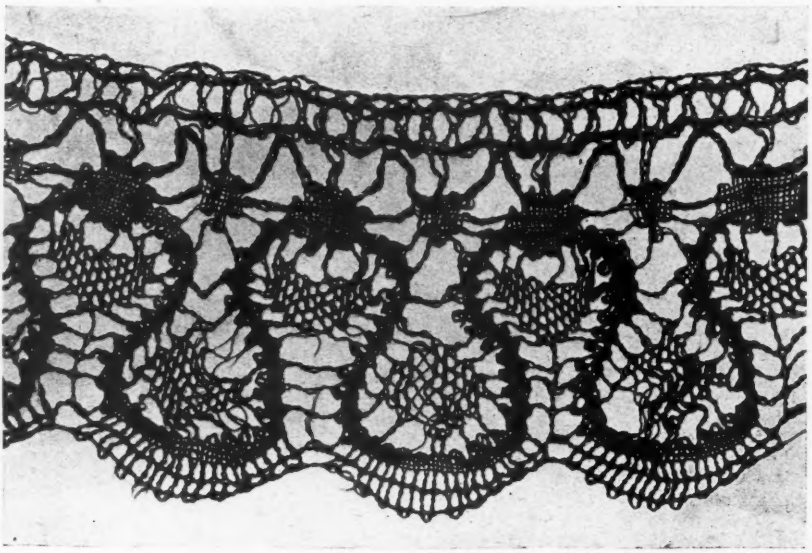
The word Photography comes, as everybody knows, from two Greek words, denoting "writing by light"; but the recent experiments undertaken by Dr. W. J. Russell go to prove that light, as we understand it, is not necessary for the production of pictures upon photographic plates. Dr. Russell has found that numerous substances are capable of acting on a sensitive plate by producing an image upon it when

the object to be photographed and the plate are shut up in a cupboard to which no light can penetrate.

The newest advance in photography is the discovery that photographs can be taken by means of the light of the stars. This wonderful fact has been ascertained by Dr. William R. Brooks, F.R.A.S., Director of the Smith Observatory and Professor of Astronomy in Hobart College, Geneva. N.Y., who has kindly allowed me to reproduce here some photographs he has taken himself by light coming solely from the planet Venus.

Of course, the fact that a star or a planet can be made to produce its image on a sensitive plate has been long known, and the photographing of the heavens is now part of the work of every observatory. In the present instance the light from the planet was made to produce images of objects on photographic plates, and also to make negatives from positives, and transparencies and positives from negatives.

Nos. 1 and 2 are photographs of pieces of lace produced entirely by light from Venus. A piece of clear glass was placed in a photographic printing frame on which was laid the piece of lace; on this a gelatine dry plate was placed, the back of the frame was then closed so that glass, lace, and plate were all in contact. The plate was exposed to the rays of light coming from Venus through the open shutter of the observatory dome, and care was taken that all other light should be carefully excluded. The time of exposure was about thirty-five minutes, and in the darkest hour of the night after Venus had risen.



No. 1. Lace photographed by the light of Venus

Illustration No. 3 was not taken in quite the same way as Nos. 1 and 2, which are direct pictures of an object photographed by the light from a distant planet. It is simply a reproduction by the light of Venus of photographs taken in sunlight.

In some cases a positive was made from a negative, and in others a negative from a positive, but in all instances great care was taken to carry out the task under the sole influence of Venus' rays.

A sensitive plate was placed in contact with the negative or the positive, and

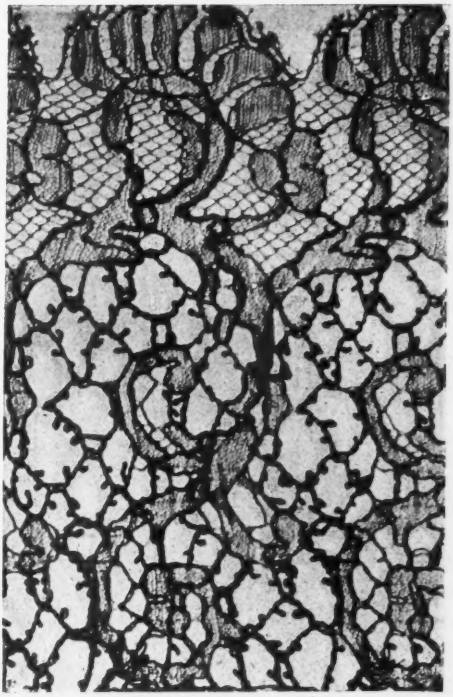
both were exposed to the light of the planet for from thirty to forty-five minutes, the length of time depending on the clearness of the sky and the density of the negative.

Number 4 is an impression from a negative printed solely by the light coming from Venus.

Printing by means of the light from the stars and the planets cannot be recommended to amateur photographers, for to produce the print an exposure of five consecutive clear mornings to the light of Venus was necessary.

It must be understood that in the making of all these pictures the simple direct rays of Venus were used, and that these were not concentrated by means of a lens, mirror or other appliance. The detail in the illustrations is remarkable when one considers the distance that the light had to travel.

Venus is 67½, and the earth 93 millions of miles distant from the sun. The distance of Venus from the sun subtracted from ours gives 26,000,000 miles for the average distance of the planet from the earth, at what are termed "inferior conjunctions." As the planets have no inherent light of their own, but owe their brightness to the sun, the rays of light which produced the pictures taken by Dr. Brooks had to travel from the sun to Venus, and from Venus to the doctor's observatory.



No. 2. Lace photographed by light of Venus

No. 3. An impression from a transparency made from a negative by Venus light

Thus the light must have travelled over 93 millions of miles.

Dr. Brooks chose Venus as the subject of his experiments owing to the exceeding brightness of this beautiful planet. In the direct supply of light and heat from the sun our sister planet Venus ("the earth and the planet Venus," says Sir Robert Ball, "so closely resemble each other that it is doubtful whether we know in the whole universe of two celestial bodies so nearly identical,") is more highly favoured than we are. It is calculated that the fervour and brightness of the sunbeams falling on Venus are about double as intense as those which are received

by our earth from this same source, and this accounts for the fact that Venus is the brightest planet in the sky.

Perhaps Dr. Brooks will be persuaded to continue his work, and to undertake experiments to discover if it be possible to take photographs by the light of some of the other planets.

No. 4. An impression from a negative printed solely from the light of Venus

Dr. William R. Brooks was born in Maidstone, Kent, in 1844. His father was a Baptist minister, who went to America when his son was thirteen years old. From a lad he was always keenly interested in astronomical studies. He made his first telescope when he was fourteen, and finished it just in time to make observations of Donati's great comet of 1858. At seventeen he delivered his first astronomical lecture in his father's church; and on October 4, 1881, he discovered his first comet by the aid of a five-inch diameter reflecting telescope of his own construction, and since then he has discovered many more comets in the starry heavens.

In 1888, Dr. Brooks was appointed Director of the Smith Observatory at Geneva, on Seneca Lake, New York State, established and maintained by Mr. William Smith of Geneva, and in his new abode he has pursued his work of comet-finding.

In a letter which I received from Dr. Brooks the other day he informed me that he has now discovered twenty-two planets in all.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Paper No. 2

Tennyson's Poems

1. Quote any views expressed in Tennyson's poems on The poor, Reviewers, Lady's handwriting, Steam cultivation, New clothes, Quakerism.

2. Quote also his more serious utterances on Half-truths, Prayer, Lost love, True Greatness, Honour, The poet's dower.

3. Explain the allusions:

i. The dame that whispered "Asses' ears."
ii. "She that taught the Sabine how to rule."
iii. "But that of Lamech is mine."
iv. "That oiled and curled Assyrian Bull."
v. "The sea-blue bird of March."
vi. "The bar of Michael Angelo."

4. Notice any marks of minute observation in the animal or vegetable kingdom that are to be found in Tennyson's poems (not more than twelve instances altogether to be given).

5. Notice any apparent paradoxes, and explain them.

6. Explain with reference to the context—

i. "Far too naked to be ashamed."
ii. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."
iii. "The smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand home."
iv. "Who sweep the crossings wet or dry,
And all the world go by them."
v. "Man's word is God in man."
vi. "I hope we are green in heaven,
But here too much we moulder."

7. In what notable instances has Tennyson, in his "Idylls of the King," departed from the spirit of the original?

8. Describe in Tennysonian language—

i. A fog.	ii. Cockcrow.	iii. A game-pie.
iv. A *nez retroussé*.	v. Cricket.	vi. Figure-skating.

Answers to the above must be received by February 20.

The March examination will be on Dickens' "David Copperfield."

Our Literary Examination Papers

These papers are set by Mr. H. R. Heatley. They will be marked to scale as in an ordinary school or University examination. Prizes will be awarded to those obtaining the highest marks in each individual paper and also for the best aggregate marks for given terms as follows:

MONTHLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.

HALF-YEARLY PRIZES.—First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

ANNUAL PRIZE.—First prize, £5; second prize, £2; third prize, £1.

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Editor.

The marks will be published monthly, the total for the month, quarter, half-year, and year, to date. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to

The Literary Editor.
"GOOD WORDS,"
15 Tavistock Street,
Covent Garden,
London, W.C.

The marks for the February paper will be published in the April number of the magazine—and so on.

A Choice of Sex

NOT many moths are to be found abroad on winter nights; but most of the few that brave the season are peculiar in one respect. We usually associate a

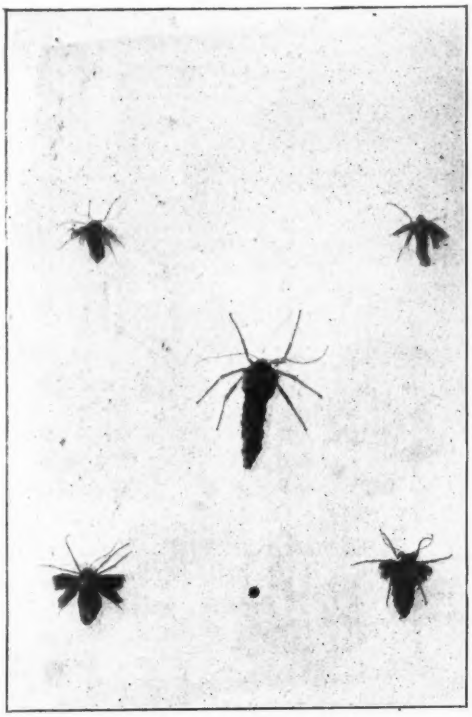


Fig. 1. Some lady moths in full winter costume

superfluity of frills and feathers with the female sex, and pride ourselves upon "masculine simplicity" of garb. If we were winter-moths we should have to change our tone. Fig. 1, for instance, is not a picture of spiders and gnats. It represents the fully dressed females of four kinds of winter-moths. And Fig. 2 shows what the males are like. It did not seem worth while to reproduce the likeness of more than one each of the wretched, little, gnat-like creatures which head the group of lady-moths; but two males of each kind are given in the second picture to show to what extent they vary in markings or size. Those in the left-

hand top corner of each picture are winter-moths (*Cheimatobia brumata*) and those on the right are the early moth (*Hybernia rupicapraria*) of which you can now find both the winged males and wingless females on any hedge if you go out with a lantern at dusk on any mild evening.

In the centre of each picture is the Pale Brindled Beauty (*Phigalia pilosaria*), common in the north and west of England during February; while the two lowest moths in each picture are Dotted Borders (*Hybernia progemmaria*), common everywhere in February. Those, therefore, who wish to begin a collection of butterflies and moths can commence operations this month, if they like. All that is needed is a mild evening, a hedge, a lantern, and some pill-boxes.

Perhaps there is no more striking instance in the whole range of wild life than the care which Nature takes of the more precious female sex of the winter moths. At the first glance all the advantage seems to lie on the side of the winged males; but what they really enjoy is all the danger and trouble. The females hide in crevices, where the beaks of tom-tits cannot reach them, by day, and by night crawl safely up the stems of the plants on which they used to feed as caterpillars. To the males falls all the danger of wandering forth on flimsy wings to find their mates. They may be caught by any sudden fall of temperature. After a stormy night their drowned bodies lie thick in the ditches. During the day they cannot altogether hide their ample wings from the prying eyes of birds. A short life and—now and then—a merry one may be theirs; but their dowdy, wingless, spidery wives have the best of it all through. When the evening, though mild, is wet they simply ensconce themselves on the dry underside of a branch. When the wind blows they crawl to the "other side" of the stem. Thus they survive to the full span of their allotted lives, and fulfil the proper function of their lives more often than the males can hope to do. These are draggled with the wet of many a winter shower, tossed to and fro and whirled against the thorns by many a blast; and it is a small minority in some seasons that achieve the purpose for which they live. Yet, looking at the two groups one cannot help thinking that the worst lot in life has its compensations, and that, if one had to be a winter moth but had choice of sex, one would not exactly jump for joy at the chance of being female. E. K. R.

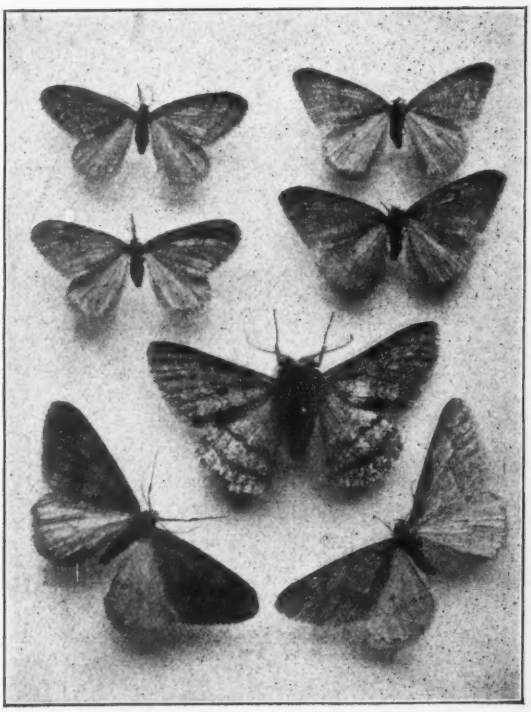


Fig. 2. Some male moths in full winter costume.

Hats

HATS, it is said, were first made at Paris in 1404 by a Swiss. They did not appear in England in any numbers for at least a century later. The Lord Mayor (1432) rides to meet Henry VI.

at Eltham on his return from France, wearing "a large velvet hat furred," but the aldermen wore hoods. Mayors seem to have been partial to furred hats. Nor did they quickly become fashionable in France. Froissart speaking of the state entry of Charles VII. into Paris (1449) tells us that he wore a purple velvet hat, lined with red velvet. Fond as the "King of Reporters" was of detail we may conclude that hats were not commonly worn. Henry VII. issued an ordinance (1489) limiting the price of hats to 10*d.* and caps to 2*s.* 8*d.*

Hats, then, were known in England, and began to be worn in Henry VII.'s time, though not made here till 1510, when some Spaniards began to make them in London. Cardinals' hats are mentioned in the fourteenth century and mummers wore a pyramidal hat—an earlier type of clown's hat—but these do not count, being exceptions. The velvet bonnet was the headgear of the knight and the lord, no one of lower rank—according to the ordinance of 1463—could wear velvet. Bonnets continued in Scotland for at least two centuries later. James V. wears a bonnet (1539) on his gold "bonnet" piece. A very cursory inspection of portraits of the early sixteenth century indicates the universal use of the cap or Milanese bonnet, all sorts and conditions of head-gear in fact nowadays worn by women. Hoods had been worn in the fifteenth century by the majority of women and men. "Hoodman blind" alludes to the use of the hood for blinding the player.

"Clere be thy virgyns lusty under *kellis*," writes William Dunbar in the fifteenth century. In Cromwell's accounts (1537–9) seven taffeta hats cost 10*s.* a piece; they were for the Steward Comptroller, Secretary, etc., of the Lord Privy Seal's household, and were expensive things still. Sir Walter Raleigh, whom we may fairly take as a representative and fashionable courtier, wears a high bonnet and feather towards the end of the century though he wears a hat later. The husbandman wore a hat in summer in the Tudor period.

> You sun-burned sicklemen of August, weary,
> . . . . . .
> . . . your rye-straw hats put on.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

This would mean that they were not common. One must not forget the "Cardinal's Red Hat," which a man like Wolsey (1520) would not wear, but would have carried in front of him on a cushion. The seventeenth century was the period *par excellence* of hats. They came in with a rush. This change was not due to the accession of James I., though the intimacy of Scotland with France had always been very close. James himself wore a bonnet at first and then indulged in high-crowned narrow-brimmed hats of the Guy Fawkes type. It was probably due to the influx of French fashions which, in the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV., were most extravagant and ruinous.

The "castor" and the felt hat were the hats of the day (1628) in Paris "orné d'un riche cordon d'or," and though they gave way about the middle of the century (1650) to "les petits chapeaux," they did not go out of fashion in England till long after the Restoration. The hat of the Cavalier was an essential part of his costume and even the Roundheads wore high steeple-crowned, broad-brimmed hats of felt or leather. Straw hats were worn by country women, witness Herrick:

> Then to the maids with wheaten hats.

At the Revolution hats returned to the earlier Tudor type with its lower crown. The broad-brimmed hat continued for a long time till its brim was turned up and its crown shortened to the three-cornered hat of the eighteenth century. The soft-brimmed beaver has always been more or less persistent. High-crowned hats with a narrow brim came in again towards the nineteenth century. The high-crowned beaver, not unlike the silk hat, was worn, or something resembling it, by many classes, even sailors, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In 1784 and 1796 there was a stamp duty on hats which was repealed in 1811. Silk hats came in in 1820.

M. C.

The Last Resting-place of a once Popular Naturalist

SITUATED on a hill just on the outskirts of Coventry in the locality known as Radford, a modern but pretty church and churchyard lie back from the roadside hidden largely amidst the wealth of foliage that surrounds them. There is little in the churchyard that would interest the casual visitor, the tombstones and their inscriptions being of recent date and such as one might see in any modern churchyard.

One simple rough-hewn granite cross, however, if the inscription at its foot should be read, might cause the visitor to give it more than a passing glance, especially any whose taste should lie in the direction of natural history studies. It reads as follows:

The grave of the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A.

In loving memory of the
REV. JOHN GEORGE WOOD, M.A., F.Z.S.
of St. Peter's, Thanet, died at Coventry
March 3rd, 1889, in his 62nd year.

Readers of magazine literature between

the seventies and the nineties, both young and old alike, were continually entertained and instructed by the varied and numerous papers from the pen of this ardent naturalist, who probably did more than any man of his period to popularise natural history, not only by his magazine articles but alike by his books and illustrated lectures, which latter probably many readers can call to mind.

It is, indeed, a poor household library that does not contain some volumes by Mr. Wood on its shelves. Familiar to all are his "Common Objects," "of the Country," "the Seashore," "the Microscope," etc., and likewise his "Illustrated Natural History," "Natural History of Man," and "Homes without Hands," etc. etc.

To GOOD WORDS he was a frequent contributor, and the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S., in the biography of his father informs us that he "was engaged upon a paper to be published in its pages at the very time of his death."

The accompanying illustration shows the simple stone cross that marks the secluded and beautiful spot where this hard-working clergyman, naturalist, author, and lecturer, takes his well-earned rest. There are other inscriptions around the base which are given below.

Behind the cross:

"Erected by the Coventry Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in grateful remembrance of his interesting lectures on Natural History."

And on one side:

"He spake of the beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."—1 Kings iv. 33.

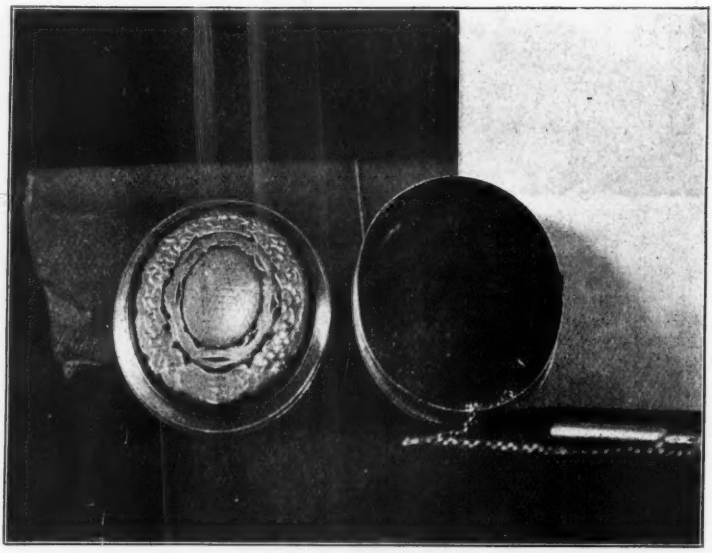
And on the other:

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."
Rev. xiv. 13.

JOHN J. WARD.

The Westminster Tobacco Box

AT the end of the seventeenth century, when the duties of the overseers included the administration of the relief of the poor and other matters, it was customary for the overseers of Westminster for the time being to meet their predecessors in



(R. A. Shield, photo)

The original Westminster Tobacco Box, 1713

office at one of the principal taverns in the parish, to compare notes, to confer on parochial matters and to bury their cares in a cloud of smoke.

In 1713 Henry Monck, an overseer, presented the churchwardens with a horn tobacco box, of about 3oz. capacity, which he had bought for *4d.* at Horn Fair, Plumstead. The recipients decorated it with a rim of silver bearing the donor's name, and on the appointment of fresh overseers they placed an inscribed silver ornament on the lid. The next year's members affixed a band of silver to the sides and others in their turn added further plates, until the box was entirely covered with engraved silver. An outer case was then found necessary, and this gradually became enclosed in silver in a like manner, each body of overseers adding some ornament during their year of office.

This case was in turn enclosed in another, oval in form, like the original box, and so a third case octagonal in shape, and a fourth, round, with a magnificent embossed cover, which in course of years found itself deposited in a fifth case, octagonal in shape, with a hinged door, hidden inside and out by silver plates.

This is some 18 inches in height, and about nineteen years ago was provided with a pedestal and cover in oak capable of bearing some forty or more plates, in addition to the overseers' names. Plates of any national event of the year are also now affixed. The addition of nearly 190 years have increased the dimensions of the memorial from 3 inches by 5 inches to 24 inches by 30 inches high and in weight from a few ounces to more than one hundred pounds; while the compound interest of the original *4d.* is simply incalculable.

The box was once seized by an accountant of the Vestry, Mr. Overseer James Read. This was in 1785, and a bill in Chancery was filed against him. After costs had been incurred to the extent of £375 13*s.* 11*d.*, the box was restored.

Of the engravings it is impossible to name even a tithe here. One, however, in 1746 was by the famous Hogarth, and

(R. A. Shield, photo)

The Westminster Tobacco Box

is a portrait of H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland to celebrate the defeat of the rebels at the Battle of Culloden.

Another commemorates the "Crossing of the Bar" by Alfred Lord Tennyson on October 6, 1892.

The Diamond Jubilee is commemorated by the completion of the decoration of the top of the box.

The plate for the year 1898-9 records the avengement of the death of General Gordon in 1885.

Thus quietly and almost by a side wind an ancient and now historic box is handed down to us, and it is to be hoped that the Municipal Council of the City of Westminster as "the Overseers" will not abandon this unique municipal curiosity, but rather under the new order of things the Past Overseers Society will continue to flourish with renewed vitality and increased importance.

Some Mediæval Survivals at Oxford

IT is a commonplace amongst those who write of Oxford to speak of her as "changeless"; and so, in a sense, she is.

Magdalen has altered but little (and that little a question of degree, not kind) since the days when her young bursar, Wolsey, then at the beginning of his career, rafted down timber and built the tower. In Christchurch Quad the unfinished cloisters still stand, as the downfall of its founder and the greed of Henry VIII. left them nearly four hundred years ago.

It is in the students that the change is found. In place of the dandified undergraduate of to-day, the be-ribboned heroes of the boat-clubs, or the black-coated champions of the "schools," the Oxford of the Middle Age held a savage mob of ragged and half-starved scholars, mere children some of them, freed from all fear of the civil law, and yielding but a reluctant obedience to the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor.

The two "nations" of North and South, each under its own Proctors, were at bitter feud with each other, but could unite in sanguinary "town and gown" affrays against the "Oppidani," or townsfolk. The latter, however, were not slow to take their own part, and the bell of St. Giles would ring their tocsin as that of St. Mary the Virgin did for their opponents. The tower of Carfax Church, says local tradition, was a favourite post of vantage, whence the arrows of the townsmen could pick off unsuspicious undergraduates walking at their ease in "the High."

To this day the great gate of Queen's is closed during Chapel, since on one occasion the mob chased a luckless scholar into college at that hour and butchered him on the steps of the Bell Turret while his companions were yet at their devotions.

But it is in the Statute Book of the University that the plainest signs of the old order are to be found.

A rule, still unrepealed, forbids undergraduates to carry "arms either offensive or defensive save only bows and arrows for the purposes of lawful recreation" on pain of a heavy fine, though an exception is now made "by grace of the Vice-Chancellor" in favour of the O.U.V.C. Still unrepealed, too, I believe, is the power of the same dread authority to exercise jurisdiction of life and limb, fine and imprisonment, over the students of his own University. In practice, of course, the authority is much narrower, but any member of the University who is arraigned before the local police-court for minor offences may be claimed by University officials. The Proctor, rising in the body of the court, in all the glory of his white bands and heavy velvet sleeved gown, with the wallet, once the receptacle of his fines, behind the shoulder, bows to the mayor on the bench, "Your Worship, I claim the prisoner for the Vice-Chancellor's Court;" "I have great pleasure in yielding him to your jurisdiction," and the thing is done.

Unlike many others this survival is a useful one, for though the Vice-Chancellor's punishments are generally heavier, they do not carry the stigma of a police-court conviction.

Another survival of a more barbarous time may be found in the curious truncated sleeve of the M.A. gown.

The fashion arose, it is said, to check the grave "Magister Artium" from carrying lethal weapons into Convocation by way of having a last argument, literally "up his sleeve," that should carry conviction to his opponents even in the heat of debate.

It is refreshing in these degenerate days when so much of our ancestors' wisdom is disregarded, when undergraduates wear garments by no means "of a decent and sub-fusc hue," ride in "carriages drawn by horses," and sometimes even "keep dogs for the purposes of the chase," to discover one rule that is universally observed. It is many years, I believe, since any undergraduate has been fined for "flying kites in Christchurch meadows," for indulgence in which form of amusement a heavy punishment is provided.

We have spoken above of the Proctor. Flanked by his trusty "bull-dogs" he

may often be seen parading the "High" or the "Corn," and many of us have matter for congratulation that such entries as the following pre-reformation one appear no longer on the books of the University.

"Item: seven shillings and sixpence to purchasing a new pole-axe for the Senior Proctor." J. ADKIN.

The Last Tribute—a Memory

A QUARTER to six on a bitter morning in February. The pitch darkness only broken by the dim rays of a solitary lamp at the side of the square. Yet, in spite of cold and darkness, men clad in helmets and grey great-coats, and armed with rifle and bayonet, are hurrying from all directions to a given point in the centre. There is a murmured hum of question and answer, and here and there some quiet elbowing in the search for appointed places; but presently the line is complete, and the voices of the non-commissioned officers ring out through the frosty air, calling over the names of their respective detachments. One hundred names in all, picked from the best of each company; and, despite the cheerless conditions of the parade, and that many have had to come from long distances, not a man is missing. Who would be missing at such a time as this, when summoned for a duty his share in which, sorrowful though it be, is the envy of every man worthy of his uniform?

"Form fours! left! By the right! Quick march!" And we swing out of the gates and along the streets, usually at this time all but deserted, but now thronged with a stream of people, all hastening, awed by a sense of overshadowing calamity into a silence such as but seldom characterises the London multitude, in the same direction and on the same errand as ourselves. The shops are still closed; none of them will open to-day; and the blinds of the private houses are universally drawn down, not to be raised till the morrow; though here and there a light peeps out through a chink, showing that those within are astir and preparing themselves to take their little part in the event that is absorbing the mind of the whole Nation. Signs of mourning are all about us; flags are floating everywhere at half-mast, and but few balconies or windows have not their drapery of black or purple; while that this is no formal demonstration of sorrow in which we are joining, but a genuine expression of grief for what all, from the highest to the lowest, feel to be a truly personal loss, is to be easily read in the faces of the crowd about us.

Along Piccadilly, where the crowd has already taken up its position in dense masses along the sides of the roadway, and into the Park, where we take our places in column with the other detachments of the brigade, and wait till the time shall come for us to move to the station allotted to us for the coming ceremony. Now the day breaks, and reveals further hundreds and thousands making their way across the open space to ground which has long before this become densely packed with those who have been keeping vigil through the weary hours of the night and early morning. Small chance have these new-comers of catching even a glimpse of that which they have come in the hope of seeing; but nevertheless they press forward none the less eagerly, to content themselves with the afterthought that they have at least not failed in their duty of being present at the great gathering.

Two hours or more of waiting, and then we get the word to take up our post. As we approach the rear of the mass of people, it seems impossible that we shall ever be able to get through them; but by some means or other room is made for us, and we pass along in file to where the carriage road has been kept free for our lines and the sad *cortège* that is presently to pass along between them. There is little room for the whole of the detachments that are on the ground, and there is much hurrying hither and thither of officers, and anxious consultations as to how places are to be found for all of us in the line; but in time we are all drawn up, eight deep, a solid belt of grey and black on each side of the road, and stand easy till the supreme moment for which an Empire is waiting shall arrive.

We are on the side nearest the Park railings, and the crowd behind us is as dense as on the other side, perhaps, by reason of the

more confined space, even denser; but notwithstanding that those composing it must be suffering extreme personal discomfort, both from the cramped nature of their position and the cold which is gradually penetrating to the very marrow, there is no complaining; no hustling, or artfully pushing at the expense of the weaker into more convenient places. Here and there there is a little momentary stir as some woman or child, overpowered by the press, is passed through in a fainting condition to the front, there to be taken in charge by the ambulance parties and removed to some place of safety: but beyond this all is orderly and without disturbance, and even conversation is carried on in a low voice, as befits so solemn an occasion.

They will be coming soon. We have been here more than another two hours, and it must be close on the time that the start was to be made. Ah, there! A staff officer rides rapidly down the line from the left, warning the commanders of the detachments to hold themselves in readiness. Next, from somewhere in the distance, the first of the minute guns booms out, followed by another and another, and then—"Stand to your front! Company!" and we stand to attention as the advance guard of the procession goes by; troops from all parts of the Kingdom, nay, of the Empire, for there are Colonials, and even representatives of the black peoples who owned her sway among them, marching in slow time, and with arms reversed, as they escort their sacred charge towards its final destination. A fitting escort for one on whose dominions the sun never set! And meanwhile the minute guns go booming on, telling out a tale of glory, honour, and love, such as has never been told in this world before.

Then there comes a pause. But not for long. The command runs down the line again, and we prepare for the last great scene. The muffled drums begin to be audible in the distance, their mournful cadence mingling weirdly with the dull obligato of the guns, and we again stand to attention as the Naval guard comes in sight. Slowly and sadly the sailors march on, and the massed bands are upon us, rolling forth in all their measured grandeur the heart-breaking yet withal hope-inspiring strains of Chopin's "Funeral March."

"Shoulder arms! Present arms! Reverse arms! Rest on your arms reversed! Stand at ease!"

And then—

Borne on a simple gun carriage—nobly befitting equipage in its very simplicity for her whose constant care was for those who gave their lives for her service—Victoria, for sixty-three years the Queen and Mother of her people, passes to her last earthly resting-place.

Not four years since, forming as now a part of one far-stretching line, we paid our homage to her, as she moved in stately triumph through the streets, gaily hung with flags and every form of festal decoration of her capital. Then, as now, the crowd were assembled in their millions to witness her progress. Then, as now, she was surrounded by her children and her children's children; by the greatest and highest in her Empire: nay, by Princes who, though not of her blood, nor subjects to her rule, deemed it an honour to themselves to be permitted thus to do her honour. How like, and yet how great, a contrast! Now our heads are bowed in reverent mourning. The streets have exchanged their joyful trappings for the sombre livery of death. The voices of the crowd, then uplifted in loyal plaudits, are now hushed into a silence only to be broken by women's sobs. Grief unfeigned and overwhelming sits, where then sat joy and exultation, on the faces of the princely company. For she has been taken from us, who on that last great occasion was smiling upon us, happy in the knowledge that she was beloved as she loved.

It is done now. We lift our heads, and look round one on another; but there is little speaking: the hearts of all of us are too full for mere words. More than one breathes hard and has tears in his eyes; but what need for even the strongest of us to be ashamed of tears? For to-day has brought with it the first cruel realisation of that which we before could hardly believe—would willingly have given anything not to have believed!

And the last minute gun booms out as silently we turn away

The Adventurer in Spain*

By S. R. Crockett

Author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Stickit Minister," "The Men of the Moss Hags," &c.

III.—The Midnight Free-Traders

TO Biño I said nothing of my meeting with Donna Isadra and her father, Don Emmanuel. After all the matter was a personal one—a secret which circumstances had forced upon me, to be guarded all the more carefully that it was in no sense my own. But I had reckoned without the thousand eyes of a Spanish house, and I soon found that the tact with which I had followed Don Emmanuel's lead in humouring poor Donna Isadra's delusion was known and favourably commented upon by all at San Severino.

The Evangelist brothers came up one by one, speaking frankly and kindly, shaking hands repeatedly, and leaving me with many expressions of goodwill. The wild-eyed herdsmen, slipping in from the hill, grew less suspicious, and after a cigar or two given and accepted, most of them found a few words of Castilian, or even of French, wherewith to counter my halting Catalan. We eked out the situation with the *lingua franca* of all Latin countries—abundant gesticulation. In a little while I had a vested right to a place among them under the great white-washed hood of the fireplace, which I found much more comfortable than the chilly dignity of the chair in which, once on a time, a king had sat.

Here they smoked and told stories eternally, lowering their voices indeed when Don Emmanuel came in, or rising to bow with Iberian grace when Donna Carmen, or, more rarely, Donna Isadra passed through the house-place.

Outside the walls of San Severino the four Sebastian brothers were in command, subject indeed to their father's supreme authority. But within they were treated as the herdsmen and labourers—saving only their place at table, which was set within the limits covered by the white cloths. All four of them showed at first the aloofness of the mountaineer—they had the slow speech which comes of much chewing the cud of thought, the quick grey eye, circled by its network of fine lines from being puckered in the sun-glare of the snows, or parched by the winds of the moistureless plateaus of Northern Spain.

Slowest and heaviest of all, moving quietly and speaking little, Don Matthew, the eldest, had nothing of the blithe alertness of my Biño's temperament, nor yet did he possess his father's high courtesy and knowledge of affairs, though of course he had the good manners which are the birthright of every Spaniard from Aran valley to El Tarik.

Yet since he came next to his father in the family councils, as well as because he was considerably older than the others, much deference was shown him. He would often come quietly up to me, if he saw me standing gazing out upon the mountains, or not reading my book.

"The señor is dull," he would say; "he needs distraction. We must take him a trip across the mountains. That is our panacea for melancholy. Will the señor try it?"

At first I did not understand him, and answered that having had so much trouble to get out of France, I was excellently well pleased to remain where I was, so long as my kind hosts were not tired of me.

Whereat he would protest that San Severino would not forgive itself if I so much as threatened to depart before having "made the trip."

"No man is a good Christian," he would insist, "who has not harried the partridge's nest beneath the stones!"

It was, of course, Biño who put me on the track of Don Matthew's meaning.

"He is offering you a great honour," said Biño when I told him. "He is the head of all the free-traders in this part of the world—aye, and as far as Aran and Villefranche on the other side. He does not very often

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lead himself. He is getting too old to carry weight, but he arranges where the 'stuff' is to be put in hiding and at what dates it is to be 'lifted.'"

"Then Don Matthew is, in fact, a smuggler?" I said, innocently surprised.

Biño's eyebrows lifted with a quaint amusement.

"What else?" he said. "Every man on this side the frontier is a smuggler—by birth, by choice, by profession, and by pride. The carbineers, the civil guards, are only old smugglers with Government coats on their backs. That is why they are dangerous, and why the game is such an interesting one. In old days the Government sent from Madrid, or from Barcelona, men in the official service to catch the smugglers. They are wiser now. They offer large rewards, and the market value of all the goods captured for every conviction——"

"And has this measure put down the practice?" I continued.

Biño smiled at the extreme crassness of my ignorance.

"No," he said, reflectively, "I do not know that there is any less free-trading across the frontier. But it is not done by fools nowadays. That is too dangerous. Moreover, there are no Frenchmen in it now—all are Spaniards. The Government has made it a good game and worth the playing."

"Then you are no smuggler?" I retorted, though I knew otherwise. His eyes twinkled at this.

"Ah," he said quietly, "you see, I am no true Frenchman. I am not afraid to risk my skin just to feel the heart beat quicker. I can dance a *jota* and flirt a cloak in a bull's eyes, thrum the guitar, and lilt a serenade. Can any Frenchman alive do these things? Also I have a time or two crossed the saddle that is not made of leather!"

He pointed to the far white barrier of the Pyrenees, hanging, with the exact line of the peaked saddle-housing of the Moors, afar in the indigo sky. Then, laying his hand on my arm, he became confidential.

"Sir," he said, unconsciously pinching my sleeve, "you may read a houseful of books, but till you have 'made the trip'—Over-There-and-Back-Again—you will never understand the hill-men, never have your hand on the pulse of the North. It is here and here only that the pot boils—that is, from Cataluña to Hendaye! Barcelona is as much English as Spanish, more French than either. And the workmen of the towns — bah! Manresa and Ripoll — the people there are not true Spaniards. No Spaniard works all day with his nose to a machine."

"No," I answered, unjustly, in order to provoke him; "he would rather die in the dust, wrapped in a brown rug—and scratch!"

Biño, however, was far too cosmopolitan to be offended.

"In Valencia, maybe," he answered serenely; "but you know little of our North if you think that of us. Yonder are the mountains. Beyond is France. The old game is played every day, though Don Carlos is as dead as the dogs that barked in Sodom and Gomorrah, in spite of all the clatter you hear about him at San Severino. Come and see what is yet left alive!"

Even thus did two good men like Biño and Don Matthew tempt me to break the revenue laws of their respective countries. And so, simply that they might not lose so much honest effort, I succumbed.

When I told Don Matthew that I accepted his invitation he laughed.

"It was in my mind that you would," he said, "otherwise I should not have proposed it. Mark, come hither! Luke—John!"

And then the four talked the affair over, only Luke being inclined to shake his head. Mark was on the whole my favourite, being less reserved than Don Matthew, while Luke appeared somewhat suspicious and saturnine, and of John I had as yet seen little. He had a sweetheart across the mountains (so Biño told me), and combined business with pleasure. He it was who placed the stuff ready to be "lifted," and brought word when the way was clear. On the other hand, Mark of the bluff countenance had acquaintance with all the revenue officers, was welcome at all customs' posts, and used his repute of *bon garçon* to arrange the White Coups, as they were called—that is, those which were permitted or winked at by the

local authorities in return for a proportion of the profit previously agreed upon.

So while the brothers Sebastian talked together, listening to some proposal which my friend Mark was making to them, I naturally moved to a distance that I might not hear. But presently Matthew beckoned me.

"Mark here wishes to blood you on a White Coup," he said, smiling, "before you run the risks of the Black!"

"I do not understand the difference," I said.

"It is mainly this. During the most part of a White Coup you can ride a mule. In a Black you must run all the way on your own legs. In a White Coup no one will meddle with you; but in a Black it is to be expected that some very clever men will try to catch you, and that some exceedingly good shots will fire bullets at you!"

"The difference is certainly material," I answered, "but I wish to understand the traffic to the bottom. I vote for the Black!"

"Well *and* good," said my friend Mark, laying his hand on my shoulder to curb my enthusiasm. "All the fruits of earth in their seasons! We also wish to try you. Before we take the sword to the battle we test it in the assault-at-arms. We will try the White first—indeed, it has been already arranged. The Velez Pass is to be open to-night—is it not so, John?"

The youngest of the four nodded.

"Do not let the señor think that even so, there is no danger," he added. "My brother has made treaty with one only of the revenue officers. It is true he is the chief on this side, and we go empty-handed into France. But though Brigadier Muros is a moderately honest man and means to keep his word, it is by no means certain that he can put a halter on all his subordinates. If any of these do not obey his instructions to leave the Velez alone to-night, or have time to inform his superior officer, we must fight. The cargo is too valuable to abandon."

It goes without saying that the risk was accepted. Who, indeed, could refuse? Not certainly one who had been brought up in an atmosphere of smuggling—decent, reasonable, logical, conscientious defrauding of the revenue. Had I not heard Cameronian elders gravely argue in favour of the practice as a means of protesting against the unscriptural exactions of an uncovenanted king? Did not a complete smuggler's outfit of pack-saddle and keg chains hang at the end of the corn-mow in the barn of the house in which I was born, while over the mantelpiece was placed the leathern quirt of a relative reputed in his day to have been deep in the traffic, the same with which he had been wont to stimulate his cavalcade from Portowarren over the Cloak Moss northward towards Glasgow, with the revenue men full tilt after him?

But the Solway free-trade, the good and the ill of it, was over and done with decades before ever I set foot on the planet—at least, in this present incarnation. Never had the ear of flesh at the dark o' any moon heard their bridle reins jingling clear along the craigs of Co'en.

True, I had lain all day among the heather, and pointed a gun with deadly intent at a "real-for-true gauger," who (I told myself) was beating the countryside in search of my "cave." But in truth my weapon was of wood, the gauger only a friend of my younger uncle's, and the pair of them engaged in no more dangerous occupation than that of ferreting rabbits. Still, I felt I was heir to the spirit of the game. None knew better than I how the thing ought to be gone about. And here in Spain I had a chance to be my own great-grandfather and find out how it felt to have smuggled with Captain Yawkins and lain out on the hillside with Silver Sand.

It was nine o'clock at night when Biño finished making my toilet. I wore a knitted cap, soft and clinging, on my head (the use of which I found out when I got up within the bite of the shrewd mountain frosts), a blue blouse belted at the waist, gaiters of *pâno pardo* for my legs, thick double socks, alpargata sandals, and a pair of fingerless mittens for my hands.

Don Emmanuel had kept out of the way all day. Indeed, as responsible householder it was part of his duty to do so. I found out afterwards that he had ridden down to spend the day and night with his friend the bishop, at the little city of El Seo, many miles down the valley. He had even invited

the alcalde of the town to dine with him. It was the most complete of *alibis*.

An unwonted animation stirred within the sombre walls of the ancient monastery. The atmosphere of San Severino was electric with expectation. Donna Isadra was nowhere to be seen, and I did not go into the little graveyard of the dead monks where it was likely she would be found. But Donna Carmen was everywhere, fluttering with excitement, almost to the point of hand-clapping, as this "comrade" and that other appeared from behind a rock, dropped silently and unobtrusively down upon San Severino, his knife at his thigh, his gun slung across his back, like kites that scent the battlefield from afar.

A faint but continuous clattering guided me to the stables, which were mostly hewn out of the limestone rock, as dry as bone and as clean as a garnished altar. Luke the Grim met me at the door. I knew he did not quite approve of me, this Luke—no Beloved Physician he!

"You are in good time, señor! Enter and choose your beast," he said.

And going in I found the whole range of stalls filled with beautiful mules, the finest I had ever seen in Spain. Each *macho* looked over its shoulder as I moved along, observed strangers in the gallery, and—slightly widened its hind feet.

Whereupon, recognising the guile in the heart of Don Luke, I charged him with it. He laughed.

"Well," he said, "I do not deny that there are one or two that are apt to take the stranger at an advantage, and you do not ill to leave the matter to brother Matthew. But come, I will show you something that you may never have seen the like of."

He preceded me to the end of the long corridor, and, pointing with his hand, said, "Look up!"

I did so, and saw that the low-hewn roof of these monolithic stables had expanded to the height of a stately cathedral nave.

"The cavern is a natural one," said Don Mark; "it winds through the heart of the mountains. Listen—do you hear anything?"

I had become conscious of a low humming sound, which, as I approached a large trap-door of wood banded with iron, changed to a rushing of water.

Luke raised the lid. A booming sound rose out of a black cavity, as regularly pierced as the bore of a well, which yawned beneath. I stepped hastily back as a puff of ice-cold wind blew upward in my face.

"In the good monks' time," said Luke, still more grimly, "the English heretic who set foot on that trap-door would have been by this time . . ."

And he pointed suggestively downwards.

"The trap opened more easily in those days," he added; "and here in the wall is the hole through which they pulled the bolt behind his infidel back."

And there sure enough it was, a round hole worn smooth by the friction of a cord.

"We use it for keeping our stables clean in these times," he continued, "but the good fathers shot other rubbish here! In which, perhaps, they were the wiser."

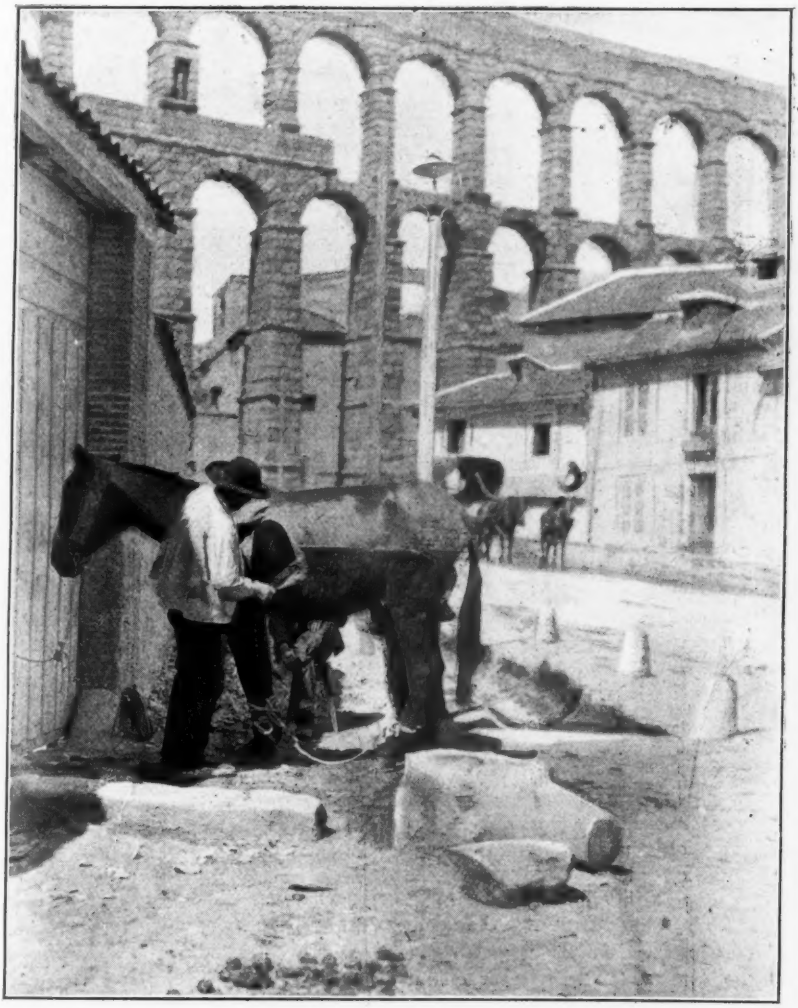
He took a newspaper from his pocket, tied it tightly in the centre, leaving the ends in a loose brush, struck a match, and set fire to the bundle. Then leaning over he let it drop into the deep shaft of the well. As it descended I could see the rough grey sides, dry as bone, without a particle of vegetation, smooth and water-worn, not to be climbed by human foot. As the newspaper fell rapidly, flaming like a torch, it receded till it became no bigger than a star—till it was no bigger than a pin's head. Then it struck the water, black as ink, which flowed through the heart of the mountain—the sound of it booming up to our ears with a heart-quailing note of awe.

"That is the Abbey back-door," he said. "The monks called it the Mouth of Forgetness."

I confess I was rather relieved when Luke shut down the trap. I did not again venture upon it, or test whether indeed it might not (just once more) open downwards instead of up. The bolt might not quite have forgotten its old tricks, and I had no idea of following the flaming newspaper down into Lethe Mouth with such expedition.

At last all was ready for "the White Coup." Our provisions were all duly put away in leathern sausage-bags upon the necks

of our mules. I was allotted a broad-backed animal of approven temper, whose only fault was that she would not allow the least pull upon her bridle without making trouble.



Exercising his national profession of horse-clipping

But, left with a free rein, she would follow her leader perfectly and willingly.

The bells which make every muleteer's train a far-heard rippling tintinnabulation were now carefully stripped from the graith, and deposited by each driver in his own private stall. Horsecloths doubled were substituted for saddles, and the keg girths, which were made of strongly sewn canvas with leathern slings, were prepared to receive the small casks and boxes which were the object of our quest. Then, each man leading his beast, we filed out into the night. Up to this moment I had been a respectable

British citizen, travelling in Spain under the immediate protection and passport of my Lord Salisbury, Minister for Foreign Affairs, The passport was still in my pocket, yet now I might sing with the best of my comrades, "*Yo! que soy contrabandista! Yo ho!*"

I was an outlaw. If I were caught in the act, my country would disclaim me. And at the thought my heart was filled with joy unspeakable—far beyond the delights of virtue.

It was a clear starry night, and in a little while we would have the moon. Our path lay down the long valley I had looked into from Don Emmanuel's watch-shelf. The hills mounted steeply on the right. Behind was the clear line of the snows. In the bottom of the valley, flashing silver-white, dividing, uniting, hiding and reappearing, playing hide-and-seek with the innumerable boulders and rocky islands, ran the infant river. As the moon rose we could see the path by which we were to go—the Velez pass, left clear for to-night only, in virtue of the afore-mentioned friendly arrangement with the brigadier of the district.

At my first mounting upon Conchita of the Bells I felt a great sense of insecurity. For indeed the path at this place differed but little from the torrent bed fifty yards further down, save that it was a little dryer. But my companion, an old gipsy, whom I had last seen exercising his national profession of horse-clipping under the shadow of the great aqueduct at Segovia, reassured me.

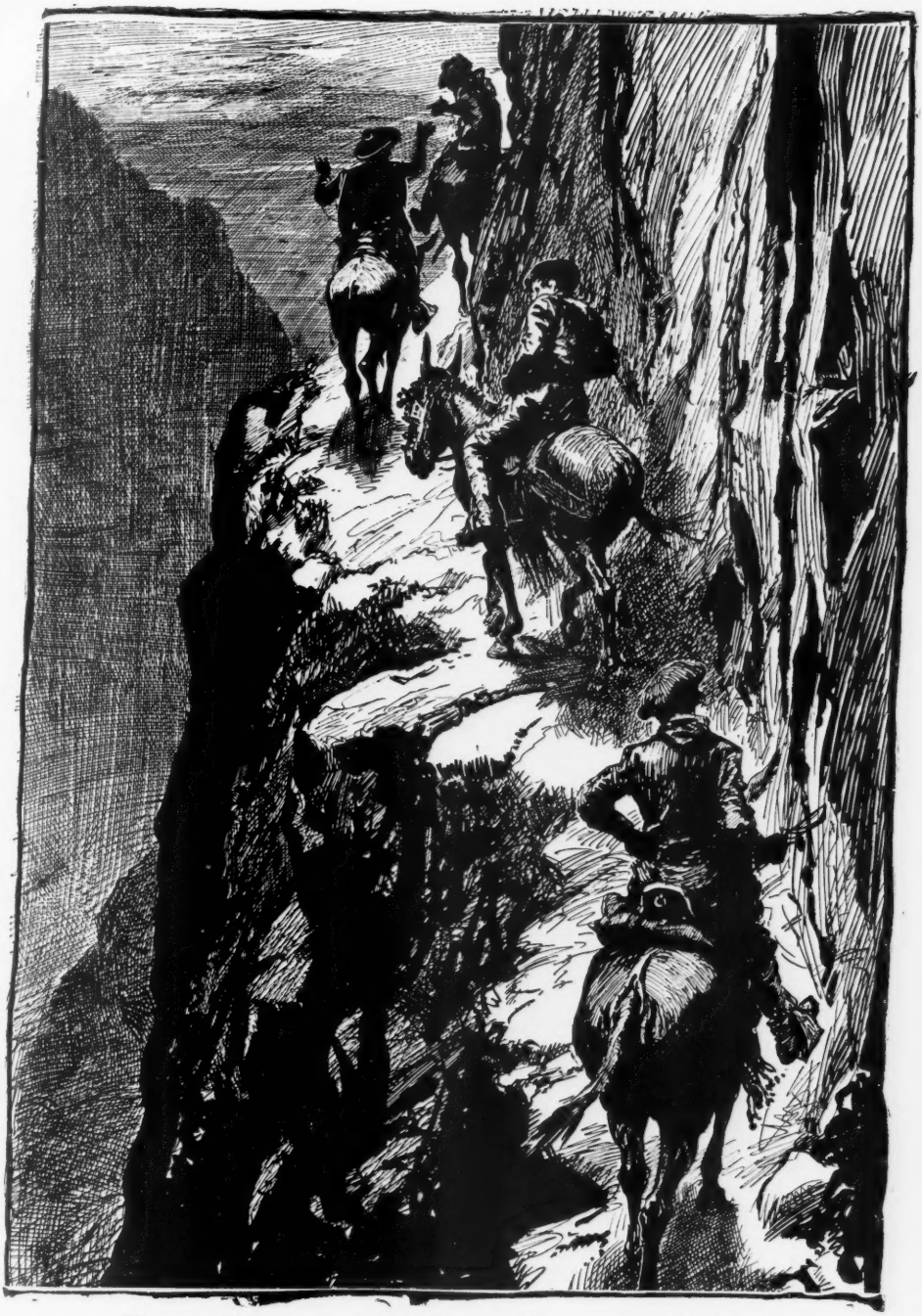
"Comfortable as your Excellency's easy chair at home," he said, "is Conchita of the Bells—a pearl of a mule, Conchita—Don Emmanuel himself rides her."

Which last I thought no great recommendation. For the old chief of San Severino was a centaur in the saddle, whilst I, to put the matter mildly, was not. But it turned out even as my Segovian acquaintance predicted. Conchita of the Bells was a paragon, certainly—mouse-colour, steady, for a lady-mule good-tempered, actually understanding kindness and to some extent responding to it.

Up the pass we went, so far without very much concealment. The night was yet young. There was plenty of time—the moon in the right quarter. We kept in the shadow, mostly I think for the sake of discipline. Indeed, Don Matthew checked John and Mark several times for breaking out into the swinging catch of a Malagueña. But they (and he) well knew that there was no real danger. The Guardes Civiles had been sent far off—they well knew why. They were patrolling the Cerde or smoking under the arcades of El Seo, with Don Emmanuel talking to his friend the bishop and keeping an eye upon them from the episcopal balcony.

The extension of the telegraph throughout Spain is of immense service to the free-traders. For instance, if Don Emmanuel wired to his son from the telegraph office at El Seo that he saw a chance to dispose of "the dun cow," upon a certain date. The "dun cow" was a code word for the Velez pass. The "white macho" would have meant another route on the side towards Andorra. Occasionally such despatches, if containing anything of exceptional secrecy, or leading words not provided for in the prearranged code, would be sent to Bourg Madame, Léz, Saint Beät or some other office on the French side, from which they were brought to San Severino by one or other of those swift and willing messengers with whom all the frontier villages are filled from one end of the Pyrenees to the other.

The "Velez" pass—you will not find it on the map, at least under that name—is not one of the highest passes. Neither is it one of the easiest. It is, in fact, a "mule" pass, and the bridges across the torrents are made passable for that animal. Still, so far as I was concerned, I wished that Conchita of the Bells had been going alone over these knife-edges. As we approached the first bridge the moonlight struck on the white cliff, sheer as a cathedral wall. The rough logs struck hollow under Conchita's pattering hoofs. There was not the vestige of a parapet on either side. The Aran roared sixty feet below of the colour of *café-au-lait*, chafing about the boulders in the stream. I felt that I was, after all, perhaps more suited to a sedentary life than to be a smuggler bold like my great-grandfather. At least, if the choice had been allowed, I would rather have done my smuggling on foot. One feels desperately ill-prepared to die, perched at



The moonlight struck on the white cliff, sheer as a cathedral wall

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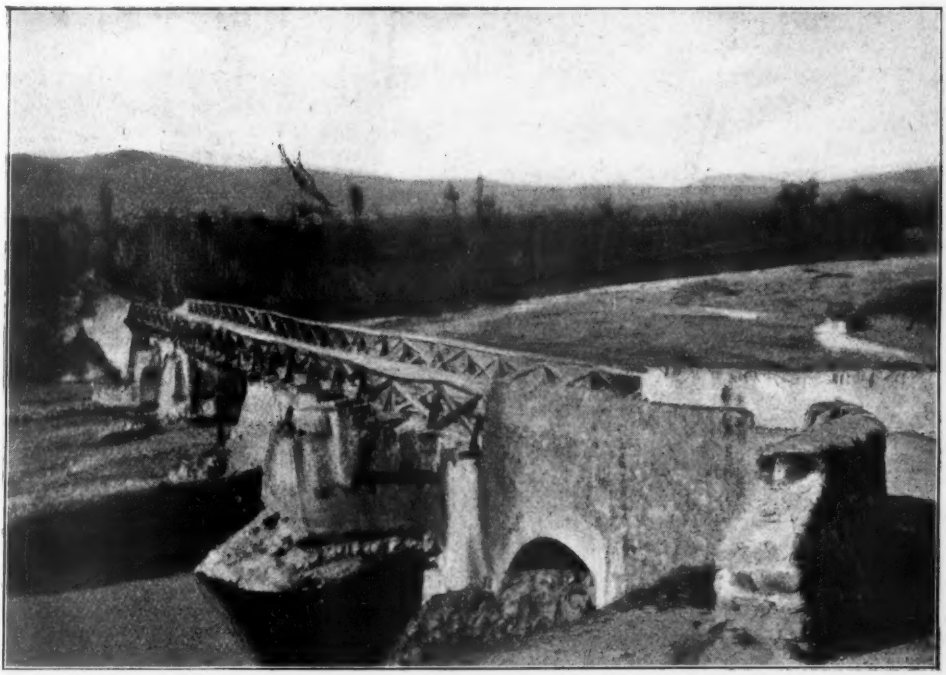
Drawn by GORDON BROWNE

midnight on a mule-back, crossing a yard-wide bridge in the heart of the Pyrenees.

Once across, however, the path grew better. Yonder were the familiar telegraph poles, apparently stalking away as fast as they could in the direction of France. Presently there came another crossing much more to my liking. This second bridge had stone foundations, a little ruinous, it is true —but, what attached me to it especially, a strong and picturesque parapet, doubled along the top and cross-gartered with sturdy pine ties beneath. It was a bridge to please the eye of Mr. Joseph Pennell. I felt more than ever, as Conchita strode confidently across it, that I had always loved the picturesque.



This second bridge had stone foundations, a little ruinous, it is true—but, what attached me to it especially, a strong and picturesque parapet

By midnight we were far up on the mountain slopes. Presently, however, the path faded out, and a general sense of direction alone kept the cavalcade on its way. We serpentined up the ravines, listening for the stones which whizzed down from high above, and passed the ear with a vicious "scat" as if warning us off their domain.

Then we crossed *talus* after *talus* of snow, the half-rotten remains of the spring avalanches. In one place the whole of the path had been cut clean away, and it was necessary to make a long and difficult *détour* in order to get the mules round.

Some ten minutes before midnight we reached the top of the pass, a wide flattish valley with the mountains bellying upwards on either side like half-filled balloons, not at all like the jagged wave-crests of the Central Pyrenees.

We had begun to descend; but we were not yet on French soil. The snow, which had never been heavy, thinned out and grew patchy. Pines, buried almost to their tips in shaly *débris*, grew on undauntedly, as if nothing had happened. Then came pines half uncovered, with branches weighted by

the downward push of the detritus, pines desperately clutching at the rock crevices to avoid being pushed altogether over the precipices. So, hour after hour, on we went till lo! on a sudden, far below, a French village lay clear in the moonlight. It was built in a true Pyreneean cirque, and from it certain terraces of cultivation struggled up, potato mostly, with patches of onion and beet. Sainte-Marthe-de-Léz is the strangest village I had ever seen—seen, as we saw it, by moonlight and from high above. I wished that it had been possible to photograph it. But for that I had to wait another year, and then, in the broad glare, it looked nothing so very marvellous—a mere huddle of white and red houses on the side of a mountain. In one place and another, indeed, it seemed as if the foundations had given way and the houses slid together, like children's toys when the toy-box is overturned. But let no one seek it out. It is mine by right of pre-emption. Trespassers will be prosecuted!

Between two huge black bastions of rock we halted. John, the youngest of the San Severino brothers, went on ahead. It was now one o'clock in the morning. The air was of a razor edge, and I for one was eager enough to be on the backward track into Spain. For the moment, smuggling seemed a foolish thing, or, if done at all, ought to be gone about comfortably, with registered trunks and a Napoleon in one's waistcoat pocket wherewith to grease the palm of the custom-house officer.

However, there was nothing for it. We had to wait, patiently or not, according to temperament. Luke came along the line, speaking to none of us, for to men his mood was bitter. But, for all his surliness, he was a true lover of animals.

"They do not outwit one like Englishmen," he was accustomed to say, "they

A mere huddle of white and red houses on the mountain side

do not lie like a Frenchman, nor jabber like a woman of any country. Your horse is more silent than a Basque, your mule more obstinate than an Aragonese!" So now he passed along the line, patting and fondling every item of the cavalcade, with a word for each as he went by.

"Daughter, well done!" he said to Conchita of the Bells, who nuzzled a moist nose in his breast. An Englishman would have said, "Hut! you beast!" But this surly young Basque only laid an arm behind the beast's head as if she had been his sweetheart, and murmured coaxingly, "Aye! Here we are! It is as I told you. Is it not so? An hour or two more and you will again be in your stable, Beauty!"

Stamping with the feet being forbidden, the only sound (after Don Luke had betaken himself away out of sight) was the nervous shaking of the chains which each beast wore attached to its pack-saddle, telling of the plague of insects from which these animals suffer.

At last, from far up the valley, the moon being hidden behind the spreading cloud of night, there came a faint, tremulous pattering, the clink of iron, the scrape of a shod hoof slipping on a rock. The mules grew tremulously uneasy, but made no noise. It was the cavalcade which we were there to meet. Don John had not made his arrangements in vain. We heard them long before they reached us, for the air was so thin and clear upon the heights that sounds carried far.

Then I understood how impossible is this kind of smuggling with mule-trains unless the officials are bribed. The Guardes Civiles know the mountains and patrol them perfectly. Yet, so admirably arranged is the administration, that not they, but the local carbineers control the excise. The civil guards are for the prevention and punishment of crime. They have quite extirpated brigandage and, practically also, blackmail. But smuggling is another matter. In their hearts, the very gendarmes do not believe it to be wrong. It is meritorious, rather. Every dashing young blade must sow his wild oats on the passes. The police, even, are only officially on the official side. And I have heard of a carbineer, on holiday and home to see his parents, taking a trip in plain clothes *tras los montes* just to keep himself amused.

At any rate, there was evidently going to be no interference this night. So, we were assured. And, indeed, the transshipment of the casks of "Martel," the packages of French dress goods, cases of champagne, boxes of guns, ammunition, and other heavy articles, made enough noise to bring the carbineers upon us from the distance of several miles. All was free and easy. There was abundance of jesting, handshaking, the drinking of a draught or two, and, lo! the chains were looped upon the full pack saddles. Conchita of the Bells was now dowered with a couple of cases of cheap-assorted jewellery destined for the Fair of the Holy Virgin of the Pillar at Zaragoza. As the moon came out of the cloud Conchita looked over her shoulder to see if I were going to get on as well. But I thought of the smugglers' bridges, and assured her that I had been brought up to show kindness to all dumb animals.

Thus, with a full cargo, we started back towards the pass. At first I held Conchita's bridle and led her. Or, perhaps, it would be truer to say that Conchita pushed me. For at all the really perilous parts of the roads, where the cases on one side could be heard scraping against the wall of rock, and on the other observed overhanging an abyss swimming with pale blue vapour, a sharp tug at the bridle warned me that Conchita desired the liberty of preserving her own balance without unskilled assistance.

After the first mile I never interfered with her. For Conchita had a convincing display of dentistry when I went in front, and a playful readiness of hoof when I lagged behind, both worthy of the utmost respect. Don John asserted she could kill a bluebottle with her right at six feet from her tail, and certainly John should have known. But it is to be admitted that his brother evangelists were not synoptic with him on this occasion.

All the same, I liked to listen to his stories, so he dropped behind his mule and began to talk. The rhythmical movement of the cavalcade, the slipping of some of the beasts on the ice-worn stones prevented me from catching all that he said. He spoke in a low even voice, that he might not be called to order

by Don Matthew. But I made out that he was offering to associate me with himself and his brother Mark in something infinitely more distinguished than "free-trade by arrangement."

Among his other accomplishments, Don John spoke French much better than any of his brothers.

"Small praise to him," quoth his brother Mark, "when he has had half a score of sweethearts 'twixt here and the Ariège to learn it from. I could have spoken French also, had I learned it as an old dog learns to come indoors at supper-time!"

As revealed to me, the achievement in prospect was infinitely more "class" than that upon which I was being blooded.

"See," said Don John, "like this it shall happen. When we are almost clear of the Velez you and I with Mark will cut across a *col* I know well, to a place I know better, where we can lie and rest a day or two. It is a place of friends. There we may watch for a chance to bring over a dozen packages worth all these mule-loads of rubbish a dozen times over. And we will pay never a sou to fat old Muros, the brigadier of carbineers down at El Seo. He would ask too much, the old skinflint, the 'pajaro!' Even for this night, I question whether there will be a matter of twenty francs left over for each man. But next time all shall be for ourselves. And what can any man do without money? I, who am the stoutest contrabandista on the mountains—even I cannot get married till I put down enough to buy a little piece of land. Yes, señor, a powerful noble is my Lord Money. God is Almighty, truly—but on the day after He created the world He dubbed Money His vicegerent."

"Why, Don John," I said, "surely it cannot be that she whom you love is mercenary?"

I could see him shrug his shoulders in the moonlight.

"No," he said, "my girl would let me take her across my saddle any night, and live content with me in a cane break. But she has a father who—well, is a Frenchman, and thinks that his 'little economies' will bring him to Paradise! And Katrina is a good girl, and would fret her heart out to disobey her parents. It is strange. Certes, I would disobey mine soon enough, if I did not know that Don Emmanuel would immediately take a gun and shoot me dead for it!"

. . . . .

It was the earliest orange-and-smoky-crimson dawn when, after duly making our adieus to Don Matthew and Don Luke, who were left in charge of the cavalcade, the two remaining brothers Sebastian, with Biño and myself, struck away to the left over a pine-covered col which led presently into the wildest country I had yet seen.

These long, gracefully contoured ridges of the Eastern Pyrenees have a way of breaking down suddenly—as it were, when no one is looking—into the wildest dance of splintered peaks, towered bastions, poised rocking-stones, vast cirques with precipitous sides, bare save for the clinging cystus and the wild rhododendron.

More than once I impressed it on the Sebastians that there was really no need for such hurry. Even Biño added his entreaties to mine. But I verily believe that Mark and John did not know that they were going as fast over the terrible ground as a fairly good walker could cover a piece of level road.

After a night of climbing and mule-riding it may be supposed that I was glad enough when we came to a halt on a craggy platform, with a couple of stern grey bastions towering immediately above us. Mark pointed downwards and said, "There! That is the finest 'mas' in all the Eastern Pyrenees—it is the farm of the great Don Cristobal Ribas!"

"That is where we are to wait?" I asked with some hope. It was a cosy modern-looking range of buildings. Not that I was particular. A shed full of mountain hay—a bed of clover and mountain fodder, a mouthful of bread and cheese, with, if the gods were kind, a *bota* of wine—these were all I asked of Señor Don Cristobal Ribas, or any other Señor.

The Sebastian brothers burst out laughing at my ignorance. Even Biño smiled. "It will be our most earnest endeavour," said my friend Don Mark, "to keep out of the path of Don Cristobal. It were good to eat, better still to sleep. Yet we must go about,

and far about, that no shepherd on his hills or fodder-lout looking up from his stock-yard may get his eyes upon us."

"Is he, then, in the service of the Government?"

For the second time they laughed. And again Mark enlightened me.

"No," he said, "Don Cristobal is not with the Government. On the Pyrenees there is no one on the side of the Government—no, not its own officers. Learn this—that in all the North—Guipuzcoa, Navarra, Aragon, Cataluña—when people speak respectfully of the Spanish Government they have their tongues in their cheeks. Don Cristobal is no spy of Madrid, but he is worse. He is a rival in business, and if he got wind that the Sebastians were in his country to run a batch, it is ten to one that we should be relieved of the task of carrying home not so much as a single package!"

"You mean that he would steal your property?"

The brothers shrugged their shoulders at my invincible English ignorance.

"Oh, no," they answered, philosophically, "the thing is a custom of Spain. We would have to fight for the goods, and the strongest, of course, would take them. For how could we carry any complaint to the authorities? Every stick has two ends, you see, so that is why we are so careful to hold tightly to ours, lest Don Cristobal should beat us with the other!"

So even as Don Mark had said, we were at great pains to pass unseen high above the well-cared-for buildings of Don Cristobal Ribas, member of Cortes, smuggler and practical freebooter.

It seemed that the pass we were now to essay was in a manner of speaking "held in fee" by the owner of the great *alqueria* beneath us. And being a man who stood well with the Government, not an ex-Carlist like Don Emmanuel Sebastian, he had much more liberty. So in the pass which, as it were, opened out of his back garden, being the best and most secret east of the Maladetta, the interference of strangers was not invited. And it was whispered that by means of his *tusos* and *peons*, the modern parliamentarian levied toll upon all, much after the manner of the merry barons of old. Yet I have been privileged to see this same gentleman take his railway ticket at Jaca for Madrid. To be exact, it was a ticket of the second class. He also made speeches which were printed in all the newspapers of the region. I was even introduced to him and had the honour of dining at his table. I found him courteous, well informed, and with the manners of a prince. After dinner, toasts were called for. It was the time of the "late unpleasantness" with regard to Cuba, so when I was called upon to give a toast I thought myself tolerably safe with "Viva España!" There were half a dozen gentlemen present, all Spaniards, all proprietors of the neighbourhood. To my surprise and embarrassment they sat still, though I was on my feet, and at a sad loss for words. The pause was decidedly an awkward one. I ran over in my mind how I could possibly have given offence. Then my host, toying with his wine-glass, said without looking at me, "If the Señor will change his toast to 'Viva Cataluña!' we are with him to a man!" The which, without any disloyalty to the existing Government of Spain, I instantly and most thankfully did.

In the meantime, however, we left Don Cristobal's "masarie" far beneath us, descending down, down, down into a dusty sun-baked plain, surrounded on every side by hills and looking like a little bit of Africa dropped by mistake into a "howe" of the Pyrenees. Cataluña and Eastern Aragon are full of such contrasts. They are so near the Mediterranean coast that ever and anon one comes on bits of them which are as Moorish as Murcia itself.

The mountains towards the north were low and barren, yet already in the improved dwellings of the people one could see that there was another spirit abroad. For though the valley was Spanish territory, the river which was to wet me several times during the trip sped on into France.

We were nearing our journey's end. In the midst of the sun-baked valley, dusty and dreary like a brickfield, there was one striking memorial of ancient times. The bold keep of a ruined castle, flanked by two towers of massive stones, stood up sharply out of the barren plain. Jackdaws circled and cawed

about the turrets, and the building, as we first saw it, might have been deserted for five hundred years. But lo! when we came to the leonine front which it turned towards the mountain we found that a huge plastron of red brick had been most incongruously attached to its northern side. In this a great door was pierced, proportionate indeed to the castle but utterly disproportionate to the internal accommodation, being twenty-five feet high and partly closed with a screen of rough wood, from which depended a string curtain. An ordinary whitewashed house was attached to the right of this House of the Cyclops; but as we saw it, the haze of morning heightening the weirdness of this marvellous conglomerate, made the patched ruins even more impressive than San Severino, standing stark and bone-bare on a sun-baked plain, and far withdrawn the mountains without any apparent break in their circuit.

Every seeker after new impressions will understand with what pleasure I heard Don Mark say that here for the present was the bourne of our travel.

As it happened, we had two days and a night to remain at Torre Toran, so that I had abundant opportunity of studying both the place and its inhabitants. In the small photograph the long battlemented wall to the rear, broken down in places, is not shown. We had to skirt this in order to reach the entrance of ceremony. As we did so an old woman came along, clothed in black from head to foot. A black hood shaped out of a shawl was over her head, almost concealing her face. She was driving before her a little flock of goats and she-asses, which, resignedly enough, proceeded to search for herbage where apparently even a royal warrant would not have produced a single blade of grass.

The old lady took not the least notice of us, sombrely holding her way, her eyes on the ground and her hand holding together the ends of the shawl with which she was hooded. Don John explained.

"She is called the Mother-of-Renato. The gendarmes killed him in the pass!"

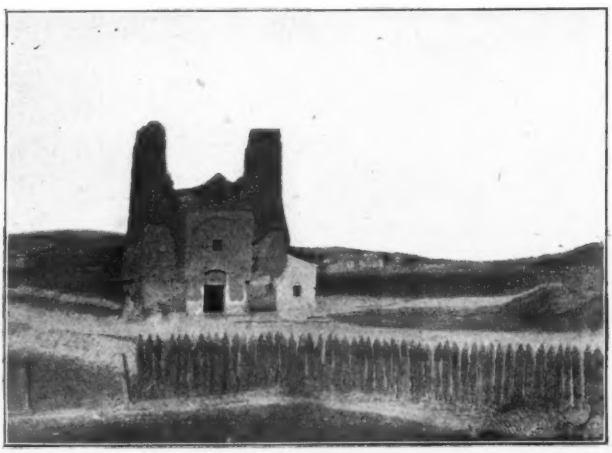
He spoke quite as if the matter were of ordinary occurrence. I was interested to know which pass.

"That through which you are to go to-night," he answered.

This interested me still more. I pressed for particulars.

"Oh," said John lightly, "there was nothing unusual. It might arrive to any one. He was called upon to stop. And he did not stop. *Voila toute!*"

Exactly—it might arrive to any one! Well,



The bald keep of a ruined castle, flanked by two towers of massive stone, stood up sharply out of a barren plain

I at least knew some one who, if called upon to stop, would stop with extreme suddenness. I was not so young as when I ran in the school

She was driving before her a little flock of goats and she asses

paper-chase. And besides, running away full tilt is, to say the least of it, unseemly.

As we approached the side entrance (the "Gate of the Sun-dial") a second old woman, this time more gaily attired in blue head kerchief, red-and-green striped shawl with a crimson border, a faded lilac dress and a red apron, was conducting the last of another herd of goats through a narrow doorway into an inner courtyard.

"We are in luck," said Don John, gleefully; "that is our hostess, Donna Anna. She is taking in her flock to be milked. We are in time for dinner."

Nowin the splendid speech of hungry Spain there is no word so wholly pleasant as "comida," which signifies the solid and comfortable meal which can be taken at any hour. Breakfast is generally a delusion, and supper the heart is sick for, because it is always so long deferred. But "comida" is infallibly a "square meal," and though on this occasion it approached the unfashionable hour of three (as the long clean line upon the sun-dial shows), I was rejoiced that we had hit to a nicety the time of the dinner of the workers. Within, we found three or four hardy fellows reclining in the high airy coolness, some on sacks, some on couches of juniper and heath brought from the alp outside. The floor itself was of beaten clay, with that bloom upon it which is the sign-manual of Spain, where all things, even the sunsets, appear through a ruddy haze of dust.

All rose at our entrance. The two Evangelist brothers shook hands familiarly, and with a few words, evidently cabalistic, introduced Biño and myself. The *pot-au-feu* was soon steaming on the table, brought in by the cook, a young and comely woman, who apparently blushed on the least provocation. She was, however, on good terms with Don John. But there was evidently a mystery somewhere, for Biño and I were warned not to let out to any of those at Torre Toran that Don

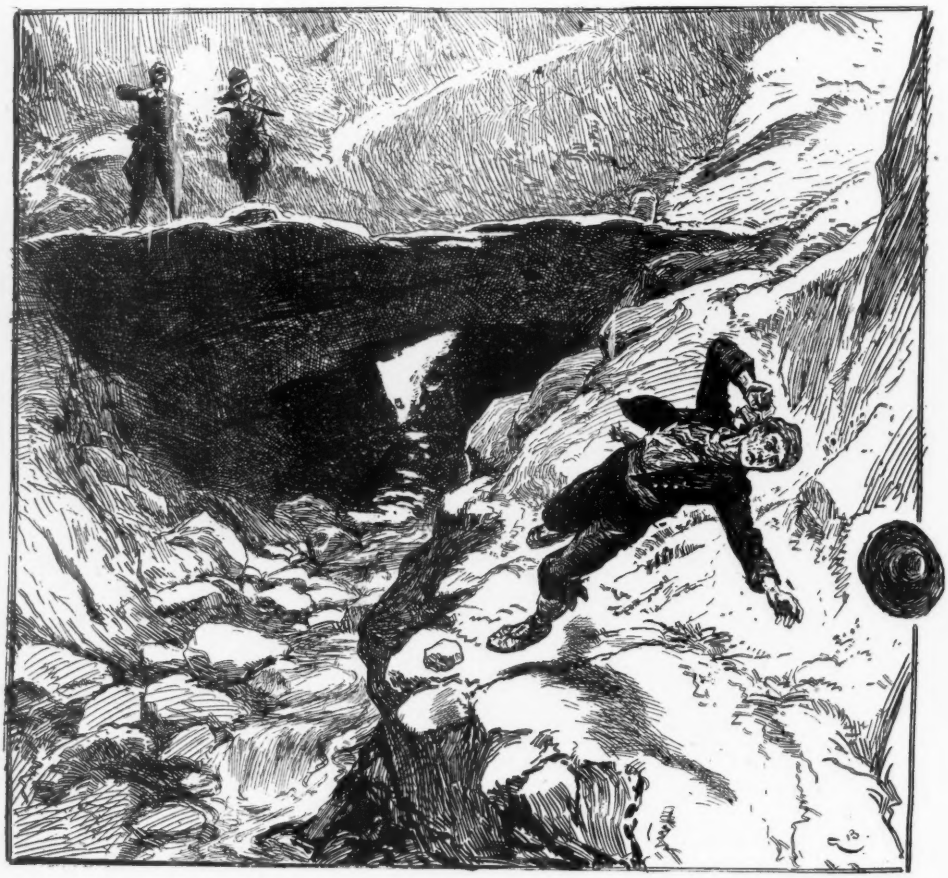
John had engaged himself "for the good motive" to a sweetheart over in the Ariége.

The explanation seemed to be that in the not distant past our inconstant youth had had an affair with the pretty dame of the pots and pans.

"She is married now," he says, somewhat shamefacedly, explaining the matter; "but what would you? She is married herself, but just like a woman, she would not like to think that *I* was going to marry myself also!"

He set up for knowing something about women, this same slender Don John. But whether he was right or not in this instance, certain it is that, when at last comida smoked upon the table, to him were apportioned both wings of the chicken, a slight which, at least, one other person felt very much—for the discerning would as soon think of eating the beak as the leg of a full-sized Spanish pullet.

There was the usual difficulty in making out who was the husband of the young woman. The amo, or "goodman" of the house, was a grey-headed crisp-tempered old fellow, who sat a little behind the cowl of the fireplace. Then, when Donna Anna came in with the milk with which to make his special mess of rice and eggs, all of us had to rise and be introduced afresh to her as the "ama," or wife of the proprietor of Torre Toran.



He was called upon to stop. And he did not stop. ***Voila toute!***

It was not for some time, and only by careful observation, that I made out the husband of our pretty cook to be a certain quiet, stoop-shouldered giant, who sat hour after hour looking into the fire without saying a word to any one, without glancing at his wife, or seeming to notice the numerous compliments that were showered upon her. His sole occupation was to throw scraps to a band of hungry cats which appeared from nowhere and everywhere, only to be *shooed* away by the cook, or dislodged from under settles by the rattle of Donna Anna's broom. I noticed, however, that the big man occasionally held out his hand in an absent-minded way to his wife for a handful of scraps to continue his feeding operations. Her hand invariably met his. So that there was probably a good deal of that silent understanding and communion which makes such a large part of the somewhat too public and open-air domesticity of Spain.

After dinner, and when some excellent wine had fortified the inner man, sharp-set after the shrewd air of the mountain tops, I was informed by Don Mark that it would be impossible to "lift" the goods that night. The party which had agreed to "cache" them had found itself watched and had had to return with them to headquarters near to Saint Beät. Don John had gone off to make new arrangements. He would be back in the morning. Glad enough of the rest, I took my camera, and, after the manner of my kind, went forth to seek what I might devour.

I was not long in finding a witching marvel of an ancient doorway, evidently belonging to the chapel of the castle. Saints surrounded the broad arch. Devils grinned from the low tiles. The inlay work of grey and red porphyry was perfect as the day it had been completed. But a pair of the amo's trousers flapped from the handle of the great door, and as I waited the mother of the dead Renato passed slowly up the steps with a brace of cans of milk fresh from her turn at the dairy. So that, though it was certainly invisible to the human eye, the goats and the she-asses must have found fodder among the stony *debris* about Torre Toran.

That night I slept on a mattress in a corner, the sleep of the tired and the insect-immune. Let none go gipsying in Spain whom a flea will bite—not to speak of the yet slower and more deadly terror of the Creeping-Thing-that-walketh in Darkness! In the morning, very early, Biño came to my bedside with a cup of chocolate and a glass of water, which I took thankfully enough, with a lump of black or rather brown bread thereto. The curtain was already drawn aside from the great twenty-five foot door, and from where I lay I could see right out across the plain to the summits of the hills, all covered with fresh-fallen snow, the clouds still wreathing and hovering about them, or slowly mounting in long level banks as the sun struck upon them. The whole interior of Torre Toran was filled with the fresh scents of dawn.

I rose and went out. All was of a magic and mystic clearness. Little details of hillside ten miles away came out as if within pistol shot, a broken pine, a fox earth—or at least so it seemed—perhaps, more likely some yawning cavern. The landscape from verge to verge was washed with dew—spring-cleaned, as it were, and the nearer rocks and cliffs had the delusive glitter of French polish.

A long lazy day was before us at Torre Toran. Don John had come back and was helping the pretty cook to get the breakfast. He had girt himself with a blue apron, and now peeled vegetables, washed salad, and cleaned knives—while the son of the house, the lady's husband, occasionally glanced at him with a slow smile of quizzical contempt. There was no harm in Don John—so much his smile said. And at any rate, his own Albecete knife was by his side, the repairer of mistakes, the "regulator" of all things that go awry in Spain. But Don John also knew this as well as any one, and (be it said again) there was no harm in Don John.

There is little to tell of the day—which shows how pleasantly it must have gone. I sat out, mainly in the yard, and smoked with Biño and the husband of the pretty cook, Don Reinaldo, who drawled sleepy tales in easy French of a good accent. He had been at the lycée of St. Gaudens, I was astonished to hear. But he was more than content to come home again to Torre Toran. He was

the only son of the house, and as he said, "I might have been a small official in France, and sat all day writing in a book or licking on leather, a good mother who would die for me, a few books, and every day a chance to use my gun!"

As I waited the mother of the dead Renato passed slowly up the steps

postage stamps. But how much better to be here with the hills all about, a wife who loves me, a brave old father as tough as saddle-

He showed me his armoury, of which he was justly proud. It contained a very fine new Winchester, bought for him by a friend

in Paris. It was kept like a piece of jewelry. He possessed besides a double-barrelled English sporting gun, and a Webley revolver of the heaviest navy pattern. I happened to have a few cartridges to suit this last at the bottom of my camera carrying-case, with which I made him exceedingly happy. In return he told me many tales, some romantic and a few humorous. And so we whiled the time past, till the fall of the twilight brought the band together. By this time I had taken a great liking for Don Reinaldo, this quiet man who had seen and done so many things, who loved both "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas" in their original tongues, and who under a blouse of blue linen and a flat-brimmed cap hid away such a world of refinement and good sense. As I was taking a picture of him seated on a log in the castle-yard, he advised me for that night to leave my camera at Torre Toran. His wife would take care of it in our absence, he said.

It was between eight and nine when we started, not as formerly in one imposing cavalcade, but on foot and in little groups of two or three at most. Don Reinaldo and Biño kept close to me. Not a word was uttered. It was a gloomy starless night, the moon obscured, and at first so dark that I would have stumbled and fallen had not Don Reinaldo given me his hand.

"It will be easier presently," he whispered; "but, indeed, darkness is best till we are well off the plain, so that none may track us. When we get among the hills the clouds will break and we will see well enough."

The ridges of the hills stood out ink black against the slaty grey of the sky. If you looked long at them, they became edged with a misty aureole, like that which outlines a saint's head in old pictures. Then we passed a tall post black against the sky.

"The frontier!" whispered Biño, with some relief, "now we are in France."

As soon as we had reached the bottom of the bank we stopped in a sheltered place and Don Reinaldo gave a short sharp whistle. It was the trysting-spot. Here all the men I had seen at the Torre were quickly assembled. Not a word was spoken. It was now Don John's business to lead, so I was placed behind with Don Reinaldo, while Biño, who also knew the country well, accompanied Don John as additional adviser.

Our pace was not rapid—rather the steady going of men who know that they have a long and difficult task before them. It was still too dark to see clearly. Yet the mountaineers went inevitably on, each as if he had been ascending his own staircase to bed. Once we seemed to be passing through a deep and narrow defile, upon rocks which sounded hollow beneath the feet, while far below me I heard the plash of falling water.

From this gloom we emerged, suddenly as from a prison cell. The moon struggled through fleecy clouds with a vague luminous radiance. My alpargatas touched grass, gratefully enough, and lo, before us lay the place of our quest, the Rochers de Léz—a wide uneven plain on which blocks of stone were scattered, of all sizes, from that of a man's hand to huge boulders ten and fifteen feet in diameter. What a place to play hide-and-seek in! that was my first thought. And there the packages lay ready for the Spaniards. French hands had placed them in hiding, but the risk itself must always be run by the men of Spain. Labour is cheap south of the Pyrenees—life also.

Don John went straight to a tall boulder, squared like an obelisk in a cemetery, which stood at the south-west corner of the plain. Then he threaded his way back, following some intricate key-plan which he had in his head.

"*Toma!*" he cried, suddenly pointing with his hand, "there you are!"

The men foraged about among the huddle of stones upon which a thin covering of heath and juniper had been artistically replaced. Soon our "affair" lay before us. Small square packages of thirty and forty pounds weight each were neatly wrapped in glazed waterproof cloth. Not a moment was now wasted. Don Reinaldo checked the number of burdens as each was drawn out of its hiding-place.

Then the men attached to the corners of each package a cross-harness of straps, like those which sustain the ruk-sack of the Alps—two broad bands passing bandolier fashion across the chest and under the armpits. Those who made it a point of honour

to select the heaviest packages had, some of them, L-shaped carrying boards, but most mounted the package plainly on the back with no other attachment than the broad crossed shoulder-leathers. To me was entrusted the smallest and lightest of all the packages—jewelry of price, I was told, destined for the best shops of Barcelona and Madrid. The larger packages held mostly Jura watches, small leather work, gold and silver cigar-cases, and all that dainty nick-nackery which is so popular in Spain, and of which not one article in ten ever pays to the Government the very heavy and indeed prohibitory duty imposed upon it.

With this business-like despatch it was not long before every back had its burden, and we were once more on the road for Spain. This "run" was a very different affair from that of the cavalcade. No arrangement had been made, or indeed could be made, with the authorities for the passing of a cargo so valuable. And the carbineers, old smugglers to a man, would certainly be on the alert if they had the least suspicion of what was afoot.

For me, in spite of my light load, not more than a fifth of what the others were carrying, I found the pace quite fast enough.

But Don Reinaldo wished to get through the narrow gorge before the light came clearer. It was easy to see that the clouds were passing off the face of the moon, and that long before our goods were safe in hiding, the whole of the mountains would be as bright as day.

I could hear the heavy and even painful breathing of the men as they followed each other up the steep slopes. Every five minutes at the worst parts, less frequently elsewhere, the leader would give a sort of guttural "Humph!" Then the exhausted men would lean their loads and themselves against the wall of rock. The moon looked out for a moment at one of these halts, and I saw the young man's face next to me. It was drawn and haggard. The sweat stood in great gouts on his brow, and I could see the labouring of his lungs as he panted with shut eyes and open mouth. Assuredly smuggling is no child's play for those who carry the heavier burdens.

We passed the dreaded gully in safety, and all breathed more freely as the pass opened out. We kept high on one side, serpentining among the scattered rocks. The moon had again removed herself. There was a growling of thunder low down towards the plains of Aragon. The storm seemed to be coming in our direction.

"Some of us will sleep in wet jackets to-night, if we sleep at all!" muttered Biño, who remained beside me. Though carrying his share like any of the others, the sturdy fellow kept offering to relieve me of mine at difficult parts of the road.

Suddenly Don Reinaldo, who had been leading, threw up his hand, and with a muttered "*Al abrigo!* (To cover!)" he effaced himself behind a boulder. So indeed did we all. And not a moment too soon. For "spat—spat—spatter" came half a dozen bullets against the rocks. Some of them buzzed along the hillside like great bees. They whistled overhead. They clicked and burrowed like rats in the short dense undergrowth, as the facets of the rocks turned them aside. But no one of our company was touched.

"They are on the other side—lower down!" whispered Biño. "Do not be afraid. It is only playing the game. They will do us no harm, but all the same it is a mercy the moon is covered. I wish that thunderstorm would make haste."

"Are they Don Cristobal's men?" I inquired. For I thought it might be the deputy to the National Cortez who was objecting to our intrusion upon his vested rights of breaking the laws he had helped to make.

"No," said Don John, who lay next on my right, "nothing so serious as that—only the silly carbineers. Cristobal's men would have had the hill of us by this time, and in ten minutes we would have seen their knives glancing. But these fellows will just keep firing away bullets and wasting Government powder. They will never dare to attack us. All the same it is very stupid—very tiresome. One does not want to be recognised. And it is much too near Don Cristobal's for safe 'caching'!"

After the first surprise of the thought

that these bullets were fired *at* us, it was astounding how soon we got used to the fusillade in the dark. The Spaniards passed for it—bullets or no bullets!" said Don Reinaldo, "else daylight will catch us with the stuff still on our backs!"

The old shed where the packages were finally rubbed dry and hidden under heaps of fodder

jests after their kind, chiefly grumbling because Don Reinaldo would not permit cigarettes to be lighted, lest the heath and dried grasses of the hillside might be set on fire.

"In twenty minutes we must make a rush

Very anxiously therefore we watched the clouds pass over the moon. But it darkened steadily, and it was not five minutes before the first drops of the thunderstorm fell, broad as Spanish dollars, plashing solidly in our

faces. Then with a long low sigh of relief, each man adjusted his package and stood erect.

"That will damp the wasps' powder for them!" said Don John. "I wish old slow-coach Reinaldo would let us just send one volley among them for luck!"

But the stoop-shouldered giant was far too steady a leader for any child's play of that sort. As the lightning came flash on quick

journey to the old shed, where the packages were finally rubbed dry and hidden under heaps of fodder, was certainly monotonous. It was one long plodding misery of feeling oneself wet to the skin, of plunging on across loose banks of slaty *débris*, through swamps muddy with the rains, of barking shins and stubbing toes against the stumps of stone pines half buried in the drift.

But the "cache" once reached, all was

An officer of carbineers regarded us a little curiously as we passed

flash, we would see in the pale lilac glare away across on the other side of the valley a file of black figures hastening in the direction of the carbineer post.

"Now, I wonder what they suppose themselves to have gained by all that?" growled Biño in my ear; "something to put in their report, I suppose—'Wonderful activity of the carbineers of the district of Aran! Daring attack upon armed *partidas* concealed among rocks! The contrabandistas dispersed!'"

. . . . . .

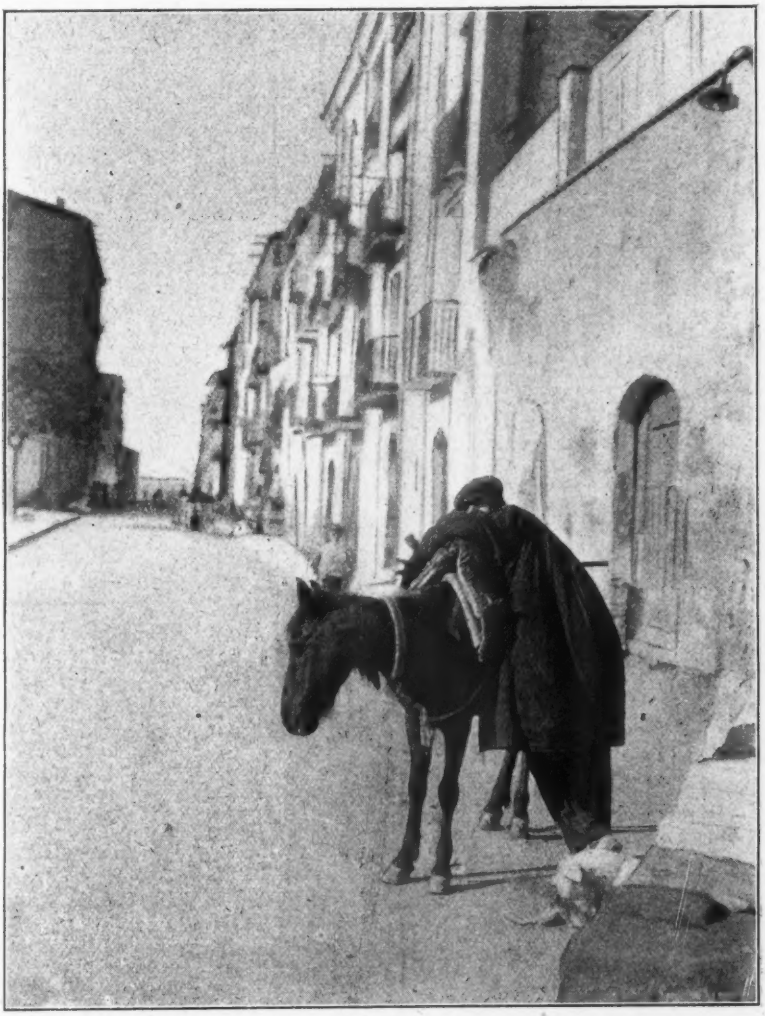
After this stirring episode, the rest of the

soon stowed away, and we filed out of the shed, dusting the "bits" off our coats, to become once more law-abiding citizens of our respective countries.

"Now," said Don Reinaldo, "we will go down to El Seo and constitute ourselves, so to speak."

In my innocence, I had expected that we would take the goods directly back to Torre Toran, or, perhaps, even to San Severino. But the best smugglers of Spain never "fyle their ain nest." They carry everything in the direction of some unfrequented railway side

station, whence some trusted member of the fraternity takes the whole down to the best markets in Barcelona or Madrid. The day is past when the contrabandista was a mere stupidly-daring tool in the hands of cleverer men. He knows and studies the markets. Carrying his life in his hand, he yet never risks his skin unnecessarily. Generally, he will not fight for his goods against Government troops, though he will stand up fiercely enough against raiders of his own kind. He is wise, acute, long-suffering, and knows that it is better to abandon one cargo than to be marked and known for life by the spies of the Excise. At worst, he has to contend with spurts of energy on the parts of new brigadiers, who come to the frontier with quite un-Spanish ideas of honesty. But, even so, such commanderies as those of San Severino and



A boy leaning on a mule, apparently more than half asleep, cocked a cunning eye at us

Torre Toran are hardly ever seriously interfered with.

As we crossed the river for the last time, the early sunshine was flooding it mildly through fleecy clouds. Being already as wet as we could be, we plunged in recklessly up to our shoulders, splashing each other like boys let loose from school. Yet our clothes were almost dry by the time we had got to the summit of the rocks on the opposite bank. It was afternoon when the little city appeared, as we would say in Scotland "in the lirk of the hill," with the clear river washing its apostolic feet.

In twenty minutes we were at the gate of El Seo. An officer of carbineers regarded us a little curiously as we passed. I fancied he laid his finger against the side of his nose, but as to this I will not take oath in any court of justice.

"That Thing there," growled Don John, ungratefully, "is the old pig of a thousand pigs to whom my father had to pay a hundred duros for leaving the Valdez open the other night. Praise to the saints, he gets not so much as one 'little dog'* out of this night's work!"

I wondered which of the saints had our midnight labours under his care—holy Saint Nicholas, I should think, the patron saint of all night-hawks.

As we passed through the sun-bright Plaza of El Seo, a boy leaning on a mule, apparently more than half asleep, cocked a cunning eye at us and said something in a low tone to Don Mark.

"All right," he whispered, a moment after, "our Matthew got through the Valdez all safe with the stuff. So that old scoundrel of a Brigadier earned his dollars after all!"

Several of our company went off to the quaint little cathedral, but Biño and I sought a quiet posado, where I could get comfortably into bed with a blanket about me, while my entire wardrobe dried shamelessly on the balcony which gave upon the street. In this guise, with a cup of coffee by my side, I smoked the easeful cigarette, and, failing any fit priest of my faith, confessed the crimes of the night to my diary.

* "Little-dog"—a half-penny.

The Scale of the Visible Heavens*

By Sir Robert Ball, LL.D., F.R.S.,

Lowndean Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge

OF all the sciences that which makes the greatest demand upon the resources of the human imagination is unquestionably the science of Astronomy. In the great problems which the heavens offer we are called upon to brace our minds to the conception of distances and magnitudes utterly transcending all ordinary human experience, so that special means have to be invoked to render such dimensions intelligible to our limited capacities. Each advance in our knowledge of the heavens reveals to us the grandeur of the celestial spaces on an ever growing scale. The great majority of the stars are situated at distances so enormous that with our present resources it is utterly hopeless to attempt to determine where they lie. Astronomers know only too well that comparatively few stars happen to lie sufficiently close to the earth to permit of any accurate determination of their true positions in space being obtained. Nor is it by any means an easy task to select from among the starry myriads those particular objects which do lie within range. It not unfrequently happens that after much labour has been expended on observations of some particular star, the work turns out to be fruitless, the cause of failure being that the star is so remote that there is no possibility of measuring its distance with the appliances of our observatories. Much judgment must, therefore, be exercised in making a judicious selection of the

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particular star to which it is proposed to devote the time and labour required in this particular problem.

It might naturally be presumed that the brightest stars are those nearest to the earth; no doubt, if intrinsically all the stars were equally bright, then of course their apparent brightness would be a safe guide in placing these objects at their true relative distances. For if this were the case, then the explanation of the endless varieties of lustre which stars exhibit, would be given at once by supposing that there was a corresponding variety in their distances. But there is in truth no such simple connection between brightness and distance as this view would imply. We know that the brightest star in the heavens is Sirius, but we also know that Sirius is by no means the nearest neighbour of the solar system. We may also give another instance. Recent researches have shown that the famous star Arcturus, the brightest member of its constellation and one of the three or four most beautiful stars visible in our northern skies, is by no means one of the stars comparatively near us. Arcturus has in fact been recently shown to be so excessively far off, that it must probably be classed with those stars whose remoteness renders it impossible for us ever to learn what their distances actually amount to. Of course this implies that the intrinsic brightness of the two stars we have named must be exceptionally high.

There is, however, another indication of position which is very frequently accepted by astronomers when discussing whether a star is likely to lie within such a comparatively limited distance from the earth as to make it worth while to attempt the determination of that distance. When we are looking at a steamer near the horizon, the vessel seems to change its place but slowly, though we may know as a matter of fact that it is travelling ten miles an hour or perhaps at double that speed. The nearer we are to the steamer, the more rapidly does it seem to move. In like manner, if a star were animated by what is called proper motion, that is to say, if the star shifted its position on the sky with reference to the other stars, and if the amount of this shift was unusually great, then there would be a presumption that the star was comparatively near us. It will indeed be obvious that if all the stars were really travelling at the same speed, those which lie nearest the earth would in general move over an appreciable part of the sky in a shorter time than those which were more remote. Of course we are not entitled to assume that the stars are moving with equal rapidity in space. Indeed we know well that such is not the case. But we may fairly argue that if a star does appear to be moving more rapidly than the majority, some presumption is afforded that it is one of the sun's nearer neighbours.

That star whose distance is to be sought having been chosen, an elaborate series of observations is then undertaken. The astronomer measures with the micrometer attached to his telescope the sky interval, by which that star is separated from a neighbouring star, which, though apparently close by, is in reality much further away. Indeed, for this auxiliary object we like, if possible, to have a star which is about ten times as far as the star itself whose distance is under investigation. It is at least essential that the two shall lie so nearly in the same direction as to be both visible in the same telescopic field. By means of the delicate instrument just mentioned, we measure the apparent angular distance, or the sky interval, between the two stars, and these measurements are repeated night after night for a period that should exceed rather than fall short of an entire twelvemonth. In the course of the year the astronomer is gradually shifting his position by the revolution of the Earth round the Sun. In six months' time the displacement of the observer amounts to about 186,000,000 miles, the earth having moved during this period round a semicircle of its orbit. This displacement of the observer alters the apparent position of the nearer of the two stars with respect to its more distant companion. We thus find that the ap-

parent interval between the two objects changes periodically, and from careful measurements of these changes it is possible, by the magic of mathematics, to determine the distance of the star from the earth.

So far as astronomers have yet learned, the star which lies closest to the earth is one which we do not know in the northern hemisphere, though it is very familiar to residents in southern latitudes. This star is the brightest gem in the constellation of the Centaur, and, according to the usual mode of designation, it is spoken of as *Alpha Centauri*. The telescope shows the object to consist of a pair of magnificent suns, slowly revolving each round the other, and the pair is itself animated by a grand movement through the heavens. Many attempts have been made to determine the distance from the earth of this celebrated pair of objects. The latest and doubtless the most accurate determination has been made by Sir David Gill, at the Cape of Good Hope, with the aid of Dr. Elkin, now of Yale Observatory, New Haven, U.S.A.

I do not here propose to state the distances of the stars in miles. No doubt strings of figures for this purpose might be written down, and they have of course a value in their proper place. Instead of repeating such figures, I shall endeavour to translate them into ideas more suitable for conveying a due appreciation of the magnitudes involved. The marvellous development of wireless telegraphy will suggest an illustration for the purpose.

Every one knows the unparalleled swiftness with which an electric signal speeds its way along a conducting wire. The operator presses the key, and instantly an electric flash is transmitted from one end of the country to the other. The merchant on going to his office after breakfast, despatches a message to a place thousands of miles distant, and easily receives his answer before the morning is over, notwithstanding the inevitable delays incidental to the transmission and the reception of the message. The speed at which the current actually travels is indeed so great that very elaborate instruments are required if that speed is to be measured. Only an imperceptible fraction of a second would be occupied in an electric journey across a continent. The actual velocity attained in telegraphic practice varies according to circumstances. The electrician, however, knows that, even when all the circumstances are most favourable, the speed of a current along the wire could never exceed one hundred and eighty thousand miles a second. This is apparently the speed with which, also, the thrills of wireless telegraphy fly over continent and ocean. We shall employ this maximum speed as the velocity of electricity in our present illustration.

Just consider all this implies. Suppose that a row of telegraph posts twenty-five thousand miles long were erected round the earth at the equator. Suppose that a wire were stretched upon these posts for this circuit of twenty-five thousand miles, and that then another complete circuit was taken with the same wire round the same posts, and then another, and yet another. In fact, let the wire be wound no fewer than seven times completely about this great globe. We should find that a signal, if it could travel at the speed named, would accomplish the seven circuits in one second of time. Provided with this conception we can give illustrations of the results at which astronomers have arrived in their researches on the distances of the stars.

Let us suppose that the Marconi apparatus, instead of having an utility merely confined to the earth, were to be extended throughout the length and depth of space. Let some messages be sent from the earth to the moon, and some from the earth to the sun. Let us suppose that signals could be sent from the earth to a bright star, and to the still more distant faint telescopic stars. Finally, let us imagine the Marconi signal transmitted all the way from the earth to one of the most distant stars whose images have ever been discerned on a photographic plate. Let us now see what the very shortest time would be in which a message could be trans-

mitted to each of these several destinations. First, with respect to the moon. is however many times further away than the moon, and the time required for

Annular Nebula, *Lyræ*

(From a photograph taken at the Lick Observatory)

Our satellite is comparatively speaking so near to us that but little more than a second would be required for a signal to travel thither from the earth. The sun sending a message to the sun would be correspondingly longer. The sun is indeed so far, that when the key had been pressed down and the electric wave had

shot forth through the ether of space to pursue its route at that stupendous speed which would permit it to place a girdle seven times round this earth in a second, yet, notwithstanding its unparalleled velocity, eight minutes would have to elapse ere the electric wave had passed from the earth to the sun. The reply sent back from the sun would require another eight minutes for the return journey, so that if there were no undue delay in the solar post office we might expect a reply within half an hour or so after the original message had been despatched.

The exchange of wireless signals with the stars would, however, be a much more tedious matter. Take first the case of the very nearest of those twinkling points of light, namely Alpha Centauri, to which I have already referred. The transmission of a telegraphic message to this distant sun would indeed tax the patience of all concerned. The key is pressed down, the ethereal impulse is given, the message bounds off on its journey; it wings its way with that velocity sufficient to carry it one hundred and eighty thousand miles in a single second of time. Even the nearest of the stars is however sunk into space to a distance so overwhelming that the time required for the journey is not a question of seconds or minutes, not of hours or days, not of weeks or of months; indeed no less than four years would have to pass by before the electricity vibrating through the ether, with its unapproachable speed, had accomplished this stupendous journey.

Alpha Centauri is, however, the nearest of the stars. We have yet to indicate the distances of those which are more remote. Look up to-night towards the heavens, and among the thousands of twinkling points which delight our eyes, there are many so far off that if, after the Battle of Waterloo had been won, the news had been immediately telegraphed to these stellar depths, the message would not yet have been received there, notwithstanding that for the greater part of a century it had been flashing along with that lightning velocity which would carry it seven times round the earth in the interval between two ticks of a clock.

There are stars further still. Fortify your eyes with a telescope, and direct it towards the sky. Myriads of stars will then be revealed which could not be discerned without its aid. Nor need we feel surprised that the effulgence of glorious suns, as these spheres undoubtedly are, should shrink to such inconsiderable properties when we think of the awful remoteness of these bodies. Over our heads there are thousands of stars so remote that, if the news of the discovery of America by Columbus had been circulated far and wide through the universe by the instrumentality of the telegraph, the announcement would not yet have reached them. To altitudes so stupendous are those thousands of stars to which I now refer elevated into boundless space.

And we have still one more step to take. Let us think of the distance of one of these faintest of stars which are only known to us by the tiny marks which they make on the most sensitive photographic plate after hours of exposure. It seems certain that many of these stars are so remote that if the glad tidings of the first Christmas at Bethlehem 1900 years ago, had been disseminated through the universe by the swiftest electric current ever known; yet such stars are so remote that all the seconds which have elapsed in the years of our present era, would not have sufficed for the journey.

Some there are who may be inclined to doubt these facts, and of course to doubt wisely is a most wholesome attitude to take with respect to all scientific work. But if any reader of these lines should entertain any misgivings as to the reality of these stellar distances, then there is one consideration which may be specially commended to his notice. Remember that space seems to us to be boundless, for our imagination can conceive no limits. There must, it would seem, be depths of space thousands of times, or indeed millions of times, greater than those of which I have spoken. We can conceive of no boundary; for even if that celestial

vault of crystal existed which the ancients supposed, our imaginations could pierce through it to the other side, and then in thought we could start afresh, and on and on indefinitely. And seeing that space seems to us to be infinite, what wonder is it if stars should lie at the distances I have named, or at distances millions of times greater still? Indeed I would rather say, that we have good reason to feel thankful that so many of the stars have come so near to us as to allow of their being glimpsed by our eyes, or caught on our photographic plates. There is ample room to permit of their retreat into space so far that the heavens would have appeared an absolute void, instead of presenting that glorious spectacle which now makes our nightly skies an abounding delight.

I shall never forget the occasion on which for the first time I was privileged to observe the unparalleled fire-mist, which we call the Great Nebula in Orion, through the famous reflecting telescope, six feet in diameter, which the late Earl of Rosse had himself constructed and erected in the grounds of Birr Castle. The diurnal movement by which the celestial bodies ascending from the east cross the meridian to the south to descend again towards the west, gives of course to the observer who looks through the telescope an ever-changing picture of the skies. He sees passing before his delighted gaze a stately procession of stars which follow each other with slow and majestic motion. I do not know any natural spectacle more fascinating than this procession when viewed through a telescope of sufficient size and power to do full justice to the pageant. There is infinite variety in the stars, variety in their brightness, their number and their arrangement. Here the stars may be found somewhat sparsely scattered; there they may lie in clustering myriads. The celestial spectacle is ever changing, and expectation is always on the alert to see what each succeeding minute may bring forth. If a star somewhat brighter than the others in its vicinity happens to be approaching the field of view, its lustre may to some extent precede it, and thus announce its approach. The advent of a bright star is thus heralded at the edge of the field, before the star itself bursts into view.

It was in the depth of a dark winter's night, when the skies were clear and bright, that I made my first acquaintance with the great celestial fire-mist. The colossal telescope had been duly adjusted to the proper elevation, so that when the right moment arrived, the Great Nebula in Orion as it approached the meridian would have to enter and pass through the field of view. But when I first took my station at the eye-piece, the Great Nebula had not reached the field. Its time was not yet due. The procession of the stars, of course, then as always, invited close attention. That sublime spectacle is indeed never absent when the sky is clear, and so I watched, while waiting for the few minutes to elapse before the nebula should arrive. The stars, like brilliant diamond points on the black sky, moved steadily onwards, some just entering the field, some moving across it, and some just leaving it. At last the moment when the Great Nebula was due arrived. The first announcement of its approach was given by a faint light at the edge of the field. This was obviously not from a star-like point, for the light was too diffused; it seemed more like a dawn which was beginning softly to lighten up the edge of the dark field. Then as the seconds passed, the light gradually increased until it became certain that the great fire-mist was approaching and was beginning to enter the field. The advancing light gradually assumed definite form, and it was clear that some of the faint outlying portions of the Great Nebula in Orion had now arrived; and still the diurnal movement progressed, so that as the seconds passed by, the field became more and more filled with the vast continents of light which form the Great Nebula. To this day I recollect how my excitement and delight at the magnificent spectacle increased at each moment. The faintness of the outlying parts had been succeeded

by the regions of the fire-cloud, which possess much greater intensity. Masses of characteristic bluish light, with the

Dumb-bell Nebula, *Vulpecula*

(From a photograph taken at the Lick Observatory)

picturesque irregularity that belongs to a cloud in our own sky, deployed across the field. The sight at one time assumed a sublimity immeasurably transcending any-

thing on which my eye had ever been permitted to rest before. But still the procession went on, the procession which never ends; parts of the nebula left the field, and new portions advanced into it. The brighter portions slowly travelled across, slowly arrived at the margin, and slowly

disappeared. Even when they had passed, the eye could still dwell on the fainter portions which became gradually fainter and fainter until the last trace had vanished. Once again the endless procession of stars in the dark sky was alone to be seen, and I felt that I had been permitted to behold one of nature's most magnificent spectacles.

The difficulty of determining the distance of a nebula—and up to the present it has proved an insuperable difficulty—is due to the ill-defined outline of the nebula itself. If even with the perfect sharpness of a star-image it is often not possible to make measurements with the precision demanded in the investigation of sidereal distances, it need hardly be expected that observations of the requisite accuracy can be obtained when a widely diffused nebulosity is involved. How, for instance, could the observer define so clearly a point in the Great Nebula in Orion as to be able to ensure that he measured from the same point every night during the many months of observation? It would be quite impossible to ensure the requisite accuracy for such work. No doubt every nebula contains stars. But if we tried to select a star for the purpose of these measurements there would always remain a doubt as to whether the star selected was actually in the nebula or whether it was not some object very much in the foreground, or very much in the background, but which happened to lie in the same line of vision. In the case of the famous multiple star which forms the central feature in the Great Nebula in Orion, there is every reason to believe that the stars composing it do actually lie in the nebula which surrounds them. Not without violence to our sense of probabilities could we believe that the most marvellous multiple star in the heavens had by some extraordinary coincidence happened to be so placed as to lie directly in line with the central part of the most remarkable nebula which the heavens display. The only escape from this monstrous alternative is to suppose that the multiple star and the Geat Nebula are part of the same system. No one who has ever seen the quadruple star in the Nebula of Orion could doubt that the four stars were actually connected with the nebula, and were immersed in its glowing mass. This suggestion from the doctrine of probabilities has been finally corroborated by spectrum analysis. It has been shown that the spectra of these stars bear unmistakable evidence of belonging to the Great Nebula itself, and the same may indeed be said of many other stars in this magnificent constellation.

If, therefore, the distance of the famous multiple star in the Nebula of Orion could be determined, we should have learned the distance of the Great Nebula itself. Why then it may be asked has the distance of this multiple star not been measured? This is due no doubt to the position which the nebula occupies on the celestial sphere. The Great Nebula in Orion lies very near the equator, and when objects are so situated there are difficulties about making the observations over the number of months which are required for the determination of their distance.

Definite marks to measure from which are not to be found in a diffused object like the Great Orion, or the Dumb Bell nebulæ, and which are also wanting in other nebulæ, are, however, found to some extent in the planetary nebulæ. These objects have, as their name implies, a planet-like precision of form, and whenever it is large enough to be visible the disc will generally contain some feature sufficiently definite to admit of measure, possessing the required accuracy.

When Dr. Brunnow was Royal Astronomer of Ireland he made an important series of observations in search of the distance of one of the most remarkable of the planetary nebulæ. Dr. Brunnow had great experience of this delicate class of work, and he measured the distance of this planetary nebula from stars in the neighbourhood in a series of observations which extended over the greater part of a year. But he could recognise no alternation in the apparent place of the planetary nebula, even though his point of view

had shifted 186,000,000 miles in six months. He arrived at the conclusion that the nebula was so distant from us that the nebula it did not seem as large as a hen's egg would appear if viewed from a distance of twenty miles.

Cluster M 13 *Herculis*

(From a photograph taken at the Lick Observatory)

circle which our earth describes in its annual motion at an average radius of 93,000,000 miles from the sun, was such that from the distance of the planetary

We have particularly to note that what Dr. Brunnow discovered was only a minor limit to the distance of the planetary nebula. The distance of that object

could not have been less than that which we have tried to illustrate, but it might have been a great deal more. It might have been ten times as much, or a hundred times as much, or a thousand times as much. We really do not know. But though we are ignorant of the distance of the planetary nebula, the negative information we have acquired provides an impressive lesson. It will at least give some notion of the scale on which the planetary nebula has been constructed. As an astronomer would say, the planetary nebula has an apparent diameter of thirty seconds. From this we know that it must have been of enormous dimensions, even though we are ignorant of the complete extent of those dimensions. If the solar system had been surrounded by a globe of glowing gas extending to the o bit which is traversed by Neptune, and if that globe of gas were distant from us by an amount as great as that lowest distance at which Dr. Brunnow's research has placed the planetary nebula, we know that the globe of gas would not seem nearly so large as the planetary nebula does actually appear to us. The inference from this is irresistible. It proves that the planetary nebula must be at least as large a globe as that for which the orbit of the most distant planet of our system would provide a girdle. This is the smallest possible size we can attribute to the planetary nebula, and its actual size is in all probability very much greater. There are other nebulæ which must be millions of times larger still. And we now know that the nebulæ, visible and photographic, are really to be reckoned by scores of thousands.

Emerson well says: "One might think that the atmosphere had been created transparent in order to give us in the stars the perpetual presence of the sublime. If the stars should appear but once in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore and retain for many generations the recollection of the celestial city which had been shown to them; but every night come out those preachers of beauty, and light the heavens with their admonishing smile."

Recollections of Life at an Open-Air Sanatorium

By C. B. Underhill

BEFORE my arrival at the Sanatorium I was steeped in the old traditions. "Cold" and "damp"—those were the arch enemies that I had been taught to fear, and it was to them mainly that I traced all my relapses and the slow but insidious increase of the disease. Of its real origin and nature I was sublimely ignorant. Of course in a general way I knew that work and fatigue were bad, how bad I did not realise, but "cold" and "damp"—they were the foes chiefly to be dreaded by the consumptive.

I was staying at a south-coast resort when rumours of this open-air treatment first reached my ears, slight rumours to which I paid no heed. But the case was urgent, both lungs were badly damaged and the heart much weakened, and my doctor gave me six months more, at most, to live. Then like a thunderclap came an article in one of the leading magazines. I know now that the article in question was optimistic to an extent scarcely warranted by the facts, but at the time I believed it fully and unreservedly. The whole treatment appeared to me so revolutionary, so entirely subversive of all that I had formerly believed, that the magnitude of the writer's claims on its behalf sank into relative insignificance. Moreover, one fact stood out clearly and unmistakably, I could not grow worse much faster than actually was happening. I was a walking skeleton, and my heaviest meal was a mere

nothing, a cup of Benger's food and a few oysters.

Not that I regarded the new treatment as a last resource; I believed the article that I had read with the whole-heartedness of ignorance, and even now my faith in the treatment is as firm as ever, though I no longer believe that it can accomplish impossibilities. At that time I was persuaded that recovery was possible for each and all, and not only recovery, but restoration to almost complete health. I looked forward with eagerness and impatience to the time when I could be received at the Sanatorium, and the—to me—extraordinary character of the treatment gave the added charm of novelty.

So the day came at last for me to go, and in the dusk of a winter afternoon I drove up to the Sanatorium, one of the earliest of its patients, as the Sanatorium was opened only three weeks before my arrival. A cup of tea was given to me, and then I was promptly ordered to my room. The glamour of the treatment still held me with its spell, and it was not until supper was brought up that I began to appreciate the stern realities that lay below. To eat largely when devoid of appetite seemed so simple when contemplated from a distance through the pages of a magazine. But the actual fact! Let me draw a veil over the sufferings entailed, and only record that the doctor, to his credit, let me down gently on that my first evening.

My first few weeks passed like a dream, or perhaps I should say a nightmare. They seemed one endless succession of meals, so that I thought I should never again know the joy of hunger. Outside a bleak and wintry February was running its appointed course. To be in bed in my condition was not so great a trial as might have been. I knew nothing of the surrounding country except that it was wild and high and lonely. Close to my window I could hear the plaintive call of the lapwing plovers, and now their cry always carries me back in spirit to those early days of hope and struggle. For the rest, it was a February of wind and snow and rain.

These latter, when the wind was high, blew gaily in at my open window, and fell light and cool upon my face, a novelty which the doctor often appreciated more than I. "Wouldn't that be considered suicidal madness under the old *régime?*" he once asked with sparkling eyes, as the snow drifted in and settled on my head.

So the days and night ran on, and my reward was an increase of weight—half a pound a day—and a gradual renewal of strength which in my inexperience I could not but regard as phenomenal. This was accompanied by a general improvement, slow—so slow!—but steady. It was not so with all. There were many that I knew whose only reward was death, yet they met their fate unflinchingly and uncomplainingly, brave and cheerful to the last.

One wild and stormy evening as the nurse put down my supper she informed me that the doctor had just driven up from Badley, eight miles away, without overcoat, waterproof, or umbrella, and was sitting down to supper with the rain trickling off his coat into "poodles" on the floor. "Whatever for?" I asked. "Oh! to show the patients that they need not be afraid of rain. You see the place is fresh. But he wouldn't get me to do that!"

I was not unprepared for such freaks, for the housekeeper had once alluded to tea on the lawn. When I inquired if the tea-drinkers were sitting on rugs, she laughed and said, "No, on the grass." This in February. Drilled as I had been in the old theories, such behaviour appeared almost incredible, and I marvelled.

But I was shortly to experience in my own person how harmless wet and cold could be. At the end of the month I was well enough to be allowed down in the morning about eleven. It was delightful to be out again after a month's seclusion, more delightful still to get a glimpse of my fellow creatures and have a chat; for beyond the doctor, housekeeper, and nurse, I had been allowed to see no one. I shall not easily forget that day. The weather had relented and the sun was shining. I lay on a lounge in a sheltered corner from eleven till five, only moving to eat my dinner, which was brought to me out of doors. I smoked my first

cigarette for many months, and occasionally chatted with two others who were near. But conversation was discouraged by the ubiquitous doctor. However I was content to lie quiet, and let my eyes roam round, trying to discover what kind of country I was in. I saw that the garden at least would be very beautiful in summer.

Soon after four the doctor appeared, to ask if I would like to be carried up or wait a little longer. I unhesitatingly decided to remain, but very soon repented it. The sun set behind the house shortly after the doctor left me, and I began to feel cold. How cold I was I did not realise until I reached my room at five. I lay on my lounge in front of a blazing fire, toasting myself, but all to no purpose. I shivered so violently that the whole lounge shook, and it was impossible to read. At a quarter to six I decided to turn in, and as I stood having a final toast, the doctor came in.

"Hullo! Going to bed?"

"Yes," I answered, "I can't keep still I'm so cold."

"Have a good roast then, and shut your windows for a bit."

"H'm," I soliloquised, as I tumbled in, "if I'm not dead of something before to-morrow I'll never be afraid of cold again."

It was half an hour before I stopped shivering, yet nothing happened, though for the future I took good care to come in before the sun set behind the house.

Then throughout the next two months, with the exception of ten days when a slight relapse confined me to my bed, this picnic went on uninterruptedly. In fine weather I dined in the open, in wet weather in a shelter. Gradually also I began to walk, until I could do a quarter of a mile without fatigue. It was rather lonely, conversation was strictly forbidden for me, and many were the lectures read me by the doctor for infringing his instructions. I think I paid more heed to them than he imagined, but I must confess that appearances were usually against me. If I ever ventured on an innocent "Hullo!" to a fellow patient, a mysterious fate would arrange that the doctor should be passing unexpectedly at that moment. He would look sorrowfully at me, and I would say hastily: "I really have hardly said a word." But *qui s'excuse s'accuse*, and I do not altogether blame him for his look of long-suffering incredulity.

But slowly and surely I was gaining strength, and this out-door life was far from unpleasant. Judged by mere looks my appearance would have warranted any casual observer in denouncing my further stay at the Sanatorium as an unmitigated fraud. I had reached my normal weight of twelve stone, and by the end of March was as sunburnt as I am usually at the end of summer. From the time that I got up to the time that I went to bed I was perpetually out of doors; in the open if the elements were favourable, otherwise in a shelter. Occasionally, if I was comfortably wrapped up in lounge or hammock, I would defy even the rain—under an umbrella. Like Tweedledee I cared not if it rained outside. Implicit as was my faith in the doctor I never felt the least ambition to emulate him in his behaviour towards rain. I drew the line somewhere, I liked to be dry, if possible, warm as well. This was not always possible, and it was many weeks before the cold ceased to cause me considerable discomfort. Even now I am always in doubt whether it is that I really do not get so cold, or simply that I am more used to it, so do not notice it.

Moreover, as time passed, I found less difficulty with my food. Outwardly we took the stuffing with a jest, and the chagrin of some hapless patient, whose plate was more than usually well filled, caused many a smile. I remember Currie, the irrepressible, having the unwelcome seat of honour opposite to the doctor. Towards the end of the second course the latter's keen eye noticed what none of us had noticed—a surreptitious movement of Currie's hand to the bottom of his waistcoat. As the third course disappeared there was again this stealthy movement of his hand.

"Have some more, Currie?" said the doctor.

"No, thank you. I've had quite sufficient," was the hurried rejoinder.

"Nonsense! Undo another!" and seizing the plate the doctor ladled out more pudding.

"This can't go on!" we heard Currie murmur mournfully.

But amid much that was amusing pathos was not wanting. Pluck and patience and perseverance were not always rewarded. If ever a man deserved to get well my first companion did. But it was not to be.

By the end of April, even on the hills, spring began to assert its sway. I had always loved the country. Perhaps this liking was only due to my always having lived in a town; the unattainable is ever the most alluring. Yet I think it was not merely this with me. I had been counting on this spring, my first spring in the country, and my inability to walk far—I had not yet been allowed out of the grounds—had been a disappointment, despite the beauty of the grounds themselves. Now came the culminating disappointment—another relapse, and it was not until the first week of June that I was out again.

Oh! how impatient I was! I hated my room; I hated lying still; I almost hated being near my window, it made me so long to be out of doors again. The trees, which at that altitude were very late, gradually burst into leaf. Just outside, a huge cherry-tree blossomed, looking lovely and enticing; and I kept hoping against hope that I should be out before all the trees and bushes were fully in leaf. But no! the last to put on their summer draperies were the beeches, and these had finished whilst still I lay in my room. Then the cuckoos nearly drove me mad. I love the cuckoo, as a rule. His call, and the wood-pigeon's soft "coo," carry me away to fields and hedgerows, and my thoughts wander as I listen and day-dream. But these birds were never still. From dawn till eve did not suffice. It was "cuckoo—cuckoo," all night too; and a superabundance of food, combined with a total lack of exercise, does not conduce to sleep, even without alien disturbance, much less with it.

But at last the period of waiting was over, and I was out once more, and joined the "Vice." I was lucky in winning the friendship of the Vice, a young fellow of my own age, who had roved in all parts of the world. Always game, always full of fun, though he knew that he must grow worse, not better, he was to me a source of wonder and admiration, and amusement too. Many were the yarns we spun, and great good times we had in spite of everything. Often, as the nurse brought us our dinner under the trees, she would shake her head and prophesy that she would soon have us back in bed. But her prophecy, I am glad to say, remained a prophecy. We flourished continually through that summer.

The nurse was one of the most cheerful, good-tempered women that I have ever met; nothing seemed too much trouble, and always she had a jolly smile. She was quiet and helpful, ready to talk but not talkative. It was with great astonishment that I discovered that, outside our rooms, she took the gloomiest and most pessimistic views of all of us; but as this did not appear when she was with us, no harm resulted.

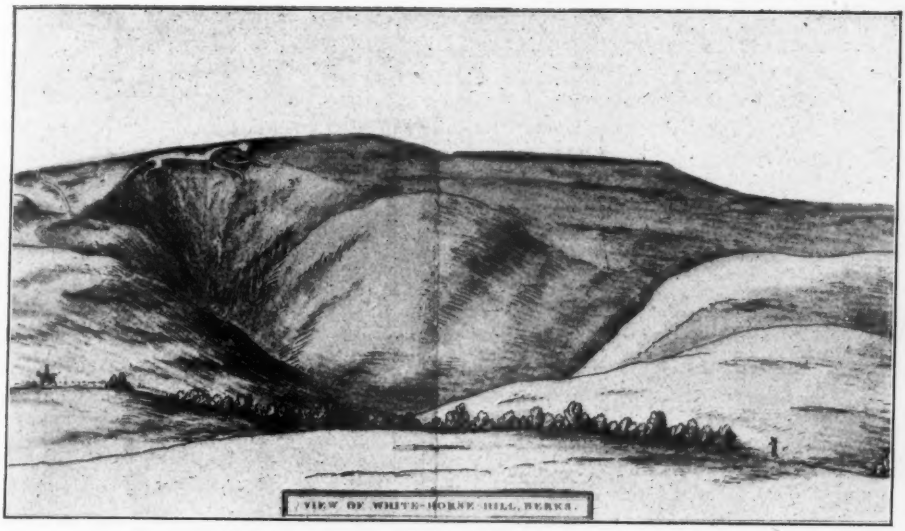
The first departure of a patient was an event of unprecedented import. Many had come, but none had gone. Now one was leaving, and leaving cured. All of us who were able assembled at the porch. Few of us in those days wore hats, and it was the first time that I, at any rate, had seen Coleman in hat and gloves, and dressed to meet the world of convention that lay outside. As we sat waiting, a lady sighed:

"How I wish it was I who was going!"

"So do we all," remarked a Scotchman.

"Mr. McKenzie!" exclaimed the lady; while Mr. McKenzie, covered with confusion, endeavoured to apologise and explain.

And so, amid hand-shakes and good wishes, our late comrade left us to return to the busy world, where we others hoped to follow later. That was the ideal departure. In my own case I could never look for such a cure. I came too late for anything but improvement. Yet perhaps that improvement bore stronger testimony to the soundness of the treatment than even the completest cure. Heart and lungs alike forbade the hope that I should ever again be physically active; but when, more than a year later, I left the Sanitorium, I was able to walk five or six miles a day with care. This was a feat which in that first month of my arrival any doctor, even the hardiest of optimists, might well have hesitated to predict.



White Horse Hill, Berks

(From an old print)

White Horses

By H. G. Archer

Illustrated from Photographs

MANY persons must have seen at one time or the other—probably whilst speeding past them in the train—specimens of those picturesque and striking landmarks formed on the slopes of chalk hills by paring off the turf in definite shapes. These shallow excavations are generally termed "White Horses," because representations of that quadruped preponderate and are best known to fame; but white giants and white crosses also exist. It may not be generally known, however, that this form of memorial or landmark is peculiar to this island, and that in no other part of the world has it ever been known to be perpetrated. As may be expected, the majority of these turf monuments explain their existence by commemorating some historic event or curious tradition; and in this paper a complete list, together with the history of each, will be furnished.

The great sire and prototype of White Horses is the famous "galloping horse," carved in the Berkshire downs at Uffington. The monument is traditionally supposed to commemorate Alfred the Great's victory of Ashdown in the year 871, when the tide of invasion was rolled back and the flower of the Danish youth were slain. It is said that the day after the battle the great Saxon king caused his men to cut out the "White Horse" with this object. Since, however, the White Horse ceased to be the Saxon standard in the reign of King Alfred, some writers have contended that it was more probably the work of the Britons, whose coins frequently exhibit the impress of a similar figure, and one, moreover, that like the "snow-white courser stretching o'er the green," faces to sinister. On the other hand, the supporters of the popular King Alfred theory assert that the change to the Christian banner of the cross did not take place until twelve years after the battle,

namely, in 883, when, among other relics which Pope Martin II. transmitted from Rome to the converted Saxon people, was a large portion of the most holy and venerable cross. A third theory, to the effect that this figure was the work of shepherds, who shaped it merely for amusement, does not deserve serious consideration.

The Uffington Horse is first mentioned by historians who lived during the reign of Henry II., and these refer to its existence prior to the year 1084. The figure continues to find a place in various contemporary records, such as close rolls, abbey cartularies, &c., down to the year 1369; but after that date several centuries of mysterious silence ensue. Leland does not speak of the "White Horse" at all, while Camden only mentions the valley to which it has given its name. In fact, the next explicit reference to the figure does not occur until 1677, when Baskerville has recorded that some lands in the neighbourhood were held by the tenure of cleaning it.

The slope of the portion of the hill upon which it is cut is 39°, but the declivity is considerably greater beneath the figure. The horse—it is really more like a cat—measures 355 feet from the nose to the tail, and 120 feet from the ear to the hoof. Its shape is determined by trenched lines two or three feet deep. The declivity beneath its belly is called by the country people the "manger." Though the situation of the figure effectually preserves it from absolute obliteration, yet the inhabitants of the neighbouring parishes were wont from time to time to hold a rustic fête, on which occasion they scoured the horse, as the operation of removing weeds and evergreen turf from the cut-out surface was termed. Scourings are said to have taken place in 1766, 1780, 1785, 1790, 1796, 1803, 1808, 1813, 1825, 1838, 1843, and 1857. That of 1857 was the occasion upon which the obligation was revived with much success by the late E. W. Atkins, Esq., of Kingstone Lisle, and the fête was very fully and amusingly recorded by the author

(Photo by H. G. Archer)

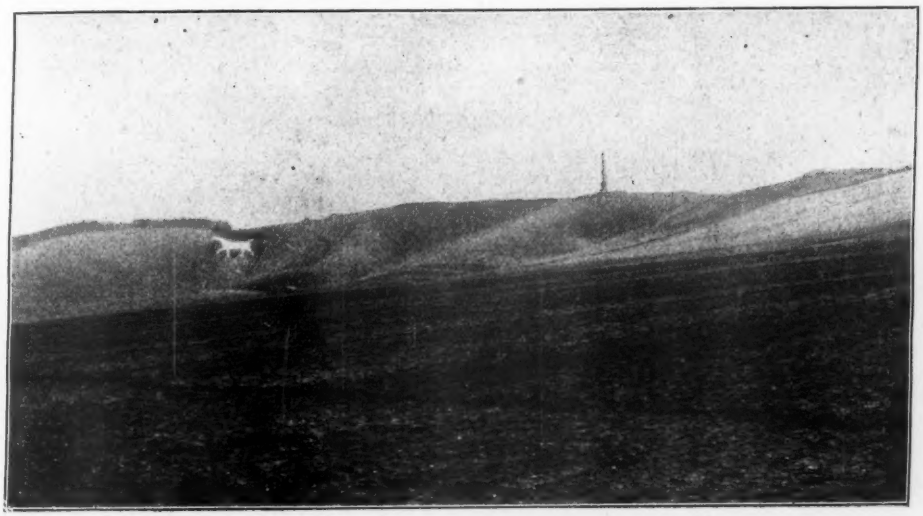
The Westbury White Horse

of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" in his little book entitled "The Scouring of the White Horse." The famous Uffington memorial received its last scouring in 1885, but there were then held no rustic rejoicings and sports as described in Mr. Hughes' book.

From a survey made in 1885, however, the dimensions were found to closely agree with those published in 1735.

Six of the nine remaining "White Horses" extant are found in the adjoining county of Wiltshire, the next in importance being that on Bratton Hill, near Westbury. In its present form this picturesque and historically interesting object, of which an excellent view is obtained from the railway, has looked down on nearly four generations, having been remodelled in 1778; but from time immemorial a smaller and ruder horse stood there, which, according to tradition, was cut to commemorate a second decisive victory gained by Alfred over the Danes in 878. This battle was fought at Ethandun, or Edington, as it is now called, which at that period may have extended to the foot of the hill on which the "White Horse" is cut. The following are the principal dimensions: extreme length from head to tail (both inclusive), 175 feet; height from feet to shoulder, 107 feet; circumference of eye, 25 feet.

It is said that the original Westbury Horse—for the alteration we have to thank a gentleman bearing the appropriate name of Gee—was of the cart breed, whereas the new one is of the blood kind, and cut "very saucy about the trotters," while some affirm that the former faced to sinister whereas the latter faces to dexter, as, indeed, do all the other White Horses in the neighbourhood. The monument was recut and the outline revetted with bricks in 1853, and it has been scoured several times since. This superb memorial, which is kept in splendid condition, has a most weirdly imposing effect by moonlight.



(Photo by H. G. Archer)

The Cherhill White Horse

The remaining "White Horses" in this county are all of comparatively modern origin, and may be enumerated in order of seniority.

First, there is the Cherhill horse; Cherhill being a parish of North Wilts, three miles south-east of Calne. Here, on the side of a chalk hill, which is the highest land between London and Bath, is a "White

Horse" of the following dimensions: Length, 127 feet; height, 142 feet; length of barrel, 78 feet; and depth of same, 41 feet. The monument was the work of a Dr. Allsop, of Calne, in the year 1780. He was said to have first roughly marked out the outline with small stakes bearing white flags, and then, standing on a hill some distance off and exactly opposite, to have directed, by means of a speaking-trumpet, the removal of the stakes until the correct result was achieved. A noteworthy peculiarity about this "horse"

(Photo by H. G. Archer)

The Pewsey Vale Horse

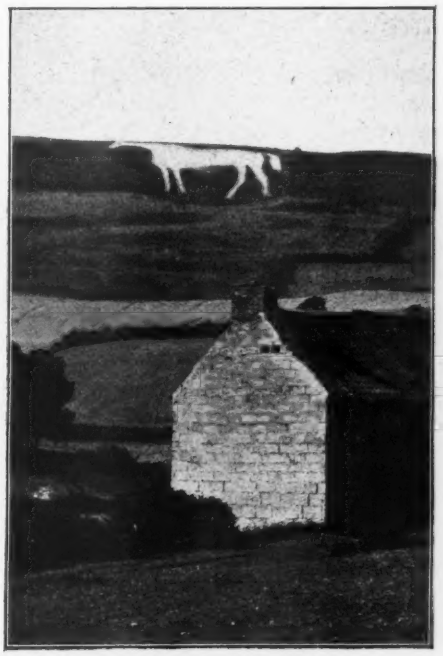
(Photo by H. G. Archer)

The Broad Hinton White Horse

is that there is no chalk underneath the surface of turf pared off, so, in order to obtain the proper effect, the hollow was, and still is, levelled up with chalk obtained from a quarry just over the brow of the hill. When the figure requires being re-whitened, trucks are loaded with chalk and let down by means of a windlass to the top of the outline. The chalk rubble is packed as closely as possible, but if wet weather is experienced during or immediately after the process, the horse runs in disfiguring chalky streaks down the side of the hill below, thus marring the effect. The inner circle of the eye, four feet in diameter, is said to have been once filled with glass bottles. The Cherhill "White Horse" is distant only a quarter of a mile from the high road between London and Bath, and owing to its commanding position is visible for nearly thirty miles.

On the slope of a hill to the right of the same high road when entering Marlborough from the west is another "White Horse," 62 feet in length and 47 feet in height. It was originally cut in the year 1804 by the pupils of a school kept by a Mr. Gresley in Marlborough at that time. The schoolboys regularly scoured their horse until, in 1830, Mr. Gresley died and the school was broken up. The figure then became overgrown with weeds. In 1873, a Captain Reed, of Marlborough, who as a boy had been one of the original makers of the "horse," undertook to have it repaired; but it has now again lapsed into a derelict condition. Nevertheless, when viewed from the top of the downs to the north of the town the *tout ensemble* is quite good, the weed-grown condition of the barrel giving it the aspect of a flea-bitten grey.

Third, there is the Pewsey Vale horse, a spirited trotter, which dates from 1812. This horse is situated on the side of a hill above the village of Alton Barnes, and in the vale separating the Marlborough Downs from Salisbury Plain. It is plainly visible from the Berks and Hants extension railway, and is distant two miles in a straight line from Woodborough Station. The figure owes its existence to a tenant farmer named Pile, who employed a journeyman painter of the name of Thorne both to design and carve it. The story goes that Thorne was offered only £20 for the whole job, but that, when he had completed half his contract, he wheedled the money out of his employer and then decamped, However, the figure was finished all right. It measures 180 feet by 167 feet, and covers an area of 700 square yards. The Pewsey



(Photo by T. A. Clarke, Thirsk)

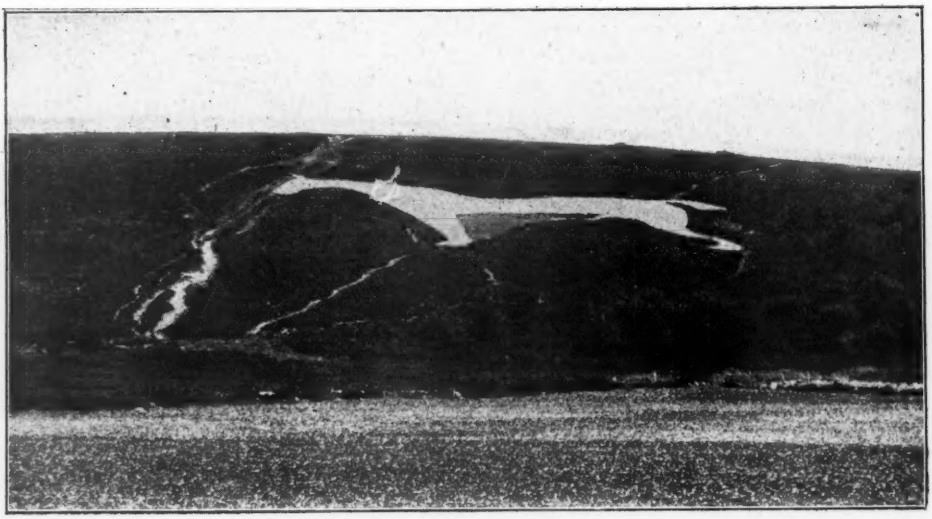
The White Horse of Kilburn, Yorks

Vale "horse" is kept in excellent repair by local subscriptions, and was last scoured in 1897, in honour of the Diamond Jubilee Commemoration.

The fourth modern "White Horse" is encountered upon the downs east of Winterbourne Bassett, at a point on the right-hand side of, and barely fifty yards above, the road leading from Wootton Bassett to Marlborough. It was cut in the year 1835 by Henry Eatwell, parish clerk of the village of Broad Hinton, within whose confines it is. No exact measurements are recorded of this horse, but it is estimated to cover an area of 90 square feet. It is in a very good state

of repair, for here the chalk is of dazzling whiteness.

The fifth and last of these modern "White Horses" is situated not far away, above Gomire became known as the "White Mare," though no white mare was to be seen. In the year 1857 a native of Kilburn, who had made money in London, returned home



(Photo by Brodie, Aberdeen)
Lord Lovat's Charger

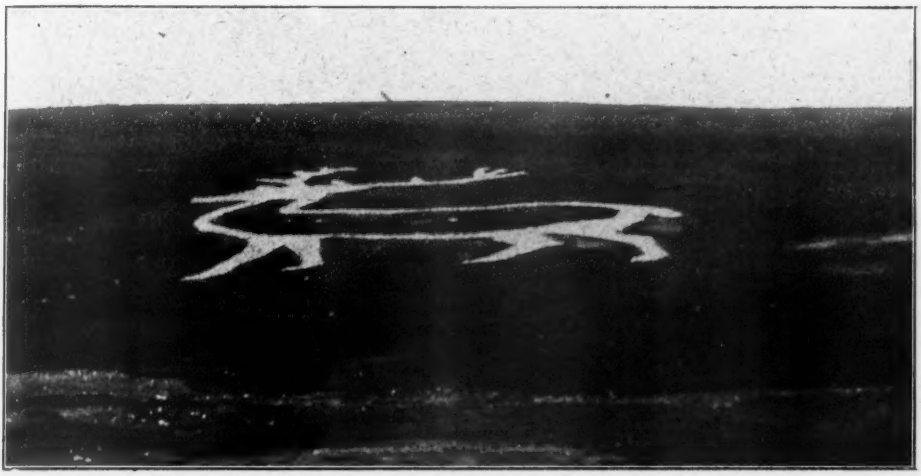
namely, at Broad Town, close to Wootton Bassett. This "horse," measuring 86 feet by 61 feet, was cut at as recent a date as 1864 by a local farmer named Simmonds.

The North Riding of Yorkshire is commonly credited with the possession of two "White Horses"; but, as a matter of fact, there is only one in the form of a turf memorial, this being the "White Horse of Kilburn," on the Hambledon Hills, between Ripon and Thirsk. Only a mile or so away from Kilburn, however, there is a landmark known as the "White Mare of Wissoncliffe." The latter is a leafy nab or scar on the same range of hills, which is called the Wissoncliffe, or White-Stone cliff, and descends into a fabulously deep tarn of the name of Gomire. Some time in the eighteenth century a trainer laddie, whilst exercising a white mare on these famous downs, was borne over the edge of the precipice and perished in the waters of Gomire. From that day forth the face of the Wissoncliffe and caused to be carved on the hillside above the hamlet the effigy of a white horse. Two motives have been ascribed for his undertaking the job: one states that he merely wished to render his native district conspicuous by this rival of the famous Berkshire steed; the other that his idea was to perpetuate by means of a turf memorial the story of the unfortunate jockey and the runaway mare. The Kilburn horse is 80 yards long from muzzle to tail end, and has by way of an eye a round grass plot, whereon twelve persons can sit down all at once. The figure covers nearly two acres, but as the substratum is sandstone, of a faint yellow colour, the white effect has to be produced by lime laid on the earth.

Scotland can boast a very fine "White Horse," which keeps company with a "White Stag," for both figures are cut upon the slopes of Mormond Hill in Aberdeenshire.

Mormond Hill rises in two summits, of 769 feet and 749 feet respectively, above the

sea-level, and from its contiguity to the seaboard serves as a landmark to mariners. On the south-western brow, overlooking the village of Strichen, is the figure of a horse which, occupying a space of nearly half an acre, consists of pieces of white quartz rock fitted into cuttings in the turf, with an extra big stone for an eye. It was formed about the beginning of the nineteenth century by the tenantry of the Strichen estate, to commemorate the war-horse of that famous Jacobite intriguer, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. The figure of a stag on the seaboard face of the hill, directly over Whiteside farm, occupies a space of nearly an acre, measuring no less than 240 feet from the tip of the antlers to the hoof. The "White Stag" consists of similar materials to those of the "White Horse," but is only an outline. Nevertheless, it appears in bold relief from the contrast of its quartzite stones to the circumjacent mossy soil. It was formed in 1870 by Mr. William Fraser Cordiner, of Mormond House, to serve as a conspicuous landmark, an object which it fully achieves.



(Photo by Brodie, Aberdeen)

The White Stag on Mormond Hill, Aberdeen

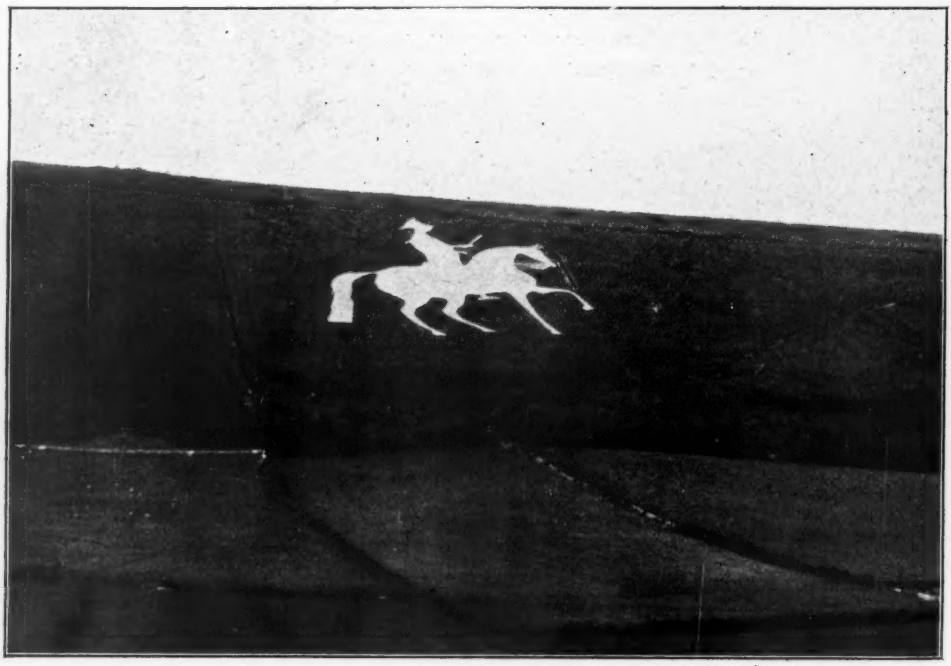
For the last of the "White Horses" we must return to the West of England, namely, to Dorsetshire; but this, being an equestrian fixture, cannot properly be placed in the same category as those which have already been enumerated.

On a hill in the parish of Osmington, a pleasant village on the coast of the English Channel, and distant three and a half miles from Weymouth across the waters of the bay, is a colossal figure of a horse and rider—both quadruped and biped being in very good proportions—cut in the chalk. It represents George III. equipped in cocked hat and boots and bestriding his cantering charger, and was fashioned at the beginning of the last century by a single individual, a soldier, whose regiment happened to be quartered near; and was intended to commemorate the stay of the King at Weymouth. This interesting memorial, in an excellent state of preservation, is visible from a long distance out at sea.

With one solitary exception, about to be described, all of the turf memorials possess the prefix "White," due, of course, to the fact that underneath the turf a substratum of chalk exists, or, as in the case of the Cherhill, Mormond and Kilburn horses, either chalk quartz or lime is brought from a place close at hand. Until quite recently, however, there existed one turf memorial

bearing the prefix "red," from the tint of the soil—red clay—in which it was shaped. This was the "Red Horse" of Warwickshire, which, if it could not boast as ancient an origin as the Uffington and Westbury memorials, dated back for the respectable period of five hundred years.

Fronting the church of the village of Tysoe, nine miles north-west from Banbury, there was cut on the north-western slope of the long natural terrace formed by the Edge-hills the figure of a horse. This monument was rudely designed, and the dimensions were trivial compared to the Uffington and Westbury "White Horses." From the croup to the chest was 34 feet, from the shoulder to the ears 14 feet, and from the shoulder to the ground 16 feet. It is usually supposed that this figure was designed, by his Warwickshire vassals, in commemoration of the decided conduct by which the famous Earl of Warwick—"The Kingmaker" and "The last of the Barons"—inspirited the Yorkist army at the battle of Towton in 1461. The Yorkist army on that day was outnumbered by the Lancastrian and placed in circumstances of peculiar peril. At the most critical moment, however, the Earl ordered his favourite charger, a chestnut, to be brought forth; and, after kissing the hilt of his sword, plunged the weapon deep in the gallant animal's chest, vowing to share danger on equal terms with the meanest soldier. A decisive victory for the Yorkist army ensued, and one that secured the throne to the "Kingmaker's" cousin, Edward IV. The battle of Towton was fought on Palm Sunday, and it was long customary, on the recurrence of the Sunday so termed, for the inhabitants of the Red Horse Vale to assemble in rustic festivity for the purpose of scouring the figure of the horse. In fact, certain lands in the lordship of Tysoe used to be held by the service of maintaining this custom. Alas! this figure no longer exists, neither does

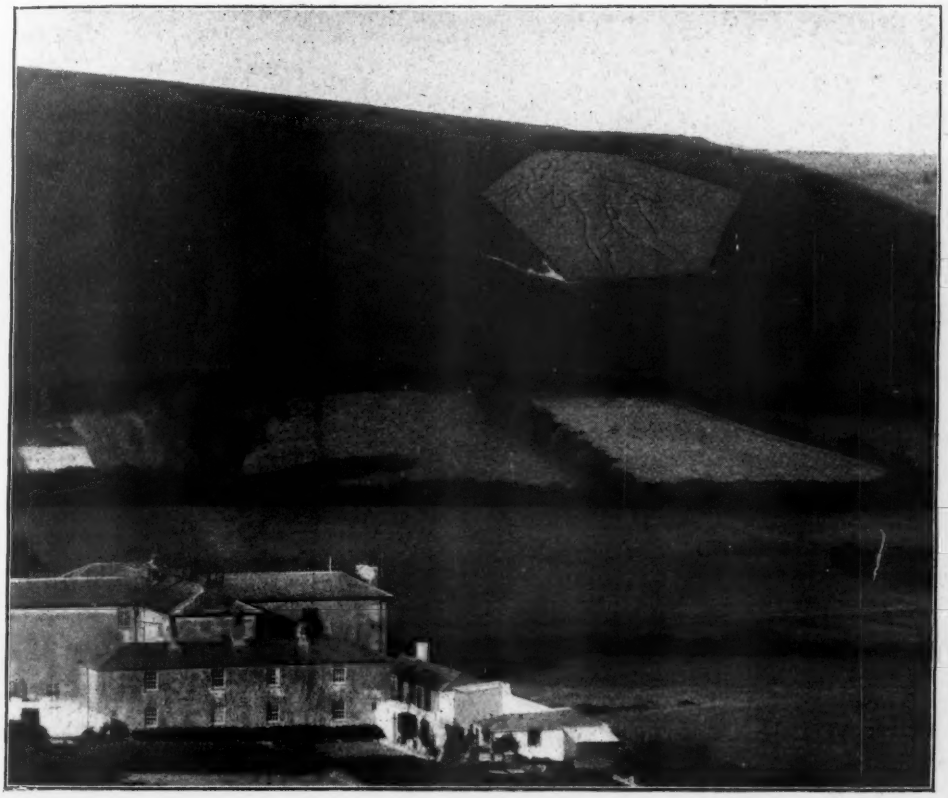


(*Photo by W. Pouncey, Dorchester*)

George III. on horseback

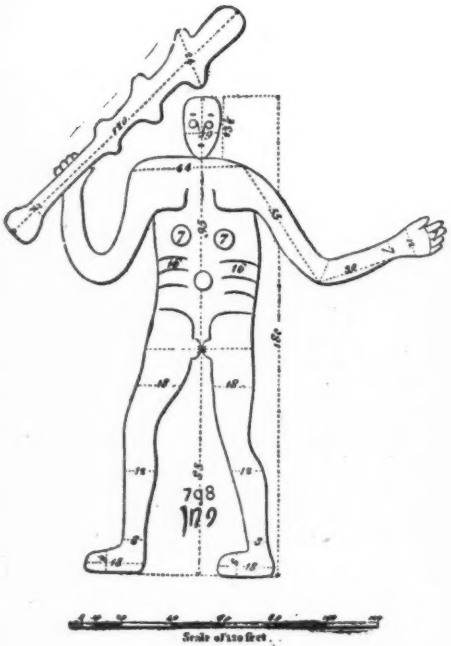
the imitation, which many persons used to mistake for the original; but that it was not so is proved by the dissimilar dimensions and position of that mentioned by Dugdale. The original "Red Horse" is believed to have become obliterated early in the seventeenth century, and shortly afterwards a second horse, of even smaller dimensions than the former, was cut on the same slope, but about a quarter of a mile farther east. The latter was in a very neglected condition prior to its complete obliteration three or four years ago.

Near the village of Cerne Abbas, Dorsetshire, on the southern declivity of the very steep hill known as Trendle Hill, may be traced a gigantic figure of a man, holding a club in his right hand and extending the other. "The Giant of Cerne," as the figure is commonly termed, is 180 feet in height, while his club is 120 feet long and from 7 feet to 24 feet broad. The outlines of the whole are cut in the chalk 2 feet broad and about 1 foot deep. There are various accounts of the origin of this famous turf memorial. An ancient local tradition states that it commemorates the destruction of a giant, who, having feasted on some sheep, laid himself down to sleep on the hill in order to digest his meal, whereupon he was bound and killed by the enraged peasantry. Another tradition points to its being emblem-



(Photo by W. Pouncey, Dorchester)

The Giant of Cerne



"The Giant of Cerne"

(From an old print)

atical of the dissolution of the monasteries, insomuch that certain historians believed it to have been an ironical representation of an abbot "rampant." Among antiquarians consensus of opinion affirms that it is a monument of the greatest antiquity, being most probably a representation of the Saxon god Heil. If this thesis is correct, the giant must have been cut before the year A.D. 600. Formerly the Cerne Giant was repaired about once in every seven years by the inhabitants of the village, who cleansed the furrows and re-filled them in with chalk, but of late the figure has been neglected. However, it is railed in for protection, and the railing lends it rather the appearance of a huge coffin resting on the side of the hill.

A similar kind of turf memorial exists in Sussex, on the south-eastern side of the downs overlooking the village of Wilmington and some five miles north-west of Eastbourne. "The Long Man of Wilmington," as the figure is termed, represents the rude figure of a man 240 feet in height, holding a staff in either hand. It is in all probability as ancient in its origin as the Cerne Giant. The "Long Man" had been much neglected, and, in fact, was invisible on the spot, when, in 1874 the local antiquarians came to its rescue by raising a subscription to defray the expense of having it repaired and the outline remarked with white bricks. It was last scoured during the year 1890. Aubrey, in his "Monumenta Britannica," says that before the Civil Wars, on Shotover Hill, near Oxford, was an effigy of a giant "cut in the earth as the White Horse is"; and this Oxfordshire giant must have been a brother to those at Cerne Abbas and Wilmington.

Quite close to one another in Buckinghamshire are two turf monuments, analogous to the Uffington and Westbury White Horses, but of later date, when the heathen device upon the banner and coins of the Saxons had been exchanged for the Christian emblem. First, on Whiteleaf Crosshill, one of the eminences of the Chiltern range, which is situated one mile to the east of Prince's Risborough, is cut a gigantic cross, 80 feet long by 70 feet broad, on a triangular basis; the total length being about 230 feet, and the width at the base 240 feet. By the Inclosure Act, 9 Geo. IV., this ancient memorial or landmark is declared to be public property, and the lord of the manor is required to keep it in repair. The other monument, also a cross, is found at Bledlow, two miles to the west of Princes Risborough. The Bledlow memorial is what is known as a Greek cross, consisting of four equal limbs, each 30 feet long by 15 feet broad, but possessing no base. It used to be scoured by the shepherds, but is now in a very indifferent state of repair. These two crosses are believed to have been cut by the Saxons to commemorate victories over the Danes, when the latter made predatory excursions into Buckinghamshire in or about the year 921.

Lastly, to commemorate the coronation of King Edward VII., a "White Crown" was cut in June 1902, by the students of the South Eastern Agricultural College, on the bold range of chalk downs at Wye, Kent. The figure was laid out on the actual ground

after the manner of the Cherhill "Horse," by means of signallers two miles away. For excavating this happily conceived memorial, the students of the College were divided into six gangs, and their task proved no light one owing to the amount of flints, which form a hard layer above the chalk. The "White Crown" of Wye forms a conspicuous landmark for miles around, and is a pleasing addition to the lengthy list of turf memorials which deserve to rank as national curiosities.

(Photo by H. G. Archer)

Whiteleaf Cross

When Snow lies deep

WHEN frost has burned the hedges black,
And children cannot sleep for cold;
When snow lies deep on the withered leaves,
And roofs are white from ridge to eaves:
When bread is dear, and work is slack,
Take pity on the poor and old!

The faggot and the loaf of bread
You could not miss would be their store.
Upon how little the old can live!
Give like the poor—who freely give.
Remember, when the fire burns red
The wolf leaves sniffing at the door.

And you whose lives are left forlorn,
Whose sons, whose hopes, whose fires have died,
Oh, you poor pitiful people old,
Remember this and be consoled—
That Christ the Comforter was born,
And still is born, in wintertide.

WILLIAM CANTON,
In *The Comrades.*

Sunday Readings for March

By the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham

FIRST EVENING

AGAINST THEE, THEE ONLY.

"Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight."—Psal. li. 4.

ACCORDING to the very old tradition preserved in the headings of the Psalms, these words are part of a song of heart-stricken penitence drawn from David's soul when "Nathan the prophet came unto him" (2 Sam. xii. 1), and said to him, "Thou art the man." When the awful conviction once made its way into his inner being, it would thus appear that its prompt result was a cry of woe, shame, and repentance addressed direct to God. It was borne in upon him with an ineffable consciousness that, while he had sinned, and sinned tremendously, against Bathsheba, and against Uriah, and also against every soul (from Joab's onward) that could ever be stumbled by that great crime wrought by God's servant, he had first and in the deepest respect sinned against God, so deeply, so supremely, had he aggrieved Him that the other aspects of the offence were swallowed up, in a sense, in this; "Against Thee, Thee only."

To be sure, we have no infallible certainty that David did write Psalm li., and then send it "to the Chief Musician" for a setting. An important school of criticism denies totally that he did so; maintaining that at his date, and in his character as it is shown in the Bible histories, he could not have felt and spoken thus. I venture to think very differently from this view, as to the conditions of date and character. But this is not the place for such a discussion. I would only affirm that whether or no David was the author, the Psalm breathes a spirit which, granting that David had any knowledge worth naming of a holy, spiritual God and Lord, would exactly suit his case.

In any case, it is the utterance of an agonised human being, conscious of wrong. Some have indeed interpreted it as the confession not of a man but of a people, a cry from the heart of collective Israel. But the critic who pronounces thus, so I presume to say, may be versed to any degree in literary science, but cannot be equally learned in the science of the troubled human soul, the individual in his uttermost need. The soul has a cry all its own. And that cry is here.

But now, notice the precise direction of the cry. It refers to some great, definite, shameful sin. Every such sin has many aspects and relations. Nay, what sin has not? Take even the most suppressed and interior transgressions, sins of the silent thought. Do they terminate wholly within, even in regard of our fellow men? No; the least indulgence in inward evil, let us be sure, impairs the moral state of the being which allows it. And thus it impairs that being for moral power and helpfulness around. No man can "regard iniquity in his heart," and also be all he should be for his neighbour's good.

Yet, for all this, the Psalmist feels every other aspect and relation of his sin absorbed in this one; "against Thee, Thee only." Its violation of GOD lays hold upon him, as its inmost and ultimate evil and horror. There is present to him, awfully present, a personal Being on whom his sin has impinged as a blow, whose infinitely, sensitive perception has been outraged by its commission. HE is there, present in the very soul of His servant. And His servant's soul has struck a hideous discord with His holy mind; not to speak of an act of high treason, punishable with spiritual death, against His holy law. It is "against Him, Him only;" because He is in such immediate, such absolute contact with the being which He has made.

Has our own experience anything in

its memories to correspond to this cry of the Psalmist? Have we ever known what it was to be, in the old-fashioned sense, convinced of sin? If so, we know without a commentary what this sinner, this sinning disciple, meant by his groan, uttered so long ago but sounding still. Our sin had other aspects, no doubt. But the "inmost rudiment" of it was this, that it had aggrieved the holy Author and Sustainer of our being. Just because He was our GOD, it had *struck* Him as it could strike no other existence. It could strike others only, as it were, through Him.

We stood isolated, in an awful solitude, under that thought. Here am I, the sinner; here is He, the sinless Maker, Master, Judge: for the moment there was no room within us for any other fact than that. And did not that intuition force from the stricken spirit the cry (Luke xviii. 13) which no other, no subordinate sort of repentance can fully generate, "God, be merciful to me the sinner"?

These experiences are not too common in our day. Partly the hurry of life has bred a sad shallowness of self-knowledge. Partly false inferences from our observation of natural processes, false uses of such words as heredity and evolution, have enfeebled the sense of the awfulness of personality and of its responsibility to an eternal Person, holy and just. But for our very life let us resist that cold downward drift. Let us ask for just such conviction of sin as cannot but cry, "Against Thee, Thee only." For that is the cry of a soul on the one straight road to the Christ of God, the sinner's Peace, and Light, and Life.

SECOND EVENING

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE BIBLE

"God, at sundry times and in divers manners spake by the prophets."—Heb. i. 1.

I presume to take these words quite out of their context. To do so needs an apology, for their context is full of matter of the highest possible importance. Here opens the great Epistle, with its first great theme, the divine majesty of our Lord Jesus Christ; heavenly prelude to all it has to say in sequel about His manhood, His sacrificial sufferings, His high-priesthood, His exaltation on the throne, His covenant, His love.

Yet we may without offence, for this once, take this first sentence of the Epistle to introduce and point some thoughts on another line, which yet, we may hope, will prove a real contribution towards our worshipping faith in Christ. I take it to make it the occasion for a few words about the Bible; about one side and sort of the Bible's witness to itself as the Book not of man only but of God.

To this end, look first at the Bible not as a Book but as Books, produced at "sundry times" and in very "divers manners" indeed. Contemplate it for the time in its multiplicity, and from the point of view of its human authorship. Reflect upon the remarkable phenomenon, that it is, in this aspect, as St. Jerome said long ago, not a Book but a "divine Library;" or now, for our purpose, simply a Library, divine or not. Like most libraries, it is the result of gradual and protracted collection. The first contributions to it were made, on a moderate computation, a thousand years before the last; old-fashioned people would say, more than fifteen hundred years before. And the contributors all along were people who, from the human side, were curiously different from one another, and independent in many respects of one another. Some were compilers of histories. Others were poets, instinct with a glowing imagination, versed in the mysteries of their own hearts, and in the sorrows and struggles of other hearts around them. Others were friends of their country, called to the counsels of her kings. Another was an exile, constrained by circumstances to administer the finances of a pagan empire. Some were priests, others were peasants. Some flourished amidst the full sunshine of public prosperity; others in days of decline and apparently hopeless fall. Passing on to the latter section

of the Volume, to the concluding classes of the Library, we have books contributed some by a group of countrymen, one by a man of business, two by a physician, many by a trained scholar of genius; books, or rather pamphlets, produced under conditions "sundry" and "divers" to a high degree.

Reflect upon the further and important fact that these curiously miscellaneous works, brought into being in this somewhat promiscuous fashion, and collected we scarcely know how, are meantime the literature, or rather part of the literature, not of a race and civilisation of the front rank, but of a minor people of Western Asia. Israel has had, as a fact, so vast a part in the world's making, through this Book, that it takes an effort to recollect that side of the matter. The people who, for some thirteen centuries or so, occupied, amidst frequent disturbance, and under frequent vassalage, the seaboard of Southern Syria and its not very extensive *Hinterland*, certainly would not, apart from this Book, have figured in history on anything approaching to the scale of India, Greece, Rome, France, Italy, Germany, Britain. They had no doubt remarkable characteristics. But they showed little sign, even in their palmy days, of being made for great predominance in the world, either by thought or by action.

Look again then at the Book before us. It is the product of "sundry times." It was brought to being in fragments often quite isolated from each other, and in very "divers manners." And it was part of the literature of a minor and provincial race of Western Asia.

Yet what is it on the other hand? It is, first, not a Library nearly so much as a Book. A mysterious coherence runs all through it. Take once more a reverent, while large, view of the Bible, and say if there is not *a personal character* about it from beginning to end. Test this along the lines of God, of Man, of Righteousness, of Law, of Sin, of Pardon. Is not the Book, in its essence, one?

Take it in its moral power, its unvarying drift and bias towards all that is for ever right. "The Bible," says a shrewd American, "is such that, dig in it where you will, you find at the bottom of the shaft, DO RIGHT." Yet it is the production, from the human side, of a miscellaneous company of Orientals, scattered over ages of time.

Then reflect on the fact that it, this Book of a subordinate eastern race, is now nevertheless the Book of the World. It is the holy Book of the foremost nations of European culture. It is also the holy Book of the most simple races touched by missionary enterprise. Of all "sacred Books" it is the one which proves itself to have a universal mission.

Is there no mystery of heaven behind all this? Does not the Book bear witness to itself? Produced as, from the human side, it was, it can only be what it is because, through it, "God spake."

THIRD EVENING

GRACE SUFFICIENT

"My grace is sufficient for thee."—2 Cor. xii. 9.

This is a word spoken by the Lord Jesus, in and from His glory, to a disciple still wrestling along the path of the pilgrimage. As such it is one of a precious series preserved to us in the New Testament. We have words so spoken by that Speaker to Saul at his conversion (Acts ix. 4–6), to Ananias at Damascus (ix. 10–16), and to Paul again at Corinth (xviii. 17, 10), in the temple (xxii. 18–21), and in the Roman citadel at Jerusalem (xxiii. 11). But of them all surely none is more precious, more pregnant of "comfort and good hope through grace," more full of the unutterable heart of Jesus, than this.

It comes to us as part of a narrative of personal spiritual experience. We should know nothing of it had not St. Paul opened up this holy secret of his soul, and told the Corinthians, and us through them, of that crisis (fourteen years ago when he wrote) of awful need and of wonderful deliverance. Let us not take up this treasure lightly. It is a sacred thing, not only in itself but because of our getting

it through this personal disclosure and confession. It was with a great effort, probably, that the Apostle told the Corinthian converts about the "thorn in the flesh," "the angel of Satan," and his three imploring appeals to the Lord to be set free from the intolerable trial. Deep souls (and St. Paul's was one) do not lightly open up their secrets. The more let us reverence and prize the gift when, as here, for our sakes and for the Lord's glory, the effort is made, the sacrifice of individual feeling offered up

Not one word need I say here on the question, what was "the thorn." A whole literature has been written on it. But for us just now it matters not what it was. Enough that it was, to a very strong man, a very tremendous trial; a something which for the time darkened his whole spiritual sky; a conflict which brought him face to face with the powers of hell.

He cried out for release. "I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart." He records the repeated entreaty without any regret, with no trace of a feeling that he ought to have endured in silence. *Lerne zu leiden ohne klagen,* "Learn to suffer without crying out," is a noble precept—as regards "cries" to man, which are often better forborne. But the maxim has no bearing upon cries to God, to the Christ of God. Too ready, too outspoken, too confiding, we cannot be in "telling Jesus all." Such "crying out" will not weaken us; it will only strengthen us. For it is the outgoing of our soul not only to infinite kindness but at the same moment to infinite wisdom and strength. It is taking refuge in the Rock. It is "coming to the Living Stone." And that (1 Pet. ii. 4, 5) is the way to become "living stones "ourselves, by contact, by contagion.

So he "besought the Lord thrice." He was answered. There was a divine attention and response. The Lord, once Himself driven to "strong crying and tears," Himself a suppliant in a yet darker hour, asking, in the profound simplicity of pure human agony, for the "passing" of the "cup" of unknown sorrows, quite understood His servant. It must have been a help to the servant, heart-broken with the struggle, to reflect that he appealed to One who once said Himself (Psal. lxix. 20), "Reproach hath broken my heart." St. Paul could be sure then, as we may be sure now, of that Friend's supreme "acquaintance with grief." Yet the answer was not, in form, an affirmative, a consent. The thorn was not willed away; "the evil angel" was not driven back into the deep. As in Gethsemane, so with the apostle in his dark hour, there came not a consent to the request in detail but the meeting of it with a transcendently higher blessing. "Thorn," and "angel of Satan," might, or might not, be ultimately withdrawn. But then and there in all His fulness, in His all-sufficient present Self (for "grace" is just the Lord of all love and power, in action for us), JESUS CHRIST was given to His saint. In the power of that gift the saint found on a sudden that the dread adversity had changed its character and its position. It was not upon his head, overwhelming. It was beneath his feet, overcome. Nay, it was even better than overcome. It had been transformed into "an occasion," not "of falling," but of "mounting up with wings." "I take pleasure in distresses, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

"As then, so now." That ear is not heavy to-day, nor that arm shortened, nor that grace less sufficient. Nor is the assurance of its sufficiency couched less distinctly now than then *in the present tense.* The story has often been told (it is authentic; it is the experience of a great servant of God now living), of the agonised suppliant who, as he cried with tears, "Let thy grace be sufficient for me," lifted his dim eyes and saw upon the wall, lately hung there, the words, "My grace is sufficient for thee." The "IS" was painted bright and conspicuous. And the mourner rose up, there and then, to a new life of peace and power. Yes, it is true to-day. It is an

everlasting present tense. "It is sufficient," and "for thee."

FOURTH EVENING

PEACE AND PAINS

"On thee we rest."—2 Chron xiv. 11.
"Giving all diligence."—2 Pet. i. 5.

Let us think awhile of two opposite aspects of the Christian life; contrasted, not discordant; two sides of one shield. Take first the aspect of rest, of faith, of the peace of an absolutely simple reliance. Take then the aspect of diligence, of pains, of watching and prayer, of the faithful use of appointed means.

(1) "On Thee we rest." This is the central secret of the Christian. It is the distinctive and characteristic thing in the Gospel. "I believe," not "I will do," is the watchword the Gospel gives us. "I rely, I confide, I trust, I entrust;" this is the very life of our religion, if it is the religion of the New Testament, the water from the fountain-head of the truth of Christ.

"By faith, and faith only, we are justified." This was the grand confession of the Reformation. It is to the full as true to-day. It means that we sinners, knowing something of the awfulness of sin, and of sin as guilt, go for the whole of our reason for "peace with God" to the Lamb that was slain, to Jesus Christ, who died and rose again, and is now our Advocate with the Father, being the Propitiation for our sins. It means that we go to Him "just as we are, and waiting not to rid the soul from one dark blot," as if we could so make ourselves worthier of Him. We came with empty hands to receive the gift of God. It is a profound (while salutary) humiliation. It "pours contempt on all our pride." But oh, how great a rest it is! It is Christ Himself for us.

"Purifying their hearts by faith" (Acts xv. 9). Here is another living motto full of the soul's deep rest. For the conquest of evil within us, for emancipation from its tyranny as it lies around us, here, according to the Gospel, is the heart, the centre of our secret. "Through God we shall do valiantly; it is He that shall tread down our enemies" (Psal. lx. 12). Yes, it must be even so. If evil is to be overcome indeed, not merely repressed but overcome, at and from the depths, there is only one adequate way. Expressed from one side it is—Jesus Christ, brought by the Holy Ghost to the very throne of the heart. Expressed from the other side it is—faith. That is to say, the true secret is a trusted Christ.

This fact of the spiritual life may be, of course, like every other, mis-stated, and misapplied. It may be put so that it seems to mean an absolute "quietism," in which the soul merely sits still and lets things be. It may be applied so as to seem to suggest a result in which the disciple shall come to claim an unsinning "perfection," getting beyond humiliation and the confession of sin. But the thing in itself standeth sure. The one true victory over inward sin is a trusted Christ, in all the divine simplicity of those words. Tempted man, defeated a thousand times after all your efforts, make this sacred experiment for yet one crisis more. Call in the LORD, the Stronger than the strong. Give yourself over to Him. He will hold you, and tread down the enemy. So you, held up by Christ, shall in Christ tread him down; resting, yet victorious.

And is not our secret the same for sorrow, and at last for death? The trusted Christ is the one perfect Anodyne for a broken heart. And He is the one Friend who can cross with us the last river, and say, as we are passing, "Thou shalt not see death; thou shalt not taste death; thou shalt never die, thou who believest in me. Rest, and in that rest go over."

(2) "Giving all diligence." Behold the other side of the shield. The rest of faith is anything but an expedient for a safe "slackness" in the Christian course. Rather, the promise of it is the greatest possible stimulus to diligence. For it is an assurance that real diligence, applied at the right point, is immensely worth the while.

What is the highest and at the same time the simplest purpose of the means of grace — secret prayer, self-scrutiny before God, the Holy Scriptures, public worship, the sacred Supper of the Lord, the Christian Sabbath, family devotion? Mainly, a twofold purpose, two aims converging into one; a growing knowledge of our need, and a deepening and ever developing sight of our Lord Jesus Christ as "all our salvation and all our desire," so that we both love His will and rely upon His power. If we neglect "all diligence" in the spiritual life, then, let us be sure of it, we shall decline in the deep desire to be conformed to His image and to follow His steps. Further, we shall decline in the conscious activity and persistence of the faith which rests in Him for peace and for power.

So, for the sake of the "rest of faith," let us "give all diligence." Only let us be "diligent" all the while in the recollection that the life of our life, the soul of our secret, deep in the centre, lying within, and above, and distinct from all the means, is, to the last, a trusted Christ.

FIFTH EVENING

THE CUP AND THE COVENANT

"This cup is the new testament in my blood which is shed for you."—St. Luke xxii. 20.

One change in the translation is called for here. We will read the word "covenant" in the place of "testament"; "this cup is the new *covenant* in the blood" of the Lord. There can be no reasonable doubt that the Greek term is best rendered thus. The evidence lies not only in the term's ordinary usage but also in the fact that our Master was here certainly making reference to the prophetic Scriptures, above all to the great passage of Jeremiah (xxxi. 31) where we have a "new covenant" announced. It is quite certain that the Hebrew word there (*b'rith*) is to be translated "covenant," not "testament." So the same word is appropriate in this sacred reference to the prophetic passage.

True, the word "testament," or "last will," conveys to us thoughts full of beauty and power. It has been finely said that our Lord, in dying, bequeathed to us all His wealth, and then rose again to be His own executor. And the story is told of a Scottish peasant-girl, stopped by Claverhouse's troopers on her way to the secret worship-place in "the moorlands of mist," and questioned where she was going. "Sir," she said, "my brother has died, and I am going to hear his will read, and to get my share."

It was an answer as full of true theology as of wit too quick for the questioner, who let her go. The promises of Christ *are* a bequest, ordered, irrevocable, sure; the will of the Elder Brother, in which "the whole family in heaven and earth" have share. So in deepest truth the Gospel *is* a Testament. Still, as I have said, the word covenant is here the more accurate representation of our Elder Brother's utterance when He founded the covenanting Feast.

Taking the sentence so, let us look at some factors in it, the better to grasp and to use it.

i. What *is* that "new covenant" of which He spoke when He gave to them "the cup, after supper"? We find the answer primarily in Jer. xxxi. We find it twice again in the Hebrews, in the eighth chapter and in the tenth. And in 2 Cor. iii. we have another passage, full of light on the matter, where St. Paul speaks of the Gospel ministry as dealing with a "new covenant," not of "letter" but of "Spirit"; that is to say, concerned not with the written tablets of Sinai, which condemn, but with the gift of Pentecost, which brings life.

Looking over these Scriptures, we read the undertakings of the New Covenant. They are two, each wonderful, each divine, and forming in their harmony the very "secret of the Lord." First, there is a grand *amnesty* for the guilty soul which accepts the covenant; "their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more." So it is undertaken, out of the sovereign mercy of the covenanting God. The subjects of the covenant, infinitely

unworthy, chargeable with rebellion, with countless wanderings from their Lord, "every one to his own way," shall be welcomed back as if all this had never happened. It is an "amnesty" indeed, an "act of oblivion," full and sincere as the heart of God.

Then, in living connexion with this, comes the grand second term; "I will put my laws in their hearts, and in their minds I will write them." In Jeremiah, and in Hebrews, this term is mentioned first in the covenant. But on reflection we find that, in the order of the thought, it comes in second. For it rests upon the other; "I will write my laws in their minds; FOR I will remember their sins no more." Even so; such is the divine way of peace. The forgiveness, absolute and (as to any cost of ours) unbought, precedes. Then, not till then, but then, comes the inward work wrought on the forgiven. The same Agent acts in both. The Giver of the amnesty is the Worker of the purity. And the same way to get each grant of heaven is prescribed to the subjects of the covenant. Alike their pardon and their purity are to be *received* from Him. Their pardon of course; but their purity also. Let them bring "heart" and "mind," "just as they are," to His Spirit's operation. Then HE, not they, will take the pen, and write. "*I will put* my laws in their hearts; *I will write* them in their minds."

Christian, remember the New Covenant —and use it. Welcome the legal force and tenacity of the very word Covenant. The Lord of Mercy and Life binds Himself with it, in the bond of His fidelity to Himself. Cast yourself at His feet—and then and there claim, in humble boldness, the peace and also the inward hallowing which He has *covenanted* to give.

ii. This Covenant, says the Master of our souls, is "in my blood." Yes, it is as free to us as the summer air. But, that it might be so to us, it cost HIM "His agony and bloody sweat, His cross and passion"; the *Lama Sabachthani;* all that was meant in the death of the Lamb of Golgotha. It is as sure as that unspeakably sacred preliminary can make it. No partial or precarious blessings are intended to be ours, when the contract bears *that* Seal. And oh, what reverence, what consciousness of an inexhaustible obligation, what a bond (which yet is perfect freedom), will be upon the soul which takes, and uses, *all* the blessings of the New Covenant, when it contemplates that seal upon that deed!

iii. "This cup is the new covenant." Here is a message, straight from the heart of Jesus Christ, for our Communion hour. Take that cup, O disciple; drink that wine. As you drink it, recollect the Covenant. As you recollect, look again in the great Covenanter's face, by faith. As you look, and as you use His royal ordinance, say to yourself, "as sure as this chalice is no dream at my lips, so sure His amnesty over me, and His sin-annulling power within me, are no dream, but fact."

An Affair of the Frontier

By Arthur H. Henderson

Illustrated by A. D. M'Cormick

"TO give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of Death, and to guide their feet into the way of Peace."

Every Sunday morning the words are sung in the village church at Northerton.

The August sunlight streams through the narrow painted windows on to the oaken pews; the quiet of a breathless morning is over the Surrey hills. Through the open doorway the chirp of birds, the low of distant cattle, the faint bleat of sheep, steal in to mingle with the wondrous English of the morning service.

The solemn notes of the small organ peal sweetly through the little building and float out into the still churchyard in the golden valley of the Weald. When all Nature is one glorious warmth of sunshine, when hallowed music is rising in peaceful prayer, amid fruitful English farms and cultured, restful homesteads, what does the worshipper realise of the life of those whose lot is cast amid wild and stormy frontier lands, of those from whose side the shadow of death is never absent, of those whose steps are rarely gathered into the paths of peace, till the last long stillness is wrapped for ever o'er the little grave among the mountains? The unerring death-dealing bullet, the prayer for peace; the soft sentence of love, the sharp, stern word to charge—does not the same moment witness them all? Only distance divides. It is a commonplace of cynical philosophy.

One Sunday morning the old-fashioned squire's pew had a solitary occupant—a girl. Beatrice d'Elstone rarely went to church. On this occasion, lured from the Hall by the enchanting beauty of the morning, she had wandered rather listlessly across the meadow paths till she found herself beside the ivy-grown churchyard walls. The music of a stately Psalm, the coolness of the dim interior, suddenly appealed to her. Soon she had found her seat—one occupied in the centuries before her time by many a grim old ancestor.

She had paid at first but scant attention to the service. Of a sudden her wandering thoughts had been arrested, her roving spirit stilled. "To give light to them that sit in darkness—to guide their feet into the way of Peace."

Oh! if she could but do that for—one! One only! But the hope was vain.

For he was far away. In the darkness of a great mistake he had left her. To some mysterious land—far from the paths of peace—her caprice had sent him. On some strange secret errand her wilfulness had allowed him to embark.

Months earlier she had been the gayest of the gay house party in an old country manor in the North. Into every passing amusement she had flung herself with girlish abandonment. Her infectious enjoyment, whether of hunt or dance or theatricals, was immense. Where her small head planned, or her white hand led, there had been plenty to follow her suggestions from pleasure to pleasure.

And then all had changed; her old personality was scarcely to be recognised. In the pale-faced, listless figure, in the clear eyes with their bored expression, in the small mouth with its wistful lines—was a different woman. Why?

For the simplest of reasons—a tale as old as the human race adapted to modern environment.

Given two men and a maiden, and the old historic rivalry of conflicting nationalities. Given a brilliant young Russian captain of Cossacks, a guest from the Embassy of the Czar of the one part; on the other, the quiet, stern Indian

political officer from the fierce frontier, home on leave. For the girl a flirtation with a fascinating foreigner and a mind petulantly undecided when the crisis of life came with the man who could be true. The Russian returned with a half real, half amused, desolation of spirit to the lands beyond the Urals. The Englishman departed again into the obscurity that the sombre Himalayas shed so effectively around them.

Then it was that to the girl came a sudden realisation, when too late, that she cared—as women do sometimes—for one man above all others. An abrupt cessation of the pleasures of life for a certain brilliant young lady followed the official announcement that Major John Ord was returning to resume his duties on the Afghan frontier—a convenient phraseology that hid many things from an inquisitive public. With the girl there remained the love of a lifetime, which is different from the keen attraction often misnamed love which will fade with changing years. Between two men had dawned the hatred which time and travel were never to heal.

And this is the resultant story. Believe it or not as you like; it is true.

* * * * *

"I Shouldn't be surprised," said the captain reflectively, between the puffs of his morning pipe, "if there was trouble—coming—soon." And the speaker's eyes wandered instinctively towards the pass at the head of the valley.

His subaltern wriggled joyously. Then he stiffened like a well-trained pointer dog.

"It's a fakir," said the elder officer slowly, after a short pause, during which the two Englishmen stared curiously at a gaunt, half-clad figure stalking past the mud-walled fort. "Now, what in the name of all that's intelligent, is that brute doing here?"

The object of their remarks ignored the two Englishmen completely, or, at any rate, appeared to do so. Evil of feature, long-haired, filthy with dirt, the weird specimen of humanity might have been a walking automaton but for the malicious eyes glittering with fierce insanity. Gazing fixedly before him, with glances neither to right nor to left, unheedful of the interest he excited, the creature was a type of that mixture of primeval savage and Eastern fanatic which is the despair of a Western civilisation; and such as he, hurrying with the ominous resolution of an unknown errand through the mountains, was never yet an omen of good to the European. The stranger took no notice of the hail of a passing soldier, but tramped steadily forward till he had vanished from sight.

Captain Jack Barrett looked puzzled. "Over the way there," he explained, indicating the pass at the head of the valley where runs the frontier line between India and Tibet, "they are all devout Buddhists. Five miles off is a most holy monastery of Lama monks, who look after a pious reincarnation of a real god condescending to dwell among them to attract the offerings of the faithful. But they have nothing in common with a Mohammedan fakir; and a Pathan, too! It's a rum thing, Bob, my boy. Now, what is the little game afoot, I wonder?"

"It's about time we had some fun to liven us up in this wilderness," grumbled the subaltern, disconsolately. "Not that I have yet understood what we are supposed to be doing here at all."

"The fact that something passes your understanding, Bobbie, doesn't of necessity mean that it's very complicated," said his captain, paternally. "We've just got to wait here in case Ord turns up on this part of the frontier in a mess, when we are to lend him a hand, as ordered. See now?"

His companion grunted comprehension. Every servant of the Indian Government on that part of its wild frontier had heard of Major John Ord of the Political Department. Scarce a native but knew of him also. Tricky tribal rulers squirmed uneasily if he came their way. Petty princelings, who blustered loudly behind his back, cringed guiltily in his presence.

Bad characters—and there is practically no other class of the population in some of the villages—found it convenient to display an undue domesticity of employment when he was near, or else they went on a journey till such season as the redoubtable political officer moved on—though Major Ord could be loved as well as feared on occasion.

"Why should he be in a mess?" queried Lieutenant Robert Austin, of the Punjaub Infantry. "He has just run down that murderer chap he was after all right; a clever business it was, too!"

Barrett nodded acquiescence. Major Ord had just added greatly to his reputation by tracking a notorious Afridi scoundrel whose custody was highly desired by the Government half across the highlands of Asia, and finally arresting the delinquent with his own hands on a desolate pamir. The assassin and his captor were now supposed to be returning towards India, and the daring chase with its successful result had created a searching impression among the many tribesmen of guilty consciences, so that the story of the deed had penetrated already into remote fastnesses among the hills.

"Has he got some other special job on hand now?" The subaltern pursued his questioning.

"He has," was the laconic answer. "I don't know what it is, but I shouldn't be surprised if we hear all about it before long, Bobbie; and when that time comes it won't exactly be a case of 'ladies first,' my lad."

And Barrett's prophecy was fulfilled with unexpected rapidity. As darkness was falling that evening Ord with a slender escort rode into the fort, that furthest post of the Empire towards the mysterious Buddhist land beyond.

It was a time of many rumours and much intrigue on the frontier. Warlike village chieftains were unusually loud in their appreciation to the British political officers of the blessings of peace, which protestations commonly herald a lively disturbance brewing for the immediate future. Tales were current of armed Russian exploration parties, "purely scientific" their own Government always mildly terms them, hovering about the passes, Cossack portents of—who knows what? A fairy trumpet, which Alexander the Great forgot to take away with him, but left to his descendants of the Hindu Khoosh, had blown off by itself three times loudly—the invariable warning of war. The bazaars of the frontier towns reflected the restlessness of the hill valleys and teemed with alarmist reports. Ord, when he arrived at Punkul Fort, looked worn and anxious.

Barrett and he were old friends from their school days. Each thoroughly appreciated the other's abilities in the stolid English way which never reveals the feeling. Ord knew that his soldier chum would follow him calmly, though he led to the Antipodes of Heaven; Barrett knew that he knew it, consequently no time was lost in preliminaries.

"How many men have you got here?" asked the political, thoughtfully, after as luxurious a dinner as the fort establishment could provide.

"Forty-two fit," answered his companion, "and a few sick."

Ord's eyebrows lifted a trifle.

"That all! We shall have our work cut out for us, then."

The commander of the legions of the Empire at Fort Punkul grinned appreciatively, but waited in silence to hear what the work was.

"I've had a threefold job on," said Ord, abruptly, "and the luck's been bad. First I collared Mahommed Jan after as pretty a stalk as ever you'd want to see, and then he slipped me."

Barrett's eyes opened wide in amazement at the news.

"Got away?" he cried, incredulously.

"Yes," Ord replied grimly, "on his last march to Paradise or—the reverse. He was a cunning brute. Being a Pathan he chummed with an owl of a Pathan sentry. Then, in the early morning and a thick snowstorm, he stuck his countryman in the back. Where

he raised the knife from I don't know. Then he legged it for his native wilds, but he never got there. My Sikh orderly is a rare good shot, even for a Sikh. However, I'll not be able to march him down through the valleys as a salutary example now, as I wanted to do.

"That was the first bit of bad luck. Moreover, the men tell me they think some of his tribe are out on the war-path after us, a story that has quite a probable sound about it; can't say if it's true, though. If they are they haven't showed up yet. Now for the other complications. They are all in a considerable state of mind at Simla about the Russians on the Pamirs. It is the old, old story. A party of harmless Cossacks—travellers according to their own account—drop by accident over a pass into our valleys and stir up the tribesmen to turn out against us—according to the account of the said tribesmen. Providing the Russian fellow in charge does it neatly he will be disgraced publicly if we call the attention of his Government to his little games, and then promoted on the quiet. It's the understood thing. So I have been having a cruise around. But most important of all was the old familiar question of rifles with a new touch in it.

"When we had that last big row two years ago, our troops at the storming of the chief's fort in the Zilt valley found a considerable store of rifles and ammunition which had no business to be there. Some were of Russian army pattern; many others had certainly never come through India. It has been a puzzle to me for a considerable time where the tribesmen were obtaining their arms. I have never seen or heard of so many modern rifles in these valleys as appeared to be the case last year. Gradually I came to the conclusion that somehow—somewhere—there was a new trade going on in them. But where?—that was the difficulty. I told them about this at the India Office last time I was home, and they were very anxious I should sift the matter to the bottom—but without any noise about it—you understand?"

Ord stopped in his tale abruptly and stared at the flickering firelight. Barrett puffed contentedly at his pipe with stolid interest. At the same time he thought he had never seen his companion so depressed and lacking in his usual animation. From outside the challenge of sentries relieving guard sounded muffled in the little room.

"If my information is right," said Ord, slowly, "there is a considerable consignment of rifles and ammunition due to reach that monastery over the border in a few days' time. I think there is a Russian in charge of them. Now, how are we going to do it, Jack? there's the problem for you."

For a long time the two men, the wardens of the English in that far land, sat talking earnestly. The darkness of midnight had fallen like a thick veil over the little frontier fort by the rushing mountain torrent before they ceased. By that time their plans were made. To circumvent the wiles of the alien and to overthrow the stranger in his plots was their resolve. But success and secrecy were essential; for though the Russian Government rarely fails to reward its agents—at any rate, in private—the same cannot always be said of its British rival. At all costs, the commotion of international complications must be avoided by those who seek to climb the ladder rungs to the higher promotion.

Now a Gompa is a monastery of Tibetan Buddhist monks, often of undoubted sanctity, but as probably of doubtful virtue. Five miles across the frontier from Punkul Fort is the most devout Gompa of Lergol, a fantastic building perched amid bleak cliffs in an arid desolate land. Once a year the monks there hold high religious festival. The Lamas in their best raiment dance the symbolical dance in the high courtyard to accustom the souls of the faithful spectators to the sights and the sounds of the world to come. The faithful, with equal devotion, contribute largely of their means to the reward of the pious performers, and between whiles a good deal of secular

trading is done at the secular fair that alternates with the sacred ceremonies. And even in Central Asia large resultant profits are apt to obscure the commercial morality of a business; for Buddhist clergy by no means despise the temporal advantages of the wealth of the world below.

The annual fair of Lergol Gompa is a well-known event, attracting numerous devotees. On this particular occasion, through the weary wastes of stones, two little parties of men, unnumbered among expected pilgrims, bent their steps a few days later.

In the early morning a peaceful caravan of Central Asian traders arrived with their rifles and cartridges of illicit commerce from the one side; from the other approached through the darkness of gathering night a picked band of choice spirits from Punkul Fort—who, be it remembered, had no rightful business across the frontier at all—for Ord had determined on a bold raid, righteous morally perhaps; indefensible, politically, if it failed. But then, of course, Tibet is not accredited diplomatically at Simla's viceregal court, and in this case time was everything.

Ord never told the exact means he adopted to get into the monastery while the escort disposed themselves scientifically among the boulders outside and waited shivering for the fray. Barrett never could be prevailed on to be communicative on the subject either. There was, indeed, a tale current in Peshawur, but such tales are mostly lies! Sufficient is it to chronicle here that Ord stole quietly along in the darkness, through dim courtyards, past innumerable waterwheels, up winding stairways, and along wooden galleries, till he came to a door. Through it the sound of voices in dispute was clearly audible. As he listened he smiled grimly; then he opened the door unceremoniously and walked in.

The occupants of the dark, ill-smelling little room were two. Nearer to the door was the quaint figure of a Red Lama. He was a tall, powerfully built man, with the true ugliness of Mongolian features. Dressed in a red petticoat and huge shawl of the same dirty colour revealing a bare left arm, and with a little ear-flapped cap on his close-shaven head, he fingered mechanically at a small praying wheel as he argued angrily with his companion. The latter had his back to Ord, but there was no mistaking the dress and carriage of a European. It was a Russian officer of Cossacks, and, from the few words that Ord caught as he entered, the cause of contention was apparently the price of a Russian Berdan rifle which was propped up against the wall.

Now, you cannot satisfactorily cover two men with the barrel of one revolver; but you can hold its little muzzle in a line approximating the centre of the space between the two individual targets, so that a slight turn would point it on either. This has a distinct significance. This Ord did.

The scowl on the Lama's face petrified with amazement at the sight of the intruder. The Russian spun round with a startled curse, to meet an almost equally astonished glare in the eyes of the Englishman. The recognition was mutual—the hatred equally apparent. They had met before. To each in memory's lightning flash came the vision of a light-hearted girl away—oh! so far away!—in a peaceful English home. The thought of Beatrice d'Elstone was uppermost in the minds of both.

But only for a moment. The revolver never wavered. Ord spoke grimly.

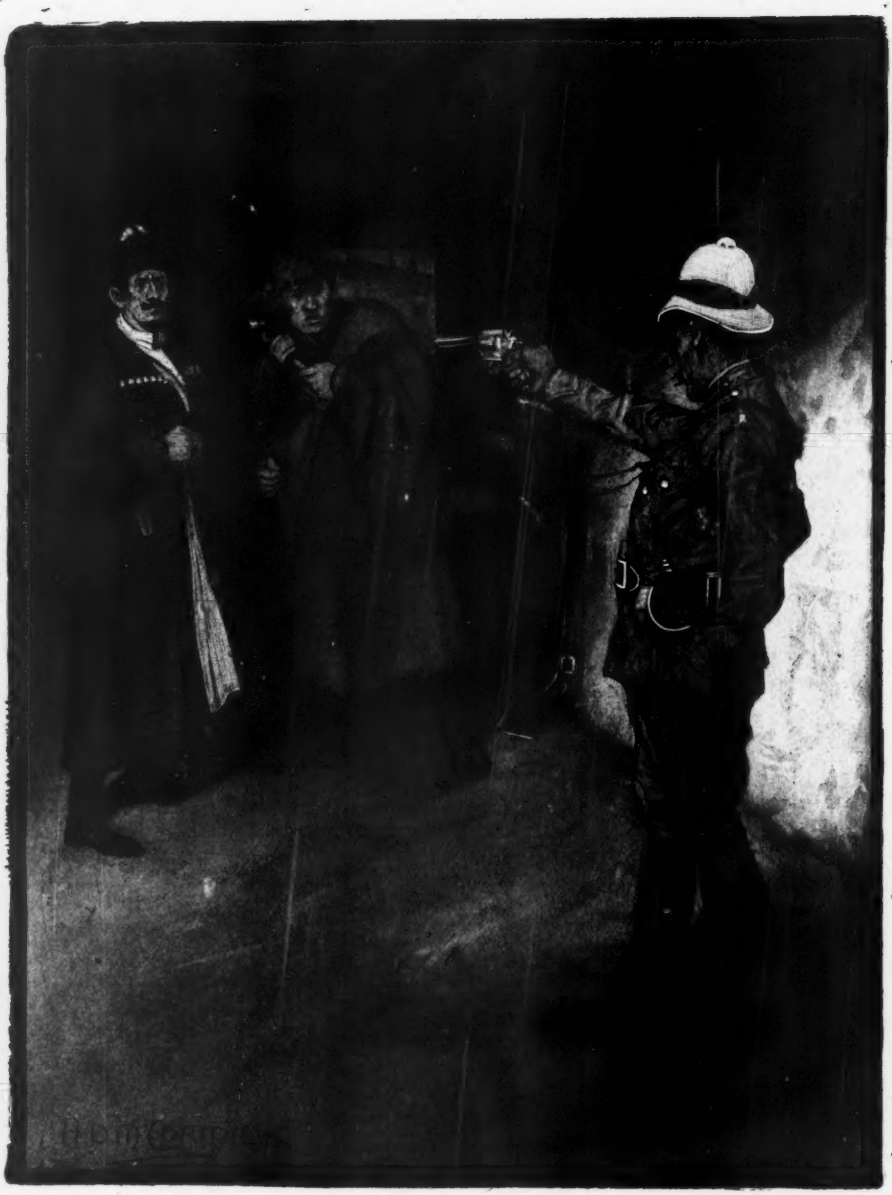
"So Captain Petrovsky has taken to the trade in arms?"

A flush of furious resentment came into the Russian's handsome face. Speaking in excellent English he replied by an equally sarcastic question:

"And, pray, what is that to the British officer from across the frontier?"

The point raised was a difficult one. Ord did not attempt to meet it. He spoke with calm deliberation.

"It is the intention of my Government to put a stop to the arming of the frontier tribes. Often have instances of Russian



The scowl on the Lama's face petrified with amazement at the sight of the intruder

(Drawn by A. D. M'Cormick)

intrigue been forcibly brought to our notice. It appears I have discovered yet another; but this one I can, and will, stop. You will hand over your consignment of rifles and ammunition to us, and we shall do what we think fit with them."

"We?" said the Russian officer, with sarcastic interrogation. "So the soldiers of Great Britain have violated a friendly frontier in force, then?"

"My men are all around the Gompa," said Ord, quietly; "you cannot escape."

He did not think it necessary to mention that the investing army consisted of some twenty men in all. The game of bluff has constantly to be played on the frontiers of an Empire; it is one of the recognised moves.

"I might have known you would never have ventured alone," sneered the Russian, contemptuously.

Ord took no notice of the taunt. It was impossible for him to hate his opponent more than he already did, and the Russian was clearly irresolute. They were alone. The Lama had disappeared with mysterious suddenness; he was not a man of war.

"Ah! No, if you please," said Ord, suddenly. "Touch that holster on your belt, Captain Petrovsky, and I fire. I should be first, too, remember."

Then his tone changed slightly.

"I will offer you conditions," he said, slowly. "You will deliver up your—your merchandise, and give me your word of honour to leave quietly without attempting to recover it. Then I will let you go. I think I can trust to your word as an officer of the Czar."

"And if I refuse?" asked the other, carelessly. "The consequences will be serious, I suppose, as you English say."

"If you refuse," answered the political promptly, "I will take you—as well as the rifles—to Peshawur."

All the same, it was the last thing Ord desired.

Fortunately a man's face, when well trained, can mask as well as reveal the thoughts of the brain behind it.

The young Russian captain of Cossacks, however, showed his perplexity. He was in a scrape, and he knew it. He had to match his half oriental cunning against the astute diplomacy of the stern Englishman accustomed to years of dealing with shifty village chieftains. Could he?—there was but one chance.

"And you will please make your decision at once," said Ord, sharply.

A noise as of some slight disturbance had reached his keen ears from outside.

"Did you really love that girl?" asked Captain Petrovsky, suddenly. "Pretty Miss Beatrice in England, you know," and his tone was quietly confidential.

Ord made no reply. A light of fiercest anger blazed in his steel-grey eyes.

"Because," went on the Russian, reflectively, "I might be able to tell you something you would like to know."

Time might yet be everything.

"Isn't it curious," continued the officer of the Czar, as if discussing abstract philosophy, "that we should cross each other in this way—once in love and once in war, as your countrymen say? First, on one side of the world, I hinder you in your love; next, on another continent, you annoy me as in war. Certainly it is most strange." And he smiled with an airy nonchalance.

The speaker was never nearer death than at that moment. Ord's restraint was breaking down. A hair's breadth more of the back pull of that steady finger and the revolver bullet would have done its work.

"Look here, Major Ord," said the Russian, with dangerous friendliness, "the bargain between us must be a different one. You must let me go, taking the rifles where I please, this time; and then I will tell you something of your Beatrice that your heart will love to know."

There was a sudden clamour outside. The ears of both men caught the sound. Time was everything—to the Russian.

"Miss D'Elstone gave me a message for you," cried Petrovsky, quickly. To lie easily in an emergency is given to some men.

A smile of scornful unbelief lit up the Englishman's face. At last he spoke.

"You scoundrel!" he said, sternly. "I will teach you to talk lightly of the lady that I love. I will——"

The sentence was never finished.

Just then the door burst open with a crash. The Red Lama, reappearing, flung a heavy cloth with dexterous speed over Ord's head and shoulders. The revolver jerked aside and cracked out—a message of doom. One of the hideous Mongolian faces that poured in through the open doorway splashed with the fatal red as its owner fell shot through the brain. The room was full of struggling men.

It was all the work of a minute. The British officer, overpowered from behind, fell with a dull thud as the butt of a Berdan rifle descended on his head. His Russian adversary looked coolly down on the prostrate form.

"And she loved *that*," he said, contemptuously. "Little fool!"

But Captain Petrovsky had short time for further reflection, for there now arose a fearful hubbub. The whole Gompa resounded with shouts and cries. Dogs sacred and dogs profane—such are always to be found in a Tibetan monastery—howled furiously. A few scattered rifle shots echoed down the stone passages. Barrett, uneasy at receiving no sign from Ord, had rushed the main entrance with his Sepoys, and a whirling, swearing mass of men surged about the gates and into the courtyards. The stamp of hurrying feet rang on the flagged stone floors.

The resistance, however, was short. Frightened pilgrims bolted in all directions. Uncanny Lamas flitted away hastily to the secret hiding-places of safety. Revolver in hand, Barrett hunted eagerly for his comrade through weird shrines and sacred chambers dedicated to incredible gods and impossible demons. His Mohammedans followed him closely, enjoying the fun at the expense of the unbeliever. They had had no such sport for a long time.

It was really a most indefensible proceeding—this raid on a peaceful Gompa; but how many lives in some future frontier war might not be saved by the capture of those smuggled rifles? And what, in the name of Heaven, had become of Ord?

They found him at last, a senseless, huddled mass. All Barrett's rough surgical knowledge was needed to staunch the wound in his head and restore consciousness; and delay with them meant escape for the enemy.

"Where has Petrovsky gone?" demanded Ord feebly, as soon as he could speak, which was not soon by any means.

Barrett surveyed his handiwork of bandages with grim pride at this tribute to their success. Then he answered, laconically:

"Who on earth is he?"

"Quick, Jack!" cried the other, sharply, as recollection returned. "Never mind me. There is a Russian officer here somewhere; nab him for Heaven's sake, alive or dead. Don't fail me in this, old fellow. He played with me here by—by speaking of Beatrice."

His companion's eyes opened wide. Did Ord know what he was talking about, or was his mind still wandering?

"Beatrice?" he repeated, in astonishment.

"Oh, you don't know her!" cried Ord, exasperated. He tried to drag himself up, but fell back with a moan of pain. "That is no matter now. Look alive, Jack, as you love me! Search the whole place. Put a guard on the gate, and we'll have both him and his rifles too. Don't let the brute escape you."

Then, as Barrett departed hastily on his errand, Ord muttered hoarsely:

"Why—ah! why—didn't I shoot when I had the chance? Beatrice——"

But, to the horror of the Sepoy left to look after him, the major fainted.

With daylight next morning a very pretty little chase developed over the bare hills and lifeless wastes amid which the Gompa of Lergol stands. The Russian, with a few followers, had got away successfully, and Barrett was in hot pursuit. It partook somewhat of the

nature of a drive. The Englishman's only chance was to head off his quarry up the old caravan route to the north, where, astride a convenient gorge, Lieutenant Bobbie Austin and a dozen more of the garrison of Fort Punkul had waited with shivering patience throughout the night; for Ord had foreseen possible escape from the monastery and had endeavoured to checkmate it in this fashion. But could Petrovsky be driven into the trap?

Barrett doubted it even now, when putting forward every energy to attain that end. His men toiled after him manfully as the pitiless sun began to beat down on the arid sands and crags of the barren wilderness. But they had been afoot for many hours, and were nearly done.

Soon, indeed, Barrett began to despair, and, besides, he did not understand this eagerness to capture the Russian. He questioned the wisdom of it. The whole illicit consignment of rifles and ammunition had been successfully seized, and was now under guard at the monastery awaiting their return. So far so good. He foresaw ensuing credit for himself from those in authority over him. Quiet, unofficial thanks—no question raised as to the violation of the frontier—and "noted for speedy promotion." But to capture the Cossack might spoil all. It would lead to all sorts of complications. They would not in the least know what to do with him when they got him; and Ord's extraordinary remark about some "Beatrice" was incomprehensible. He could not quite have recovered from that rap over the head, for Ord was never a lady's man.

Meanwhile, Petrovsky showed every sign of gaining. Moreover, he was clearly about to quit the caravan route and strike off at an angle to it. The black dots of his few followers were just visible in the distance through the glass, tracking round the base of a sandy hill. Barrett was on the point of giving the word to halt when a sharp spatter of rifle fire broke out ahead.

"What on earth does that mean?" he asked himself in surprise. "It cannot be Bobbie there, surely!" and the pursuers, reviving, trudged on again athirst for the fray.

They never got it. By the time they had rounded the hill from behind which had come the "wop, wop, wop" of the shooting, all was quiet. Only significant evidences of the flight remained; silent all save one.

As Barrett raised the head of the dying Russian from the ground his arm was grasped with feeble vehemence. Faintly the last words came in English:

"Tell your comrade—Ord—it was—him she loved—not me!"

And all was over. The captain of Don Cossacks would see his command no more. His last long march was done, and the soldiers of the southern Indian land dug his grave in the far, bleak country, and wondered as they did it by whose hand he fell.

The same sun that day beat down fiercely on the burial party at their task in the drifting sand, on the grim walls of the fantastic monastery where Ord moaned restlessly in pain, as on the little church in the Surrey village where Beatrice d'Elstone, in the calm of the English Sabbath, was praying for those whose feet then needed guidance into the way of Peace.

It was Bobbie Austin who later cleared up the mystery that at first attended the fate of the Russian party.

"T'was that same fakir chap—I'll swear to him—that passed the fort a few days ago," he told Barrett when the garrison of Punkul subsequently foregathered once again, plus the captured arms, "and a lot of other hairy ruffians as dirty as himself. I gave chase for a bit, but couldn't fetch up with them to investigate. They legged it like mad when they saw us, and I did not dare to leave the gorge without your orders, skipper."

"I think it must have been the friends and relations of the late Mohammed Jan on the war-path after me," said Ord, reflectively. "The vengeance of the Pathan on the wrong man. Surely that

Tell your comrade—Ord—it was—him she loved—not me

(Drawn by A. D. M'Cormick)

dinner of yours must be ready by now, Jack."

And that was all the requiem of Captain Petrovsky, of the Czar's Own Cossacks of the Don.

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The silence of a frontier is a wonderful thing. Once, indeed, the copy of a petty paragraph in the *St. Petersburg Press* was sent to an English newspaper by its correspondent in the Russian capital. It mentioned a curious rumour current in certain Central Asian bazaars of a strange fracas between British and Russian officers months ago in Tibet. The echoed story duly appeared in the morning paper at Northerton village in Surrey, but the villagers that day had other things to consider. Naturally, too, Ord was otherwise occupied than in reading the news from abroad on his wedding morning; and Barrett, who *did* see it, found the duties of a best man quite sufficiently onerous without foreign complications.

Fox-hunting in Argyllshire

By B. B.

(Drawn by A. D. M'Cormick)

A CENTURY ago the "Brocair," or fox-hunter, was a recognised institution in many Highland districts. He was the professional slayer of vermin in the parish. Although the Gaelic words from which his title is derived (Broc-fhear — "the badger-man"), suggest that originally the badger or brock, and not the fox, may have been his special object of pursuit, he was, for all intents and purposes, the recognised fox-hunter. In Dr. Macleod's "Gaelic Dialogues," the Brocair was given his own place among other local worthies, and ranked like the postman, or smith, or roadman, in the parochial community as a useful and necessary member of society.

Nowadays, however, he is almost extinct. He belongs to a class which is rapidly disappearing. Game-keepers are numerous in these times, and they have supplanted him. Almost every farmer, thanks to the Ground Game Act, knows how to use a gun, and no longer depends upon the Brocair for the extinction of vermin. The fox-hunter's occupation is all but gone. He is a survival of a form of life now nearly lost, a link with a bygone generation.

Ten years ago professional duties led me to reside for many months in the north of Argyllshire, and of the parochial community none was better known than the Brocair, the local fox-hunter. He always went by the name of his occupation. One addressed him as "Brocair" in much the same fashion that a townsman speaks of the letter-carrier as "Postman." His children were never called by his lawful surname. They were known as Dugald Brocair, John Brocair, &c. His cottage was always the Brocair's house, never by any chance Donald Mac-D——'s cottage. Indeed, one had sometimes to think twice to remember the old man's proper surname.

His duty was to keep down the foxes in the district, in consideration for which he received a living wage. Old Donald was not far off the allotted span when I knew him; but he carried the burden of his days lightly. He had sharp features, keen eyes, and a most weatherbeaten complexion. He looked "as hard as nails," and could wear out many a man twenty years his junior in a long day's hill-climbing.

In pursuit of his calling he possessed a modest stock-in-trade, consisting of a gun and a crowd of terriers. The gun, like himself, had seen much service. Its age must almost have equalled his own. In the eyes of a modern sportsman the old double-barrelled muzzle-loader was fit only for a museum. Tear and wear were written all over it from heel-plate to muzzle; and the stock bore sundry traces of rough usage,

for it only held together owing to the presence of various brass patches nailed into the wood. But the Brocair swore by it, and had a lofty scorn for breech-loaders. To him a modern hammerless ejector was anathema. His dogs were rough-coated Scotch terriers, not particularly beautiful, but wiry, tough, plucky little creatures, full of courage, never recognising defeat. Of these he usually took two or three when on professional duty bent. Their special work was to inform their master when they suspected the presence of a fox in a cairn, and, when the word was given, they were expected to enter and "bolt" the creature. This they were always keen to do. When a single grown fox happened to be in occupation, the entrance of one or two terriers was usually sufficient to hurry it into the open, where with ordinary luck the Brocair made short work of it with a charge of shot out of his ancient piece. If, as occasionally happened, the fox emerged with a terrier hanging on, it was sometimes dangerous to shoot at once, and the chances were in favour of the fox shaking off its assailant presently, and making good its escape. When a bitch with cubs was found at home, the former was very likely to show fight, and the terriers had the joy of a combat in a cavern from which they usually emerged, tattered and gory, but victors. If it chanced that the adults were absent, and only the cubs in residence, the task was much more simple. When the cubs bolted, good and well; the Brocair accounted for them in the open air; when they refused to leave their lair, they were promptly slain by the invaders down in the bowels of the earth.

Those terriers were not confined in a kennel at the Brocair's home, but simply had the run of the house, and wandered at their own sweet will round the neighbourhood. One of them, indeed, almost came to a tragic end at my hands. I had been fowling, and rowing along by the shore I noticed a small dark-brown animal moving about the beach half a mile away. "An otter!" I exclaimed to myself, and landed at once, and carefully stalked the creature. I had to crawl two hundred yards over shingle to get within shot unobserved. Arrived at last opposite that part of the shore where I had seen the animal moving, I raised myself cautiously, ready to shoot at a moment's notice. Imagine my disgust at seeing only one of the Brocair's terriers investigating a decayed skate!

I met the old man one morning after breakfast walking wearily past my house, his two terriers trotting demurely at his heels, as tired looking as their master. The old gun was tucked away under his arm, and I could see that it was loaded for, though the hammers were lowered, the unfired caps were still on the nipples.

"Well, Brocair," I remarked, "you are early on the road to-day. Where are you bound for now?"

"Indeed, and it's home to my bed I'm going."

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"I was out all night lying in a pass up Glen S—— waiting to get a shot at a fox in the moonlight or early morning."

"Did you see it?"

"Yes indeed I saw him, but he saw me first, and he was behind a rock before I got a steady shot at him; but I'll try him again to-night if it's clear."

"Are you not getting rather old to be out all night in the hill?" I asked. "It is not good for a man to expose himself too much."

"'Deed I don't know about the exposure," said he, "only I'm getting a wee thing stiff. But it's many's the fox this old gun has killed, and I'm thinking it will have to kill one or two more." And off the old man and his faithful terriers marched.

But life in our Highland parishes has changed greatly in the last half-century. Few districts can now pride themselves upon the possession of a genuine old-fashioned Brocair. Not that foxes are extinct; in some places it is almost impossible to extirpate them. But the value of shootings has risen, and the number of the game-keepers has consequently increased. The Highland keeper in the interests of his coverts and moors wages pretty constant and often successful warfare against foxes, as the pillory near his cottage can usually testify. There one may see nailed up conspicuously among weasels, stoats, hoodie-crows, hawks,

buzzards, and even domestic cats which have forsaken the virtuous ways of home-life and suffered the extreme penalty, the remains of several foxes hung in a row. There they have been gibbeted to wither and fall to pieces, like felons of old hanging in chains at the cross-roads.

And in the spring-time of the year when the lambing season is at its height, weakly ewes and tender lambs offer a special temptation to the fox then exercised with the responsibilities of providing for a young household of its own. At that time its depredations are more serious. At last they grow intolerable, and in certain districts a hunt on a large scale is organised. A keeper or two, and five or six farmers who can shoot more or less accurately, join forces, and several dogs are mustered. They give a day or two to a thorough examination of the favourite haunts of their enemy. As they move along the rocky hillsides one of the dogs grows restless. It has scented a fox. Presently the others are brought together, and they follow the scent until it leads them to a cairn or fox-hole. When the excitement of the dogs plainly shows that the "earth" or cairn is inhabited, the guns are posted to command every likely way of retreat, and a terrier is sent down to bolt the fox. If there are any novices or excitable individuals in the company, this is a time of some risk. The moment the fox appears, it is saluted by almost every gun to the extreme danger of the terrier if it has followed close upon its heels. Every one is anxious to bag the animal which darts away, sometimes directly between two of the guns. It is then that hair-breadth escapes occur. Charges of heavy shot are flying from all quarters, and the novice usually fires utterly oblivious to the fact that he may be aiming straight in line with one of his brother hunters. A friend of mine, an expert of many years standing in such work, declared it the most dangerous recreation with which he was acquainted. "Why?" he said, "I have some pellets still in my neck of a charge fired at a fox. I was half-hidden by a hillock when the brute bolted, and one or two odd shots had been fired, when I got a blow on the shoulder that knocked me clean over. A load of shot from a gun not twenty yards off hit me, but fortunately slant-wise, or I should not be telling you about it. I nearly bled to death, and, as it was, the doctor could not get all the pellets extracted. Would you like to feel them in my neck?" I took his word for it, and declined the invitation to feel.

No mention of fox-hunting in Argyllshire would be complete without reference to the legend, "The last fox in Cantire." I give it in the form in which it was narrated to me by one familiar with the district and current events of sixty years ago.

So successfully had farmers and gamekeepers persecuted the spoiler of the flocks, that at last the foxes in Cantire were reduced to one, a particularly cunning old fellow, which seemed to enjoy the special protection of Dame Fortune. For the honour of destroying it there was keen competition among the enthusiasts of the district, who for a long time had to put up with disappointment. The fox had one particular sanctuary where it was wont to seek refuge when hard pressed by dogs. This consisted of a hole in the face of an almost perpendicular cliff. Several times, when closely pursued by a dog, it made for the brow of the cliff, and jumped over, the dog invariably following. When the human pursuers arrived, and looked over, it was only to see the body of the dog at the foot of the rocks, but no signs of the "varmint."

This could not be allowed to go on for ever, and at last a watcher was set, who, without making himself conspicuous, could command the face of the cliff. The fox was sought and hunted, and the observer noticed that, instead of jumping out into space on reaching the precipice, the cunning creature leapt down to a small tree growing out of the face of the cliff only a few feet from the top, and scrambled thence into a cleft of the rock which concealed it perfectly from any one looking down from above. The dog as usual went right over, and came to grief at the bottom.

Neither rope nor axe formed part of the fox-hunters' equipment; their guns were unavailing; and once more they had to retire baffled but not despairing. The next day

saw them on the spot thoroughly provided with all necessaries. One of the party was lowered armed with an axe to slay the fox if it chanced to be there, and, in the other alternative, to cut away the mountain ash at the root. As it happened, the fox had gone elsewhere for the night, and the tree was sacrificed. The lair was found to be quite a shallow hole in the face of the rock, evidently only a temporary haven and not a permanent residence of the animal in question. Thereafter all the likely haunts were thoroughly beaten up, and before long a cautious old collie had roused the wily one, and presently was in full career after it. Reynard at once took the line for his former city of refuge. The pursuers could not keep up with the chase, and saw in the distance fox and dog disappear round the shoulder of a hill. On reaching the brow of the cliff they found the old collie in a state of great excitement, anxious to go over, but unwilling to run any needless risks. Looking down they saw the russet body of the fox lying all broken among the rocks below. And that was the end of the last fox in Cantire.

Sympathy.

No gold on her girdle, no gems of a queen,
No ring on her work-worn fingers,
But a heart that has suffered and eyes that have seen
And a handclasp that loves where it lingers!

In hope and in failure she stands at our side,
In loneliness, suffering, and sorrow,
And sobs in our sadness and laughs in our pride
As she gives us new strength for the morrow.

Earth's jewelled dames pass us, and little we care!
For their gauds are but worthless and common
When weighed in the balance with treasure so rare
As a kiss from this ragged grey woman!

WILL H. OGILVIE.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key—"Vanity Fair"

We have every reason to congratulate ourselves on the success of the first *Examination Paper*. The subject proved popular and the competition was very keen. The paper by "Crescent" which obtained the 1st prize was one of unusual merit, and most excellent answers were sent by Penumbra, Ion and many others.

May the editor plead for a little more discrimination with regard to the length of the answers? Critical questions, such as 3 and 5, require to be fully answered and may legitimately run to a page or a page and a half; but with questions involving merely points of detail each of which can be satisfactorily dealt with in two or three lines, it is a great mistake to be diffuse.

We give below a brief Key to the Paper, regretting that we have not space to print in full some of the answers we have received.

1. i. Dobbin explodes with laughter at Peggy O'Dowd's description of the magnolias at Glen Malony. Ch. xxviii.

ii. Fritz declines to take tickets for Becky's concert on the ground that drinking has ruined her voice. Ch. lxvi.

iii. George Gaunt was gazetted to Brazil, but was really in confinement as a lunatic in St John's Wood. Ch. xlvii.

iv. Steyne's conception of Rawdon Crawley as "a debauched Corydon" with a pastoral pipe, under a heavy cavalry moustache. Ch. xxxvii.

v. The second Lady Crawley was daughter of a Mudbury ironmonger. Ch. xli.

vi. Kinglake described in "Eothen" his visit to Lady Hester Stanhope on the Slopes of Lebanon.

2. The full list of titles is given ch. lxiv. Several seem to be significant, *e.g.*,

Viscount *Hell*borough suggests his future destination. Baron *Pitch*ley and *Grills*by his entertainment when he gets there. Knight of the *Garter*—perhaps in ironical reference to the motto of that order. The *Golden Fleece* suggests the way he won his Marquisate, ch. xxxvii. St. *Nicholas* refers to "Old Nick." The *Turkish* order of the Crescent alludes to his "Harem"; Groom of the Back Stairs to the famous *petits appartements*, ch. xlvii. It is also pointed out that many of these titles actually belonged to the famous Marquis who was Lord Steyne's prototype.

3. Many excellent answers were sent in. It is doubted whether Miss Crawley could be called *vain*. She wore "coffee-coloured fronts" and "artificial carnations" but so did most of her contemporaries. If she was *vain* it was not so much of her personal appearance as of her family and position. Amelia's treatment of Dobbin found no defenders. All that could be alleged in her excuse was the defective education of the day which made her *silly*, and the fact that her husband had always taught her to look upon Dobbin as a useful but rather ridiculous old person whose feelings need not be considered.

4. A long list of inconsistencies was collected; we only give a few.

i. Dobbin on the wedding-day presents Amelia with a "gold chain and watch." Ch. xxii. Six weeks afterwards we learn that "Mrs. Osborne had no watch." Ch. xx.

ii. Ch. xix., Dobbin is well aware of Amelia's delusion about "the little square piano." Ch. lix., it comes upon him with a shock.

ii. Sir Pitt sells the next presentation to the family living "None of that breed shall get it." Ch. viii. Yet James succeeds his father. Ch. lxvii.

vi. "Soda-water was not invented yet." Ch. vi. Rawdon breakfasts on "devilled legs of fowls and soda-water." Ch. lv.

v. Dobbin is "dull at classical learning." Ch. v. "Reads Latin like English." Ch. lx.

vi. Minor confusions are innumerable. "Miss Sedley's papa is a merchant in London." Ch. i. "A coarse man from the Stock Exchange." Ch. iii. His wife's name is sometimes Mary, sometimes Bessie, and they retire to St. Adelaide villas, Anna Maria Road, ch. xvii., or Anna Maria Cottages, Fulham Road West., ch. xxxvii.

There is great variety in the Crawley Family. Mrs. Crawley is sometimes Barbara, sometimes Martha, her daughters are sometimes Martha, Emma, Fanny, and Matilda; at other times we encounter Louisa and Kate. Lady Pitt is Rosa or Betsy, her father George or Thomas Dawson, etc. Even Miss Crawley's fat spaniel, ch. xiv., becomes a poodle, ch. xix.

Of course many of these may be explained away; Amelia's watch may have been lost; soda water may have been invented in the interval between the two chapters (though Mr. Schweppe's manufactory was well known in 1792!); but a surprising number of inconsistencies will still remain.

5. "Vanity Fair" does not take in the whole of Society of England. The Literary and Artistic class are missing and many others are merely glanced at. The working classes (as ever in Thackeray) are only mentioned in reference to their "superiors." But no book has a wider scope. In following the fortunes of Becky "there are few of the booths in Vanity Fair which we do not visit. From the aristocratic assembly at Gaunt House we step with Rawdon Crawley to the spunging-house in Cursitor Street, and the society of Miss Moss with her 'stockens down at heal.' We quit the society of city families for that of county baronets, squires and clergymen. We are introduced to a large circle of military men, from General Tufto down to Ensign Stubble; we breakfast with the officers of the Life Guards Green, and are 'introjuced' 'into the family of a marching regiment. We invade the Low countries and are present at the Duchess of Richmond's Ball. We dine with Royalty at Gaunt House and with dull city folk at Russell Square; we take tea with Mr. Sedley in shabby lodgings at Fulham, and we sup on tripe and onions with Sir Pitt Crawley and Mrs. Tinker."

6. i. When Sir Pitt proposed to her. Ch. xiv.

ii. Dobbin tried to hum the Battle of Borodino. Ch. vi. Sings a comic song. Ch. lvii.

ii. To dine with Dobbin. Ch. xxiv.

iv. When Hester turned Queen's evidence. Ch. xxxix.

7. The question was very fairly argued. Those who held that St. Barbe was Lord Beaconsfield's answer to Codlingsby, quoted parallel passages to prove that St. Barbe might have written much of "Vanity Fair." On the other side it was argued that satire must not be confused with cynicism and that the severity of the moralist in Thackeray is tempered by the kindliness of the man.

8. "Rotten be hanged, it produces me a good fifteen hundred a year." Ch. vii.

"We're the only three Christians in the county, my love." Ch. xi.

"Taking out his pencil and scoring under the words, foolish twaddling, etc." Ch. i.

"A woman with fair opportunities and without an absolute hump may marry whom she likes." Ch. iv.

Jos owned with a sigh, "that for good streaky beef, really mingled with fat and lean, there was no country like England." Ch. xxviii.

"Gambling, dear, is good to help your income, but not as an income itself." Ch. xxxvi.

"Ye should see the kenal boats between Dublin and Ballinasloe. It's there the rapid travelling is." Ch. xxviii.

"A partnership which one party is free to keep or to break, but which involves all the capital of the other." Ch. xviii.

"A coarse man from the Stock Exchange where they love all sorts of practical jokes." Ch. iii.

(*Before Marriage.*) Miss Sharp loved the smell of a cigar out of doors above everything. Ch. xi.

(*After Marriage.*) It was "those filthy cigars." Ch. lxiv. "That horrid pipe," etc.

Examination Paper No. 1.
Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"

Crescent, 100; Penumbra, 88; Ion, 83; Cotswold, 82; M. Kenwigs, 82; Acadia, 81; Beaver, 79; Carlyon, 77; Adair, 76; Houghton, 74; Sackville, 73; Williams, 73; Nitor, 72; Bobbie, 71; Carlo, 71; Deirdre, 71; Wazzums, 71; Columba, 70; Flaxius, 70; Fag, 68; Aberystwith, 67; Devenick, 67; Elpis, 66; Pax, 66; Furze, 65; St. Lucia, 65; Mars, 64; Barton, 63; Shya, 63; Bridget, 62; Onza, 62; Theta, 62; Amelia, 61; Cumbrian, 61; Dav, 61; Petrol, 61; Bohemond, 60; Pontop, 60; Antap, 59; Sancho, 59; Southern, 59; Digamma, 56; Madras, 56; Onyx, 56; Ronile, 56; Eothen, 55; Gaick, 55; Bundy, 54; Festina, 54; Regnats, 54; Rousillon, 54; Ryan, 53; EMA, 52; Calamus, 51; Eclipse, 51; Herries, 51; Llentrad, 51; Nita, 50; An Owl, 49; J. Strong, 49; Nomen, 49; Averil, 48; Connla, 48; League, 48; Scarab, 48; Athenæum, 47; Lazzie, 47; Norma, 47; Coral, 46; Rewop, 46; She Who, 46; Rover, 45; Spero, 45; Beta, 44; Pegg, 44; Déjà, 43; Hamel, 43; Peggy, 43; Irene, 42; Opal, 42; Sirius, 42; Amelius, 41; Portia, 40; Haricot, 39; Carolina, 38; Erisca, 38; Sybille, 38; Tartan, 38; Trothan, 38; Azile, 37; Cygnet, 37; Logan, 37; Mousie, 37; Thammuz, 37; St. Clair, 36; Trevan, 36; Acacia, 34; Josephine, 34; Kingston, 34; Swift, 34; Timus, 34; Ferrel, 33; Lyminge, 32; Olrig, 32; Lens, 31; Nilsa, 31; Dolores, 30; Hesper, 30; We Two, 30; Nan Owl, 29; Mercury, 28; Ayala, 26; J. Penn, 23; Pro Patria, 23; Ethelred, 22; Judex, 22; Star, 21; Owla, 19; Sussex, 19; Vanitas, 19; Rita, 17; Demos, 16; A Jay Pea, 15; Phœnix, 10.

Examination Paper III.
Dickens' "David Copperfield"

1. Explain with reference to the context—

i. "That's a settler for our military friend."

ii. "My foot will be upon my native heath."

iii. "Touch the Commons and down comes the country."

iv. "You are playing Booty with my clerk."

v. "What I wish is that parties was brought up stronger minded."

2. How far is David Copperfield to be considered autobiographical?

3. Translate into coherent English, with a note whenever a word seems to demand it, a poker-husband, a merry-go-rounder, the majority of a lobster, a reglar dodman, a orfling, a young Roeshus.

4. "Much sham pathos, atrocious bits of psychological bungling, a little fine writing, and a thimbleful of twaddle."

Can any of this severe criticism of Dickens' literary style be fairly applied to David Copperfield?

5. Suggest from a perusal of the text any possible connection between turnips and taxes—acoustics and table-beer—friendship and shaving-materials—tucker-edging and rouge—society and toe-nails.

6. Quote, with the briefest possible comment, any allusions or incidents which would serve to fix by internal evidence the date of the book.

7. Transcribe from the columns of the Middlebay *Times* a valedictory letter (imaginary) to Lord Tennyson from the pen of Wilkins Micawber, Esquire, Junior.

The next Examination Paper will be on "Charles Lamb's Essays."

Our Literary Examination Papers

These papers are set by Mr. H. R. Heatley. They will be marked to scale as in an ordinary school or University examination. Prizes will be awarded to those obtaining the highest marks in each individual paper and also for the best aggregate marks for given terms as follows:

MONTHLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.

HALF-YEARLY PRIZES.—First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

ANNUAL PRIZE.—First prize, £5; second prize, £2; third prize, £1.

In accordance with the markings as given above the first prize of £1 is this month won by

"CRESCENT."

The second prize of 10s. is won by

"PENUMBRA."

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Editor.

The marks will be published monthly, the total for the month, quarter, half-year, and year, to date. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given: for the present the real names and addresses of the prize-winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to

The Literary Editor,
"GOOD WORDS,"
15 Tavistock Street,
Covent Garden,
London, W.C.

The marks for the March paper will be published in the May number of the magazine—and so on.

Plants that catch and eat Flies

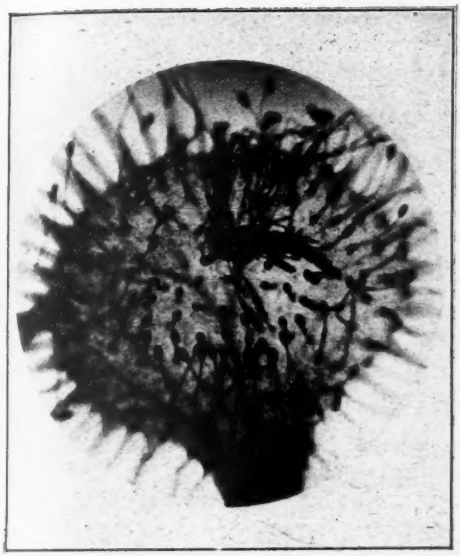
DURING our rambles amongst cultivated fields we have probably observed that one season they are planted with grain, and the next with turnips or some similar crop. This is no mere whim or fancy on the part of the farmer, but a very essential consideration if he desires profitable crops.

The various classes of plants, like animals, require different kinds of food, and it naturally follows that the same crop grown for several seasons on the same field would eventually exhaust the soil of its ammonia salts, nitrates, and other inorganic compounds, which, when dissolved, would be absorbed by the roots of this particular crop; hence the farmer has then to resort to supplying the exhausted soil with raw materials such as manures, bones, guano, &c., which consist largely of compounds of nitrogen, phosphorus, and potash. However, by a "rotation of crops," thus making different demands upon the soil, and the restoring of certain lost substances, Nature becomes her own physician in a large measure.

But it must be remembered that excepting water only about from two to seven per cent. of the plant weight is taken from the soil by the roots, yet this apparently insignificant proportion of mineral substances is of great importance in promoting those chemical changes from which the organic compounds are produced.

In Nature, where all classes of plants grow together, such exhaustion of the soil does not readily take place, yet it sometimes occurs that plants grow in situations which lack those essential mineral matters required by the plant organism; like the farmer the plants then have to take means to supply those properties which are deficient. Hence it comes about that a number of our wild plants so placed, having learnt that the soil which surrounds their roots cannot supply their needs, have given up the habit of developing roots of any speakable size, and instead have devoted their energies to producing curious hair structures on their leaves as a means of supplying their wants.

Such examples may be found in the



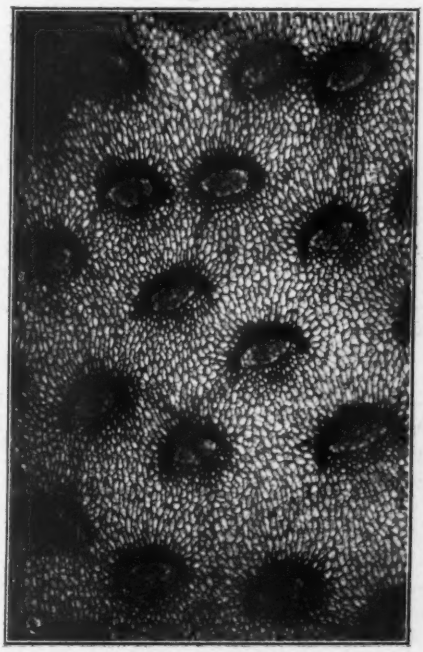
(John J. Ward, photo)

A leaf of the common English Sundew (Drosera rotundifolia) with a captured insect. The hairs on the leaf are bending towards the insect and secreting a fluid to assist in digesting it

interesting plants called Sundews (Drosera), which are often familiar in large numbers on the surface of Sphagnum bogs and similar wet soils. The roots of these plants, of which we have three British species, are short and stumpy, and serve rather to anchor the plants to the ground than to render service as organs for conveying nourishment.

Their leaves are thickly covered with red glandular hairs, which are extremely sensitive and which exude a sticky fluid possessing considerable attraction for small flies. The latter, when once attracted by the glistening and coloured hairs, are almost invariably induced to alight upon the leaves, when they find themselves caught and held by the viscid secretion, which not only retains a hold of them, but the glands secrete further quantities of the fluid, the other hairs bending over and pouring this liquid on the victim. In a few hours they are completely digested by the plant, when the hairs or tentacles once again resume their original position, straightening out and glistening with dew drops to attract still other unwary insects. Almost every fully developed leaf of these plants during the summer months on examination will reveal one or more insect victims in various stages of digestion. So then by this means the Sundews obtain their nitrogenous and other food substances that the soil fails to provide.

Darwin has conclusively shown that the hairs or tentacles of these plants are sufficiently sensitive to be able to distinguish between grains of sand or other inorganic matter and animal food such as small flies, fragments of meat, and boiled egg, being quite unaffected by the former, but immediately responding to the latter. Yet these are but examples of the tiny hairs familiar on most plants, highly organised and developed, just as other species of plants, favoured by "natural selection," have in the course of time produced from the same source prickles, stings, &c.

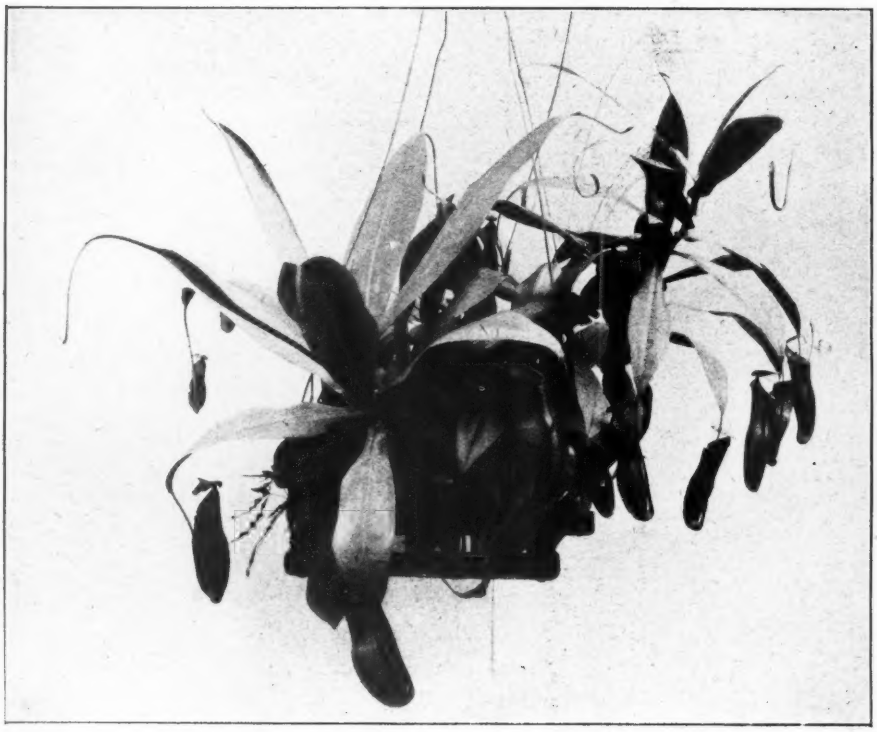


(John J. Ward, photo)

A magnified view of the digestive glands lining the interior of the pitcher

Many of our common wild plants develop sticky hairs, often sufficiently strong to retain small flies that become entangled with them, and so the plant gets its first taste of insect food, and in those instances where it eventually gives advantages to the plant organism, the insect-eating habit becomes strengthened and developed, ultimately being perpetuated in its offsprings often in a larger degree, and so the simple hair gradually evolves until it becomes the complicated and highly sensitive gland.

While we have a number of various carnivorous and insectivorous plants amongst our common wild plants, all more or less attaining their ends by different means, yet to understand the more highly organised of these flesh-feeding plant forms, we must look to those examples presented by warmer climates. For example, the various species of Venus's Fly-trap and the Sarracenias, or side-saddle plants of the North American marshes and bogs; the Darlingtonias of California; and lastly the more familiar Nepenthes, or Pitcher-plants of Indo-Malaysia (see illustration), the leaves of which develop at their ends curious jug or pitcher-like vessels containing liquid, some species of which hold as much as two quarts in each pitcher.



(John J. Ward, photo)

A pitcher plant showing the pitchers in various stages of development

These Pitcher-plants capture their prey by quite different methods to that of the Sundews, using their pitchers as a water-trap for the capture and retention of insects. Each pitcher is provided with a lightly poised lid, which probably serves to prevent undesirable substances from gaining access, below which is a strong rim, and around which is secreted a sticky sweet liquid which lures insects further and further into the interior, from which they cannot return owing to recurved

hooks and spines preventing the way, some species developing hooks powerful enough to retain small birds that have incautiously come to drink at the pitchers.

Eventually the intruding insects or birds are drowned in the liquid contained in the pitcher, which is of an acid reaction, and acts upon the animal substances until, together with the fluid, it becomes suitable nitrogenous food for the plant to digest. The walls of the interior of the pitchers are lined with elevated glands, each of which is covered with a hood, and secretes the acid digestive fluid.

Such highly organised leaf structures might seem difficult to account for, yet even these, like the glandular hairs of the Sundews, may have had a very simple origin, as instanced by our common English Teasel, which presents a very probable example of how such structures may have been evolved. It will be remembered that the leaves of the Teasel are what botanists term "connate"—two leaves growing opposite on the stem and attached at their base, forming between them a kind of cup, which often contains water, and in this water not infrequently may be found small insects which eventually decay, their living matter being then absorbed by the plant and built into its own protoplasm or living substance.

Surely, then, the commencement of such leaf structures as "pitchers" is simplicity itself, merely a leaf or leaves so arranged as to form a cavity to retain liquid moisture is all the requirement at first needed; the highly specialised details time and "natural selection" will eventually supply.

JOHN J. WARD.

Wintry Railways

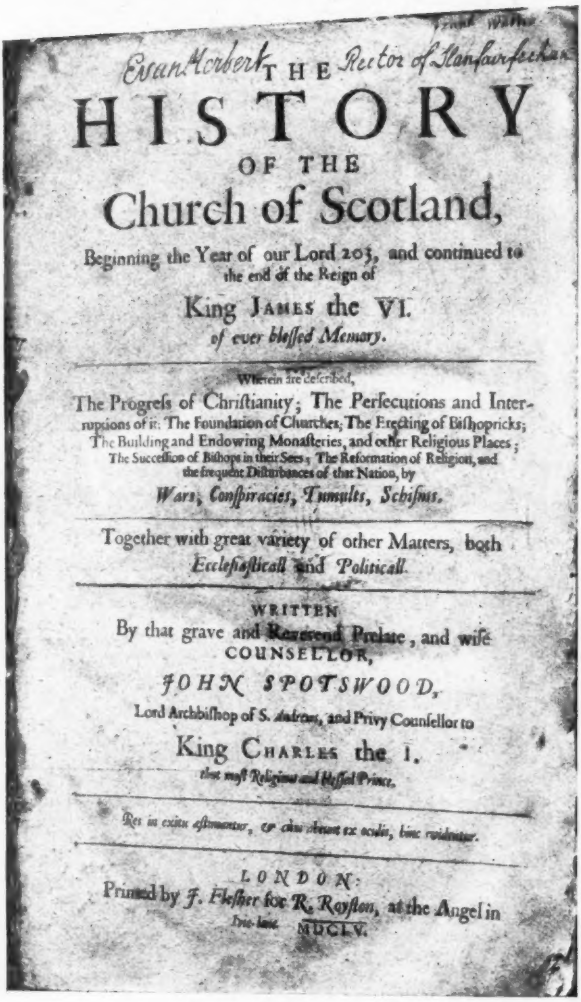
IT is very improbable that we shall ever see a light railway or "Twopenny-slide," as it would undoubtedly be nicknamed, laid on the frozen Thames from St. Paul's to the Houses of Parliament; though, if a frost came along such as that causing wine to be cut with hatchets and sold in solid form, or the famous frost of December 1683, which lasted to February 1684, when the ice on the Thames was frozen to eleven inches in depth, and, to quote from the diary of a citizen, "the people kept trades on the Thames as in a fair, till February 4, 1684, about forty coaches daily plied on the Thames as on drye land," a railway might, under these circumstances, be feasible, though, in view of the cold, hardly desirable.

In countries where frosts which astonish us are the customary accompaniment of winter, railways on the ice are frequently laid, and are of the greatest value, for they usually comprise the only means of traffic when the rivers upon which they are built are frozen to a great depth. A scheme, doubtless superseded by now by the White Pass and Yukon Railway, which climbs to a level almost 3000 feet above the sea, for running a pioneer train to Dawson City was mooted some time ago, which utilised to a great extent the frozen surface of several rivers. The train in question was to be something of a curiosity, insomuch as it was not to run on rails as in ordinary railway enterprises, but powerful engines, presumably of the traction type made familiar to us on country roads, were to be employed, such as are used in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin in transporting heavy loads of logs over the ice and snow, in this instance the logs being replaced by passengers and freight bound to Klondike. The train was to pass over the frozen waters of the Stickine River, the Teslin Lake, the Hootalinqua and Lewis River, and was to arrive at Dawson by way of the frozen surface of the Yukon River.

The railway up the Jungfrau, that most beautiful of Swiss mountains, may legitimately be mentioned in this article, for although it will never actually be laid on the ice, it will, on its journey into the heart of the mountain, and upwards and onwards, inside the Monch and the Jungfrau, necessarily pass under numerous deep glaciers and tons of snow until it attains an elevation of 13,670 feet and a somewhat wintry temperature. The railway attained a height of 7565 feet above sea level some time ago; by the time it reaches the summit, somewhere about 1904, after a laborious journey of seven and a half miles, it will have pierced the aforementioned mountains, by means of tunnels, to the extent of at least five and a half miles, notwithstanding which fact the cost has been

estimated at the comparatively low figure of £400,000. The tunnel under the Thames at Blackwall, it may be mentioned, cost about four times that amount.

When the trans-Siberian line was first planned it was arranged that it should skirt the northern side of Lake Baikal, but the land being to all intents and purposes a morass it was eventually decided to go round by the south side. A number of difficulties then presented themselves in rapid succession, including, amongst other trifles, a necessary tunnel over seven miles long; and in despair the engineers decided to take the trains to the edge of the lake, and in summer transport them bodily on the ferry boats, which convey them to the opposite shore, a distance of twenty miles, whilst in the winter it was intended to lay rails on the ice and run across as if on dry land. This idea was doubtless suggested by the unique line between Cronstadt and Oranienbaum, which, being laid upon the ice, only exists in the winter; certainly it was this line that suggests the laying of a winter railway on the frozen surface of the Dnieper between two important towns labouring under the incubus of such names as Krementschoug and Ekaterinoslav, and the disadvantage, when the steamboat traffic is stopped by the ice, of being separated by a long and costly journey by land. The railway on the ice idea, so far as Lake Baikal is concerned, has, however, been partially abandoned recently, in favour of one of the most remarkable vessels in the world, which will ferry the train across the lake both summer and winter. This vessel, which was built by the great English firm of Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., is of 4000 tons, has twin engines amidships of over 1200 horse-power each, and an engine forward to drive the obstruction-removing apparatus in the prow. The principle of the ice-breaker, which is so beautifully simple that it is not, perhaps, surprising that no one has applied it before, consists in sucking away the water from under the floe by the suction of a bow screw, whereupon the ice, bereft of its support, collapses, and the "Baikal," which was ex-


Esan Norbert THE Rector of Llanfairfechan

HISTORY
OF THE
Church of Scotland,

Beginning the Year of our Lord 203, and continued to the end of the Reign of

King JAMES the VI.
of ever blessed Memory.

Wherein are described,

The Progress of Christianity; The Persecutions and Interruptions of it: The Foundation of Churches, The Erecting of Bishopricks; The Building and Endowing Monasteries, and other Religious Places; The Succession of Bishops in their Sees; The Reformation of Religion, and the frequent Disturbances of that Nation, by

Wars, Conspiracies, Tumults, Schisms.

Together with great variety of other Matters, both *Ecclesiastical* and *Political*.

WRITTEN
By that grave and Reverend Prelate, and wise COUNSELLOR,
JOHN SPOTSWOOD,
Lord Archbishop of S. Andrews, and Privy Counsellor to
King CHARLES the I.
that most Religious and Blessed Prince.

Res in exitu aspicienda, & non dicenda ex ocio, hinc vindicatur.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. Flesher* for *R. Royston*, at the Angel in Ivie-lane. MDCLV.

One of Isaak Walton's books

ported in pieces and put together by English engineers on the spot, with its burden of one passenger train in the centre and a freight train on either side, proceeds on its way. As the "Baikal" has successfully tackled ice three times as thick as this page is long, with five inches of hard snow, more tenacious even than ice, on top, and has coped successfully with two layers of ice in the aggregate five feet thick, the *raison d'être* of laying a railway on the ice appears to no longer exist. One great advantage the "Baikal" will have over the ordinary Siberian locomotive is its immunity from visitations similar to that overtaking a train between Kamyshaff and Lamsor recently, when a bear jumped on the tender, and, going for the driver, knocked him off the engine. Although the bear overtook the train Nemesis promptly overtook the bear, for he lost a paw (cut off by the wheels) when making his escape to the woods, and a forester succeeded in killing him. The railway fare between St. Petersburg and Irkutsk, a distance of 3405 miles, is nine pounds first class and six pounds second, the latter amount working out at a farthing and a fraction per mile, a not very expensive price to pay for travelling in what is probably the most luxurious public express in the world.

H. M.

One of Isaak Walton's books

JOHN SPOTSWOOD, author of the "History of Scotland," was the famous archbishop who crowned Charles I. at Holyrood House, and now lies in Westminster Abbey. This copy of his History is, however, of unique interest, for in the top right hand corner may be seen the signature of no less a person than Master Izaak Walton. Plainly the volume once belonged to the library of the Complete Angler. It will be noticed that the title-page also bears the signature of Evan Herbert, Rector of Llanfairfechan. Izaak, as every one knows, was a devout Christian as well as a good fisherman, and wrote the life of George Herbert, the well-known divine and poet. Is it too much to suppose that this Evan Herbert was a near descendant, perhaps the son, of George Herbert, and that thus this precious volume came to be preserved? The photo is by permission of the owner of the volume, Mr. W. T. Spencer, 27 New Oxford Street, W.C.

L. W. L.

Almond Blossom

SEE how the almonds, all in haste to capture
God's smile of spring,
'Gainst the glad blue in lavishness of rapture
Pink petals fling!

These long, so long, doomed in the dark to linger,
Their vigil kept;
Till swift and strong, at beck'ning of God's finger,
To light they leapt.

Ah! that we, too, like buds and blossoms bursting,
From branch and stem,
Could life renew and quench our sad souls' thirsting,
New-born like them!

Washed fresh and pure by God's great rains of beauty,
Blown by His wind,
Braced to endure in gladsomeness of duty,
Clean, heart and mind.

MARY DANIEL.

Historical Woods

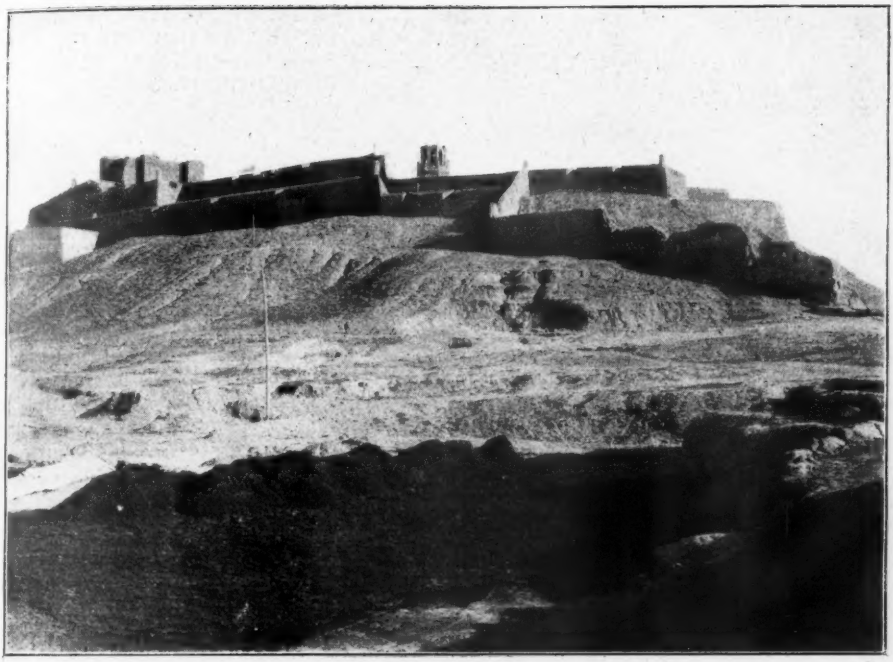
THE cedars of Lebanon have been famous ever since the Israelites used them for sacred buildings. The species is not confined to the Lebanon forests, but the mountain-grown cedars produce a tougher, stronger wood, hence the celebrity of the Lebanon. Its resistance to insects was its real value in ancient days. As pillars and beams and for ship timber, its straightness, fragrance, and the ease with which it could be handled made it attractive to the carpenters of 3000 years ago. No tree has more readily acclimatised itself in England. The citron wood of the Romans is said to be the "thyine wood" of Revelations, one of the luxuries of the Babylonians. The roof of Cordova Cathedral, "alerce," is said to be of the same wood. It is a cedar and indigenous to North Africa. Sissoo, a valuable Northern Indian wood, is said to be identical with "chittim." It is a hard, very durable, and very beautiful wood, much used by Indian wheelwrights.

The deodar of the Himalaya grows mostly in Nepaul, and was to the Hindoos of old as sacred a timber as the Lebanon cedar to the dwellers in Palestine. To the writers of the great Sanskrit epics it was "dêwa dâru," "timber for the gods," and furnished temple pillars and bridge piles. It is a much stronger, harder wood than the Palestine cedar. Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander, built his fleet with deodar cedar from the Behut (the Hydaspes). Sweet sandalwood must have been known as long as any wood in the Orient. As a cosmetic powder and as a perfume, and for indoor and fanciful carvings, its use is old. I am afraid the sandalwood boxes we see so much of nowadays are not the true Indian sandalwood—probably the Australian, for they lose their fragrance. Red sanderswood or red sandalwood belongs to another botanical order. It was carved into images, but it is known principaliy as a dye. Our Tudor forefathers used it freely for colouring sweet dishes, cherry tarts, &c. Boxwood, the "buxus" of the Romans, renowned for its hard and fine grain, was compared by one of their writers to ebony, being then used for veneers and flutes. Now we use American green ebony for inlaying flutes and for veneers. Its value for rules and engraving blocks is well known, no other wood approaching it in clean, hard finish and in easiness in working.

Herodotus, too, mentions ebony, and it was well known to the Romans. Ezekiel is supposed to refer to it. The Corsican ebony of the Romans is a laburnum, and was used as a veneer and for small objects. Neither it nor the true ebony—this being "false ebony"—are really durable. Eaglewood, the "agallochum" of the Romans, also came from India, the home, it may be observed, of most of the hard, fragrant, and ornamental woods known to the ancients. This, from time immemorial valued as a perfume and burnt as an incense, is probably the aloes of the Psalmist. "All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia; out of thy ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad." The duration of the perfume has led to its use in inlaying, and even in jewellery; with sandalwood it must be reckoned among the most valuable woods of the East, as it is worth 5*s.* 6*d.* a pound in the Sumatra market. Several Indian woods may be called historical, inasmuch as they have furnished the interiors of palaces of temples, carved images, and perfumes and dyes for generations of Hindoos, Turks, Arabians, and the races of farther India, and some are moreover embalmed in Sanskrit literature: Bastard sandalwood and others, sappan wood (a red dye), champak, jarul, sandan, Moulmein cedar, satinwood, pink siris, camphor, snakewood, sal and saj. Again, in Japan, the "hinoki" (a cypress) is held sacred by the Shintoists, who build their temples of it. The Sebestan plum has been used in Egypt for the same purposes as the cypress and the sycamore, for coffins and mummy cases.

Other trees, if not so anciently used for a certain purpose, have some claim to historical interest. The "black dogwood" of the gunpowder makers, for instance. Lime wood, in which Grinling Gibbons executed his wonderful carvings, is also a gunpowder charcoal wood. Mahogany, introduced into this country chiefly by the Spanish Armada, and "lignum vitæ," which comes from the West Indies and South America, are comparatively modern woods. The phrase "lignum vitæ" was anciently applied to the "citron wood," a cypress; the modern "lignum vitæ" is a very different thing, one of the heaviest of known woods, and practically imperishable as well. "Arbor vitæ" belongs to the cypress order, and grows in the United States. "Brazil," the dyewood after which the country was named, came of course from the forests of the Amazon. The beautiful tamarind palm is also a favourite in the tropics; one recollects the allusion to them in the "Slave's Dream." Lastly, the canoe cedar of North-West America can close the list of durable cedars. It furnishes dug-out canoes and "totem" poles, which will stand weather. I have seen a couple of house posts around which the forest had grown up and between which a tree two or three hundred years old had grown up and decayed. I have found Professor Boulgen's "Wood" of much assistance in preparing this article.

M. C.



The city of El Seo

The Adventurer in Spain*

By S. R. Crockett

Author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Stickit Minister," "The Men of the Moss Hags," &c.

IV.—The City of Dream

SOMETIMES great and wise publishers and yet greater and wiser editors show their wisdom by asking me to write a book. Sometimes also, to my sorrow, they add, "Write me one like 'The Scarlet Shoe String' or 'The Rovers.'" Then am I compelled to quarry in the book-bin for certain old volumes which, though bearing a name on the cover which I cannot disavow, seem to have been written by somebody dead and buried long ages ago.

But the wisest of all editors do not so. They know that, as one tree differeth from another in stature, so no book can, even with, on the author's part, the best will in the world, be a replica of any other. Now what these wise people ought to say to me at this stage of the negotiation is: "Get away as quickly as you can to your City of Dream, and don't let us find your person blocking up our editorial staircase—till a great book, a true book, a book absolutely unprecedented, has been revealed to you. Thus we will assure to ourselves a long rest!"

And when, having exhibited to them the empty state of my pockets by the graphic method of turning them outside in, and so having moved them to advance me my railway fare, right gladly would I take me off, and—make a bee-line for this little

* Copyright, 1903, in the United States of America, by S. R. Crockett.

city in which, after my double-barrelled smuggling trip, I now found myself.

I will call it El Seo, though that is by no means its name. For it contains a cathedral—so diminutive indeed that it might be added, say, to Cologne minster, without anybody but the architect and the charwoman discovering the difference. It has also a bishop, passing rich on the revenue of an average Scottish minister, who has never applied for an "augmentation"—something, that is, on the underside of £200 a year—a bishop who acts in the spirit of his Master, in that he was not ashamed to collogue openly with a certain out-at-elbows tramp and ex-smuggler who happened to be passing through his tiny episcopal city.

El Seo is my own name for it—this quaint City of Dream. But you may scan the rolls of the Arch-diocese of Tarragona without being able to locate this smallest and most unworldly of cities ecclesiastic. For, lest Messrs. Cook and Gaze should know of it, I have both photographically and in literary fashion "mixed those babies up." Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind as to his particular City of Dream—but, if he is tempted to look for mine, I have taken good care that he shall not find it.

Never did I see so many books ahead of me as in those sunny days I spent at El Seo. I drifted about idly, irresponsibly, as near Nirvana as any son of Adam can expect to find himself this side the "Mouth of Forgetfulness." Morning found me among the faithful in the cathedral—aye, almost before the twilight. I had wrapped me in my great Aragonese cloak, swinging it knowingly about my throat and mouth, for the ruby mist of sunrise in the City of Dream often issues in a most undreamlike *calentura*.

Then out towards the cathedral by brumous dusky streets, where sparse lights winked rufescent in cobblers' shops, and under arches men still carried lanterns—till, coming out suddenly into the open lo! the great oleander flower of the dawn seemed to grow upon the cathedral tower as on a stalk. Behind that the long level lines of the ancient citadel glowed purple and cinnamon. I stood watching the momently increasing brightness till the bell in the minster turret clanged for matins. Then twenty steps through a little square brought me to the cathedral portal.

Dank smells of yesterday's incense, also some tang of the unwashen faithful of many generations, a rich gloom everywhere—Indian red dashed with yellow ochre, and through these, the clear sweet light of a few candles winking deep in the chapels. There was no general service. The great altar was dark, its unlighted candles mere white bars against the denser gloom behind. Only the eastern window had begun to blush with vague rich hintings of colour. The rest were yet sombre and lonesome.

In little side chapels, here and there, women knelt, and priests were beginning to officiate in a heart-healing peace. It was beautiful—perhaps the next thing to a Scottish communion, and my heart ached within me to believe even as these folk about me believed. What a simple unmurmuring earnestness there seemed about these poor working folk, both men and women of them, kneeling at this service of the Breaking Day. And looking at these peasants it came to me afresh that it matters hardly at all WHAT a man believes. But altogether, solely, and only, HOW he believes it!

And now, since I could not be the solitary being holding aloof from the act of worship, I knelt on the cold stones at the bar of the chapel nearest the high altar. Who, indeed, was I that I should come out to make of these honest folks' worshipping, a spectacle? Let me rather seek to approach to some God of mine own or of my fathers'. For is it not the root and foundation of our Scottish faith that chiefly in the temple which every man carries about with him, is the God Unknown to be worshipped and His word to be heard?

There was in my pocket a little copy of the beautiful *Desclée and Lefebvre* Roman breviary, in two volumes 12mo, printed in Belgium and bound in England.

Curiously enough I had bought it in Tarragona from the cheerful shopwoman who sells holy books below the archiepiscopal palace. I had carried it ever since my wanderings, a cosmopolitan *vade mecum*. And now I read in it, by the light of the solitary altar candle, while I waited for the officiating priest. Something like this it was that I read.

"*God of strong virtues, from whom cometh forth all that is best, implant in our hearts the love of thy most excellent name——*"

Glancing aside when I came to this passage I was conscious of a priest who knelt beside me, pale, white-haired, ascetic, in a caped *soutane* of a faded violet hue, buttoned down to his feet. A skull cap of silk was on his head. For one troubled instant our eyes met. Then his regard fell on my open breviary. With an effort he seemed to put away vain thoughts. His head bent forward on the altar rail, and the service began.

I though it strange that none of the country folk should come to kneel before this chapel, but judged it to be because it was the plainest and the least decorated of all. The man in violet and I had it to ourselves.

What happened after that I do not know. It is the beauty of the Ancient Way in the lands where it still conserves something of living power, that there you may worship as you choose—sit or stand, kneel or only abide silent. Whichever you choose to do, none will cast an eye in your direction, or nudge an elbow saying, "What doeth that Philistine?"

In my own land and among mine own people if any one does not rise and sit down with the multitude, the office bearers promptly bring him a cordial, or suggest that if he were to go out and take the air, he would probably feel better. But in Spain I might have kneeled all day beneath the crucifix and none would even have looked a question. It was an affair between me and Something Higher. With the bitterness of another's heart it is not good to intermeddle.

But though I read no more in my breviary, nor opened my missal, I had thoughts in my heart somewhat to this purport. "Good is it that a man should see all, and know all, and try all that is done among all peoples. For 'to know' excelleth 'not to know' as the light the dark. And to have walked the way of the hillman when he takes his life in his hand, to have eaten of his wilderness bread, is better than the peculiar treasure of kings. So when a man dies, he shall go his unkenned gate a burnished weapon, a well-worn tool, unrusted—fit, if need be, for the things that remain.

Yet withal if a man keep not the lowly heart, if he call not his sins to judgment, if, in the place of prayers and vows he is not vile in his own sight, then indeed he hath committed the unpardonable sin, and denied the Spirit that strove with him. For assuredly self-conceit is the sin without forgiveness.

So far had my mind reached out in that dusky place towards the things which are the foundation of all, when I heard the lesson from the Vulgate, not mumbled as usual but clearly read, and I was aware that all the people in the little cathedral had turned in our direction. The man in faded violet had moved within the bar and was kneeling on the steps of the altar with his face sunk in his hands. The officiating priest was reading these words: "Do right to the widow, judge for the fatherless, give to the poor, defend the orphan, clothe the naked, heal the broken and weak, laugh not a lame man to scorn, defend the maimed, and let the blind man come into the sight of my clearness. Keep safe the old and young within thy walls. Wheresoever thou findest the dead take them and bury them, and (if thou doest these things) I will give thee the first place in my resurrection!"

"Amen!" said I, "I am answered. If a man do not these things, better for him that he should have no part in any resurrection, but be even as the beasts that perish."

So I went out, having heard what is "true religion and undefiled" proclaimed

in words older than those of James, apostle of the concision.

I asked the slim silk-capped "macero" at the door of the cathedral, on whose face I thought I saw the flicker of a smile, who was the priest in violet who had knelt at the uppermost altar.

"Who but his Eminence the Bishop?" he answered, a little grimly, "it is not every day that the Bishop of El Seo has the honour of saying his prayers side by side with a——"

He paused. I knew that in his intolerant Spanish heart he meant to say "heretic." But the sight of the breviary in my hand altered his thought, or at least his spoken word.

"... With a foreigner!" he added, a little lamely.

It was not yet broad day. The clouds were scattering, but they had not scattered. There were glimpses of fresh snow on the mighty ridges of the Pyrenees behind.

As I passed along the little Alameda

Stood out of the valley mists as if built of rose and flame

the cathedral of El Seo, striking in design though really one of the smallest in the world, stood out above the valley mists as if built of rose and flame. And I remembered that because of this even the Moors had spared it.

"*City of the twelve palm trees*," sang my heart, as I looked at the glorious and flamboyant beauty over against me:

> The heathen envied thee;
> But they were not able to do aught against thee!

And I lifted my eyes to the City of Dream, that hung like a purple cloud of sunrise against the sky, hardly seeming to be of this earth, and the rest of the ancient song came into my mind:

Twelve trees laden with divers fruit ;
As many fountains flowing with milk and honey ;
Seven mighty mountains whereon grow roses and lilies,
By these shall the Lord fill thy children with joy !

Then all at once I remembered that it was the Sabbath. For when alone in strange lands, and with saints' days taking up about one day in three, Sunday is only to be located as on Crusoe's island, by severe calculation.

I do not remember how I fed, or where, or on what, that first entranced day in the City of Dream. Sometimes I saw so many wonderful things before my waking vision that I feared I should never have time to write them all down. There were children on the street. They played at skipping-rope like bairns of other flesh-and-blood lands; but their cries fell on my ears far away and musical as bells that ring in dreams. The town cows went out making low music, mysterious as those at Ravelston, of which " the mourning ghost still keeps the shadowy kine." Only I saw these of El Seogo out in the blaze of noon, and in the face of the world—that is, if there had been any world to see.

I passed out of the City of Dream by an ancient port—half-gate, half hole-in-the-wall. A labourer to whom life was clearly no dream, stood staring at my camera with his muck-rake in his hand. The City of Dream was a city of much labour and scant wages to him. But he crossed himself when the eye of the Zeiss lens winked in his direction. That at least he knew for a portent of evil.

Then along another Alameda, dappled of light and shadow, with bees humming overhead among the leaves and on the walk beneath a gardener who was indolently trying to light a damp heap of them. In vain, they would not blaze. Sleepily he searched for a match to try again. He had all day to do it

I saw these out in the blaze of noon

in. They were doubtless dream leaves. The cows might eat them, they might burn, or they might lie and rot. No man knew which. Indeed it was all the

A labourer stood staring at my camera

same. It was kismet. And, as I watched, out of the dim incense-scented gloom of a mediæval Christianity I seemed to enter into the scarce-lit spaces of a yet older faith.

I gave the man a match. He did not even thank me. He only struck it on his trousers and applied it to the leaves. They smoked a little, uncheerfully, and as they never lighted it could not be said that they went out. But the man was not discouraged. He went and sat down on a stone seat, and rolling a cigarette asked for another match. He had done his best. All was as God willed. No, he did not go often to church. He did not see that it made much difference. He was a labourer in the pay of a rich proprietor. He got two duros (eight shillings) a week. He did his work or it did itself. As for his master he never came near the place. He lived in Madrid (here my pessimist entered into details unnecessary to be set down as to the method in which the young man spent his portion of goods in a far country. There was nothing unusual about it). So long as one let him alone the steward cared little, even when he was sober, and not at all when he was drunk. Meantime — what would you? He swept well—none praised him. He left the leaves to cumber the paths. None blamed him. In the meantime there was tobacco, and on saints' days a *bota* of wine. His wife was dead—of course, because he had wanted her to live. Yes, he had loved her. As it happened to the wise man so it happened to the fool. He saw no difference. No, his conscience did not ask any more of him than that he should spend his wages as he made them. And at the last—well, that which befalleth a dog befalleth also a man. One grave was as comfortable as another.

"The priests?"—Ah—bah—he had had service with a priest once. It was vain to talk to him of priests. He knew. They also sucked the apple when it was ripe, even as other men—and why not? You put a *bota* of "Val-de-Penas" to a dead man's mouth, will he drink? Drink then while you can, be you priest or porter! That was my sweeper's thought of it. The bishop? They said he was a good man. The bishop had spoken to him as he walked along his master's walks, reading his priest's book. He often came there—a very respectable man and nowise proud. The thing might be as they said—but for him, since God had taken his wife, the only thing that he had ever asked of Him—well—he had done with God! If the priests spoke true, *carai*—he would not be worse off than Father So-and-So and Brother That-Other. All the world knew what they were. He had not chick nor child, sister, mother, nor wife. For what else then should a man work but for himself. What profit was there in his life? Let me answer that.

I had not Spanish enough to confute this

new-old preacher, nor if I had possessed all the words of the Velasquez, his lexicon, I am not sure that I could. Though I would have tried.

However, it was fated in my kismet book that I should have time to bethink me after the adventures of those nights on the mountains, when the joy of life bubbled all about me like a boiling pot, when human energy reached out to match itself with human restriction and enactment, chiefly for the joy of taking the risk.

I had begun with the bending Christian folk in the dim cathedral, the hum of prayer, the click of beads let fall by the faithful, in hopes that by their continual dropping they might wear the pavement of heaven. Then I had come on a gardener, of Adam's ancient trade and possibly also of the first man's most ancient faith. So now by the wayside I met yet another philosopher, with a scheme of his own—a philosopher with long ears, the longest I had ever seen manifest upon philosophic head.

He was a donkey who had broken his tether. He had found a good bank of grass, fenced about with succulent reed, enduring bedstraw, and spiced with the thistle of his ancestors. He had all at command. His sides were plump with them. The clear water of a canal was on the other side of the way to drink from when he was athirst. Cudgel had thwacked his sides, and would do so again. But he had forgotten the first and had never learned to forecast the second, wherein he was the better philosopher. His mind to him a kingdom was—the realm of the present. It was shut in by twitch grass, barriered by ground ivy, and down the long vista which is futurity he would only see infinite thistle and illimitable wild teasle. Death—he had never even heard of that. He had, indeed, seen things that lay still—things that the futile Two-legged put into deep holes. But these were only asleep, and too wise to waken. Besides, the like would never happen to him. No such luck, indeed! He had to be roused up that his panniers might be placed astride his back, and sometimes his master would mount up behind—but why think of such things. Had he yet eaten all the thistles? No? What was that large Two-legged doing, standing before him with a black box under its arm? Was there corn in that box—anything to eat? No? What then did the Two-legged mean by taking up a philosopher's time? Onward then—thistles in front of him, thistles to right of him, thistles to left of him, thistles within him! Worlds and worlds of thistles without end! Amen!

And perhaps I had now happened upon the oldest religion of all—at any rate, that which is still the commonest.

But in so brave a world it was time to get back to life and—my own thistles. For are there not dream thistles also? Perhaps the City of Dream is only one particular thistle which seems to me sweeter than the others.

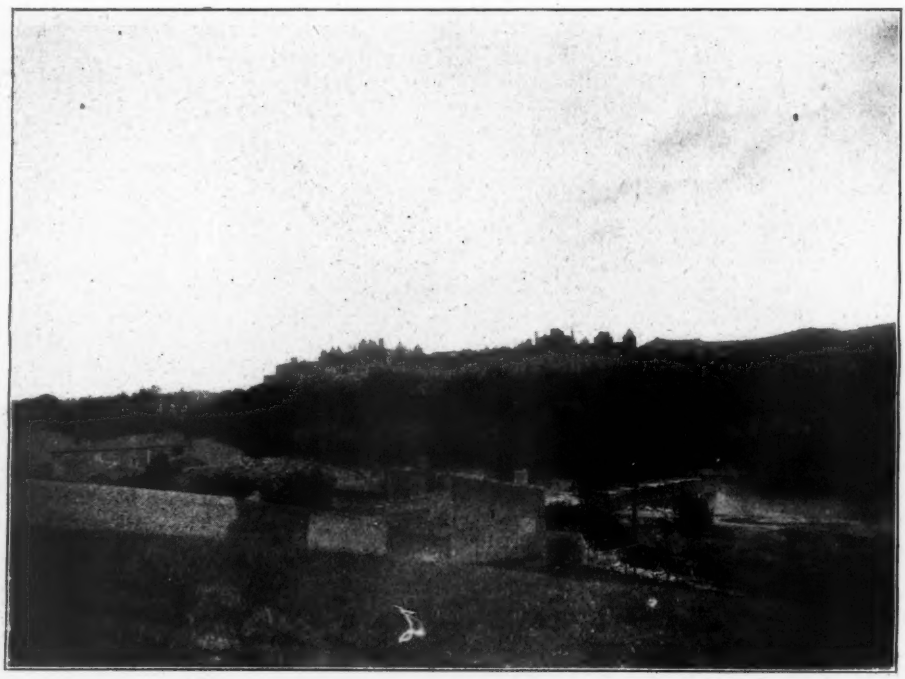
The philosopher

I was soon on the banks of the river—a still sweetly-flowing river, most un-Spanish-looking, full from bank to bank with the melting of the fresh snow on the mountains, a little drumly certainly from the caving banks further up, but in the main quiet and large and purposeful. Only, happily, there was nothing for it to do in this City of Dream—no mills to turn, no paper to wash, no steam to generate. A few women constant at their scrubbing-boards, made with their tongues, sufficiently far off, a pleasant clatter of sound. Otherwise merely silence and the wash of water.

Crossing an ancient bridge I found myself upon a deserted river bank—long alleys of white poplars, here and there a rough wooden seat. There was a sparkle of light through the leaves, a sudden coolness, then a running wave of silver as the wind flashed their undersides into view. No old-world glooms, or death-in-life philosophies here, but wind and earth and water making merry as of old, after the fashion the Greeks knew for the Way of the Gods.

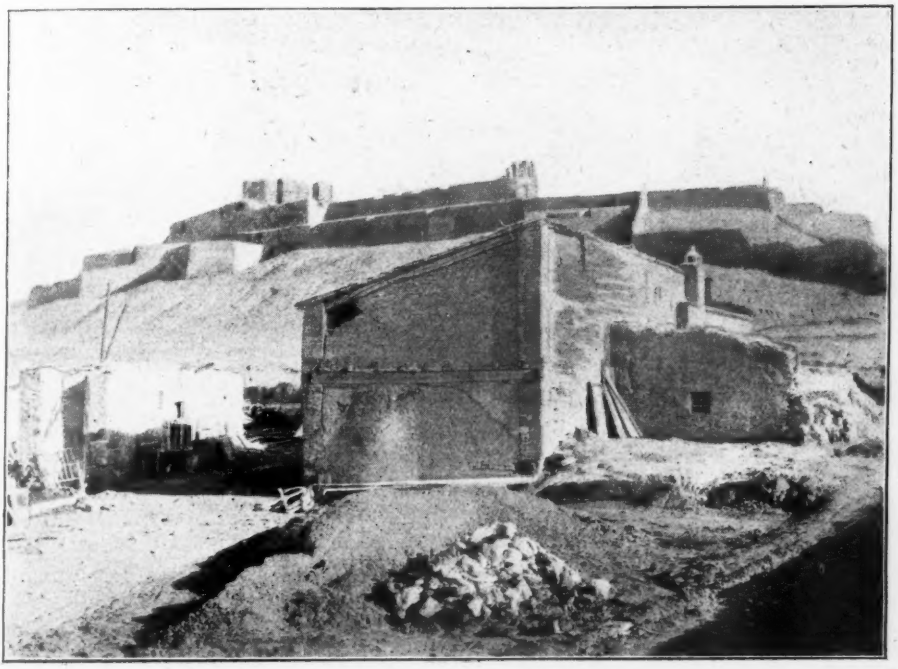
Two men seated under the shade looked inquiringly at my camera and at me, but I had had enough of my species for one day. They might be philosophers, or preachers in disguise, or only plain-song donkeys. At any rate, I gave them a wide berth, including them however in my picture to show that there were others as idle as I that day in the precincts of the City of Dream.

Then I sat down and dreamed undisguisedly in an open glade, looking across at the battlemented castle, seen over a foreground of river reeds and tall oleander tufts. From here El Seo seemed more dreamlike than ever, a "rose-red city half as old as time," passing mysterious in the sweet open silence of the forenoon—the river sheeted silver at its feet, and the sky of a full and perfect blue above. Actual larks were singing



The river of the City of Dream

above the meadow-flats. I might have been in Scotland, save for the rosy towers of the cathedral, the cinnamon-coloured soil, and the untouched bloom of antiquity there are already ripe and harvested, though to English notions it is yet the spring time of the year. Even as I sit the wind from the north strikes cool, and like a flash the



It is in reality a mere shell

was upon every work of man that I could see.

Oh, these strange contrasts of Spain! Who that hath seen remembers not the arid dusty city gleaming with wondrous opaline hues—the parched brickyard about the gates—then a sudden plunge into a valley, the gleam of silver, the rustle of trees—you look about, and lo! you might be in England.

What makes the difference? Water—only water. The Spaniards have lost or thrown away most of their old Moorish legacy, but this they have kept. They understand the art of irrigation. That little three-foot wide canal, draining the river more remorselessly than the wisest *sangrador* ever let loose from Salamanca, made to grow the crops over yonder that rows of dusky willows turn silver grey, and the larks are blown about the sky on a wandering wind-gust from the gorges behind—some back-swirl doubtless of the long unwearying *mistral* of Provence which is now breaking itself in vain against the barrier of the Pyrenees.

The breeze is grateful, so grateful that while it lasts I climb back again to the plateau on which stands the citadel, complete outwardly to the eye, but in reality a mere shell, with a few companies of artillerymen camping in one corner of its vast and ruinous buildings—*sans* ammunition, *sans* guns, *sans* everything except ill-kept uniforms and unlimited time in which to smoke cigarettes. How different these fellows are from the *guardias civiles* in their smart uniforms, as spick and span as though

they put them on fresh and fresh every morning. But it was an evil time for soldiering in Spain. Cuba was daily costing the lives of her best and the bravest, ground between the millstones of an evil past and an effete present. I doubt not that these two score of poor lads were glad enough to be left to rough it in the quietest corner of the old castle of El Seo. Far from railways, with the administration at Madrid in a state of senile collapse, I question if anybody even thought of them. They were forgotten at El Seo. Nor did they in the least desire to be remembered. They blew no trumpets. They fired no sunset gun. The very sentry at the entrance betook himself within when he saw a visitor approaching. The door was shut, and had you been the commander-in-chief himself (*especially* if you had been the commander-in-chief) there would have been for you no admission.

Back into the town again. I had been afoot so early that it was still only shaking itself awake. My matutinal friends of the dusky cathedral were doubtless but workpeople and countrywomen come in to market. For naturally the City of Dream lies long abed. Even now at ten o' the clock they were only sweeping the cigar-ends out of last night's cafés. The boys who did it were rubbing their eyes. And small wonder, for three in the morning had not seen them in their beds. The arcades of the streets were still invincibly gloomy. The morning puddles had not yet dried in the gutters, and by more than one sense a stranger was informed that in the City of Dream all was not illusion.

But still the enchantment held, in spite of odours quasi-mediæval. One could not proceed a score of yards without coming on a wooden overhanging balcony, a reach of brilliantly coloured tiles, a Moorish courtyard, or a charming characteristic group seated by the wayside.

Generally the younger women, if such there were, put up their hands to their faces or fled (not to the willows) with shrieks of simulated laughter. For the younger generation of Spain, even in the City of Dream, knows very well what a camera is. Though, as I think, mine was the first of English make that had ever penetrated thither.

But it was otherwise with the elders, Sometimes an old woman would cross herself hastily, muttering the while, lest the black box should contain some imp of mischief. Mostly, however, they sat sternly sober, calm as mothers in Israel, in the presence of unknown bewitchments. It would not do to tell them first that they were being photographed, still less to ask their permission, at least not before the shutter had clicked. That must wait. But, once done, a courteous word, a lift of the hat, a smile, worked their way in the City of Dream as elsewhere throughout the world.

It was the afternoon before the sleepy streets awoke a little. Not that El Seo became even then any less a City of Dream. Indeed, I think its afternoon mood was perhaps the most dreamlike of all. The sun was still high, and had at last vanquished the morning haze. Every particle of mist had been chased away. Heat and light filled the narrow streets as water fills a jug. All was a feast of colour—the many coloured hangings, the striped awnings, the bright print dresses of the girls at the street corners, the red and white Tam-o'-shanters of the boys (mere imps of darkness, they !) made up a scene like some old untheatric fairyland—perhaps that which one imagined long ago couched in the corner of the garret over a first entrancing perusal of Sinbad the Sailor.

To my good henchman, Biño, El Seo was not in the least a City of Dream, unless, that is, the excellent fellow dreamed while he slept. He had been up betimes to make a cup of coffee, but when he brought it he had appeared so "dozen" with interrupted slumber that I ordered him instanter back to bed. He was still asleep when I peeped in upon him at noon, but when I returned for some fresh "Edward's" films he had vanished, and it need not be said (to those who know a Spanish posada) that no one in the house had the least idea where he had gone. Now I had never asked Biño any ques-

Heat and light filled the narrow streets as water fills a jug

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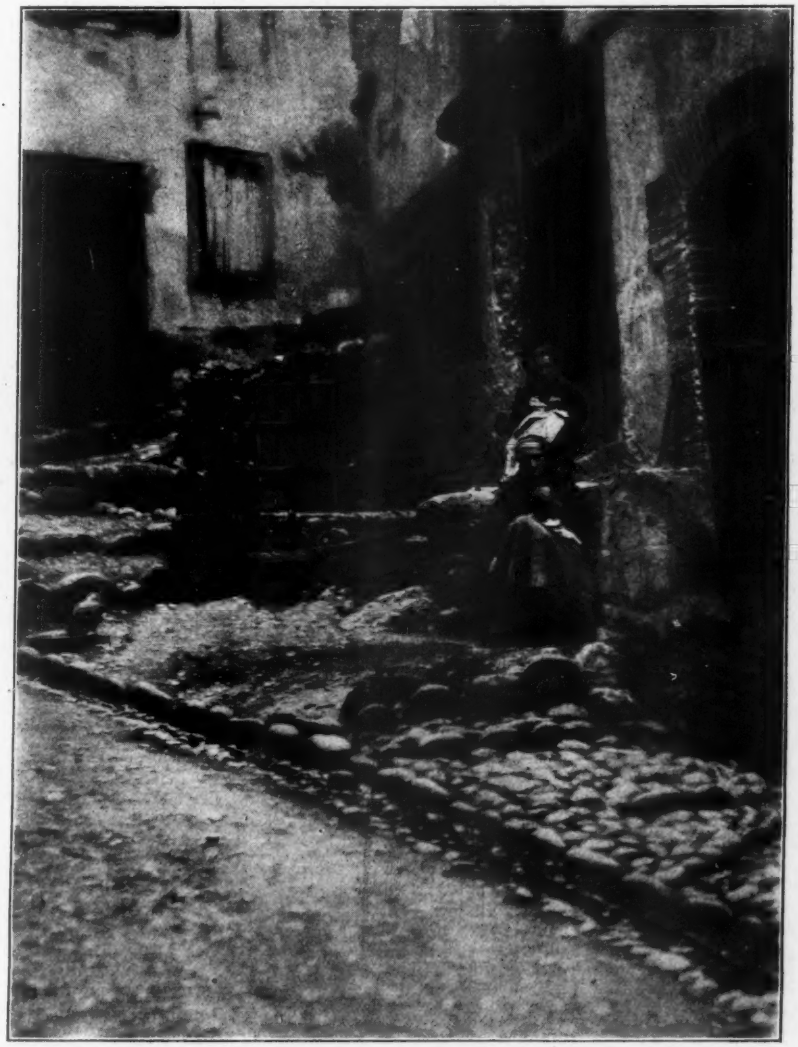
tions as to his family affairs. I knew that he had a family—a father, brothers, but he was naturally as well as racially reticent, but exclusively in male society. He had been only distantly polite to Donna Carmen at San Severino, but that might



Mostly they sat sternly sober

and I had put no questions to him as to his immediate state, married or single. He had, however, given me the idea of a man who cared little about women. So far as I knew he twanged his guitar admirably, proceed from a consciousness of difference of station. He had abused Don John for a young fool—a colt unhaltered on account of his night-running adventures. But now, looking from the window of the

comedor, while waiting one of the tardive meals of Spain, I saw Biño, bareheaded, in his blouse and sandals, carrying water for a tall peasant girl.

My Dream City had taken on reality for one person, at least. Without spying upon my friend I took occasion to sit on the side of the table, which, through a window, gave me a vista of the little popular fountain. Something, it appeared, had stopped the flow, whereupon handy Biño went off at once to a plumber's shop, and, borrowing a tool, restored the water to its channel. That was the French blood in him. A Spaniard would have waited (that is, the average Spaniard) till the municipality, being moved by resolution, had acted in the matter, and meanwhile all the women would contentedly have gone a quarter of a mile further on and waited their turn at the next fountain. But Biño wasted no time. As he worked he talked, and I could see the girl smile responsively. It was an idyll—or at least the opening page of one.

Still more idyllic was it when, the pitchers being filled to the brim (indeed absent-mindedly to the overflowing), Biño took them up and walked off with them round the corner of the street, the girl walking quietly enough by his side and looking up in his face as they walked. This brazen resolution in the face of very day I had never seen in Spain. It also must have come from the Ariége, where on fête days you can still see the Gothic blood pink on the cheeks and blond in the hair of the peasant folk.

At this I laughed softly to myself, and looked up proverbial phrases out of Don Quixote and the dictionary wherewith to tease my companion upon his entrance, not knowing that in a little while I should have quite other matters on my mind. For at that moment Pablo, the generally invisible factotum of the *posada*, burst in upon me with a rush, as one who would say, "Flee, my lord, the bailiffs are upon you!"

"There is an officer in waiting," he cried, "with an equipage!"

I could not for the moment make out whether he said "equipage" or "baggage." In either case it was sufficiently alarming. For I had no luggage of any kind nearer than San Severino, and any officer "with an equipage" must certainly have arrived at the Posada of the Sun for the purpose of conveying a certain ex-smuggler to prison!

But no! The equipage was of the true ancient Spanish sort. It was no prison van. A noble "coche" it proved to be, harnessed to a couple of mules by the collars. Steps of wrought-iron depended from the sides, while the dreaded "officer" proved to be the very functionary whom I had seen and spoken with that morning at the cathedral door. Judging by its size the coach ought to have been drawn by six mules instead of two, but as I had never yet seen any road in the vicinity of El Seo practicable for wheels I judged that the journey could not be a long one. But the visit of the one coach in the town to the humble Posada of the Sun was not without its effect on the neighbourhood. My stock, previously low, went up on the moment. Heads protruded from every neighbouring window, and as I stood on the doorstep opening the large square envelope, my threadbare grey tweed suit, which had hardly gained me admission yesterday, still dripping after my recent passage of the river, must have seemed transfigured. The Amo of the Posada El Sol himself came bowing to the door. He had, it seemed, been entertaining angels unawares.

My letter was no less than an invitation from the Bishop for the English señor to visit him! I stood in a quandary. I could not refuse a dignitary of the Church, and yet—I glanced down at my attire. Like Huckleberry Finn of affectionate memory, I felt that I was not "dressed fittin'." But at this moment Biño came in sight, having, at the thunderous alarm of the "equipage," made a hasty end of his water-carrying. To him, forgetting the witty sentences I had prepared for the occasion, I hastily propounded my difficulty.

"Go," he said, "very likely it is the suit of clothes he wishes chiefly to see."

I could not call this flattering, but it was certainly reassuring. Excusing myself to the "macero" in the cocked hat, I ran upstairs hastily and made what toilet I could. Luckily I had bought a clean collar in the town, so with hair in order and my coat buttoned, what linen I had secured with a safety-pin, I presented at least the upper half of a fairly respectable appearance. But there was no help for the alpargates. They had to act as dress shoes on this occasion, for the good reason that I had no others, nor were there any of my size in that town. A

Bino and the peasant girl

pair of pocket scissors, used freely to trim the fringes from the lower extremities of my trousers, gave a final (and necessary) touch of elegance to my appearance. My checked tweed cap was certainly not respectable, for it had been used to lift hot pannikins off the fire, to hold frying-pans in the blaze, to clean pens, and to perform other menial offices. I therefore kept the man of office waiting while I darted into the nearest shop and procured a more respectable hat, in which, however, had I appeared in the Strand or Fleet Street I should immediately have found myself arrested for the most dangerous of anarchists. But all's well that ends well! The severe correctness and dignity of the final result won a nod even from the official beadle and coachman of El Seo.

The Bishop, it seems, was not at his official town residence, but at his country house, an old monastery in which, by grace of the Government, he had been permitted to furnish a few rooms in the plainest fashion. It was by the river-side, and a little winding path mounted behind it which led up to the ruined citadel of El Seo.

The honour of the Bishop's coach at my service was doubtless a great one, but certainly it would have been vastly more comfortable to have gone that distance upon my feet. For the pavements of El Seo were but ill adapted for vehicles, while the river road alternated between torrent bed and slough of despond. The bridge, however, was a fine one with two noble arches, and the walls of the old convent rose immediately beyond.

The coach drove into the courtyard and stopped. I got out and stood on the clean cold cloisters more ashamed of my appearance than ever. I was buttoned up to the neck, precisely like those shirtless gentlemen who solicit a temporary loan at street corners, and I presented the same mean and slinking appearance. I was glad, however, that my hair, at least, was uncompromisingly long. At least I was free from *that* suspicion. But I had not long to wait. There, at a door which gave a glimpse of garden greenery beyond, stood the Bishop of El Seo. He was wrapped about in a great cloak, though the day was now warm, and in the sun even hot.

"I bid you welcome to La Delicia," he said, in good English. And then, seeing my astonishment, he added smiling, "I have resided in your country—long ago, in the time of the troubles."

In another moment he had held out his hand to me, which, remembering what I had heard of the respect due to great ecclesiastics in Spain, I would have stooped to kiss. But he repeated again, "I have been in England and I prefer your 'shake-hand!'"

In a few minutes we were walking confidentially together in the old monastery garden, part of which the Bishop cultivated, working there sometimes with his own hands, though the greater part was still a tangle of weeds, roses, and clambering vines rising almost breast high, right to the wall of the cloister.

The Bishop of El Seo as I now saw him, was a man of seventy, but save when much wearied or troubled, his brightness of eye and the vivacity of his speech betokened a much younger man. Nevertheless the care with which he sat down on the benches, and the little stiff hitch with which he raised himself again, advertised the man well stricken in years.

It was not long before the Bishop of El Seo opened the campaign.

"You were in the cathedral this morning?" he said, gently leaning his hand on my arm as we walked.

I nodded without speech. I knew what was coming.

"You are of the Faith?" he went on, a little tremulously.

"Of the Faith, but not of the Church!" said I. The hand on my arm fluttered. The Bishop sighed a low gentle sigh. I think he had hoped against hope, knowing me of the English nation.

"But you had our Book?" he continued, gently querulous, almost reproachful. "You kneeled at our service?"

"It is a good book," I said, "and it

The girl walking quietly enough by his side and looking up in his face as they walked

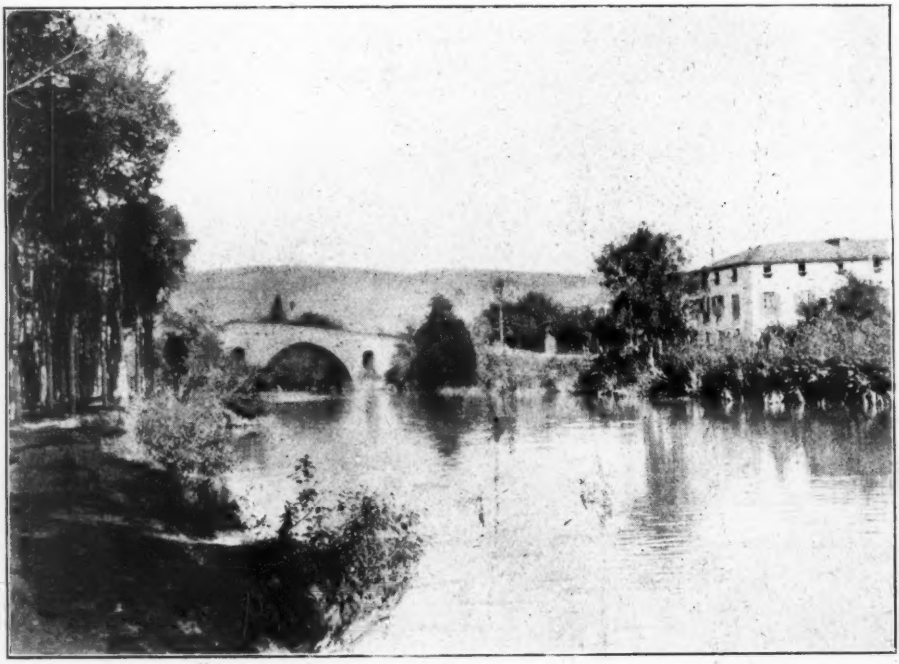
is good to kneel, if so be the heart kneel also. There is but one God!"

He bowed his head. Under the heavy black cloak the fingers of his other hand were busy with his beads—or mayhap with his crucifix. Was he at prayer for the heretic, this gentle bishop?

"One God," he said, sweetly with a gentle almost childlike intonation, "yes, there is one God, and who knows the Way to Him? Is it not better to trust Holy Church?"

I was silent. I knew that he spoke much more to himself than to me. But he was in no wise offended, for he leaned more and more heavily on my arm. We were following a little path amid euphorbias and ilex oaks, a path which led upward to a point of rock pleasantly carpeted with juniper, close-set with little green balls, from which we looked down on one side upon the buildings of the old convent, and away to the left to the indented sky-line of El Seo, its cathedral, citadel, and high-piled town.

The Bishop was breathless when we reached the little rustic seat. He smiled up at me as he sank down, pressing his hand to his side.



The convent bridge

"An old man," he said, "aye, an old man! I come not here often, only when I have a stranger. For this is our peculiar delight—the Delight of La Delicia!"

Then his thoughts reverted to the Breviary.

"And you read our book? Strange—and yet withal you believe it not—still stranger!"

"My father," I said, "I read it with reverence, not as a task but because it is a good book, loving and true—a book of books."

"Ah," he said, looking through the dwarf poplars to where the old bell of the monastery, which had so often called to prayers, now hung rusty and silent in its

open tower, "when I was young for a little time I thought, like you, to pick and choose. Now I am wiser. I possessed one of your English Bibles. I looked often therein. I read it, fearing greatly, and, truth to tell, I saw nothing wrong. But that was my ignorance, for our Holy Church condemned it—so—I parted with it."

"Let me send you another—bound like the Breviary you saw this morning! You are a Bishop now and can decide for yourself!"

I could see the good simple prelate hang a moment on the apex of a temptation. Then he shook his head.

"I thank you," he said; "in a way you are right. No book would do harm to so old a man; but to conceal it would hurt my heart! Yet—your English leather binding is certainly very beautiful—soft as silk. We have none like it."

His fingers worked as if caressing a book. I noted the action and my heart made a resolve. If he would not have a Bible he should at least possess a binding. I knew the "purring" movement of the fingers of the true book-lover. The Oxford-bound Breviary would never quit El Seo. So much was clear to me.

"You are of Scotland," he continued; "I thought (he hesitated, anxious not to give offence) that the type of religion there was hard and cold."

"My father," I said, seeking how best to answer him, "it is not hid from you that religion is not a thing of the nation but of the individual. As to that, are there not hearts warm and hearts cold—even in Spain?"

He shook his head gently and pensively. "Ah, many, many are the cold hearts in Spain. Many, even in Holy Church, seek only things on earth!"

An old man, he said, aye, an old man! I come not here often, only when I have a stranger!

"So," said I, "is it in Scotland and throughout the world. Yet better is any religion than none. For many sinful and foolish ones walk with feet that stumble, yet with eyes that look upward."

He caught my meaning and nodded. "'*Tu es Petrus*,'" he said, "'Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona—sinner, liar, blasphemer—yet because thou repentest 'on thee shall I build my church!' There is more hope for a great sinner than for a man just in his own sight."

Again he crossed himself, resting with closed eyes for a moment. His gentle face, full of a generous refinement, was turned away from me. I felt that it was good to be in the presence of a man "on terms with his God," as the old Covenanters would have said. To give him time I walked to the parapet and stood looking down on the ruined monastery of La Delicia. I could see the exact spot where the Bishop's attempt at cultivation stopped. The rest of the pleasance was weedy, overgrown, broken-down. But there at my feet was a patch sweet and clean, of a simple usefulness, like the man himself—whose work was on the earth and whose hope in the heavens.

Good is it for a man to stand with his hat off in the presence of that which he knows to be better than himself, to salute with what of reverence is in him, unworldly aims, simple apostolic life. It was good to stand and see what true religion and undefiled can do—in every land and under all creeds. The Roman prelate reminded me of certain I had known in Scotland—poor contented ministers, continually zealous of good works, of Cameronian herds on Galloway hills, men who abhorred the very name of Rome, yet who, with the Bishop of El Seo, "had a firm grip upon the fundamentals." This man's Chief End was certainly to glorify God and to keep himself unspotted from the world—his sufficient work to visit the village priests throughout his little remote diocese, and to bless the children that were brought to him. What more happy life or more Christ-like than that of the Catholic Bishop of El Seo! I had met a good man who believed his creed, who acted out his preaching to the letter. *Laus Deo!* The salt of the earth had not yet lost its savour, and not all men had ceased to hear the still small voice.

Presently the Bishop called me to him. He had returned to certain practical matters which had been troubling him.

"How is it," he asked, "that you can see and respect the things that are good amongst us, yet your countrymen have spoken so much evil of the Church Catholic in Spain. Oh (he continued, seeing my surprise), I have read your books—as I say, when I was younger. Even now I remember the book of the adventures of 'Don Jorge'!"

"Borrow," said I with a sudden flash of something like religious enthusiasm (of the literary sort), "you have read Borrow?"

It had not struck me that there were two points of view, equally tenable, as to "The Bible in Spain."

The Bishop nodded. I tried to reassure him. "You must not mind what good old Borrow says," I urged. "There are few institutions in his own land of which he did not speak as hard things as ever he said of the Spanish Church Catholic. When Don Jorge had a stick in his hand, and saw a head before him, his rule was to hit it—and afterwards to inquire to whom it belonged."

"Then," continued the Bishop, "there was one who wrote a book of many journeyings in our country—a good book, a true book, as to things that are seen—one Don Richard Ford. I have remembered his name exactly. And he spoke evil of our saints and our ceremonies, finding them all pagan and unchristian, even as the saturnalia of heathen Rome!"

I had to admit that this, to a certain extent, was true also. But I assured the Bishop that Mr. Ford had come to Spain so filled with classic lore and tradition, that he was ready to see what he looked for.

"If Mr. Ford had been a student of the Moslem literature instead of a classical

scholar," I went on, " he would have seen, what is indeed much more apparent, traces of the Moors everywhere throughout Spain ! "

The Bishop looked up quickly, a "gleg" and quizzical light glinting in his dark eyes.

" Ah," he said, " and is that your theory ? Will you, when you come to write a book on our poor land, find that everything with the true Iberian 'borracha'—everything that tastes of the right Spanish wine-skin, is but the leavings of the Moro, the scouring of the pots of El Islam ? "

Again I reassured him, and he became again gently pensive, which was his proper mood, but the doubtful humour of controversy did not wholly leave him for some time.

" You will tell them of my carriage, doubtless ? " he questioned, " you will set that down to the desire for display of a Spanish bishop. It is true, in the day's before Mendizábal, my predecessors drove six snow-white mules in that same coach, where I am glad of two. And I would be yet gladder if I could make firewood of it altogether. But the good people of El Seo would not hold me for a true bishop if I did. They would pull off my ring and throw my crozier behind the fire, if they saw me sally forth on festival days without my coach. So I have to keep it, but indeed and indeed it costs little. For Baltasar, the beadle of the cathedral, drives it, and there is enough good mule-feed in the garden of La Delicia for a full grandee's team instead of my poor two ! "

The Delight of La Delicia

I reassured him as to my intentions, and said that if ever I should write a book about Spain, I would deal right tenderly both with his episcopal carriage and with the Church in Spain—which indeed I think I have done, especially with the former.

We went down presently, and there on

the plain deal table of the refectory, scoured speckless, but without covering of linen, was served a humble repast of wheaten bread and herbs and honey. In my favour a pottle of wine was added. I could see the versatile Baltasar watching surreptitiously from a distant doorway that we found all in order.

We sat and chatted pleasantly, now in English and now in French, eking out any misunderstanding with a Spanish or Latin word, but on the whole comprehending each other very well. The good man was greatly interested in my hand-camera, and especially so when I assured him that it was made by a friend of mine, a Spaniard of Valladolid, at present living in London. He was eager to see specimens of its art, and enthusiastic as to the uses which might be made of the strange contrivance, so easily carried and so clear in the results —as he remarked judiciously "far above painting."

"For in painting with a brush," he commented naively, "I can never see the resemblance. But with the photograph it is different. Baltasar there could recognise a picture of his own cathedral. With pictures made by hand, not so—it is difficult even to an educated man."

Luckily I had with me a few prints of Poblet, Ripoll, Montblanch, and other holy places of Spain. These interested him, but not nearly so much as a series of children romping knee-deep in flowers in Scottish meadows. I could see his eye brighten. The last of all was a little maid munching a biscuit on a winter's day, muffled to the neck in fur, the snow flecking her boots and lying in the folds of her gaiters. This took his fancy amazingly.

He returned to it ever and anon, and when I was putting them up in their case I found him with that picture again in his hand. Whereupon I offered it to him, and, since you must always press anything on a Spaniard if you really wish him to accept, I offered it again and again. I could easily make another, I said. Half he was in the mind to accept. I saw the yielding on his face.

But he put it away finally with the gentlest possible negation of head and hand.

"No," he said, "I am an old man—and —my thoughts must be of the things that yet remain to be accomplished!"

He bade me good-bye on the outer step of the little door of La Delicia, bending and kissing me on either cheek.

"Let me look once more at your little Scottish girl," he said, as if with an after thought, "she who smiles because her cake is sweet. Ah" (he cried, taking the picture in his hands with a caressing delicacy), "may the bread of life be sweet also to her heart!"

He looked long at it. I cannot tell what old buried thoughts were fragrant in his soul at that moment. I did not look carefully at his eyes. Of his own accord he put the picture back in the packet with a sigh. Then, turning, he gave me his final blessing.

There was no coach this time. I think the Bishop had forgotten, for I saw Baltasar running furiously in the direction of the stable. But I had no wish to be overtaken or to rumble through the streets after the two mules. So I turned me aside up the hill which rose steeply behind La Delicia, and scrambled back to the town by the goat's path which led along the ancient fortifications, now crumbling and desolate. There were thoughts in my heart which I wanted to think out. For it is not every day that, all unexpectedly, in the hither and thither of the adventurer's life, one meets a gentleman, —a Christ-like Christian.

At the hill-top I sat and looked long at the gardens of La Delicia. I could see the figure of the Bishop walking slowly up and down the one cleared path, his hands behind his back, his head bent. At times he stopped, and taking something out of his breast he held it to his lips.

Perhaps it was the crucifix. Perhaps not. At all events I wondered what the picture of a little child, one whom he had never seen, had to do with it.

This is a brief adventure, yet I can write no more to-night. I do not wish to mix the outer world with my memories

of the truly holy and reverend father in God, Armandus, Bishop of El Seo, in the arch-diocese of Tarragona.

It was the Sabbath evening, and I felt that no strictest Calvinist could take up his testimony against me for misspending it. From the charitable I had learned charity. I had walked with one who ordered his conversation aright, and who, as a reward, had seen the salvation of God. A man, a sinner, had walked with the godly underneath trees planted by rivers of waters. And lo! the sweetest and most heavenly thing we had seen together that day was the smile upon the face of a little child.

Another Day

"For if Joshua had given them rest, then would he not have spoken of another day."

In Autumn woods I wandered and my spirit
Echoed the moaning of the sad wind's strain,
"Though these unfalt'ring wrought their own perfecting,
Stript now of glory was their labour vain?"
"See, Lord," I cried, "their fruit to dust is turning,
Is it then nought, this law that they obey?"
But a voice answered, "Child of Man, be patient,
Have I not spoken of another day?"

'Mid ways of men I roamed, for ever pond'ring
Why those brave souls who fought the hardest fight
In the fierce press, should sink unsung, unheeded,
Falling, perchance, with victory in sight.
"O Lord," I cried, "are not thine angels mourning
Over a life's work doomed to swift decay?"
But a voice answered, "Child of Man, take comfort,
Have I not spoken of another day?"

In the lone pathways of my heart I wandered,
Where memory broods over the long-cold past,
And youth and joy, and hope and love are fleeing
Like withered leaves before the searching blast.
"O Lord," I cried, "Why hast Thou thus dealt with me,
Held out the fire of life, then said me nay?"
But a voice answered, "Child of Man, take courage,
Have I not spoken of another day?"

Oh Sons of Men! Oh all Creation! groaning,
For that new birth which may not be as yet,
Oh Souls! that yearn to walk in whiter raiment,
Oh hearts! filled only with a pale regret.
What though life's emptiness be a sore burden,
The night is waning while ye fast and pray,
Lift up your heads! Have patience, comfort, courage,
Lo! He has spoken of another day!

Effie Gibbs.

Mr. EdmundGosse—An Impression

By Clement Shorter

"E. DELIVERED of a son. Received green swallow from Jamaica."

It was thus that Philip Henry Gosse,* more enthusiastic, one is tempted to imagine, as a naturalist than as a husband and father, recorded in his diary—in 1849—the arrival of his son Edmund. Mr. Edmund Gosse has written the life of his father with much sympathy and insight. Philip Gosse was born in Worcester in 1810. His father, that is to say, Mr. Edmund Gosse's grandfather, was a miniature painter, eccentric and original as he stands pictured for us in his grandson's description, so eccentric and original that we would gladly have known more of him. Philip's early life of poverty at Poole, his clerkship in Newfoundland, with his zeal for the capture of butterflies, his marvellous development into a naturalist of the first rank, his friendship with Darwin, Owen, and Kingsley—the whole story makes good reading. The book has gone through more than one edition, but deserves even now to be better known. Philip Gosse was in Alabama during the period of negro slavery, and we catch in the following passage from the biography a glimpse of that institution as seen through his eyes :

"It was in September, when the bustle of cotton picking made an unusual strain upon the native laziness of the negro, that Gosse was made physically ill by the ruthless punishments which were openly inflicted on all sides of him. The shrieks of women under the cow-hide whip, cynically plied in the very courtyard beneath his windows at night, would make him almost sick with distress and impotent anger, and I have heard him describe how he had tried to deaden the sound of the agonising cries."

Philip Gosse, however, had no feeling of sympathy for the lower organisations. I suppose that scientific investigators rarely have. Here, for example, is a characteristic touch:

"On coming home I found to my sorrow that having put the large chafer of yesterday into my store-box, pinned, but not dead, he had got his pin out of the cork, and had been amusing himself during my absence, carrying his pin about the box, and biting other insects. He has spoiled a pearl-border fritillary, a tiger-moth, and, what I regret most of all, he has bitten two of the wings off the great *Hemerobius*."

Although Philip Gosse broke out into poetry in his youth with a "Song to Poland" and an "Ode to Spring," he would seem to have been comparatively indifferent to literature. He loved poetry, it is true, in a way, although I rather infer—Mr. Gosse is too filial to assist to that conclusion—that it was only in proportion to its commonplaceness. Shakespeare he would never consent to read, and one trembles to think what he would have said of his son's devotion to Ibsen. Southey was one of his favourites among poets—and Southey lives for our day by a few inferior ballads and by his "Life of Nelson."

Mr. Edmund Gosse was born in London and educated at a private school in Devonshire, whence he entered the Civil Service. I have heard my friend the late Grant Allen contrast his own destiny with that of Mr. Gosse as an example of the irony of circumstance. He—Allen—was the son of a clergyman and he was educated at Oxford. Yet his life-work as he best conceived it was to be a naturalist and

* "The Naturalist of the Sea-shore. The Life of Philip Gosse." By his son, Edmund Gosse. 1890. (William Heinemann.)

to investigate the secrets of Nature with an eye to popular elucidation of its mysteries. For this his Oxford career was, he considered, absolutely useless. Now as a contrast we have Edmund Gosse, the son of a naturalist, not receiving such learning as a university can give, yet throwing himself ardently into these academic studies that one usually associates with a university career. Be that as it may, I think that there was this in Grant Allen's point that university life with all its indisputable advantages does not materially affect the career of a man with a strong intellectual bent in this or that direction.

(*Elliott & Fry, 55 Baker Street.*)

Mr. Edmund Gosse

Mr. Gosse's personal history, apart from his position as a man of letters, does not further concern us here, although certain facts of his life are in every biographical dictionary—in particular that he has held since 1875 the post of Translator to the Board of Trade, and that he has studied the language and literature of Norway and Sweden, Denmark and Holland in those countries.

It was as a poet that Mr. Gosse first excited the interest of the world of letters. He published when twenty-one years of age a volume entitled "Madrigals, Songs and Sonnets" and this little book, written in conjunction with a friend, was followed by several volumes of poems, of which "On Viol

and Flute," "Firdausi in Exile," and "New Poems" perhaps attracted the most attention. An extract from one poem, "The Autumn of the World," will serve to present Mr. Gosse with an ideal before him:

Cling to the flying hours; and yet
Let one pure hope, one great desire,
Like song on dying lips be set,
That ere we fall in scattered fire
Our hearts may lift the world's heart higher.

Here in the autumn months of Time,
Before the great new year can break,
Some little way our feet should climb,
Some little mark our words should make
For liberty and manhood's sake!

Clear brain and sympathetic heart,
A spirit on flame with love for Man,
Hands swift to labour, slow to part,
If any good, since time began,
The soul can fashion, such souls can.

And so when we are dead and past,
The undying world will some day reach
Its glorious hour of dawn at last,
And we across Time's sunken beach
May smile, one moment, each to each.

Or take again this "Apologia" which shows our author in the same strenuous mood:

I have not sinned against the God of Love,
And so I think that when I come to die,
His face will reach to me, and hang above,
And comfort me, and hush me where I lie.

Weak am I, full of faults, and on the brink
Of death perchance with awe my pulse shall move;
I am not fit to die, and yet I think
I have not sinned against the God of Love.

I have desired fame, riches, the clear crown
Of influence, and pleasure's long-drawn zest,
Yet at all times I would have laid these down
To please the human heart that I love best;

Wherefore I hope when I must go my way
Down that dark doubtful road that mortals prove,
Some one will cheer my shivering soul, and say
He has not sinned against the God of Love.

One other poem and I must be content to refer my readers to these poems in volume form. In first editions they are eagerly sought for by bibliophiles. A collected edition of the poems appeared in three volumes in 1897. Here then is my final selection from Mr. Gosse's poems. It is entitled "A Farewell":

I may not see your face again!
This ivied porch, these quivering trees
Must murmur year by year in vain
For me, ungladdened of all these,
Tossed on the thankless seas.

But often while the vast of air
Is smitten through with violent light,
Between the winds and waters there
My inner vision shall have sight
Of that most calm delight.

And as a man, whose night and days
Are spent in fierce and changeful love,
May chance to see in wondrous ways,
His mother bend from Heaven above,
With pure eyes like a dove,

So I, who woo the perilous deep,
And frantic waves that interlace,
Shall have my hours of rest and sleep
To dream of your leaf-shaded face,
And all its quiet grace.

How then was Mr. Gosse received as a poet? A study of old reviews—and there is no pastime more exhilarating or as a rule more calculated to keep a reviewer modest—brings out the fact that the critics judged Mr. Gosse with more prescience than they have judged many an earlier and many a later poet. The *Contemporary Review* of 1875 declared that "On Viol and Flute" was "full of fancy and charm. . . . We shall be more hopeful of the future of the new school if Mr. Gosse may be accepted as a representative spokesman."

Here again is what the *Globe* said about the same volume:

"Seldom indeed do we find in the voluminous accessions to recent poetry the healthful and vigorous qualities which give to portions of this volume a character peculiarly their own. . . . The power of bringing vividly before the mind reminiscences of the keen enjoyment of outward scenes has never been more highly manifested, to our thinking, than in Mr. Gosse's poem entitled 'Lying in the Grass.' . . .

Another equally perfect poem is 'Sunshine before Sunrise.' They are two of the freshest and purest poems we have seen for many a day. . . . The long poem called 'The Mandrakes' is a truly masterly work of quite classical directness and intensity of expression. . . . The author has the very highest notions of what really great poetry should be."

An extract from the *Morning Post* of March 12, 1874, shows that journal as even more enthusiastic:

"Mr. Gosse is joyous, lyrical; his muse is alive to the delights of flowers, music, sunshine and the song of birds. . . . In 'Sunshine before Sunrise' the reader will be delighted with the spirit of pastoral poetry and the purity of thought and tenderness. . . . The most ambitious poem in this volume is entitled 'The Mandrakes,' and gives abundant proof of a vigorous fancy and fine imagining. . . . Mr. Gosse, in taking leave of his readers, hopes they will not find his verses 'harsh and slow.' We can honestly say that they are quite the reverse. They abound with warm human sympathies and evince genuine poetic power and feeling. They are full of grace, music and sweetness."

Finally, let us hear the *Spectator*, then as now a potent critical force. I copy a passage from a review in the issue of January 3, 1874:

"Mr. Gosse has been with the Lotos-eaters, and his song has the graceful, murmuring sound which reminds one of the softness and deliciousness of summer-time. . . . A careful perusal of his verses will show, we think, that he is a poet. . . . He possesses in goodly measure the poetic insight which enables him to interpret nature in fresh aspects, and the faculty of poetic expression which finds utterance in musical verse. . . . Perhaps the most perfect poems are 'Lying in the Grass' and 'Sunshine before Sunrise.'"

It is perhaps somewhat unconventional to give these long extracts in a brief "impression" such as this. But Mr. Gosse's place as a poet has become so little defined in our later days, he has himself, as have his friends Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Andrew Lang, so entirely abandoned poetry for prose, that it is well to recall the fact that during the years that Mr. Gosse was writing poetry he had no lack of encouragement from poetry-lovers in contemporary newspapers, and that he was generally recognised as a true poet. He has indeed an interesting place in Victorian Poetry. I do not myself appraise his tragedy of "King Erik" very highly, although so distinguished a critic as Mr. Watts-Dunton has admired it, and an introduction from his pen stands at the front of the later issue of the play. Mr. Gosse will rather be remembered as one who has felicitously cultivated the French forms of ballades, rondeaux, and villanelles. Here at least he is sure of continuous recognition in our literature. In 1894 he bade farewell to verse in a volume entitled "In Russet and Silver," with the autobiographical motto:

> Life, that, when youth was hot and bold,
> Leaped up in scarlet and in gold,
> Now walks, by graver hopes possessed,
> In russet and in silver dressed.

But poetry is not a medium by which more than one or two men in a generation can hope to influence their kind. Mr. Gosse has seen that this is on the whole an age of prose, and it is here that he has secured his largest audience and his widest influence.

Mr. Gosse's services in revealing Scandinavian literature to the English-speaking world have been very great, but when once the Ibsen and kindred movements began in this country—and I believe the honours of their beginning may be divided between Mr. Gosse and Mr. William Archer—a hundred enthusiasts stepped in to carry on the work to which Mr. Gosse's "Northern Studies" gave a distinct impetus. Mr. Gosse's principal claim as a distinguished living author is, I think, to be found in his essays, biographies, and literary histories. When his

name is mentioned it calls up recollections of pleasant hours spent in reading his "Eighteenth-Century Literature," his "Modern English Literature," his "Life of Dr. Donne," his "Life of Gray," and his volumes of essays variously entitled "Questions at Issue," "Seventeenth Century Studies," "Critical Kit-Kats," and "Gossip in a Library."

Here I come to an aspect of Mr. Gosse's work that it would be impossible to ignore —the charge once made against him of carelessness as to facts and dates. This charge has a very personal interest for me and leads to egotistical reminiscencing. Many years ago Mr. Gosse was attacked in the *Pall Mall Gazette* for certain alleged inaccuracies in one of his earlier books. A discussion raged fast and furious. Not only my first letter to a London newspaper, but my first contribution to London journalism, took the form of a letter in attempted defence of Mr. Gosse. I was proud to see that letter in print, and still prouder to receive a kind letter of thanks from Mr. Gosse. My plea was that we had all received much pleasure from Mr. Gosse's work, that we had all found in it an incentive to a study of books, that it was not of very great moment if here and there Mr. Gosse had tripped over a date or been careless of a fact, and I ventured to insist that the spirit of the genuine book-lover was in Mr. Gosse, that he had been a valuable teacher to those of us who were a few years his juniors.

This plea of enthusiastic youth holds good to-day. Mr. Gosse has written many more books and has received much further criticism, some of it on the lines of the old *Pall Mall Gazette* attack. If you take up a work entitled "Ephemera Critica: Plain Truths about Current Literature," by John Churton Collins, which appeared about a year ago, you will find Mr. Gosse very severely handled. With the fullest appreciation, however, of Mr. Collins's great learning and keen eye for detail, I maintain that his services to English literature have been slight indeed compared with Mr. Gosse's. The lover of Ibsen will thank Mr. Gosse for all that he has done to reveal that great man; the admirer of Dr. Donne will thank him for the only modern biography of the famous Dean of St. Paul's; the enthusiast for Gray owes to him a charming biography of the author of the "Elegy." What matters an error of date or an error of judgment? what matter if there be a trivial inaccuracy now and again? The main point is that we owe to Mr. Gosse clear and sympathetic impressions of the lives of Donne and of Gray.

The value of criticism that corrects errors is obvious. Again I am tempted to egotism. I once wrote a small book that was primarily a compilation of facts and of dates; I had, I thought, verified every fact and every date in it. A few errors were there nevertheless. I kept all the reviews, and in a second edition borrowed all the corrections from my reviewers. Not every book, however, gets very quickly into a second edition. The public that is eager to read about Dr. Donne is, unfortunately, not a large one, and errors are therefore not corrected as quickly as an author would wish. Mr. J. R. Green's excellent book, "A Short History of the English People," bristled with errors, although it had been read over in proof by his friends Professor Freeman and Dr. Stubbs. The errors, of which the issue of edition after edition in rapid succession allowed to be speedily corrected, were but blots on the sun—so admirable was Mr. Green's work in its general conception and execution. Mr. Gosse has been too severely handled for his inaccuracies—far too much has been made of them.

But it is the genial literary atmosphere diffused through his volumes of miscellaneous essays that marks Mr. Gosse as one of the foremost of contemporary critics. He loves books, and he writes about them with grace and charm. Sometimes he discovers and reveals an old author, as in the case of Anne Finch, Countess of Winchelsea. Then how pleasantly he can gossip concerning byways in literature—the first edition of "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the work of Crashaw, of Cowley, of Lodge, and of

Webster! In "Questions at Issue" he raises many interesting points—"The Tyranny of the Novel," "What is a great Poet?" and he is daring enough to ask the question, "Has America provided a Poet?" In that volume also we read with infinite amusement his most personal essay—"An Election at the English Academy." I have said that there is a paper on The Tyranny of the Novel. Mr. Gosse, in 1892, bid fair to be a candidate for a place among those tyrants, the writers of fiction. His "Secret of Narcisse," is a romance of the sixteenth century, which tells of a young sculptor and metal-worker whose cunning in creative work caused him to be burnt as a sorcerer. It is a well-told story with a genuine thrill in it, but it belongs rather to the realms of the intellect than of the imagination. With the publication in 1901 of a striking "ironic fantasy," entitled "Hypolympia, or the Gods in the Island," one closes this chapter of Mr. Gosse's work.

Mr. Gosse has placed in the hands of a few friends a catalogue of his library. It indicates wide interests, but a genuine appreciation most of all of the Elizabethan drama. It indicates further, what all who have read Mr. Gosse's work will understand thoroughly, his deep sympathy with contemporary literary effort. He has bought the books of the younger men. Mr. Gosse is usually the most lucid of writers; but once certainly in a quite recent controversy with Sir Edward Clarke, the brilliant lawyer, did he fail to make himself understood. It was implied that he had suggested that a lawyer had better stick to his law and not intrude into the field of literary criticism. As I understood Mr. Gosse, he did not mean this. He simply meant to imply that there was a marked difference between the lawyer whose primary interest was law, discussing literature, and the lawyer whose primary interest was literature—and there are many—doing the same. In any case Mr. Gosse fought a disinterested fight for his younger contemporaries. Sir Edward Clarke had drawn a cheer from an audience of working men by telling them we had no great poet now and only one or two good novelists.

We have in reality many good poets and many fine novelists—many poets, that is to say, whose work will live as much as the work of Gray and Collins and Cowley lives. The best poems of Austin Dobson, Robert Bridges, Francis Thompson, William Watson, and W. B. Yeats will live while English literature endures. It is the same with fiction: Mr. Thomas Hardy is at least as great a novelist as George Eliot, although he has not become so much of a cult. "Mark Rutherford" is none the less a man of genius because most of the "reading public" have never read him. "Alice in Wonderland," to name a book by an author not very long deceased, is as certain of a permanent place in literature as "Robinson Crusoe."

The business of the critic is to help to build up a literary standard by which we may escape the disaster of a cruel ignoring of our great contemporaries. Mr. Gosse has helped us here, and this is not the least of his many services to literature.

The giant of Antwerp and his wife being taken in procession through the city

Giants in the Land

By J. E. Whitby

IT has been very justly said that the characteristics of a nation may be judged by the style of its popular amusements.

Germany loves military displays; Spain prefers bull-fights; and France, in what are pretty generally considered her degenerate days, is taking to the same cruel sport. Russia looks for her especial pastime to that snow and ice which govern her with a rod of iron for so many months in the year, cutting her off from knowledge and intercourse with the rest of the world; whilst England, ever famous for her love of travel and adventure, turns, like Venice when she too was "Queen of the Sea," to that element over which she rules. That a water pageant is what John Bull and his children like best, notwithstanding their very ardent admiration for their own especial Tommy Atkins, no one can doubt who has ever seen the thousands that assemble from all parts of the country whenever anything of the sort is offered them.

Belgium has always chosen a grand procession through the streets of a town as her favourite amusement; and though the magnificence and glory of the fêtes of to-day are, from the changed spirit of the times, somewhat lacking in reality and conviction compared with those of the past, yet the fancy for exhibitions of this kind still remains firmly planted in the hearts of the people. Their faithfulness to the ancient institutions of their country, and a certain simple-hearted gaiety, enables them to find amusement in that which, if not exalting in character, is at any rate harmless.

No great event would be esteemed properly marked in Belgium without its public procession (many of our readers

will doubtless remember the splendid Van Dyck fêtes held not long ago at Antwerp), and no really important procession would be thought complete without the presence of one or more of the traditional giants.

Most of the towns of the country possess one or more of these curious figures, whose origin is somewhat like that of the immortal Jeames de la Pluche, "wrop in mystery." It is supposed that it was a desire to prove the grandeur of their origin that induced each commune to claim a giant or fabulous personage as its founder. Thus, when one town boasted Goliath, another, seized with that spirit of rivalry from which even municipalities are not exempt, claimed Samson, and so on. Valued at first as having been the supposed mythical establishers of the towns, their supernatural history has gradually been lost in the mists of time, and the giants have come to be regarded as honoured and well-beloved guests by their owners. Each has his place in the fêtes and ceremonies, and woe be to the man who treats a luck-bringing giant with indignity.

Sometimes a giant from one town visits another, being escorted on his journey with much pomp and ceremony. In this way the great giants of Antwerp paid a visit to Paris in 1889, and the giant Tarasque from Tarascon in France was sent to Brussels at the last great réunion of these worthies, with many injunctions from the owners to the hosts "to be careful of our beloved one."

In several towns the inhabitants have not been content with one giant, colossal though he might be, but have acquired several. Thus, Brussels possesses a family of three generations of these curious figures, without reckoning their relations. Those known as "Grandfather," "Grandmother," "Michieltchen," and "Pie," are seldom seen nowadays, but "Mon Oncle," "Janneke and Mary" (John and Mary) are, like other folk of modern times, less retiring, and figured recently in a torchlight procession through the streets of Belgium's capital. Another, known as the "Grand Turk," started with the rest, but managed to get his head in the branches of the trees on the boulevard (an accident that frequently happens to these

The magic horse Bayard carrying the four sons of Duke Aymon

The giants of Grammont, father, mother and child the latter holding a rattle. The size of these figures can be gauged from the man standing in front of the giantess

gentry), and was literally "up a tree" for the remainder of the night.

The figures are made of wicker-work, and vary in height, though all are of gigantic proportions. Their heads, many of which date from long ago, are composed of wood, plaster, or of moulded pasteboard, and are furnished with revolving necks and rolling eyes, that form the delight and terror of children. Some of the heads and faces have been the work of sculptors of note. Thus, Madame Druon-Antigonous, the wife of the giant of Antwerp, owes her fine features to the sculptor Herryns, who modelled her in 1765. She was intended by him to have been known to posterity as the "Maid of Antwerp," but is said to have so bitterly resented her forced celibate destiny that the worthy burghers of Antwerp relented, and married her to Druon-Antigonous, the famous giant that controlled the Escaut. Most people know the story of how, in the seventh century, he demanded such a stiff toll from the numerous ships that came that way that many mariners refused to pay it, whereupon he cut off their hands and cast them into the river. It is from this circumstance that the old Flemish town is supposed to take its nameof "Antwerpen," from "Ant" hand and "werpen" to cast. All those who have visited Antwerp will also remember the statue there of the giant Brabo, which stands before the Hôtel de Ville. He in his turn vanquished Antigonous, inflicting the same punishment on him that he had apportioned to others. It is from this last-named giant that the province of Brabant takes its name. A photograph of Madame Brabo, his wife, is given in the illustrations.

Madame Antigonous, it must be owned, does not look over a century old, being remarkably well preserved. When wearing her cuirass and helmet, and armed with a lance, she presents an imposing figure. Giants are like human beings, and do not appear at their best in undress. They are apt to be kept (for convenience in stowage) with their heads, limbs, and unwieldy bodies disunited. The preparation of these celebrities for a fête is one at which all the children of the neighbourhood love to assist. A coiffeur is engaged to arrange the hair in the latest style, and no trouble or expense is spared about the dresses and ornaments. Hasselt possesses, or did possess, a special building known as the "giants' house," where the town favourites and all their properties were kept; while the Town Council of the little town of Ath votes the expenditure each year of £80 to be spent on the giants that figure in its annual procession.

Druon-Antigonous of Antwerp is thirty years older than his wife. His head was the work of a native of Alost, Peter Coeck, a court painter and sculptor of the period. The appearance of this monster is all that could be expected of a giant infamous for his terrible cruelties and tyrannies. When seated on his pedestal he measures seventy-three feet high, and carries a formidable club. The Antwerp people hold him in high esteem as one who has shared both their good and evil times. When the conqueror Buonaparte came to Antwerp, Antigonous made him the following courtier-like speech, "I am great from my size, but you, Buonaparte, from your achievements," which pleased the vanity of the great little man extremely.

Besides the giants already named, Antwerp possessed another traditional figure no less dear to her. This was a dwarf known as "Op Signorke," and his memory is still kept green in the annals of the town. This curious treasure seems to have taken the fancy of the inhabitants of Malines, who became wild with desire to possess him. Many and fierce were the encounters, according to the histories of the respective towns, between the rival communes in their desperate efforts to retain and obtain the beloved object. In the end Malines gained her point, stooping to win by perfidy what she could not gain honestly—the dwarf was stolen. Since that time he has remained at Malines, living, for many years, a life of the strictest retirement. Now, however, on great occasions he occasionally makes an appearance. The giants have no idea of becoming common. Some of them, indeed, only show themselves to their admiring subjects once in every twenty-five years (and so have not had the honour of being photographed for this magazine); while others, more con-

These two figures represent the chief of the giants of Ath. The one with the club is Goliath and the lady is his wife

descending, exhibit themselves every five or ten years.

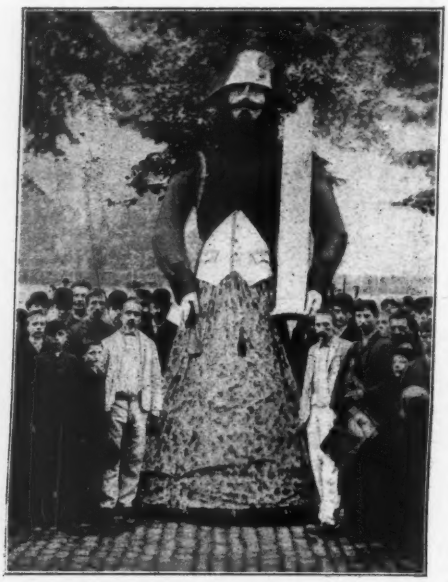
Of all Belgian towns, Antwerp is that which has always displayed the greatest pomp and riches in its public ceremonial. In the recent great fêtes the giants played their part as usual, and indeed these old favourites led off the cavalcade. The procession of the giants is known as "Ommegang," and like that of St. George and the Dragon at Mons, once formed part of a religious procession, of which Albert Dürer has left us a description in his "Journal de Voyage."

Besides the giants, Jonah on a whale, who directs a stream of water from the

mouth of the fish, forms a part of the show, as well as mounted black and white Cupids, and various ornamental cars, many of them old and really beautiful. A representation of Hell has fallen out of favour, and no longer has a place.

It is difficult nowadays to realise the extraordinary pride that citizens formerly took in their respective towns. For them the world was bounded by their city walls, and their interests all lay within the sound of the bells that pealed from the belfry under whose shadow they lived. It might be almost said that then a man loved his native place more even than his country. The spirit of rivalry between the different cities showed itself in nothing more keenly than in the possession and appearance of the giants.

Thus, Malines could not allow Brussels to be the only town boasting a whole family of giants; she, therefore, ordered the construction of a family worthy of her. Indeed, the principal figure in this new race measures no less than thirty feet high. The colossal image, known as the "Grandfather," sits magisterially in a great chariot drawn by five sturdy Flemish horses. The inhabitants of Malines appear to be nearly as proud of their giants as of their famous painter Coxcie, of Dodonné the botanist, or Mansfeld the traveller. Like Lierre, Malines also preserves from olden times her "Wheel of Fortune," which, drawn through the streets, revolves as it goes. Various quaint figures are affixed, which predict good or ill fortune. But this city claims also (as indeed do several others) to be the rightful owner of the giant horse, Bayard; and Brussels, as if to show how little the taste for this form of amusement is dying out amongst the people, has lately acquired a similar figure.



Samson, another of the giants of Ath. Observe the jawbone of an ass in his right hand and the doorpost of the city in his left

This monster charger is supposed to have been given by Maugis the magician to Reynault, the bravest and eldest of the sons of Duke Aymon of Dordogne, one of the most brilliant of those nobles who made the court of Charlemagne celebrated. Reynault unfortunately killed a nephew of the Emperor, and so brought on himself the wrath of that monarch who pursued Reynault and his three brothers with the greatest bitterness, but these, mounted on their magic steed, escaped to that recognised home of the fairy and gnome—the forest of the Ardennes. Many tales are told of their wanderings and warlike deeds, in all of which they were assisted by Bayard, whom neither accident nor intention could kill. Finally, Reynault became a monk and was murdered at Cologne, where his body was thrown into the Rhine. His favourite horse fell into the hands of Charlemagne, who determined to put an end to an animal so connected with his want of success. He had the horse tied and weighted with heavy stones and thrown into the Meuse at Dinant, where the "Rock of Bayard" still marks the traditional spot. But the giant charger was not of supernatural origin for nothing, so he quietly rid himself of his encumbrances, swam the river, and the story goes that after pausing to snort a message of defiance to the discomfited monarch and gaping couriers he galloped off into the adjoining forest, where he is still supposed to roam. On a rock near Louvain is the mark of his hoof.

The horse plays a very important part in a procession and is an unwieldy mass of

The "tall man" of Hasselt in his suit of mail

basket-work over thirty feet high. His coat is silvered, while his legs are covered by a drapery which serves to hide the very large number of men required to manœuvre him, and who need, from the exhaustive nature of the work, and the weight of the horse's frame to be constantly renewed. On his head tosses a tuft of feathers, and his tail is inordinately long. He wears the order of the Golden Fleece, said to have been bestowed upon him by some king long ago—and many other decorations. He is led by a jester in parti-coloured dress, who dances as he goes to a quaint and recurrent melody of bygone days, the words to which set forth the merits of this marvellous animal.

On the occasion of a fête, being mounted by four riders of graduated size to represent the sons of Aymon, he performs a kind of stately minuet in the Grande Place. Parties of men armed with guns (an anachronism that seems to disturb no one) advance from the corners and attempt to shoot him. Being a magic horse, the shots fail to take effect, and after several attacks, which Bayard receives with something like a curtsey to the music, the procession continues its way. All this is done to the old-world tune, and it is *de rigueur* that the four riders who, armed with sword and buckler, wave their weapons in defiance as the shots fall harmless should be brothers and consecutive in age. All this is of course childish, but as a survival of mediæval custom is not without interest.

In the photograph of the giants of Grammont, about whom little is known, some idea of their size may be gained by comparing them with the very tall man who stands near, and by observing the height at which the peepholes are placed for the directing men within.

Ath boasts no fewer than six giants, of whom three are presented here. Goliath, as will be seen, carries a formidable club and wears a martial corselet and helmet, from whose military appearance, however, the velvet sleeves and flowered petticoat that make up the rest of the costume somewhat detract. Madame Goliath may be said to carry off the palm for beauty among the

This giant belonging to Nieuport weighs over a thousand pounds and is 27 feet in height

giantesses. She wears a wreath of flowers on her curly hair. A curious custom with regard to Goliath and his wife of Ath is that on the eve of any especial fête when the giants are to appear in procession this couple is solemnly remarried in the parish church with a musical mass. Samson takes with him a broken column (which greatly resembles a large church candle), in order, it must be supposed, that no one may mistake him for a bandit chief, of which his hat is very suggestive.

The Hasselt giant is known as the "Lange Mann" or "Tall Man." He takes part in the procession seated, being too tall to manœuvre standing, and wears a full suit of armour. A street altar may be noticed in the photographs, showing that the figure has had his share in some religious fête.

Polydoor of Alost wears a high silk hat and frock coat, though this costume is subject to variations, as may be expected in a frivolous giant who has discarded the dress of his ancestors.

The giant of Nieuport weighs nearly a thousand pounds and is over twenty-seven feet high.

The Ostend giants have a more up-to-date air than their *confrères*, which befits the bright particular stars of such a smart watering place, though it must be owned they have rather a rowdy look.

The Nivelles giants. Compare the height of the lady with the little child on the right of the photograph

The Nivelles giants consist of Monsieur l'Argayon, his wife, a very prim-looking person, and Lolo their son, as well as a hobby-horse known as Godel, about as much unlike a horse as he well can be.

Want of space forbids the enumeration of more of these enormous figures, of which the Belgians are so fond; enough, however, of the principal have been illustrated and described in these pages to prove that it may be truthfully said that there are still "giants in the land."

The Scale of the Invisible Heavens*

By Sir Robert Ball

IT is possible to demonstrate that objects do certainly exist which are not only utterly screened from view so far as our present resources extend, but which there is not the least reason to anticipate that any future discoveries can introduce to our ken. The present state of science indeed forces us to believe that there is around us an invisible universe which immeasurably exceeds the universe we can see. This is indeed one of the most striking conceptions which Nature has to offer to our contemplation. There are different ways in which it can be presented to us, and I shall try to develop it with such detail as its importance deserves.

The sun, to which we owe so much, is no doubt a potent agent of illumination, within the narrow limits, the relatively narrow limits I ought rather to say, of our solar system. But for purposes of illumination through the length and breadth of the universe, the sun is as utterly inadequate as a farthing rushlight would be for the illumination of a continent. We are apt quite naturally to attribute to the sun the possession of a peerless splendour. We must, however, remember that it is only because the earth is so close to the sun that it receives so abundantly of its radiation. How slender must be the solar effect in illuminating or warming the universe generally may be inferred from the well-known fact that many of the bright stars, for example Sirius or Arcturus, are intrinsically far more brilliant than the sun, yet how feeble is the twinkle which they transmit to our point of view! Any objects which lie in the immediate vicinity of Sirius or Arcturus may no doubt derive from either of those bodies an illumination quite as splendid as, or even far more splendid than, that which is supplied to the earth by the sun. But sun and stars alike are equally ineffective as illuminating agents when the length and breadth of the starry spaces are considered.

The question as to whether an object shall be visible to us or not is one of illumination. If the object be bright enough, and if the distance at which it is situated be not too great for the degree of brightness which the object possesses, then that object will generally be visible. We must, however, provide that the sensibility of the retina to the impression of light is not reduced by the presence of an undue quantity of diffused light from some other source. A star is generally just visible to us at night by the unaided eye if it possesses that degree of brightness indicated in the language of the astronomer when he says that the star is of the sixth magnitude. If that star were moved further away then it would presently cease to be visible to the unaided eye, though it might still be discerned with the aid of a telescope. The larger the telescope the greater the depth to which it is able to probe into space. Indeed it may be said that a star just visible to the unaided eye would have to be removed to a distance about one thousand times greater before it had ceased to be a visible point in the great American telescopes at Lick or Yerkes, or in the great reflector of Lord Rosse at Parsonstown. Were the star to be translated ten thousand times as far as when just visible to the unaided eye it would apparently be then utterly beyond the reach of any telescope at present existing. It seems, however, possible that even this distance might not be so great as to preclude some stars from recording their impressions in a photographic apparatus when an extremely long exposure had been given.

Though stars abound overhead in daylight, yet we cannot in general see

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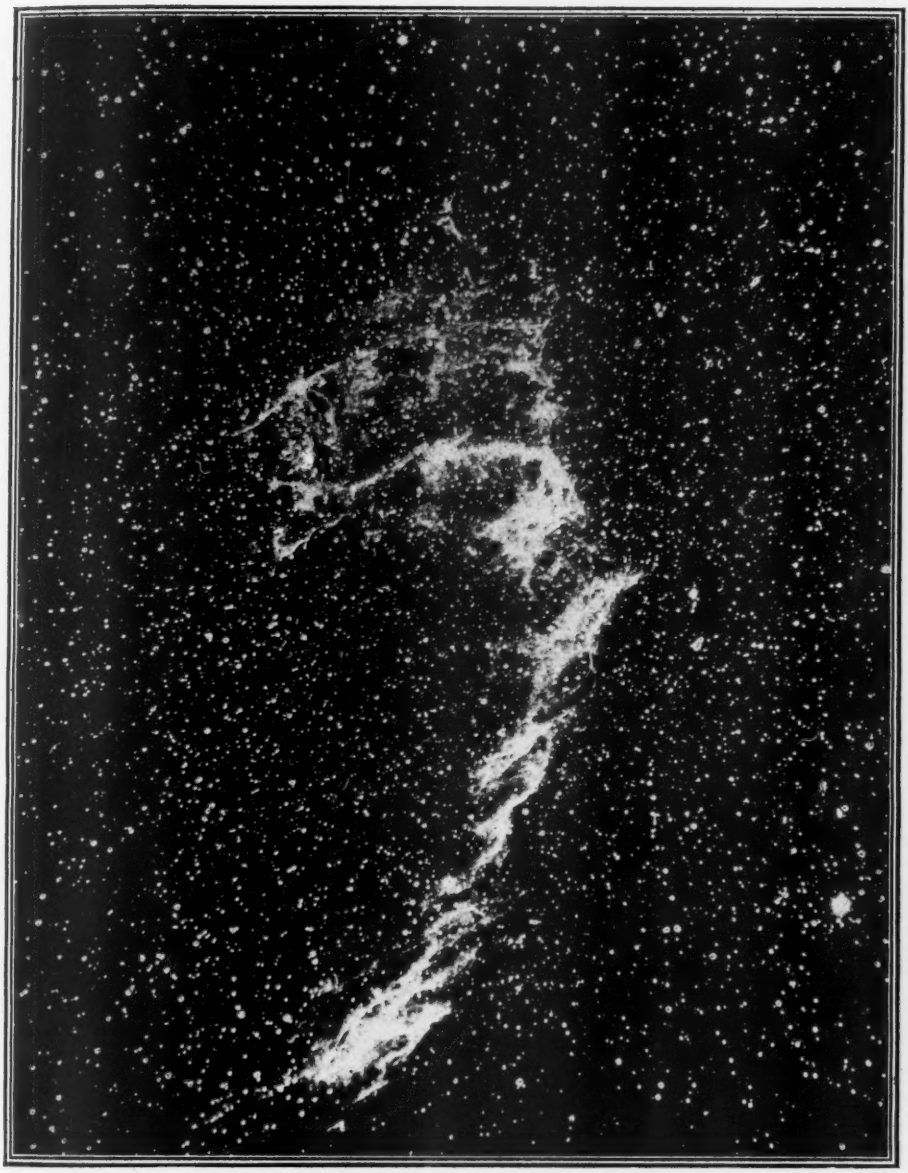
those stars. The reason is simply that the nerves of the retina are so strongly acted upon by the abundant floods of daylight, that the twinkle of even the brightest star fails to produce any recognisable impression. No doubt stars, or at all events the brighter stars, can be rendered visible in daylight with our telescopes. Supposing, however, that we had lived in perpetual daylight, as we might have done if it had happened that the earth turned round the sun, with the same face always directed thereto, just in the same way as the moon goes round the earth, then if we had no telescopes we should never have become aware of the existence of the stars. Under very exceptional circumstances we might, indeed, have occasionally glimpsed the planet Venus, but with this possible exception we should never have known anything about any other bodies in the universe, save the sun and the moon. All that glorious sidereal spectacle which is disclosed to our gaze at night would have been utterly unknown. The starry firmament would have formed an invisible universe.

Suppose under these circumstances that the sun was to be suddenly eclipsed, then the whole of that universe, previously invisible and unknown, would have been instantly displayed to the astonished observer. There he would behold for the first time the Great Bear, Orion, and other glorious constellations, while stretching across the sky he would see the marvellous yet delicate glow of the Milky Way. If the observer were further told that every single unit in this display of twinkling points of light indicated the existence of a sun, in many cases quite as great and as glorious as that sun which was the familiar object in his skies; if he were led to realise that these suns existed in scores of millions, and that many of them may be surrounded by systems of planets, attending upon them just in the same way as the planets revolve around the sun; then indeed he would see that the universe as known to him before the eclipse was as nothing compared with that hitherto unseen universe of which he had for the first time been permitted to obtain a brief view. The problem of the invisible universe would be one which would astound his imagination.

On a dark night the mariner can see no more of a distant coast than the beacons maintained for his guidance. For every lighthouse which may be counted around the coasts of Great Britain there are within the circuit of these coasts thousands of fields, uncounted myriads of trees, there are many lakes and rivers, there are villages, towns, cities, and great numbers of inhabitants. So too for every one of the visible stars which can be counted in the skies there must be hundreds or thousands, indeed there must be millions, of other objects utterly beyond our ken. Reflect on the number of luminous stars which the heavens contain, think of the thousands of stars which are visible to the unaided eye, think of the tens of thousands of stars which are visible in small telescopes, think of the hundreds of thousands of stars which are visible in a moderate telescope, and the abounding millions of stars which are disclosed by our mightiest instruments, and which are represented on our most sensitive photographic plate. Then remember that each one of these stars is as it were a luminous beacon, and that the invisible objects must, according to all probabilities, be vastly more numerous than the beacons themselves. In this way we begin to realise that for each body which we see glowing as a fervent star there must be thousands or millions of other bodies often as large, often doubtless a great deal larger, than the luminous stars. We do not see the great majority of celestial objects from the simple fact that they do not generally possess temperatures sufficient to make them glow in the manner necessary for visibility. If indeed the mind is baffled in the attempt to comprehend the scale of the universe which contains, as we know it does contain, millions of stars many of them



Nebula H. V. 14 Cygni

(From a photograph by W. E. Wilson, Esq.)

as bright and as glorious as the sun, what are we to think when it is represented to us that each one of these stars is itself only one, among millions of objects, which happens to be rendered visible by the fortuitous circumstance of temperature ?

We may illustrate the line of reasoning that we have followed in another way. Some of us have seen those beautiful fire-flies which in clouds of dancing points of light form a striking feature after the night has fallen in certain warm latitudes. Suppose that some celestial being who was taking a survey of our earth at night when all artificial sources of illumination were absent, was trying to obtain some notion as to the nature of the animated inhabitants of the earth. His survey being made in the darkness would necessarily preclude him from being able to perceive the greater number of living forms. The huge bulk of the elephant or of the rhinoceros must pass unnoticed; the stately giraffe would not be visible; lions, tigers, and bears would be as invisible as cows or sheep. Birds of every size and of every hue must be utterly unknown to an observer so circumstanced, and innumerable hosts of minor creatures would remain undetected. Suppose, however, the observer looked attentively through the darkness he might discern here and there a little gleam of light from a glow-worm on a mossy bank; he might detect phosphorescent sparks in the sea-water; here and there he would be gratified by the sight of a cloud of fire-flies dancing about in the darkness. If this celestial being, having duly noticed these things, having counted the number of glow-worm twinkles that he could find, and having depicted or measured the phosphorescent points and the clusters of fire-flies, were straightway to depart and say that now he knew all about the distribution of life on this earth, how absurdly would he have been mistaken! No doubt it may be admitted that he would have seen a very large number of creatures. The number of fire-flies in their clustering millions may really rival, for ought we can tell, the number of stars in the Milky Way. But how ludicrously incomplete would be the knowledge of the natural history of this earth which could possibly be obtained by one whose only opportunity for observing the animal life on our globe was obtained under the limitations we have sketched! All the more important forms of life would be quite unknown to such an observer, he would really have perceived only an infinitesimal part of the total life on the globe. Those creatures alone would be visible to him, which possessed intrinsic luminosity. The creatures so endowed form, it may be, an interesting, but certainly only a most insignificant, part of animated nature.

In like manner when we raise our eyes to the skies we see, it is true, a myriad of glittering gems, but these are only the glow-worms and the fire-flies of the universe. That is to say, they are the objects which are visible in virtue of the light which they themselves dispense, while objects that are not endowed with the capacity for radiating luminosity must be as invisible to us as the birds and beasts on the earth would be to the spectator whom we have just been considering. There can, however, be little reason for doubting that the invisible objects in the universe exceed in number those which are visible in consequence of their luminosity in a ratio quite as remarkable as that in which the ordinary animals devoid of luminosity exceed those which possess phosphorescent qualities.

A star is a mass of matter heated to such an extent that its effulgence is perceived far and wide. It must, however, be borne in mind that for a portion of matter to be heated so highly is always a more or less exceptional phenomenon. From the very nature of the case, the condition it implies can be only a temporary one. We find little difficulty in conceiving even an eternal existence of matter at a temperature no greater than that of the surrounding space; but when matter is heated to incandescence it is in the very nature of things that this condition must be transient. The high temperature may last, no doubt, as the high temperature of the sun has lasted, for millions of years. It cannot, however, be perpetual, so that when at last that portion of matter cools down again to the temperature of space, there it may remain to all eternity, unless

in so far as by the chapter of accidents it may be again kindled into a resumption of temporary luminosity. The normal and ordinary state of the matter in the universe is to be cold, non-luminous, and therefore utterly invisible to us. Those portions of matter which are at any moment luminous must certainly be very greatly inferior in numbers to those which are at the same time in the normal condition. Every line of reasoning demonstrates that the material universe so far as it is visible can only be an almost inconceivably small fragment of that unseen universe which, from not possessing the necessary quality of luminosity, is effectually shrouded from view.

But the invisible objects are not stars alone, invisible nebulæ of astonishing dimensions are sometimes represented on our sensitive photographic plates. It remains for us now to give a brief account of one remarkable instance known of an invisible nebula, which is nevertheless now very well known by its photographs.

I do not suppose that any constellation in the heavens has been the object of greater attention than the famous group known as the Pleiades. In the first place, the arrangement of the cluster of stars lying so closely together is so remarkable that, from the very earliest times, it must have arrested attention. Half a dozen stars are readily discerned by most eyes, and those gifted with exceptionally acute vision are able to see nearly double that number. The fact that the Pleiades are apparently so crowded together no doubt makes the discrimination of the fainter points more difficult than would be stars of the same brightness but more widely separated.

With the slightest telescopic power the numbers of the Pleiades are found to be enormously increased. Sixty-nine stars in the group have been catalogued and have had numbers assigned to them by Dr. Elkin, and the places of the stars so selected have been determined with the utmost care.

One of the objects which Dr. Elkin had in view when he undertook so considerable a labour was to provide astronomers with a convenient scale for the measurement of distances on the celestial sphere. We can now test the accuracy of our micrometers by comparing the results they give when applied to the stars in the Pleiades with the measurements given by Dr. Elkin.

It must not be supposed that the list of stars just referred to includes all the stars in the group. Their number is indeed vastly greater. With every increase in the power of the telescope more and more stars are brought within the range of vision, while what the most powerful telescope is able to do in this direction is vastly transcended by the results which we obtain when we take a photograph with a long exposure. The brothers Henry in Paris have obtained more than two thousand stars on a single plate directed to the Pleiades. Nor is there the least reason to think that the full tale of stars in the group has been even yet ascertained. Each increase in the sensibility of the plate, or in the duration of its exposure, invariably brings with it an increased number of the stars which are represented.

The distance by which we are separated from the Pleiades is brought forcibly before us when we try to discover the movements of its stars. The measurements that Dr. Elkin has taken have been carefully compared with those obtained fifty years previously by Bessel. From a study of the results it is possible to determine how far the stars have shifted their apparent relative positions in the lapse of half a century. The result is extremely remarkable. It is plain that the Pleiades have really undergone no changes of any appreciable amount in their relative positions. Indeed we may say that this system is characterised by the absence of apparent motion of the stars to or from each other. The result of this is in the highest degree instructive. It is certain that the stars in the Pleiades must be acted upon by their mutual attractions. Instead of the system being at rest, as the observations would seem to indicate, it is certain that the stars must one and all

be animated by incessant movements. There is only one way by which we can reconcile the apparent discrepancy between this reasoning and the apparent facts of observation. The movements must certainly exist; if therefore they are imperceptible, the only possible explanation must be that the distance of the Pleiades from our solar system is so great that the apparent movements of the stars during the time they have been submitted to our examination are not considerable enough to be appreciable when viewed from this distance. Yet it cannot be doubted that those motions are really of enormous intrinsic amount. It is certain that each of the stars in the Pleiades has moved many millions or, more likely, thousands of millions of miles since Bessel observed it fifty years ago. If such a star still remains in the same apparent place, the explanation can only be that its distance from our earth is so stupendous that all those millions of miles are as nothing in comparison. The consequences to which we are thus led are confirmed in many other ways. They demonstrate that the Pleiades must certainly be several millions of times as remote from the earth as is the sun itself.

An acute astronomer, Tempel, studying the Pleiades in the pure skies of Venice in the year 1859, discovered faint traces of a nebula or haze of glowing gas appended to one of the stars. The observation was however such a difficult one that it was but rarely repeated, and many of those who searched for this nebula, even with powerful instruments, could observe no trace of it whatever. From time to time, however, there were occasional confirmations of its existence. But the available information about the nebula in the Pleiades was extremely scanty, until the appearance in recent years of a new observer with an eye of extraordinary delicacy, and possessed of a unique faculty for recording his impressions with absolute accuracy. This new observer is the dry plate of the photographer. The chemicals in the plate, as the Röntgen Rays have demonstrated in an extraordinary manner, possess the power of seeing things that are wholly invisible to our ordinary vision. It is not merely that the photographic plate can see more than is revealed to the unaided eye. A photograph will often show more than the most powerful telescope displays on the very finest night to the most trained observer. It is to the photographic plate that we are indebted for our knowledge of the extent and magnificence of the nebula in the Pleiades.

Here we should specially note the extraordinary peculiarity of the sensitiveness which the photographic plate possesses. It is not merely that the plate catches and exhibits rays of light which are too faint to produce impression on the ordinary nerves of vision. In such cases it is rather a question of the quality of the light than of its quantity which is concerned. There are certain kinds of light that, no matter how great be the amount in which they are present, will impress the organs of vision little or not at all. These same kinds of light will, however, in some cases act most energetically on the substances contained in the photographic plate. It is clear that the material, whatever it may be, which forms the nebula in the Pleiades has a radiance of this invisible character. The light that it pours forth is mainly that kind of light which appeals not to vision, but which appeals to the peculiar sensibility of the photographic plate. It is indeed very doubtful how far the faint wisp of nebula which Tempel discovered in the Pleiades can be identified as a part of that copious nebula whose existence is so clearly manifested on the photographs.

Great as has been the interest justly attached to the Pleiades from all time; interesting as are the innumerable legends which are associated with the group; remarkable as are the labours of the painstaking astronomers who have devoted themselves to the minute study and measurement of the stars which the Pleiades contain, it must yet be admitted that it has been reserved to these latter days to discover the most remarkable circumstance connected with this little

constellation. The fact that the Pleiades are surrounded by this marvellous invisible nebula will invest the wonderful group with still greater interest for the future. We have now to regard the constellation as consisting not merely of the ten or a dozen stars that can be seen with the unaided eye, not merely of the hundreds of stars that the telescope shows, and the thousands of stars that are on the photographic plate; we have to speak of the whole group as bathed and immersed in a marvellous yet invisible fire-cloud. Must it not have been with some poetic prevision of these discoveries that Tennyson wrote :

> Many a night I saw the Pleiads
> Shining through the mellow shade,
> Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies
> Tangled in a silver braid ?

An Irish Dancing-School

By Laura Stephens

Illustrated by Will Owen

THAT vulgar and grotesque travesty known as the " stage Irishman " is largly responsible for the false and misleading position which the Irish and their country hold only too often in the mind of the foreigner. Aided by the inaccuracy of writers and the extravagance of pictorial artists, this reprehensible creation of a foreign mind has for years past represented, under the generic name of " Paddy " a rollicking, shallow-brained savage, the " wild-Irishman " to wit, whose chief occupation, when not jig-dancing, is the breaking of heads or the shooting of landlords.

Thus it is that the mention of an Irish jig will doubtless call up to the minds of many the vision of a wild, dancing figure frantically waving arms and legs in the air, twirling a shillelagh in one hand, uttering at intervals excited yells of " Hurroo ! " and " Hurroosh ! " and behaving generally with the utmost violence and indecorum.

Let me—in order to disabuse the mind of the stranger of this somewhat pardonable error—take the reader for a few moments to a dancing-class or " school," as it is called, in the west of Ireland, where we shall see the people dancing their own native dances in their own native way, and where the mysteries of the jig, he reel, the planxty and the " sets " are revealed and expounded by a genuine Irish dancing-master.

During the winter months, classes are formed in various village centres, the same master travelling round a large district. The ordinary course lasts one week and six lessons are given at a charge of twopence a lesson for each pupil. When the week is at an end the master—unless the contract be renewed—goes on to the next village and begins his instruction anew. The class generally meets in the school-house or in some cottage of more than ordinary dimensions, but the " school " which I attended was held in a large barn, lent for the occasion by an indulgent landlord.

The news that a dancing-school is being organised quickly spreads through the country side. The boys tell each other in the fields, and the girls discuss the joyful tidings on their way home from Mass, so that by Monday evening there is a goodly muster at the appointed meeting-place. Here they come, boys and girls, their boots and clothes dank and dripping from the wet fields and bogs through which they have tramped, but one and all ready and eager for the work of the evening.

The girls come in first, hang up their heavy shawls behind the door and take their places demurely in a long row. The

boys hang about bashfully at the door, but at length lounge in when the dancing-master approaches and line the wall opposite the girls. An awe-struck silence falls upon us as the great man advances into the room, fiddle in hand, with a courtly bow.

A little, lean man he is with a grizzled beard, dressed in the usual country fashion, rough tweed clothes and heavy boots plentifully beset with hobnails. Truly a strange-looking dancing-master! But his step is light and agile as Mr. Mantalini's and we recognise the master in the very turn of his leg as he paces the floor. Perhaps the most striking feature of the little man is his weary, bored expression, implying a silent protest against the stern decree of fate which compels him to teach the rustic youth to dance. Casting a melancholy but vigilant glance round the assembly, he espies two girls laughing and chatting in subdued tones over a letter just come from America. Then, as weary as ever but very stern, the master's voice is heard. "Mary O'Sullivan and Bridie M'Grath, what do I sees yez at? Sure 'tis not for talking and gosthering ye are come here but to get your shteps." Thus admonished, the abashed delinquents relapse into silence and the master addresses each of us severally. "Have you got your shteps?" he asks, and according to the answer given the company gradually divides into two classes—the beginners and those who have already made some progress in the art of dancing.

I, as befitted my ignorance, joined the ranks of the former, and soon found myself forming part of a long row of very small children drawn up facing the master, who, standing "forninst" us, proceeded to instruct us in the first or "raising step" of the jig. He was very patient but oh so bored! Again and again did he perform the step for us and again and again did some one fail to copy his movements. "Sure, 'tis quite silly," he would say with a weary sigh, meaning that it was quite easy. Easy it certainly was to him, but to us it seemed decidedly "cross" as my little companions called it. However, after some laborious and ungainly hopping, we all "got" our raising step with some degree of correctness, and the master turned his attention to the more skilled dancers, leaving us to practice our new accomplishment in the space behind the door.

Tuning up his dilapidated fiddle, the bridge of which was split in two and had to be balanced to a nicety, O'Callaghan inquired the wishes of the company. "Will ye dance a jig or a reel, or will ye walk the 'sets'?" After some deliberation and whispered argument, it was decided to start with the sets, but here shyness overcame the young men, no one volunteering to be the first to "take the flure." The master, however, permitted no nonsense of that kind. Walking up to the boys, he would seize a victim by the arm, march him into the middle of the floor, there to remain, shuffling his feet and awkwardly smiling until furnished with a partner.

"Miss Mary, please to take the head of the room," said O'Callaghan to my friend, who was a proficient dancer. Having done so, she waited, partnerless for a moment, none of the boys having the courage to offer themselves for the post. Finally, the master announced in a tone of melancholy scorn, "Sure 'tis aiquel to Miss Mary who she dances to. Dance to Miss Mary, O'Shaughnessy." Whereupon O'Shaughnessy, who was, moreover, a beautiful dancer and had no cause for his diffidence, marched out and made his best bow.

On being assured that the sets were very like a quadrille, I was induced to take my place at the bottom of the row, partnered by a strapping young labourer who did yeoman's service in seeing me safely through. In all, twelve of us took part in the sets, which in reality are somewhat similar to an English square dance. There were, however, some marked differences when I should have found myself sadly at a loss had it not been for the kindness of my fellow dancers. "Send her on, Jim!" "Lave her there M'Kenna!" they cried, and I was sent

on or left there to such purpose that before I knew it, I had "walked the sets with no little *éclat*." They all congratulated me very kindly afterwards, but the entire credit of my performance was due to my partner, Terence Kavanagh, and the other boys.

A jig was now organised. This can be danced by any number of persons from one upwards. In order to include as many as possible, the dancers were arranged in two rows as for Sir Roger de Coverley, the boys in one line and the girls in the others. The fiddler stood at the top of the room, or walked slowly down behind the dancers, carefully examining each one's feet.

There are various kinds of jig, but the principal are the grinding jig and the shuffling jig. In the former, the "grind" consists of a sort of alternate jump on the toes with the feet crossed, the result being a series of little sharp knocks on the floor. This manœuvre is introduced into every step of the grinding jig, of course in conjunction with other movements. The shuffling jig is more difficult, and in it the grind is replaced by a single or double shuffle. Nearly all the boys danced the grinding jig, whilst the girls seemed to favour the shuffling jig, which is considered the more elegant. All, without exception, preserved the utmost silence keeping their eyes fixed demurely on the

Sure 'tis not for talking and gosthering ye are come here, but to get your shteps

ground, the girls holding their skirts at both sides and raising them a little above their ankles, the boys letting their hands swing loosely. There was no thought of shouting or high-kicking or any other obstreperous behaviour, which would indeed have been promptly suppressed by the master. An ordinary dance in a London or Dublin ball-room is a much more noisy and indecorous affair than a Kerry or Limerick jig. And it would have been hardly different had the occasion been a ball in one of the cottages and not a dancing-school.

As the jig progresses, couples fall out one by one, having come to the end of their *repertoire* of steps—for a step may not be repeated—and at last only two couples are left in the arena. After a protracted contest, some one gasps out that he or she "has no more steps" and retires, breathless, from the field.

At half-past nine we all go home

The remaining pair dance on for a few moments until they too have reached the limit of their art, when the dance comes to an end.

It is curious to see how these apparently shy and awkward peasants change when they stand up to dance and when the fiddle begins to play. All self-consciousness and awkwardness vanish and they foot it as lightly in their thick hob-nailed boots as any lady in the land. The boys, as a rule, dance better than the girls and some marvellous steps are gone through. But O'Callaghan is sparing of his praise, and when a boy is in the act of performing some amazingly intricate evolutions of heel and toe, he only remarks sadly, "'Tis a good jig you're dancing, O'Flaherty." But this is the highest praise he has to offer and as such it is highly valued.

When the dance is finished the master standing in the centre of the room, asks us, "Have ye got this shtep?" click, click, tap, shuffle, there you are. Even while he speaks he has gone through the new step with the most astonishing ease. Those who have not "got" it step out from the ranks and a serious lesson begins, not to conclude until most of the pupils have acquired the new step.

Then perhaps we have more sets and then a reel or planxty, or two very perfect dancers are asked to give an exhibition of a hornpipe or a slip-jig. The planxty tunes have curious names, being generally called after the fiddler or piper who composed them. Thus we have Planxty Kelly, Planxty Connor, Planxty Burke, and even Planxty Miss Burke.

But time is passing, and at half-past nine we all go home, perhaps through the rain, perhaps through the snow, it may be across wet fields and shifting bogland paths, over the mountain into the next valley, but one and all fired with the ambition of "getting" our steps perfectly and, who knows, of one day rivalling the glories of O'Callaghan himself, that prince of dancing-masters.

A Song of Tears

If I could gather all the tears,
The tears I shed for thee,
And weave a rosary of them,
'Twould girdle land and sea.

If I could gather all my tears
And bind them in a sheaf,
No greater monument of woe
Was ever raised by grief.

If I could gather all my tears,
The tears I shed for thee,
I'd only weep them o'er again,
So dear wert thou to me.

M. Hedderwick Browne.

The Joint in His Armour

By B. Paul Neuman

I

"HAVE you heard about Cobb?" asked long-legged Anthony, snipping off a bunch of muscats.

"No, what about him?" said his father, looking up quickly. "Has he been spouting again? I was wondering he had been so quiet lately."

"Poor chap, he's done with all that now He cut his throat last night."

"No—did he really? Wrong with his money, eh?" and the ghost of a smile played round the corners of the firm straight lips.

"That was just it," answered Anthony, with an admiring glance at his father; "they'd applied for a summons."

"Well, the air's a bit sweeter. After all death is a great disinfectant."

"I suppose it wipes the slate clean, at any rate," said Roland from the depths of a capacious arm-chair where he lay, his head thrown back, his eyes following the smoke of his cigarette.

"No," said his father, loudly and decisively, "that's cant, and I hate cant. I'd have told him to his face what I thought of him. Why shouldn't I say it now? If he's changed, it can hardly be for the worse, and I only speak of him as I knew him."

"The King is dead; long live the King," said Anthony. "Exit Dick Cobb; enter Tom Spring."

"What do you mean? He's a real stormy petrel. Is he to take Cobb's place? Where did you hear that?"

"I heard one of the boys telling old Matcham. There was a big meeting at the Bull to-day. Spring's to be leader *pro tem.* There are a couple of men down from the Amalgamated. They mean business this time, sir."

"I hope they do," said Sir Robert, rising up and planting himself firmly in front of the fire-place. "I hate all this palavering. Let's get to grips if they've got the pluck. We're ready for them. Look here, lads"—he held out his right hand and showed a nut-cracker—"here's a parable. Get hold of the lever end, and when you squeeze, squeeze hard. See?"

As he spoke he closed his hand, and there was a loud scrunch. He opened it again.

"Too hard, dad," laughed Roland, "you've spoiled a good nut."

"No," cried his father, flinging the fragments into the grate with a quick contemptuous movement, "a rotten bad one; a regular *cob*-nut—eh?"

And refilling his wine-glass, he tossed off the contents.

II

The long room over the bar at the Bull was not a very cheerful apartment at the best of times, but lit by a couple of composite candles, the chairs in disorder, the table littered with papers, and half a dozen empty pewters and glasses standing in a line at one end, it looked quite a picture of discomfort. Two men sat at the table, one writing, the other with his hands in his pockets and his chair tilted back. This latter was a small, brisk-looking little fellow, rather smartly dressed. He had a snub nose and sharp black eyes. His companion was of a very different build. Broad and muscular, there was yet an air of refinement about his features that contrasted rather strangely with his threadbare jacket and rough hair and beard.

"It's no good, Tom," said the little man, "I tell you the game's up. Gore holds trumps, as usual."

The other went on writing and made no reply.

"Our only chance was to get him at loggerheads with the other masters, but they saw through that little dodge. They say he enjoys a strike above everything. Never mind; his turn's bound to come, some day."

Tom Spring looked up with a frowning face.

"It's a long time coming," he said, "and it strikes me that when it does come it won't interest us very much."

"I say ditto to that," returned the other, "if you go on as you've been doing. There's too much mealy mouth and kid gloves about you. Look here, Tom, you know I've backed you up all through the show. Well, you've got the brains but I've got the eyes, and I tell you fair and square, I don't like the look of things. You've got your chance at last, and somehow you've got to win, or the men'll pitch you overboard. Their blood's fair up and there are one or two of the youngsters who've got the gift of the gab and who won't stick at a trifle, besides. You know the sort I mean. Pringle's one and young Spurge is another. If you can smash Gore on your own lines, well and good; but if you can't, you'd better make haste and change your tack."

The big man folded the paper he had been writing, and put it into an envelope which he addressed and stamped. Then he took out an old briar, filled it and began to puff. After a couple of minutes he said, pointing to the letter—

"There's another of their lies nailed to the counter. I wonder how they'll wriggle out of that?"

"Oh, trust Forbes for wriggling out of anything, slimy little vermin. Have you pitched it hot and strong?"

"Pretty well, but it's for the London papers, and one has to speak by the card for them."

"That's the part you do AI. That and the platform work. I don't think Gore'll ever meet you there again. How he mumbled and doddered, and how they did yell when you went for him. That was one for you, anyway."

"Yes," said the other thoughtfully, "'twas a rare time while it lasted, but all the while it ran in my head like an undertow that it was naught but a waste of good breath. They've got the money and they want to fight. They'll win, too."

"Oh, you see that, do you?" snapped the other; "and what are you going to do?"

"Fight as long as we can, and die game, I suppose," said Spring rather wearily.

Argue and jaw,
Stick to the law,
And you put your neck in the collar;
But the winning horse
Is Physical Force,
You may bet your bottom dollar.

hummed the little man under his breath, looking up with a half-smile at his companion.

"No, no, lad, it's no good now. Fifty years ago it might have done; fifty years hence it may be time again if men like Gore have their will, but not now. I don't say, though, that I wouldn't like to have a little argument of the kind with Sir Robert."

"I'd back him at present," cried the little man, who was nothing if not frank. "He gets a lot more beef than you. Hullo! Who's there?"

It was a knock at the door that caused the last exclamation. Without waiting for leave, the door was opened and a curly-headed youngster came in boldly, with his cap on. He was a clean, wholesome-looking lad of ten or thereabouts, with frank eyes and a laughing face.

"Well, Tom," said Spring. "what's up now?"

"Why," said the boy, "Manton's wife got hold of me and made me promise to tell you that she wants to see you very partic'lar, very partic'lar, she said. I believe she's barmy, dad, I do. She held out her arms and asked me if it wasn't a fine baby, and she hadn't got nothing in them. I thought she was trying to get at me, only she looked as if she'd got the hump, so I didn't cheek her."

"That's right, lad," said his father, "don't cheek your elders, especially women folk. You've a good mother and you know what she'd tell you. They say"—here he turned to the little man—"that poor creature has really gone off her head."

"Ah, that's another of Gore's loving kindnesses. Let's see, Manton was a fireman, wasn't he? Wouldn't sign one of their precious papers, would think for himself and got the sack. I knew they had a hard time before he died, but I didn't think it was as bad as that."

"It's strange. She used to be such a quiet decent-spoken woman, always kept

their place as clean as a new pin. The way she managed when he was out, was a wonder, with a baby six months old, too. He and she were mostly starving, and when he got the typhoid there was no fight in him, the doctor said. She had a touch of it too, and since she came out of the infirmary and found the baby dead as well as her man, she's been light-headed, poor soul. Ted, you run home, there's a good boy. Tell mother I shall be late. There's a meeting at Rowden to begin at nine and I must look in here again afterwards."

III

"No, Miss Cicely, not in there. Your Pa's busy. I heard him tell Williams he wasn't to be disturbed."

"I'm not going to disturb him, I'm only going to say good night." And without more, the wilful child knocked at the door—the knock of a privileged person, and hardly waiting for permission, walked boldly in.

Sir Robert was sitting in his big revolving chair, busily writing at the pedestal table. He looked up with an impatient frown, but as soon as he saw who it was, the frown died away, and a smile, pleasant to see, spread over his face.

"Well, Cis," he cried, "come to say good night, eh?" And he pushed back his chair and turned it round so as to make his knee accessible.

The child appreciated the manœuvre and jumped on to her perch.

She was a slight, flaxen-haired slip of a girl, evidently still some way from her teens. Her complexion was pale and her eyes were very light.

"What are you writing there, Daddy?" she asked pointing to the papers on the table. "Don't you ink your fingers? Look at mine. It always catches me there." And she held out a culprit finger with a blot still faintly visible.

"Ah, that's because you hold your pen the wrong way. Look here, there's always a right and a wrong way in everything. If you do things the right way you get on, if you don't, you go to the wall. See?"

Then he proceeded to illustrate the right way of holding the pen.

"But the wrong way's ever so much nicer. Look, I cuddle my pen; you hold it as if you were angry with it. Oh look there! There's a blot on your paper! That's trying to hold the pen your way, daddy. You would be cross if it was any one but me, wouldn't you?"

And she looked up at the big square man with all the assurance of a London sparrow.

He laid his great hand on her flaxen hair and rumpled it.

"One can't be angry with such a cheeky mite," he said, smiling.

"Is that the right way of managing me?"

"No, that it isn't," he shouted; "a thick stick, bread and water, and bed, bed, bed, that's what you want."

At this, the patient nurse put her head in.

"Come, Miss Cicely, if you please," she said, "it's half-past eight."

"All right, Snow," said the child indifferently. "You didn't tell me what those papers are about, daddy"

"Oh, that's a plan I'm drawing up for the works. Look here, you'll understand this—aren't those pretty little cottages?"

"Yes," said the child, with quick interest; "are those for the work-people? Daddy; why do they hate you so?"

"Hate me?" cried her father, a frown contracting his forehead, "because they're a set of idle fools." Then recovering himself he added in his former tone—

"Who told you they hated me?"

"Oh, I've heard them talking. And a boy——"

"If you please, Sir Robert," interrupted the long-suffering Snow, "will you speak to Miss Cicely about the way she goes on picking up friends in the street? She'll stop and speak to the dirtiest, commonest children, and she pays no attention to what I tell her."

"Oh, there, there," said Sir Robert, with a rapid change of manner, though good-humouredly enough, "I don't want any complaints. You're paid to keep Miss Cicely out of mischief. If you can't do it"—here he stopped and shrugged his shoulders, then after a slight pause he went on—"Besides, I don't know why she shouldn't

speak to my men's children. That won't do you any harm, child—yes, what is it?"

For she was looking at another drawing, and was evidently waiting impatiently to put a question.

"Is this all for the men?"

"Yes."

"Are you obliged to build them these houses?"

"No, certainly not."

"It's very kind of you, daddy, isn't it?"

"Well, I hope it is," he answered.

"Then why do they hate you?"

Wherever she had heard it, that phrase had gone home. Evidently she had been thinking the matter over.

He fidgeted about in his chair.

"I don't believe they do," he said. "I'm sure they respect me. They know I fight fair. They like that better than shilly-shally. When I've beaten them this time, I'll soon make them talk of me in a very different way."

"You do things the right way and they want to do them the wrong. Is that it, daddy?"

"That's it exactly, you little witch. Look here, you shall have all the coins under a shilling I've got about me, to buy rubbish with."

There was a very lively ten minutes, Cicely searching for hidden pockets and Sir Robert endeavouring to make fraudulent conveyances from one to another. Even Snow grew interested in the romp, and allowed her well-trained features to betray the fact. And when at last the victress retired, she held in her two hands a heap of copper and small silver that fell not far short of half a sovereign.

IV

Left alone, Sir Robert resumed his interrupted work, checking estimates, making calculations, and revising draft rules and regulations. It was characteristic of the man that though in the thick of a fierce struggle with his workmen—the strike had already lasted three weeks—he was now busy with the details of a scheme which could only be realised after the strike had come to a conclusion, and a conclusion favourable to him.

It was an elaborate plan for building residences for the men employed on the works. The rent was to be the average rent they were already paying, but the accommodation was to be infinitely better, and a certain amount each week was to be banked to the tenant's account till it was sufficient to pay for a share in the company. Besides this, there were to be sick clubs and friendly societies. There were, of course, elaborate safeguards against the men acquiring any real power.

"There," he exclaimed after a time, laying down his pen and leaning back in his chair, "I think that'll do. Ungrateful dogs," he continued, filling his pipe and smiling, "they won't say 'thank you.' It'll be a piece of treachery and tyranny on my part, I have no doubt. There'll be an indignant article in the *Chronicle*, I expect. Never mind; I shall win, that's the main point. The strike will hit the Union pretty hard, and this will just about finish them."

"So Cobb's gone," he ruminated, "another idol with feet of clay. It's an amazing thing how these men, shrewd enough in many things, can let themselves be led by the nose by such fellows. He was smart enough though, in some ways, a clever fellow no doubt, with lots of go in him. He'd got a joint in his armour though, and the gods have found it out. I wonder whether I've got one. Tom Spring and Co. haven't discovered it, if I have. Perhaps Master Tom himself may have one or two. We'll have a try for them, anyway."

V

It was getting on for midnight when Spring left the Black Bull. The Rowden meeting had been a stormy one and lasted a couple of hours. Then, on getting back to the committee room, he had found some letters that had to be attended to immediately. The air struck fresh and keen as he crossed the deserted street and made his way with vigorous strides across the market-place, through the business quarter and out into the villa-lined roads. He was scarcely conscious of his surroundings, for he was thinking hard. The bitterness of defeat was upon him, and it was aggravated by the feeling that it was

undeserved. For he was no mere selfish demagogue, using his fellows' grievances as a stepping-stone to wealth and position. The cause of labour was as sacred to him as the Holy Sepulchre was to a crusader, and the capitalist was his Paynim. A profound mistrust of the masters was in his very blood. He had always been a reader, and he knew "Work and Wages" as well as "Progress and Poverty." Traditions of the old days of child-labour and the combination laws had been handed down to him by those who themselves had lived through them. The employers of the present, he told himself, were the same at heart. Their claws had been trimmed a bit, they had learned to speak with a smoother tongue, but at heart they were unchanged. Their patriotism was mere self-interest, their benevolence a useful advertisement, their religion an elaborate self-deception. And yet to feel that not virtue or intellect or character made them invincible, but just their money-bags. This thought stung him to fury. For Sir Robert in particular he entertained a feeling not far short of hatred. That very day he had received a letter from him, offering to receive a deputation of the men to discuss the possibility of compromise. But he was not hopeful of the result. Even if the deputation were allowed to state their case, he could almost frame the insolent answer of this petty despot. A hundred stories were current of his hardness, his colossal assurance, his pride in his success; a hundred tales of misery and ruin wrought by his relentless policy. This very night a thousand hearts were cursing him, and surely not in vain, surely not in vain.

And just then, as if in answer to the unspoken prayer of his heart, a woman came running across the road out of the darkness, and caught hold of his arm.

He recognised her at once. It was Manton's wife as they still called her. "Another of Gore's victims," he said to himself. Then he started with surprise as he looked at her upturned face. Usually the pinched, worn features had an expression of weary sadness. To-night they were all alive. Her eyes sparkled. On her lips was a smile, so strange, he could not fathom its meaning. It seemed at once light-hearted and sinister. She pulled open her shawl.

"I left her at home," she said, "I thought it was going to rain." And he knew she was speaking of the dead child whom she still felt in her arms every day of her life.

He looked at her again and noted the shabbiness of her dress and the pallor of her face. He put his hand into his pocket and a moment after, slipped something into her fingers.

"There, poor soul," he said. "We're none of us over rich, but how you keep body and soul together, I don't know."

She took his gift mechanically, but tightened her hold on his arm, and pointed over some palings they were passing.

"Do you know who lives there?" she asked, sinking her voice to a cunning whisper. "It's a big bad man. He's always trying to kill her. That's really why I left her at home. You know him. Do you know who I think he is? I believe it's the devil himself. I'm not afraid of him, though. I've got a little secret. Look over there; what do you see?"

As she spoke, he recognised the place. It was Greystokes, Sir Robert's house, a fine mansion with a dozen acres of garden. The house itself fronted the other way. Following her outstretched hand he could not imagine to what she wished to direct his attention, though in the clear moonlight every object stood out distinctly.

"There, under that tree," she exclaimed impatiently.

"I can't see anything but a child's swing," he said.

She began to laugh—a horrid, mirthless laugh.

"You can swing high on it, though," she said, "if you're a straw-haired doll of a child with a big smiling devil looking on so proud and happy. Suppose one of the ropes gave way, where would the doll be then, and what would the devil say? I don't think he'd laugh then; perhaps he'd learn to cry instead."

And she looked up at him with a glance of triumphant cunning which made him shudder.

During this brief conversation they had

been walking on, and were now close to one of the garden gates. She left his side and going up to the gate stood on tip-toe, and putting her arm over, drew a bolt. The door opened, and she ran across the grass to the swing, lifted the seat and appeared to examine its under surface with close attention. So long did she remain bending over it, that he grew curious as well as impatient, and pushing open the gate made towards her. When he was about half-way, she looked up, and dropping the swing ran like a scared child to the shadow of some tall elms. He called her as loudly as he durst, but she gave no answer, and when he followed her to her hiding-place it was only to find her gone.

VI

Tired as he was, Tom Spring found himself quite unable to shake off the impression of that midnight meeting. A dozen times he told himself that it was no business of his, that the woman was mad and neither knew what she was saying nor was responsible for her actions. The question was not of her responsibility but of his. For that face of cunning and triumph kept peering up at him with the strangest and most discomposing persistency. It looked across the table as he ate his bread and cheese. It followed him to bed and seemed to play the leading part in a score of dreams, each more sombre than the last. Long before it was light he gave up the attempt to go to sleep, and tried to fix his thoughts on the strike-campaign. But the moment he thought of Sir Robert the face of Manton's wife reappeared, the smile more exultant than ever. She evidently believed she was going to be avenged on him. But was it simply a fantastic dream or had she really with the perverted cunning of the maniac devised some plot that threatened danger? If so, it evidently had to do with the swing. Then he remembered the reference to the "straw-haired doll of the child." Yes, Gore had a child with light hair, it was said he was fonder of her than of any other living creature. If that child were in the habit of swinging there, and the woman had been messing about with the ropes there might be an accident. But much more probably, he told himself, it was all crazy talk.

Still—it was his conclusion—he would make an opportunity of examining the swing for himself, and as soon as possible.

And having reached this point he fell asleep and dreamed that he was sitting in a swing with Sir Robert Gore dressed in long clothes on his lap, while Manton's wife, perched on the top branches of the tree, was pelting them with cocoa-nuts.

Next morning he woke up with that curious sense of impending disaster which is not the less discomposing because so vague. For some time he tried in vain to grasp the elusive trouble, then at last it flashed upon him that it was Manton's wife and her threats that were shadowing him.

In the light of morning, however, they seemed much less formidable, and he felt inclined to dismiss them with a smile and a shrug.

For this was to be a heavy day. There was first of all a committee meeting at the "Bull" at which there might be some hard fighting to do, for the strain of the struggle was already developing differences and fomenting jealousies. Then there was another meeting at Rowden, a batch of accounts to be checked, arrears of correspondence to be overtaken, and finally, in the evening, he was to go with a deputation of men and discuss with the masters' committee the possibility of a compromise.

It was upon this meeting his thoughts were mainly fixed. He was convinced it was simply a masters' dodge—a show of moderation to blind public opinion, and behind the show a stubborn determination to "smash the Union." And—convinced though he was of the justice of the men's case—he was oppressed by a foreboding of failure. The exposure and suicide of Cobb had come upon him with a terrible shock. They had been boys together, having risen side by side, and the savage jests and taunts cut as if he, and not the dead man, had been their object. Moreover, he knew what an effect the scandal must inevitably have at such a moment. Besides he was sick of the divisions and disloyalties in their own ranks, nor could he forget that defeat in this, his

first command, would probably mean personal ruin to him. And the thought of the sleek, comfortable, purse-proud masters, with the wily Forbes to prompt and Sir Robert to hector them, filled him with a fury almost maddening because so impotent.

And then suddenly, with the vividness and force of a revelation, there flashed into his mind the full significance of the woman's threat. He saw it all. The strong-willed, successful man, proud and confident, smitten down in a moment, perhaps to the level of the poor half-witted creature—Heaven's instrument of vengeance, so he called her now. Yes, it was a righteous recompense. Think of all the suffering he had caused as he went stamping and trampling his way to wealth and power. His benevolence, too! That famous card, always up his sleeve, ready to win the trick, even though Providence itself should take a hand.

For the first time in many days a glow of satisfaction brightened his eye and gladdened his heart.

Then came a revulsion of feeling, as sudden. For the blow was to fall not only on the arrogant, self-satisfied man, but also on a child. A little fair-haired girl. Proud as he was of his laughing-eyed, strong-limbed boy, the memory of a little daughter, too frail for this rough world, was even dearer. No; if vengeance, righteous vengeance, were due, it must come some other way. He would go at once to Greystokes and overhaul that swing.

VII

As a rule, Spring found no difficulty in concentrating his attention on any work he had in hand. But though he knew the committee meeting might have very grave personal consequences for him, he could not banish the thought of the mad woman and her implied threat. Little Jack Preston, his staunch though very candid supporter, was secretly dismayed. "Old Tom's going to throw up the sponge!" he said to himself; "he can't follow their gabble. He'll never keep hold of the reins like that." But when the meeting was about half way through, a violent storm of rain and wind burst from a clouded sky; whereupon Tom pulled himself together as if by magic, and suddenly plunged into the discussion, as ready, and alert, and decisive as ever, to the almost ludicrous discomfiture of the two or three malcontents.

The explanation of the change was very simple. As soon as he saw the rain, he gave a sigh of relief. "No danger to-day," he thought, and dismissed the subject for the time.

It was not till he came out of the Rowden meeting, to find the sun shining and a blue sky, that the thought of Manton's wife and her strange threat again obtruded themselves. It was then five o'clock, and the meeting with the masters was not till eight. To walk back would take three-quarters of an hour and Greystokes was dead out of his way, but he had plenty of time.

He was fortunate in being able to give his friends the slip; he had no desire for company. Curiously enough, the nearer he came to the scene of his midnight adventure, the stronger grew his impression that he was making a mountain out of a molehill. Indeed he almost determined to go home directly, and take a little sorely-needed rest before going forth to battle. But when he came to the point where the paths diverged, he struck into the road that took him round by Greystokes.

He was approaching the garden from another side now, and he had a good view of the house. Square built, strong, symmetrical to an inch, absolutely unpicturesque, offensively built of the best, it seemed to the labour leader a brick and mortar embodiment of its owner. The sight of it seemed to reawaken his hatred. So proud of his strength, this man of the money-bags, let him prove it against his crazy, half-starved victim. And he actually quickened his pace and left Greystokes behind.

But it was not to be. For floating on the air there came to his ears the sound of a laugh, a high-pitched childish treble.

"It might almost be my Jenny!" he cried, and turned sharply. A garden gate stood half open. From this side the ground sloped upwards. Above the brow of the hillock he could recognise the top of the tree on which the swing was hung.

Another moment and he stood on the summit, the spectator of a scene that transfixed him with astonishment and horror.

Immediately below the little knoll was a small piece of level ground. Nearly in the centre rose the tree—a sturdy oak—to the lowest branch of which the swing was fastened. And standing in the swing, driving his feet hard against the seat to make it swing higher and higher, he saw, not a fair-haired girl, but his own boy. Even as he looked he fancied he could see the swing listing to one side. He would have shouted a warning, but it seemed to him that his lips were sealed. He saw that close by there stood a girl laughing and clapping her hands. And he saw also a big, burly man smoking a cigar and clapping his hands too. He saw them both, but for the moment they meant nothing to him. Time itself seemed to stand still. He knew perfectly what was coming. When he first caught sight of the swing the boy was swinging back. Now high in the air he stooped and gathered himself for the forward rush. It was that moment which seemed to the wretched father absolutely interminable. He felt the thrust of the foot against the board—then the laughing face changed to a white mask of fear and horror—he heard a shriek and a shout, high and deep, and the next instant he saw his boy flung forward on to the ground, where he rolled over once, and lay quite still.

The spell was broken. He leapt forward and knelt by the boy, who lay on his back, one leg doubled up under him, his eyes closed, perfectly unconscious. He thrust his hand inside the small vest, and to his intense joy felt the beating of the heart. He took hold of the folded leg to straighten it, whereupon with a quiver and moan of pain the lad opened his eyes.

"Broken, I doubt," said the father to himself, and jumping up looked round. For the moment he had entirely forgotten his surroundings. Now he saw close by him another father, and in his arms a little limp figure. He looked at them, half dazed.

"I don't think she's very badly hurt," said Sir Robert in a hoarse whisper, "the edge of that seat caught her forehead," and he pointed to a severe cut on her forehead from which the blood was flowing. Then looking down on the boy he added, "Don't try to move him. I'll send the servants down with something to carry him up on and we'll have a doctor in a minute or two. Why, good God!" he suddenly broke out, "you don't mean to say you're Tom Spring? And is that your boy? Well, well." And he hurried off, muttering to himself.

In a few minutes—to Spring they seemed like hours—a couple of servants came carrying an extemporised litter, and accompanied by a doctor, who immediately made a hasty examination.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "fracture of the femur and severe shock. We'll get up to the house and soon have it set. Put your hand there, will you. That's right. Now then, up to the house and remember not to walk in step."

Very deftly and tenderly he had lifted the lad on to the litter and now walked by the side, in company with Spring, the latter vastly relieved to find young Tom capable of a rather watery smile.

"How is the little miss?" he asked.

"Well," answered the doctor, "the knock isn't much, though it looks quite a nasty place. But she's not like this young Hercules, she's all on wires. I shan't feel easy about her for a couple of months at least."

Sir Robert met them in the hall, and by his direction the boy was carried to a large bedroom on the first floor and speedily undressed.

"There," said the doctor smiling at his patient, "now I must see the other invalid and then I'll go and get some splints."

But now Spring had come to himself sufficiently to realise the strangeness of the situation. He hurried after the doctor as he was leaving the room with Sir Robert.

"Shall I be able to take the boy home after his leg is set?" he asked.

Before the doctor could answer, Sir Robert interposed.

"Oh good Heavens, man, it isn't to be thought of. You'll be having the poor little chap lame for life. No, you must let him stop here for a month at least—mustn't he, doctor?"

"It certainly would be a thousand pities," said the doctor, "and a considerable risk."

A few minutes later Sir Robert came back alone, opened the door very softly, and beckoned Spring into the passage. His eyes were glistening.

"God has been good to both of us," he said simply, "it might have gone hard with the children." Then a gleam of fun shone in his eyes. "Do you know, Tom Spring, I'm very much afraid we're going to be friends after all."

VIII

This then, I fancy was the real explanation of what has sometimes been cited as the leading case with regard to compromise in labour disputes. I am afraid its value as an illustration of economic principles has been somewhat exaggerated.

There was quite a series of surprises that evening. Anthony and Roland Gore could hardly believe their eyes when their father introduced "Mr. Spring" to them at dinner time, but they rose gallantly to the occasion and conversed most diligently on indifferent topics to put their visitor at his ease.

They reckoned, however, without their father. Diplomacy was never his way, and perhaps his way was the best. At any rate, before the meal was over, Spring had told the whole story—he durst not take the responsibility of keeping anything back. Sir Robert shook his head rather sadly.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "do they really hate me as much as that? I thought it was all bluff. I can't imagine any one really hating me, upon my word I can't."

But a still greater shock of surprise was experienced by Forbes the secretary, and by the other members of the masters' committee when their chairman, of whom they stood in no little awe, came in accompanied by the notorious "agitator," Tom Spring himself. Nor was the surprise confined to the masters; it was shared to at least an equal extent by the other members of the men's deputation who were waiting for their leader.

But the greatest surprise of all was experienced by the outside world when it was announced that the meeting of masters and men had actually resulted in a genuine give-and-take agreement.

"The moral," said the *Chronicle*, "is easy to draw. The first duty of the men is to organise, and the second is like unto it, and the third also. It is to Mr. Spring and his colleagues that the labour world is indebted to-day. By their skilful tactics, their courage and their persistency they have turned apparent defeat into practical victory. We do not pretend to regard it as final, but at least they have immeasurably strengthened their position for the inevitable conflicts that still remain."

"The moral of this strike," said the *St. George's Gazette*, "is obvious yet we cannot refrain from pointing it. He who gives an inch must be prepared to concede an ell. We only hope that the masters may not find their magnanimity rewarded by fresh outbreaks of insubordination and a new crop of grievances. They have made concessions when they had acquired the right to dictate conditions. It is magnificent, no doubt, but it is not business."

These gloomy forecasts happily remain as yet unfulfilled. The personal equation still counts for something, and since the compromise Gore's Works have known no second strike.

The children outside the settlement

The First Vacation School in England

August 1902

By One of the Staff

THERE is a story about an apple-blossom and a dandelion. The apple blossom looked down with pity upon the dandelion, "for," said she, "they are never received into a nosegay, there are too many of them, they are nothing but weeds."

By and by the children came and made dandelion chains, and after them came an old woman, and she digged the roots up carefully, for she knew the value of them to the druggist.

Then the sunbeam came, and he kissed both the beautiful apple-blossom and the yellow dandelions in the field. All the brothers of the sunbeam kissed them, the poor flowers as well as the rich.

Last came a great lady, and she picked the feathery seed crown of the dandelion, for, she said, "I will paint it together with the apple-blossom, whose beauty all have admired. This humble flower has received just as much from Heaven in a different way, and, various as they are, both are children of the Kingdom of Beauty."

"Both are children of the Kingdom of Beauty."

This is what one felt very strongly while working at the Vacation School.

Any one passing along Tavistock Place before ten o'clock in the morning or five in the afternoon during Coronation month must have noticed a group of children, mostly from the small streets of the neighbourhood, gathering round the doors of the Passmore Edwards Settlement.

These little men and women of the future would have been playing on the streets, in the gutters, and in the dirty courts, had not Mrs. Humphry Ward

decided to follow the Americans' plan, and arrange a Vacation School.

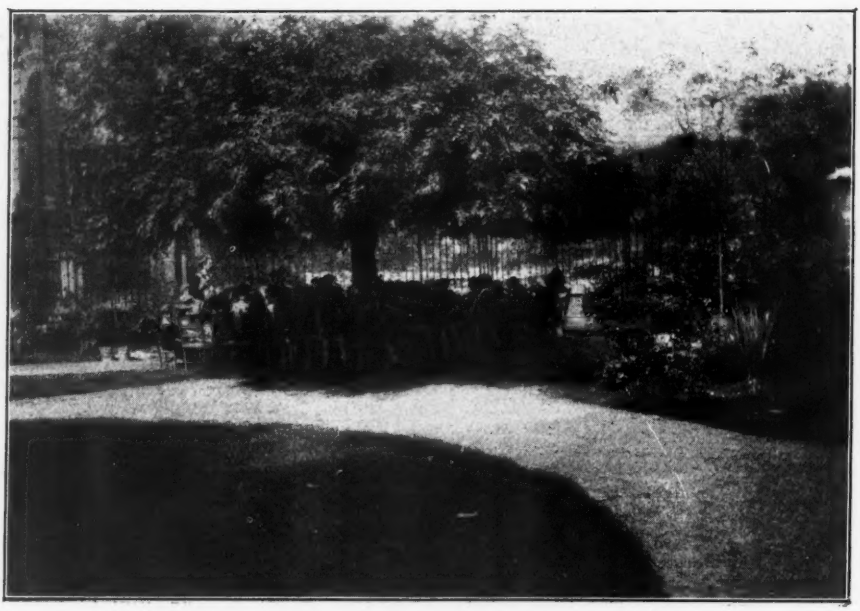
In some of the delightful club rooms, and, better still, in the shady grounds of the settlement, these children spent two and a half happy hours every day. About three hundred came in in the morning, and the same number of different children in the evening, so that six hundred children were happily employed during vacation month.

The staff consisted of some fifteen teachers, under a director, a trained nurse, and the accompanists.

Children are the same all the world over, and so a great sand-heap was made in the court-yard, and here twenty to thirty children at a time would dig for all they were worth, piling up the sand in mighty mountain ranges, making subterranean passages, and dark caves which only smugglers knew about, cutting archways and tunnels from castle to castle. There was the witch's cave and the river running through Hamlin town, into which the Piper led the rats, and we knew that laughing children were shut in the gloomy mountains outside the city gates. The boys worked like men, and the girls shovelled and carried not one whit behind them; harbours, factories, magic caves, walls, stairways, towers, sprang up before these eager children of Adam—sons of the spade.

Several classes were held under the trees. There was the story-telling group. Boys and girls listened breathlessly to the stories of old time, hearing the legends of the Norsemen, the mighty deeds of valiant knights, and the marvellous doings of the Grecian heroes. A new world to many opened before them; and later, these same children would be walking round the beautiful library of the Settlement, picking up this book and that, lying on the tables.

Messrs. Macmillan gave a generous gift of thirty pounds worth of children's books, and practically minded boys would turn at once to the page on "the construction of rabbit-hutches, and chicken-houses"; and the babies would gloat over the pictures of St. Nicholas and books for the bairns.



Under the trees—a nature study group

One little maid of ten years asked if she could have the "stories wot the white man rote of them Red Injuns." She had heard the stories in prose under the tree in the garden, for she meant the Song of Hiawatha, and after listening to a few lines

Telling the old, old fairy stories

read aloud, she took the book and settled down in a window seat reading on and on, with the enthusiasm of a true book lover. "He writes a sort o' sing song, dont'e, miss?" And the child asked for the book every day.

Down in the kitchen fascinating cooking lessons were given to the girls, and even the boys came in for their share. Some of the biggest tied long aprons round their masculine waists, and, with well washed hands, chopped suet and mixed flour and currants for a real "plum-duff."

Another feature of the cooking department was the giving of a dinner-party. The girls were taught to lay a table neatly, arrange flowers (sent up from Mrs. Ward's country garden) in the centre, and then they invited two little guests from other classes to help them eat the dinner which they had cooked and prepared.

The shy little visitors were escorted to the right and left hand of the hostess. Four girls were told off to wait, and dinner began in style. No stretching across, no elbows on the table—every child was helped

> To behave mannerly at table—
> At least as far as he is able,

and the waitresses gravely handed round empty vegetable dishes to the left side of the diner. What matter if the pudding turned out to be raspberry buns, and that only imaginary water was poured into the glasses? There was a great deal of fun, a great deal of training in good manners, and it was one of the most successful dinner-parties of the season.

Upstairs, children were busy modelling in clay, painting and drawing; some were singing of the cooking varieties in the kitchen, for they could be heard in capital part-singing. "Four and twenty black-

birds, baked in a pie,"—what? yes!!! "Baked in a pie!!"

There were other children in the gymnasium, trying who could pull and jump the best; and overhead a dancing class was always in full swing. Boys in their clumsy boots, girls in any but party frocks were gaily joining hands, and stepping round the hall to a jolly polka tune.

and faithless St. George fell in love with Marjorie Daw—perhaps being wearied by repeated calls from Miss Muffet, "George, —another spider!" Robinson Crusoe must *really* have been wrecked on his desert island, for although he started to learn his piece he did not appear on the final night. The Prince really came to wake the Sleeping Beauty; in fact everybody

In the kitchen, the cooking class

The dramatic children must have a paragraph all to themselves indeed. Delightful little plays were acted before the school and staff. There was Miss Muffet imploring St. George of Dragon fame "to kill that terrible spider;" and Old King Cole was on speaking terms with other royal personages—one no other than Alfred of the Cakes; Little Jack Horner sat quietly in the corner until challenged by some more tricksy spirit, and then he solemnly assured everybody that "he meant no harm indeed, *he* was only a *good* boy." There was a dear little Normandy maiden who wandered through the streets, calling distressfully for "Gilbert — London;" in these little plays lived happily ever after. But the children, coached by their clever teacher, attempted greater things than Nursery Rhymes—they played some scenes from a *Winter's Tale*, before a most enthusiastic audience of parents and friends.

Children fond of nature-study found their way to the Botany and Natural History part of the garden, and a selection of *very* good children was taken to Kew.

Painting, drawing, making dolls' clothes, modelling in clay and cardboard, cutting paper pictures, even playing "ping pong," and best of all, for the boys, carpentering classes, went on busily through the morning and evening hours.

Some of the bigger clothing made in the sewing class was sent away as gifts to "other poor children," by common consent of the little workers.

Two Bible classes were held on Fridays, and the children who stayed (and it was quite a voluntary attendance) entered either the Church of England or Nonconformist room.

A new world has opened to some of these children, and although they have the "less" and their richer brothers and sisters "the more" in most of this world's pleasures and possessions, it has come true this year, owing to Mrs. Humphry Ward's kind thought, that the "Brothers of the Sunbeams have kissed them—the poor flowers as well as the rich."

In Flower Alley

By the Author of "The Gordon League Ballads"

THIS is a little story . . .
Of nothing! . . . you might say.
Yet it cheered my heart like sunshine,
One dull dark winter day.
And if it cheers another, who is sad, as I was then,
It's worth my while to tell it, to women—or to men.

. . . .

I'd done a deal of fretting;
For when your husband's ill
And in hospital, it damps you,
Try and take it how you will.
A lady gave me sewing. She was *very* good to me.
But the day I took the work home, I was low as low could be.

We were living in Flower Alley
(That hadn't a flower to show!)
And the fog hung cold as grave-clothes.
And though it's years ago
I can feel its chill upon me as I hurried down the street,
Knowing I'd left my children with scarce a crumb to eat.

I was worrying about them
When I reached the lady's door,
'Twas a splendid house she lived in,
I hadn't been there before.
I was asked to wait in a passage, and I sat me down in a chair,
With a sort of arch before me—as it might be over there—

And through the arch was a staircase,
All flooded in golden light,
And as I sat there waiting
I saw the prettiest sight
You ever could imagine. Three children came down the stairs.
I've seen cherub heads in pictures, but never none sweeter than theirs.

Such darling rosy faces!
Such hair! All wave and shine,
And dresses of lace and velvet,
So rich and dainty and fine!
Three. Just the same as *my* children. A girl and two little boys.
Laughing . . . and stepping careful, with their arms full of lovely toys.

The little girl held a dolly
As big as herself, very near!
And a boy just the size of Harry,
Had a helmet! and sword! and spear!
And the other boy had a trumpet! and a Noah's Ark! and a drum!
"Let us go and show them to mother," they said, as I watched them come.

And they passed down the great wide staircase,
All three; and I saw them no more.
Though the chime of their happy laughter
Followed me out at the door.
It's pleasant now to recall it; but that day in my distress
It filled my breast with a passion of envy and bitterness

For I thought of my wretched young ones,
Waiting for me in the gloom,
By the farthing dip, where I'd left them,
In our poor living room.
Tired: and maybe crying: in the dreary evening shades,
And the laughter of those rich children stabbed me like dagger blades.

I'd never coveted money.
But I grudged and coveted then,
It made me mad to be thinking
That the children of working men
Were to have Life's tears and sadness, and the others have all the joys.
"It's easy for *them* to be laughing! with their clothes and their beautiful toys!"

Thinks I, as I reached our Alley,
Squalid, and dismal, and wet—
And trailed up our steps, and stood . . . rooted:
By a sound I shall never forget.
Peals of the merriest laughter that ever rang out on the air!
Peal after peal!—sweet as music! Where did it come from? Where?

Never from my poor children?
I gasped . . . and I opened the door!
There were my three young ones,
Sitting down on the floor:
Sitting and shouting together, in the guttering candle flame,
Laughing their little heads off, over some wonderful game!

There they were. POOR OF THE POOREST.
Bubbling with laughter and fun,
"Let's go an' show 'em to mother," says Dickie,
Just as the rich ones had done!
And they brought me their toys and treasures . . . Some bits of orange-peel!
And bits of a broken teapot! And an empty cotton reel!

And an oyster shell! And a hairpin!
And an old boot burst to shreds!
They were playing at shop, they told me . . .
Oh! blessings on their young heads!
They didn't know why I was crying, why I kissed them so warm and fast;
But the fog had turned to sunshine. And my bitterness was past.

Friends! the World worships money:
And sells for it Peace and Health.
But Happiness—thank Heaven!—
Has nothing to do with wealth.
It's God's free gift: like summer:
For the rich, and the poor, to find.
And all the money that's minted
Won't buy a contented mind.
And all the money that's minted will never hold or sway
The happy-hearted laughter where little children play!

Sunday Readings for April

By the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham

FIRST SUNDAY

CONTRASTED VIEWS OF SELF.

Job xxvii. 6. "My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go; my heart shall not reproach me so long as I live."

Job xlii. 5, 6. "Mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself."

THESE two assertions come from one mouth, from one heart. They are pronouncements by the same speaker upon the same subject, himself. The contrast of the two is diametrical and absolute.

The wonder of it is to be explained not at all by the character of the speaker, as if he were a hasty, fitful, unstable person, who did not know his own mind from one hour to another, and was ready on slight inducements to unsay his sayings. The explanation lies in the great difference of the light which fell upon the subject-matter at two different times; the light in which, at first and then at last, Job saw himself.

1. The first assertion was made when Job had only human light to read his heart by. We remember the position; and certainly we shall be slow to judge Job severely as we do so. Nay, we shall be wise not to judge him at all, remembering, as some one has well said, that we, so ready to criticise our brethren, are not only not seated on the judicial bench but not even summoned to the jury-box. We remember with sympathy and reverence, in Job's case, how terrific were his trials, how utterly inexplicable (except behind the veil which hid from him the action alike of God and of Satan) were his accumulated sufferings, and how exquisitely trying to his lacerated spirit was the line taken by his friends. Still, not as judges but as reverent observers, we have before us the fact that he took up an attitude of energetic self-vindication, a tone of indignant self-assertion. In the light merely of man upon man he saw himself as a being pure of purpose, true of heart, just and kind. The baseless insinuations of his friends, who assumed that he had done some foul concealed sin, spurred him by reaction into the extremest language of self-satisfaction. He was righteous; he was good; he had nothing to confess; his heart should not reproach him as long as he lived.

There was a sense in which he was right. His friends did grossly mistake him. In respect of their opinion, he had reason in saying he was virtuous. Only, in so doing he ran the tremendous risk of forgetting that there was another point of view, another kind of light; the light of a human standard was too dim to tell him all about himself.

2. Then at last, as the wonderful story works itself out, another light is let in upon him. Not Zophar, or Eliphaz, or even Elihu, but JEHOVAH speaks to Job. Very remarkable is the way in which the book represents His action on His servant's conscience. He speaks very little, if at all, about Job's moral

imperfection. He simply reveals to Job His own divine glory as the omnipotent Creator: Maker and Master of Creation, Cause of all existence in the world. He draws His disciple's eyes upward from self to attempt to gaze on HIM in the inscrutable yet radiant majesty of His sovereign Will. Then Job breaks down; he belies his misguided estimate of his own goodness, and "abhors himself."

We must not indeed think that Job was convinced of sin by the mere, solitary, isolated realisation of the omnipotence of God. No; he knew God already, in a deep experience, so we gather, as just and holy. The convicting power lay in this, if we read the case aright; that the great Revealer so showed His absolute Creator-ship to Job as to cast a new and awful consciousness upon him that God's justice and holiness were absolute and infinite, as the moral attributes of a Being absolute and infinite in the mysterious power to cause and to maintain the world.

However, it was the light of THE LORD which showed Job himself, and brought him to his knees, and drew that word of self-abhorrence from his mouth, and then "stopped" that mouth in penitent silence at last.

Never did human hearts more need than now that illumination, that search-light, upon themselves. At our day, conviction of sin is wofully uncommon. "What must I do to be saved?" is a question heard now, by man and by God, far, far more rarely than, let us say, sixty, or fifty, or forty years ago. Yet it is a question which concerns the very life of true religion. For "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" is calculated for convinced sinners, not for self-complacent virtuous men. The doctrine of the Cross is still "folly" except to the broken, contrite heart. Let such hearts cease to be, and the Gospel will sound in vain; or rather it will be silent as air-waves are silent when there are no ears to know the waves as sound.

Where is the remedy? It lies in our being re-awakened to a soul-sight of GOD, the infinitely Holy One. It is the promised work of the Spirit to reveal Him. Then "come, Holy Spirit, come"; shew us God in Christ, as Fire, as Light. Then we shall see ourselves in our tremendous need. And then Thou canst shew us indeed that same God, in Christ, as Life, as Love.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE EMMAUS ROAD (i.)

St. Luke xxiv. 13. "Behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus."

LET us join these two men on their walk. Perhaps we have done so often before. For surely there are few true Bible-readers who do not love that perfect narrative, Luke xxiv. 13–35, and have not often tried to realise the scene in some degree, feeling themselves there, thinking, talking, looking, listening as if in companionship with Cleopas and his friend.

It is a scene inexhaustibly rich in help and comfort to the Christian. It carries with it, as great literary critics have pointed out, the deepest inward evidences of its own literal truthfulness. For so it narrates the intercourse of "a risen God" with commonplace men as to set natural and supernatural side by side *in perfect harmony*. And to do this has always been the difficulty, the despair, of imagination. The alternative has been put reasonably thus: St. Luke was either a greater poet, a more creative genius, than Shakespeare, or he did not create but record. He had an advantage over Shakespeare. The ghost in Hamlet was an effort of laborious imagination. The risen Christ on the road was a fact supreme, and the Evangelist did but tell it as it was. And in that fact lies hid, safe and living, full of the power of an endless life and a blessed hope, the very salvation of our souls.

Well, if the narrative of that walk and talk is such, we need not fear weariness and monotony if we join once more the two pedestrians, however we may have done so before. This Sunday we will do so, and again, and yet again. Emmaus will yield us fruit each time.

To-day, then, take the story from a side which is not often, I think, remembered by the reader. On what day of the week, and at what season of the year, did the incident

happen? On the first day of the week, and at Passover-time. What do these notes tell us about the conditions and surroundings of that out-door conversation, so deep in its topics, so wonderful and blissful in its results? They tell us that the surroundings were anything but sacred and retired. That road must have been a frequented one, not improbably a crowded one. Passengers were everywhere upon it, coming and going, passing and crossing. It was a scene full of the stir of publicity and the common day.

Most if not all pictures, ancient and modern alike, which give us the Emmaus-road, present to us a sort of Sabbatic scene. The two, the three, are seen pacing a lonely track over fields which look the very picture of repose. It is Sunday afternoon, and in a devout region and age. All conduces to heavenly thoughts, exchanged in tranquil privacy, while the sun sets slowly upon the holy day.

Nay, not so at all. To the Jew, let us remember, then as now, the first day of the week was the first week-day. As the Saturday was his Sabbath, the Sunday was as it were his Monday. With it, the stir of common life began in force again, and men went about their common ways of toil or pleasure. Nor only so. This "first week-day" was also one of the days of the Passover season at Jerusalem. And that season in that place meant a vast aggregation of pilgrims from all distances, the thronging of the neighbourhood of the city with literally many hundreds of thousands of men and women besides the normal population. If we can combine in thought the crowds and stir of a modern English Bank-holiday with the conditions of an Oriental festival, religious in its essence, but assuredly also partaking in some measure of the nature of a fair-time, we place before our minds not inaccurately the state of things on the fields and roads of Judea that particular day.

So the sacred Walk proves to have been a walk in public, in a crowd. It must have been carried on under difficulties, with many an interruption, as groups or individuals pushed past, or came in the way, while the three companions held onward.

Is there no message in this to us? Yes, there is indeed. He who found Magdalene alone (save for angels) in Joseph's garden, and spoke to her heart there in the sweet solitude, spoke with equal ease and power to Cleopas and that other troubled heart upon the open and often noisy road. He is the same to-day. Literally perhaps amidst the throng and the turmoil of the modern street, He is able to talk to his followers' hearts. "I have often found my Saviour present with me on the foot-plate of the engine," said a Christian man a few years ago, a driver on the Metropolitan line. Yes, the most public, the most *blatant* surroundings can make room for the companionship of Jesus. And when we are not upon the literal highway, yet all too conscious in some other sort of the thronging noises of our modern life of publicity and haste, still let us remember Emmaus. Let us take it not as an idyllic picture, in contrast to our present lot, but far rather as a reminder that in our lot, just as it is, the Lord can meet us, and can talk with us, till our hearts also know what it is to burn with Him.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE EMMAUS ROAD (ii.)

St. Luke xxiv. 15. "Jesus Himself drew near and went with them."

LAST week we surveyed the probable scene on the Emmaus road, as Cleopas and his friend set out upon it that never-to-be-forgotten day. We found it a busy scene, a highway alive with pedestrians coming and going, on a day which resembled our Monday more than our Sunday, and which bore some of the characteristics of a holiday as well.

This reminded us, by way of a lasting and general message, of the willingness and the power of our Lord Jesus to make His presence felt not only in secret places or in sacred places, but "out in the open" of life, "before the sons of men" (Psal. xxxi. 19).

Let us revisit that scene to-day. In thought let us steal up to that group of three as they make their way along the road. Let us come near enough not only to look but to listen. Let us above all listen to Him who has just joined the two and has, somehow, drawn them into a conversation, till by degrees

He has raised it into a monologue, while they listen with eager ears and burning hearts.

Observe first that He is the kind *aggressor*. They do not accost Him, but He them. And His first words, if we interpret the Evangelist aright, were not quite welcome to them. The Revised Version, taking a "reading" of the Greek which seems to be the best attested, renders the close of ver. 17 thus: "And they *stood still, looking sad.*" Nay, we may even, with good support, translate the last word of the Greek not only by our word "sad" but almost by "sullen." It was the sadness of men too unhappy to *like* to be disturbed, particularly by one who spoke cheerfully. And can we doubt that a sacred, radiant *cheerfulness* was on the Lord's face and in His voice that day?

Well, they met Him at best with small encouragement. But in a few moments He has got them to unbend their attitude of reserve. A kindly question unlocks the pent-up trouble. And point by point, burthen by burthen, doubts, and fears, and disappointments, and hopeless regrets, they have told Him all. He has let them speak on, and on. Totally ignorant of His identity they are yet somehow put at ease by His bearing, His voice, His manifest goodness. Conceivably they might have feared He was an enemy in disguise, seeking to entrap the followers of the crucified Prophet to their own ruin. But that was impossible. They trusted Him, and they told Him all.

Then, when they had quite done, He speaks. Their whole case is before Him. He can touch their wounds now with the fine precision of perfect sight as well as perfect skill. He can speak to men who *know* that He now knows.

"O fools and slow of heart!" Was it a harsh beginning? In our English it is; but not in St. Luke's Greek. The *tone* of the Greek may be well represented by, "Dear slow-witted people!" or the like. And I dare to think it likely that the blessed Speaker not only spoke kindly, but smiled, nay, almost, may I say it? laughed a gentle laugh as He spoke. He had patiently heard them out as they stated their case, reckoning up on the side of despair one point after another which yet was all on the side of "everlasting comfort and good hope through grace." Did He not feel, in His pure Humanity, for the Risen One is for ever human, that there was matter here to move a smile, as He proceeded to sweep the whole bewildered tangle of mistakes away for ever?

We know what followed; that wonderful Bible Lesson, "beginning at Moses and all the Prophets." Till the sun was low He spoke and they listened. With faultless and tender power He pressed the anodyne of the holy Word upon their aching wounds. To Him in His Resurrection the Scriptures were, if possible more than ever, the oracle of God, manifold yet one; and He was everywhere their true Theme. So He led them on, till, *before they knew it was He*, by the power of the Spirit upon the written Word, they were at rest about Him, and upon Him, again.

And now the walk ended, and now they, so lately almost sullen at His intrusion, would not let Him go. "Abide with us"; and He obeyed. Then they saw Him break the bread. Then they knew Him for Himself.

What does the Walk say to us after this fresh review? It tells us that "this same Jesus," for He is to-day the same, understands the human heart. He knows how to approach it patiently, bearing with its shy and even sullen reserve. He knows how to "lay Himself alongside" the disturbed and restive spirit. He knows how to make the hearts He loves burn with faith and love towards Him. He knows how to make the sealed Oracle stand open to the humbled soul, and how to tell the soul, through that Oracle, about Himself. He knows how and when to let the veil drop, and to manifest Himself, "this same Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, for ever."

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE EMMAUS ROAD (iii.)

St. Luke xxiv. 33. "They rose up the same hour and returned to Jerusalem, and found the Eleven."

AGAIN, once again, we go out upon the Emmaus Road, and look for Cleopas and

his friend. We have watched them to the end of their outward journey, with that unexpected and unknown Companion. Look, they have entered that house with Him, after a brief conversation at the door, when they pressed Him to join them for the night. Shall we see them again? Probably not; they will not stir out till morning. Nay, not so. Before very long the door opens, and our friends, Cleopas and the other, two now again, not three, step out and, at a pace far quicker than before, retrace their way and hurry through the shadows to where the far-off evening lamps glimmer from Jerusalem.

It is a walk now not to, but from, Emmaus. We shall find a message in this walk also. Why had the two friends left Jerusalem and walked away to the distant village? Can we doubt that the main motive was the desolateness, the repellent sadness, the hostile gloom, of Jerusalem, now the Lord was gone? More than this, may we not think, for the heart was then what it is to-day, that they left Jerusalem not only because it was the abode of triumphant enemies but because there they would meet woe-begone friends? They would only be the more deeply sad for companionship with those who had hoped so much with them and then, with them, had met so awful a disappointment. Such, almost for certain, was the mood in which Thomas (Joh. xx. 24) absented himself from his brethren that very evening. Such, in part at least, may well have been the feeling of these two.

There is a powerful *centrifugal* force in some forms of grief; not in all, but in some. Particularly, a bitter disappointment tends to disintegrate a circle. To use the expressive word common in Scripture, the disappointed man is "ashamed." He has been, he thinks, *fooled* by fortune. He would fain hide his face, and eat his troubled heart alone. To meet the partakers of his once cherished delusion is an unwelcome aggravation of his own mortified regret.

That force assuredly began to work when the Lord Jesus had died and before His disciples knew that He was risen again. The circle began to break up here and there. Had He not risen, the centrifugal process would have gone on, for want of a central magnet. And had the centrifugal process gone on, there would be no Christian Church to-day, and my reader and I would have been engaged with other themes than the person and influence of a half-forgotten Rabbi who died in Judea very long ago.

Now let us think again of those two men hastening through the deep shadows towards the city. They are under the power of a *centripetal* force. They are bent upon rejoining their friends, for they have now good tidings of great joy to carry to them; and a great joy, supposing it to be also a pure and noble joy, cannot rest without communication. So they make their way to the city, and to the upper chamber, which had so lately been the disciples' rendezvous, that they may share their glorious secret. And they find their friends there with the like tidings so ready on their lips that the travellers have no time to speak first: "The Lord is risen indeed."

The Resurrection drew them all with one mighty embrace together; or rather, not the Resurrection but the Risen Lord.

Here is a weighty matter for the student of Christian Evidence; one of the vast moral proofs which gather around the victory of our Master over "the dreadful tomb." It will bear close attention, and will reward it with a fresh conviction of the profound ultimate harmony of faith and reason at the door of Joseph's sepulchre.

But this is not all. The glad speed of the happy pilgrims of Emmaus back to Jerusalem tells us also some permanent spiritual truths. It says to us that nothing so draws human hearts together as a living and conscious contact with Jesus Christ. It bids us hope, amidst the countless confusions and disputes of thought not in the world only but in the Church, that we shall yet find in a fresh heaven-given realisation of His life and love the great antidote to the earth-born spirit of division in our poor Christendom. And to the individual believer it says that he will surely find, in the experience of his soul, that two things will regularly rise and fall together—the personal contact of faith and love with the Lord Jesus Christ, and the longing impulse to tell others of His glory and His grace.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key—Tennyson's Poems

THE subject proved even more popular than last time, and the keenness of the competition was fully maintained. Among a large number of excellent papers the 1st prize falls to "Dubric," and the 2nd to "Crescent." If we could have given a prize for handwriting it would certainly have been won by "Mopsus," whose penmanship is the most wonderful we have ever seen.

In future, when quotations are asked for, only one will be required in each case, unless the contrary is specified. Competitors are requested to write on one side of the paper; to fasten loose sheets together, and to write their pseudonyms on the first sheet.

We give a list of Marks and Key to the Paper.

Dubric, 100; Crescent, 96; Ion, 90; Penwort, 89; Penumbra, 88; Columba, 87; Blix, 87; Asphodel, 86; Damon, 84; Logan, 82; Flaxius, 82; Furze, 81; Alclutha, 81; Lentrad, 79; Anbu, 78; Idler, 78; Devenick, 77; Carlyon, 76; Beaver, 75; Lancelot, 74; Nitor, 74; Petrol, 73; Averil, 73; Gelert, 73; Coral, 73; Afon Wen, 73; Connla, 73; Bundy, 73; Trothan, 73; J. Strong, 72; Victoire, 72; Cotswold, 72; Femina, 71; Sackville, 69; Hamel, 69; Haricot, 69; Gaerloch, 69; Eclipse, 69; Achil, 69; Shya, 69; Portia, 68; Digamma, 68; Fenella, 68; Beetle, 68; Herries, 67; Aconite, 67: Youlton, 67; Ulysses, 66; Myra, 66; An Owl, 65; M. Kenwigs, 65; Elpis, 65; Pax, 65; Erisca, 65; Caledonia, 65; Bridget, 65; Taffy, 64; Bee, 64; Ronile, 64; Sibyl, 64; Bobbie, 64; Vesper, 64; Cumbrian, 63; Swift, 63; Ryan, 62; Sirius, 62; St. Lucia, 62; Moth, 62; Deirdre, 61; Seaweed, 62; Irene, 81; Beaumont, 62; Owlie, 61; Europa, 61; Colin, 60; Cec, 59; Opal, 59; Carlo, 59; Ontario, 58; Assisi, 58; Rover, 58; Dav 58; Hopeless, 58; Calamus, 58; Forgot, 57; Inez, 57; Frog, 57; Emilia, 57; League, 57; Horatia, 57; Amelius, 57; Robin, 56; Antap, 56; Boggane, 56; Hugonel, 56; Galahad, 56; Vanitas, 55; St. Clair, 54; Spero, 54; Spes, 54; Duppy, 53; Iota, 52; Ras 6, 52; Aedh, 52; Anne Page, 51; Ferret, 51; Wuzzums, 51; Theta, 50; Alex, 50; Barton, 50; Dot, 50; Dorothy, 49; Owla, 49; Rewop, 49; Lucy Ashton, 49; Bell, 48; Gummer, 48; Houghton, 48; J. Penn, 48; Peg, 48; Regnats, 48; A. Jay Pea, 48; Levana, 47; Sybille, 47; Polonius, 47; Aid, 47; Morlay, 47; Ned Gus, 46; She Who, 46; Verity, 46; Mopsus, 46; Berwyn, 45; Quidam, 45; Kingston, 44; Nan Owl, 44; Campac, 43; Birkrigg, 43; Southern, 42; Fatima, 42; Bookless, 41; Lotys, 41; Wales, 41; Psyche, 40; Déjà, 40; Saxonia, 40; Judex, 39; Azile, 39; Veritas, 39; Nita, 38; Dagonet, 37; Lens, 37; Stella, 36; Pippa, 34; Carolina, 34; Onza, 34; Hinemoa, 34; We Two, 32; Ethelred, 32; Regina, 31; Yosef, 30; Rita, 30; Ayala, 30; Star, 28; Ivan, 28; Mercury, 27; Flambeau, 27; Margaret, 26; Athenæum, 20; Topsy, 14; Queenie, 10.

1. i. "Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad."
Northern Farmer (New Style).

ii. "O you chorus of indolent reviewers,
Irresponsible indolent reviewers."
Hendecasyllabics.

iii. "In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring East." *The Princess.*

iv. "But summun 'ull come arter meä mayhaps wi' 'is kittle o' steam
Huzzin' an' maäzin the blessed fields wi' the Divil's own teäm.'
Northern Farmer (Old Style).

v. "Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old." *Geraint and Enid.*

vi. "This broad-brimmed hawker of holy things. . . ."
Maud, x. iii., also ii. v. 10.

2. i. "A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies."
The Grandmother.

ii. "More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of." *Morte d'Arthur.*

iii. "'Tis better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all."
In Memoriam, xxvii.

iv. "In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great." *Lancelot and Elaine.*

v. "This wild wreath of air,
This flake of rainbow flying on the highest
Foam of men's deeds—this honour if ye will." *The Princess.*

vi. "Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, The love of love." *The Poet.*

3. i. The wife of King Midas revealed to the reeds the secret of her husband's ears. Tennyson follows Chaucer's version of the story, rather than Ovid's.

ii. Egeria, the counsellor of Numa Pompilius.

iii. "I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt." *Gen.* iv. 23.

iv. Maud's brother, an early Victorian dandy, is aptly compared to one of the human-faced bulls, with curly whiskers and beard, discovered among the sculptures of Nineveh by Mr. Layard.

v. In a letter to the late Duke of Argyll, Tennyson states that as he was walking one day in March in Lincolnshire, he saw a kingfisher making its way inland from the sea. There came into his head a fragment of Alcman, "The sea-purple bird of spring," referring to the Halcyon. At a later date, when he had forgotten the incident, he was persuaded that he meant the blue tit.

vi. In Tennyson's Memoirs we find, "These lines I wrote from what Arthur Hallam said after reading of the prominent ridge of bone over the eyes of Michael Angelo. 'Alfred, look over my eyes, surely I have the bar of Michael Angelo.'"

4. It is difficult to choose among the innumerable instances of minute observation to be found in Tennyson's works.

i. "The rabbit fondles his own foolish face." *Aylmer's Field.*

ii. "When in the darkness over me the four-handed mole shall scrape." *Eleanore.*

iii. "Him like the working bee in blossom dust,
Blanched with his mill they found." *Enoch Arden.*

iv. "As the thistle shakes,
When three grey linnets wrangle for the seed." *Guinevere.*

v. "When the lone hern forgets his melancholy
Lets down his other leg, and stretching, dreams
Of goodly supper in the distant pool." *Gareth and Lynette.*

vi. "He looked at her as careful robins eye
The delver's toil."
Geraint and Enid.

vii. "Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself
Root-bitten by white lichen."
Gareth and Lynette.

viii. More black than ashbuds in the front of March."
Gardener's Daughter.

ix. "The chestnut when the shell divides threefold to show the fruit within." *The Brook.*

x. "More crumpled than a poppy from its sheath." *The Princess.*

xi. "For her feet have touched the meadows and left the daisies rosy." *Maud.*

xii. "Pure as the lines of green that streak
the white Of the first snowdrop's
inner leaves." *The Princess.*

5. The following examples will serve:

i. "His honour rooted in dishonour stood." *Lancelot and Elaine.* Said of Lancelot, whose unlawful love for the Queen kept him pure from all other loves.

ii. "If I lose myself I save myself."
Holy Grail.
Before a knight could attain to the vision of the Holy Grail he must gain true humility and lose all consciousness not only of "his prowess" but also of "his sin."

iii. "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."
In Memoriam, xcvi.
To face the spectres of the mind and lay them, shows more faith in the Supreme Power than to "make the judgment blind" by merely reciting a formal creed.

iv. "For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven."
The Ancient Sage.
The mysteries of philosophy and theology are incapable of mathematical demonstration like a proposition of Euclid, and require some inward correspondence on the part of the man who accepts them.

v. "He is all fault that hath no fault at all."
Lancelot and Elaine.
As a king Arthur was faultless, as a lover he lacked "the touch of earth," and was "all fault."

6 i. Addressed to a skeleton.
Vision of Sin, iv.

ii. The progress of Europe contrasted with the immutability of China and the East. *Locksley Hall.*

iii. In time of war, virtues reveal themselves which are hidden in time of peace. Even a cheating tradesman would then rise to the emergency.
Maud, i. 13 (written 1855).

iv. The poet, under the influence of a pint of port, snaps his fingers at the critics,
"And that eternal want of pence
That vexes public men,
Who hold their hands to all and cry
For that which all deny them—
Who sweep, etc."
Will Waterproof.

v. The sentence occurs twice, first when Arthur and Lancelot "swore on the field of death a deathless love," and secondly when "Pellam the King" failed to pay the tribute due after his defeat. The meaning is, that truth is a spark of the divine nature in each man, and according as he is bound by his word or breaks it he is true or false to the divinely kindled light.

vi. Ambrosius the Monk hopes that in the convent they are growing in grace, for they certainly are not growing in worldly knowledge. *Holy Grail.*

7. Malory's "Mort d'Arthure," which is the main source of the "Idylls of the King," in its quaint combination of pure paganism and mediæval Christianity, sets before us a distinct image of chivalry with its head of gold and its feet of miry clay. It opens at the same time a most curious chapter in the history of religious belief and morals. Tennyson laid ruthless hands on this masterpiece of English literature and converted it into an allegory. "New-old and shadowing Sense at war with Soul." For this purpose Arthur was to represent the rational soul, Merlin intellectual power, Guinevere the heart, "The Lady of the Lake" the Church, and so on. It would have been better if he had invented his personages, as he invented his scenery, from

fairyland, instead of re-creating them from an "old imperfect tale." The tale does not fit the allegory, and the spirit of the allegory is entirely different from that of the tale.

For example, the famous passage in "Guinevere," in which the king takes leave of his guilty wife, "Yet, must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame . . ." would have been unintelligible to the original Arthur, who was far more concerned with the effect of his wife's disloyalty than with its sin. "And much more am I sorrier for my good knight's losse then for losse of my queen, for queens might I have enough, but such a fellowship of good knights shall never bee together in no company. . . . Alas that Sir Lancelot and I should ever bee at debate."

Again, though the Church did its best to Christianise the ancient Legend of the San Greal, it still retained its primitive characteristic as a cornucopia, or horn of plenty. "Then there entered the hall the holy grale covered with white samite. . . . And every knight had such meate and drinke as he best loved." Tennyson not only dropped the heathen element, but reversed the religious teaching. To the mediæval mind following the San Greal was far worthier "than redressing human wrongs." To Tennyson's Arthur it is an insanity. "Was I too dark a prophet when I said, that most of them would follow wandering fires?" "'The Holy Grail' (as a competitor points out) is in the spirit of F. D. Maurice, Kingsley, Robertson of Brighton, not in the spirit of Thomas à Kempis." If we go through the other Idylls in the same way it will be found in almost every case, that while Tennyson has treated his subject with unsurpassable beauty of language, he has invested it with an atmosphere which, whether morbid or moral, for that is not here the question, is equally unsuited to the simple ethics of the original.

8. i. "The white mist, like a face cloth
to the face, Clung to the dead
earth, and the land was still."
Guinevere.

ii. "The crested bird that claps his
wings at dawn."
Dream of Fair Women.

iii. "A pasty costly made,
Where quail and pigeons, lark and
leveret lay,
Like fossils of the rock, with
yellow yolks
Imbedded and injellied."
Audley Court.

iv. "Tiptilted like the petal of a
flower." *Gareth and Lynette.*

v. "A herd of boys with clamour bowled
and stumped the wicket."
Princess.

vi. "Till I, tired out with cutting eights
that day upon the pond. . . ."
The Epic.

Examination Paper No. 4.

Lamb's Essays

1. EXPLAIN the following allusions, with reference if necessary to the context.

i. May the Brush supersede the Laurel.

ii. Somewhere between the Greek Calends and the Latter Lammas.

iii. But Adah sleepeth by the river Pison.

iv. From the Gnat which preluded to the Æneid to the Duck which Samuel Johnson trod on.

v. Austin, whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen.

vi. Do you grow your own hemp?

vii. The children of Alice call Bartrum father.

viii. Sol-Fa-Mi-Re is as conjuring as Baralipton.

2. By what six epithets might Lamb's literary style be most aptly described?

3. Who are meant by Lovel, Barbara S——, Bridget Elia, Mr. Twopeny, Cousin James, W. H., Dear little T. H., Peter Wilkins?

4. "Lamb is like a well-bred but ill-trained pointer. He has a fine nose, but won't or can't range. He keeps always close to your feet and then he points larks or titmice."

Is there any truth in this criticism of Tickler's (Noctes Ambrosianæ)?

5. State concisely the arguments by which Lamb enforces the following positions :

i. An actor ought not in every case to identify himself with his part.

ii. The morality of the stage is not necessarily that of everyday life.

iii. The plays of Shakespeare are less calculated for performance on a stage than those of almost any other dramatist whatever : *or*, The character of Malvolio has hitherto been very generally misunderstood.

6. State, also concisely, the positions of which the following are illustrations.

i. The children of the very poor do not prattle.

ii. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.

iii. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances.

iv. There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is——

v. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

vi. She called it an ungrammatical game.

7. Give two or three instances to show that Lamb's most categorical statements are not always meant to be taken as serious matters of fact.

The next examination paper will be on Robert Browning's Poems (A.D. 1833–1865).

Our Literary Examination Papers

These papers are set by Mr. H. R. Heatley. They will be marked to scale as in an ordinary school or University examination. Prizes will be awarded to those obtaining the highest marks in each individual paper and also for the best aggregate marks for given terms as follows :

MONTHLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1 ; second prize, 10s.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1 ; second prize, 10s. ; third prize, 5s.

HALF-YEARLY PRIZES.—First prize, £2 ; second prize, £1 ; third prize, 10s.

ANNUAL PRIZE.—First prize, £5 ; second prize, £2 ; third prize, £1.

In accordance with the markings as given above the first prize of £1 is this month won by

"DUBRIC."

The second prize of 10s. is won by

"CRESCENT."

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Editor.

The marks will be published monthly, the total for the month, quarter, half-year, and year, to date. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given : for the present the real names and addresses of the prize-winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to

The Literary Editor,
"GOOD WORDS,"
15 Tavistock Street,
Covent Garden,
London, W.C.

Papers which arrive after the 20th of the month will not be adjudicated upon.

The marks for the April paper will be published in the June number of the magazine—and so on.

A Pretty English Wild-flower

FAR too little attention is paid to British wild flowers in our gardening. Here is a picture of one which is almost unknown, although its graceful form and delicate colouring of green shaded on white might make it a favourite with our horticulturists, if it only chanced to be a rarity from Japan or Fiji. In cottage gardens you may often see plenty of its cousins, the "common" Star of Bethlehem, a rather unsatisfactory, star-shaped, flower of China white, which is so sensitive to weather that in our showery springs you generally see it closed. It is a squat plant too, seldom raising its flowers more than a few inches from the ground.

The "Latin" name of all the Stars of Bethlehem is *Ornithogalum;* and botany-books give no better "English" name for the subject of this note than "Drooping Ornithogalum." For an English wild-plant—because although doubtfully indigenous it is well established in the wilds in many parts of England—which ought to have a place of honour in everybody's "wild garden," this title is absurdly cumbrous. "Drooping Star of Bethlehem" is better but much too long; whereas in some parts of Norfolk, where it grows abundantly, the villagers know it as "Angels' Tears." No flower needs a prettier English name than this.

But it must not be supposed that the blossoms on a single plant are massed together as in our illustration. This represents a number of sprays arranged in a vase for drawing-room purposes. As it grows, each bulb—for the plant belongs to the lily order—sends up a flowering stem a foot high or more bearing about six large white flowers, which, as they droop, show that their backs are softly green in colour margined with white; and it is this admixture of green which gives them their distinctive delicacy.

Drooping Ornithogalum ("Angels' Tears")

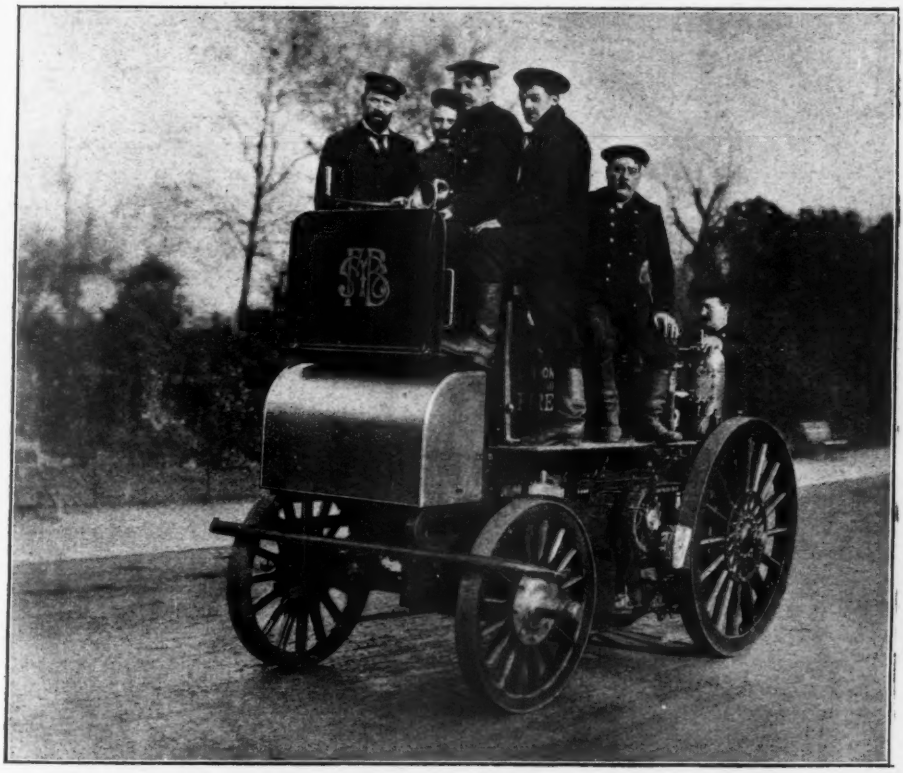
They are extremely hardy holding their own well against the wild weeds of any shrubbery or coppice; and no one who sprinkles the margins of a woodland path with "Angels' Tears" will regret having done so.

E. K. R.

London's First Motor Fire-Engine

THE supersession of the horse-drawn vehicle by the mechanically driven road-carriage is proceeding apace, and in every branch of locomotion the invasion of the motor may be seen. Before many years are over the horse will only be used for pleasure purposes, and in town and country the motor-car will reign supreme. Abroad motors are being used to draw ploughs and other agricultural implements in place of horses, and it is quite possible that before very long the employment of horses in warfare for such purposes as dragging guns into action, hauling waggons and carts, &c., will be completely abandoned.

With regard to our present subject, the abolition of the horse-drawn fire-engine and its replacement by one propelled by some mechanical means, it must be recognised that the motor fire-engine is only now in its experimental stage, and that the authorities responsible for the management of fire brigades are at present feeling their way towards a solution of the problem. So familiar are we with the sight of the fire-engine, with its galloping steeds, that we may be prejudiced against the self-propelled machine, but, in the opinion of experts, its gradual adoption by all the great fire brigades of the world is only a question of time. The mechanically propelled fire-engine which is here illustrated is the invention of Captain Lionel de Lautour Wells, R.N., Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. It was built at the headquarters of the brigade at Southwark,



(Helsby, photo, Canonbury, N.)
London's first Motor Fire-Engine

and is now stationed at the London County Council fire station in Bridge Road, Battersea.

Captain Wells' engine is propelled by a steam-engine. As our readers are aware, the forces used to propel vehicles are electricity, steam, and internal combustion motors, such as petrol-engines, &c. The Paris Fire Brigade owns an automobile fire-engine driven by electric accumulators, but the disadvantage of this method of propulsion is that the machine is rendered exceedingly heavy, owing to the great weight of the batteries that have to be carried. Until some inventor produces a really light and efficient accumulator, or a primary battery, the electric fire-engine will not find much favour in the eyes of experts and fire-brigade officials.

In Germany experiments have been made with self-propelled fire-engines driven both by benzine motors and steam-engines. The Germans claim that in its readiness to start the benzine motor possesses a great advantage over the steam-engine, which requires from ten to twenty minutes to get up steam, or, to save the delay at the critical moment, incurs the expense of keeping up steam continuously in a separate boiler.

Captain Wells' motor fire-engine is fitted with a single boiler of the vertical fire-tube type, supplying steam for both the propelling and the pumping engines. Exerting a horse-power of twenty-five, a speed of twenty-five miles an hour can be attained, and on emergency it can go thirty miles an hour. The water-tank is of twenty-five gallons capacity.

On account of its short wheel base the engine can turn in less than twenty feet. The steering pivots are in the centre of the hubs, in order to render the steering as easy and steady as possible. The controlling levers are at the front, and the engineer simply attends to the boiler, which is fed with liquid fuel in the form of petroleum.

The Liverpool Fire Brigade have just added a motor chemical fire-engine to their equipment. The engine is mounted on an 18 h.-p. Daimler *chassis* supplied by the Road Carrying Company, Limited.

The Wealth, Jewellery, and Dress of a Savage

EVEN the wild and uncivilised savage reveals many traits of character that distinctly link him with the more cultured and civilised of his race. Prominent amongst such characteristics is the "artistic temperament" often developed in a large degree even in the wildest cannibal. This cannot, perhaps, be better illustrated than by the skilful and decorative art exhibited in the making of their pottery and household utensils; their adze blades of stone and shell; their needles of bird and fish bones, and such other implements of daily use; their weapons of war, such as bows, spears, arrows, &c., all wonderfully cut and carved from the hardest of woods, and beautifully balanced withal; their canoes, paddles, &c.; and even their jewellery and body ornaments show many interesting features, and although crude in form and application, yet point to the fact that the love of personal decoration seems as natural a characteristic of man as hunting his prey or defending himself from assault.

Our illustration shows several decorative ornaments, from the writer's collection, worn by the natives of the Solomon Islands of the South Pacific, the inhabitants of which are addicted to cannibalism. They have frizzly hair and dark-coloured skins; and even before they were acquainted with the use of metals for making tools, the manufacture of stone implements was quite a highly developed industry amongst them.

The two upper and thinner rings shown in the photograph are armlets worn on the upper arm by unmarried girls, either as a personal ornament, or sometimes several are worn, one being transferred from one arm to the other daily, and so constituting a time-register.

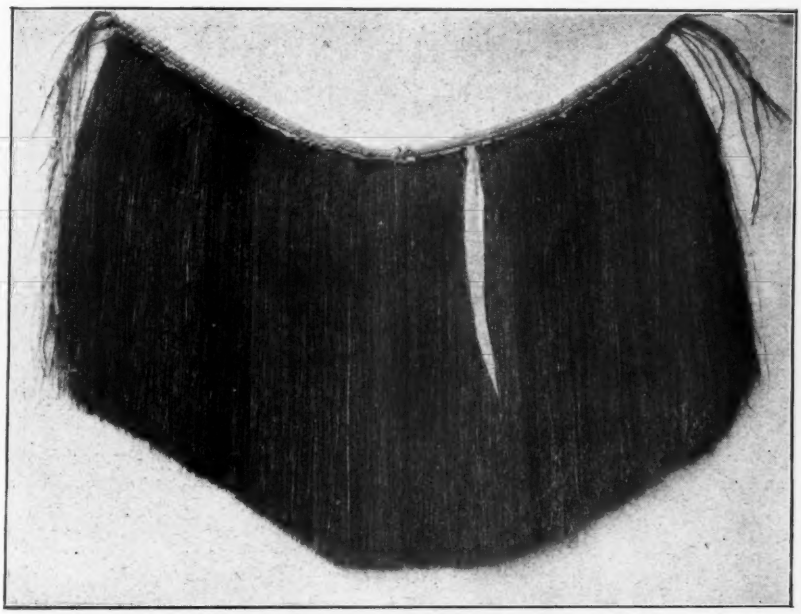
Below these are two larger rings not so smoothly finished, with a hole carefully drilled in the broadest part; these, when tied with grass or cocoanut fibre to the large holes made in the lobes of their ears, constitute earrings, and are largely worn by men, and it should be remembered that they are in actual size as large again as those shown in the illustration. The ears of these

islanders are perforated with holes of various sizes, and the tips of the lobes are sometimes dragged down by weighty ornaments so as to almost rest on their shoulders.

Both the armlets and ear-rings are made from Trochus shells, which are valued greatly by the natives when large enough to make

state of the woman wearing it, increasing in length to below the knees in the case of the married women. That of the illustration probably represents the engaged size, reaching to just above the knees.

Although clothes are not a very important item to the wild native, yet personal orna-



(John J. Ward, photo)

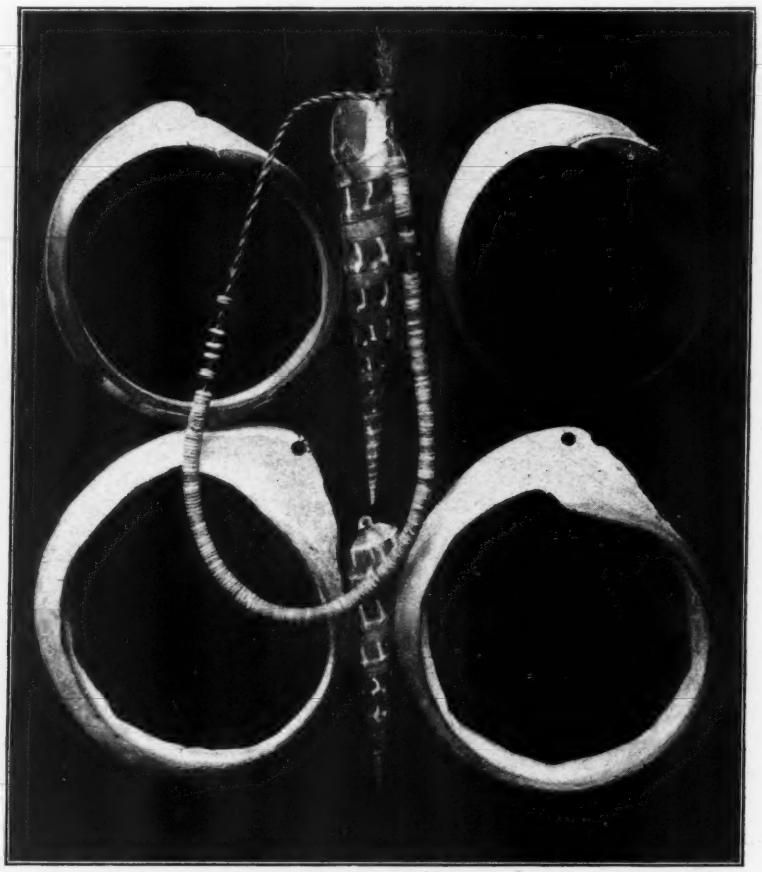
The split-grass dress of a woman of the Solomon Islands

these ornaments, and which top-shaped shells are rubbed and worn from above and below until the broadest whirl of the shell only is left, which then supplies the pearly ornament desired.

The clothing of the Solomon Islanders, when any is worn at all, consists generally of a piece of matting, or perhaps more often a few matting fibres hung round the waist, although the women often wear a "liku," or fringed girdle of split grass woven into a plaited belt of cocoanut leaves or fibre. These girdles are worn of various lengths corresponding with the single, engaged, or married

ments are highly appreciated. In a similar manner that the arms are encircled with shell and bone armlets, so each knee is likewise adorned with similar rings of shell or clusters of small shells threaded together, while their necks are frequently surrounded with a necklace from the same source, although instead of shells it may be dogs' or other animals' teeth polished and strung together. The chiefs of the tribes are often further decorated by a disc of shell or vegetable ivory often several inches in diameter and beautifully engraved, which occupies a place on the forehead. Perhaps

a shell pin also may be stuck in the end of the nose, or a prettily plaited one of coloured reeds may be inserted through the lobe of the ear or the septum of the nose. Each disc is beautifully and regularly formed to lie closely and make a cylinder like edge to the whole, and has its value amongst the natives. Other forms of coin consist of



(John J. Ward, photo)

The jewellery and money of a South Sea Islander (half actual size)

For either of the latter positions the shells shown in the centre of the illustration are useful, being naturally auger-shaped.

The string of twisted vegetable fibre containing numerous evenly made discs of shell shown on the illustration represents the native money of some of these islanders. large solid pieces of shells, probably suitable for making weapons with; or other forms may be bands of vegetable fibre clothed with small parrot feathers made to roll up and carry between boards in a bag, and so these various articles constitute the current coin of the savage. JOHN J. WARD.

The Adventurer in Spain*

By S. R. Crockett

Author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Stickit Minister," "The Men of the Moss Hags," &c.

V.—The Strange Thoughts of a Beggar Man

AFTER smuggling, easy was the descent to mere strolling and vagabondage. But then, in the Spains, no man is thought the less of for being, as we say in Scotland, a "solicitor." The expression "you beggar" has almost its playful English sense. There is, in addition, that universal Spanish brotherhood in aristocracy which they express in the proverb, "Call no man dog, lest one day the dog bite you!"

So, having on previous sojourns in the Pyrenean country, obtained some introduciton to that highly respectable and respected class, the United Society of Beggars and Bettellers trafficking in the Spains, I was not in the least surprised to hear Biño, when I asked him as to his prospective bride and father-in-law, answer without constraint and without shame, "He is a travelling merchant." No, neither mendicant nor yet suppliant—as the señor might misunderstand. For Rodil possesses a waggon of his own—and his mule is an excellent one—of the true mouse-colour.

"And you, Biño," I said, to try him, "who are a householder in two counties, can it be that you are taken with the daughter of a—travelling merchant?"

I repeated his word, and it was perhaps well that I did so, for Biño was a proud man and a stickler for the distinctions. He shrugged his shoulders.

"What would you?" he said. "When a fish is caught, what matters whether the line be twisted of hemp or of silken cord?"

"And do you mean to marry the lady?" I hazarded.

"That depends," said Biño; "I have it in my mind that I will travel some time in their company. I will observe this girl. If she be sage—or at least sage enough for me, assuredly I will wed her. You are surprised?"

"But of all this I have heard nothing!"

"Nor hath any other!" he cried, "not even I myself. Indeed I am astonished that your honour should have been so well informed as to my liking for the maid."

Without answering in words I showed him a rough, untoned print, and he cried out in wonder. It was of himself and his lady-love leaving the little fountain opposite the *fonda* in El Seo.

"I know many things," he said; "but this is enchantment. Even so did I carry

Neither mendicant nor beggar

* Copyright, 1903, in the United States of America, by S. R. Crockett.

her water-pots while she walked a little behind! I will go now and show it to Marinessia, and also to her father, who is a wise man—fit to be governor of a province!"

It is worth noting here that Marinessia is the Basque corruption for Maria Ignacia, and a popular name. Now I shall have much to say of Marinessia, but of Rodil, her father, infinitely more. It was true, as I found, what Biño had said—his father-in-law's company was far to be preferred to that of the governor of any province.

For Rodil was no mere ganger of roads. He was in his way a capitalist, owning a waggon, blue-tilted, capacious, from which rolls of cloth could be extracted, with silks and cheap jewellery all done up in mysterious waterproof packages—indeed all the paraphernalia of a regular smugglers' receiver upon his travels. In addition Rodil had a daughter, who however did not often travel with the outfit, that Marinessia for whose sake our Biño had become a water-carrier. Rodil had also a wife Concepcion and a son Tobalito, more frequently referred to as Penique, or "the Copper." But in spite of all these possessions Rodil would very frequently leave the other members of his family to run the main establishment alone, while he went off by himself, his pockets filled with Geneva watches and crucifixes of unmarked silver and unguaranteed ebony to "bettle" and barter it cross country towards a prearranged *rendezvous*.

It was on such occasions, that I found his acquaintance to be of the greatest advantage. Biño's description set my soul instantly in a flame. I coveted my neighbour's beggar. No one had made an intimate study of North Spanish vagrancy. Even the excellent "Vagabond in Spain" vagabondised much further to the south and west, and the beggar of Ford with his open sores, amputations, and long filthy beard is out of date in the north to-day—except perhaps in the vicinity of the great Shrine of our Lady of the Pillar in Zaragoza, or painfully climbing the mountain of Montserrat about the time of the great September pilgrimage. Indeed in the vicinity of such very holy places he has existed unchanged from the time of Martial. He was the Tartuffe of Domitian's temples, and he remains the pest and scourge of the shrines of Spain unto this day. To quote a very ancient record: "No poverty or needy toil compels him to live thus. The sheep (his neighbour's) gives him a fleece. The field gives him corn. His horse approves thereof. What need of a house for him. It is only to be entered on rare occasions." Or again: "See in the porch of Domitian's new temple of wisdom—yes, yonder old man! 'Reverend,' say you? Why, so he is, if a wallet and a staff, hair like a door-mat, a beard of which the less said the better, a sad-coloured cloak descending to his heels and a crowd that gives him alms to be rid of him, make a man holy! A Cynic, say you? I own it, but I am closer to the word than you—a *dog*, say I!"

But Biño's introduction of his prospective kinsman soon proved him to be of another stamp from such ancient props and parasites of church porches.

"Señor," he said, "this is my friend concerning whom I spake. Don Buenoventura Rodil y Alva is his name; but he will be well content if, after the first time, you call him Rodil!"

So in obedience to Biño's hint, I greeted the nobleman upon his travels with what courtesy I was master of. And such was his dignity of manner and the solidity of his character and conversation, that I never felt the least desire to treat him save with the utmost respect.

The man whom Biño brought forward was a roughly-attired frieze-coated Spaniard of middle age, with the shrewd, melancholy, bearded visage of a herd upon the Galloway hills, and when he spoke, he had the same slow speech, as if before delivery each word had been weighed and not found wanting. It was a face to respect—a plain, sane, quietly humorous face to which I took from the first. I was blood brother to the type. At home they call each other "Tammas" and "Jone," crying stormily athwart the mists of the mountain tops.

Like them too Rodil never did anything in a hurry. If he only filled his pipe, he did it with the air of one taking part in a religious ceremony. And this thoughtful air was genuine—the product of years of mountain airs and nights spent in the dens and caves of the earth.

In his way a capitalist, owning a waggon

I have seen something of the same look about an ancient seaman—a certain wise simplicity and childish innocence pre-

served through a world of experiences. Loose-limbed was Rodil, bowed in the shoulder, his rough "Bill Sykes" cap tossed carelessly on his head. He looked habitually lazy, his appearance betraying nothing of the daring and ready resource which had really characterised him through life.

By profession Rodil was a mender of umbrellas. That was his proper task when the police inquired or when the fit of manual activity came to him. But in the latter case he needed either Penique or Concepcion to assist him. The unlicensed peddling of smuggled goods he could do alone. As for Marinessia, she had always been a thing apart, generally dwelling with her uncle in the town of El Seo. Her father's pet, she must not be subjected to the rough and tumble of the caravan or the huddle of the *parador* chamber in which Penique rejoiced. Marinessia's uncle, with whom she abode, was a *bein* man, in comfortable circumstances, with a house within the city walls, as well as a little cane-built farmhouse of his own outside in the valley.

It took me a day or two to acquire the confidence of my new friends. Biño's recommendation went some way. Still more, the report of our joint smuggling adventure (though, truth to tell, this was a little marred by my visit to the bishop in his carriage), carried weight with Rodil and his household. Most of all the averted looks and steady espionage of the local authorities pleaded eloquently for me. It was felt that he could not be other than a man of virtue and probity upon whom the government frowned.

Day by day I spent a larger number of hours with the far-descended son of the Rodils and Alvas. When I was first introduced we had found him breakfasting in the brumous haze of the morning, with the tower of a little church immediately behind. Rodil had been cutting an inscription on a tombstone, for graveyard sculpture was also one of his assets in the battle of life. The family was at its early meal, and I had just manipulated my innocent-looking Newman and Guardia camera when the sharp eye of Penique (or "the Copper") observed me. Indeed his hand has been caught in the very act of reaching out to warn his mother of our approach.

There was not much said at the time, except by Biño. I was on my probation, and Rodil was inclined to speak but little. He offered us courteously a portion of their fare, and we as ceremoniously wished that it might be for their honours' own healths to eat it. But later in the day I encountered Rodil and his son Penique busy at their trade under the shelter of the town well-house. They sat under the eaves, Penique handing his father bits of wire and sprigs of steel as these were wanted. He would dearly have loved to be off playing at soldiers, down under the fort with the other boys of El Seo, or raiding the bishop's garden in its owner's absence. But "the Copper" was a wise boy and desired no difficulty with his father. Health and happiness were best preserved by a strict, if sometimes irksome, filial piety.

Such combinations of well and washhouse as that under whose eaves I found them, are peculiar to the Eastern Pyrenean country on both sides of "the snow saddle." The women gossip there pleasantly enough with much clicking of slippery washing boards and slapping of dirty linen. Penique would dearly have loved to bandy words with them. For he had a good conceit of his tongue and remembered occasions when his triumph had won applause and "dragies" (sweet-meats). But to sit still and hand his father spare umbrella ribs and bits of wire commended itself more to Penique's sober judgment than all the glory of successful word-combat.

As I came forward the principal lawyer, in company with the alcalde of El Seo, was passing through the square, in clothes which would not have appeared odd in the Strand. They had doubtless heard of my adventure with the bishop, and if I did not promptly do something desperate, they were capable of asking me to accompany them to the café or even of giving me the freedom of

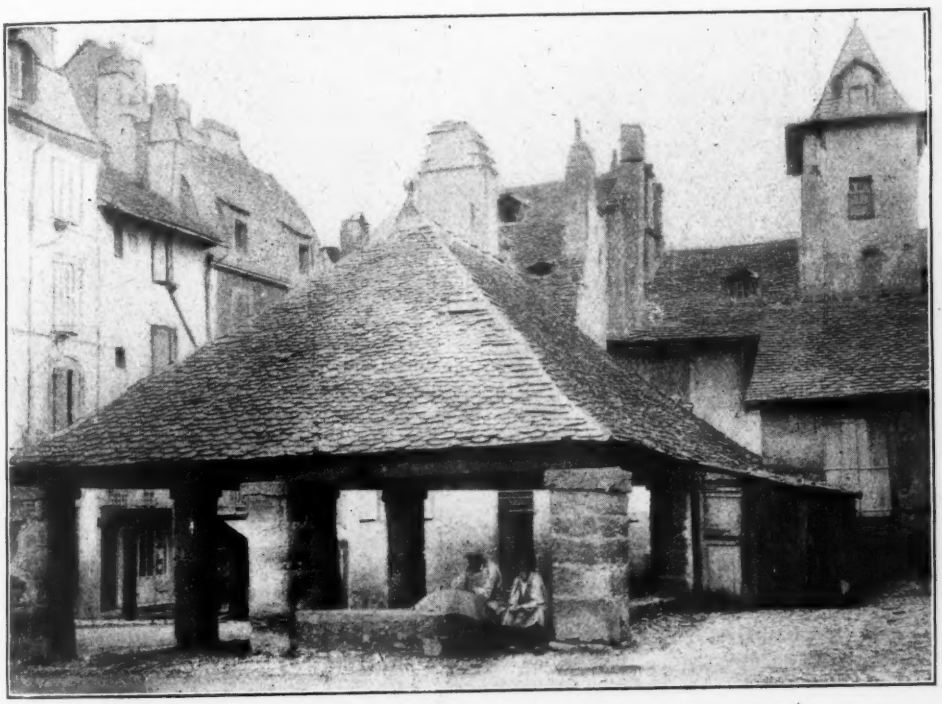
the city. So I passed them with a desperate calmness, lifted my hat to Rodil the umbrella-mender, and—sat down beside him. I had chosen my faction. The declaration was formal, and constituted authority did not again recognise me, save by sending the gendarmes in my absence, to go through every article I had in my room.

And Rodil! He only tapped away at his umbrella, but I could see by the slant of one wary eye and the slow rare smile that percolated up about the corners of his mouth, that his mind was quite awake to all the issues. He said nothing for perhaps five minutes, and then he sent Penique for some more copper wire. Penique, who did not now wish to absent himself, desiring, doubtless, to perfect his imitation of the stranger's blundering speech for the benefit of his comrades, produced another little roll of wire from his pockets. Rodil's brows instantly clouded and his hand dropped in the direction of a switch which lay, as one might say "convenient."

"Put it down and go!" he thundered.

Penique obeyed instantly, with a humble and even prayerful expression; but I am convinced that he made a face behind our backs ere he disappeared.

"You have chosen the better part!" remarked Rodil, nodding approvingly.



Rodil and his son Penique busy at their trade under the shelter of the town well-house

"They are dull—dull—all these little officials! Yes, they and the priests—for me, I call them God's asses—and the devil's!"

"Which might be which?" I inquired, eager for a further taste of the beggar-man's quality.

"Oh, I would have you understand I am no scoffer," said Rodil, "the holy fathers are God's asses and the lawyer the devil's! The wire? Thank you a thousand times, señor. Where is that

young son of perdition, Penique? Oh, I remember, I sent him away. He is too fond of listening to that which it does not concern the young to hear. Moreover, the pricked ears of youth are a halter on a man's tongue!"

All the while he was tapping away with a slender iron-shafted hammer and picking tacks and pieces of wire out of his mouth, as quick as you could wink.

"I have heard," he said, "of your smuggling and carrying the case of jewelry. I got some of the very load from Don Mark this morning. He stood next me in church, in the dark behind the great altar, where the gendarmes never come and where it is so safe to make exchanges! Religion is always blessed, and no one can say that I, Rodil y Alva, am a pagan. At first, it is true, I mistrusted you—in the matter of the visit to the bishop. But now I see it was only that you might know things—to see deep *into* people, bishops and basketmakers, umbrella-menders and beggar-men. Ah, I know part—some things I have seen that are hidden even from you. But if it had been my fate to be rich, I would have travelled the world even as you!"

"But I am not rich," I hastened to assure him, for there is no worse character to possess in an unsettled country. "I was born in a land as poor as yours, and the craft of the writer is in all lands none of the best considered!"

"Yes," he assented, "so I have heard. Yet once when I rented a little farm, I had to pay a whole *duro* for a letter that was written for me, threatening my neighbour, who had moved the fence of canes a yard in his favour anent the time of the ploughing for the winter wheat!"

"Ah," said I, eager to be poor among the poor, "but the man who wrote that letter was a lawyer, I'll warrant him—and very likely alcalde as well or perhaps even deputy!"

"Indeed he was—all the three," said the umbrella-mender, nodding his head at my sagacity; "I am glad you are not that species of writer who charges a whole *duro* for only a sheet and a half—and the words widely written and few on a page!".

Whereupon I assured him that I was of quite another kind—a *duro* being worth at date about two shillings and ninepence, sterling money.

There was a slight noise behind, the flutter of bare feet, an uncertain scuffling, a cough. Rodil and I turned our heads with the instinctive suspicion of the veteran malefactor. It was Penique. He hastened to forestall any movement towards the rod of correction with his hand raised palm outwards in deprecation.

"I have 'borrowed' some fine wire, both sizes," he said, hurriedly, "and taken back Señor Menaldo's umbrella, the green one that was ripped away from the ferule, and brought two parasols to mend from the great house on the hill. Now what more shall I do, my father?"

"Go and wash your face, Penique!" said Rodil, and went on with his tap-tapping. Penique started, and the parasols dropped from under his arm.

"I would rather be beaten, and stay!" he muttered, beginning to whimper.

"Go," said his father grimly, "or I will bid thy mother to wash thee!"

"I will go," said Penique, with fresh alacrity. "I will borrow the soap without her knowing. For when she washes me, she scrubs till my ears are like beet-root!"

"Go hastily," said his father, "or by all the saints and martyrs, not your ears only shall be red as beet-root, but your body also from nape to heel. Off with you, little frog!"

Thus it was that Rodil and I began our friendship. After I had come to know him better he proved full of the wisest of saws and the most modern of instances.

"There is no converse between a man and a boy save with a birch rod between them!" he would say. "Now there is Penique. His mother spoils him and he will not go near her if he can help it. But as for me I keep young Don Rascal at the stick's end, and lo! I cannot be rid of him from morning to night!"

Then he gave me in short the philosophy of Beggarland.

"It is as good a trade as another," he said, "and fully as honest. The *Sangrador* bleeds, and so do we. The lawyer cheats, but as for us, we say plainly what we want, and in time of need—take it. (Do not let Penique hear that!) The priest prays, and so at a pinch can I—yet for all that one sees, my prayers are just as efficacious as his. I have my waggon, my horse, my tools, my ten fingers. Those who call me mendicant, do so at their peril, for I possess a knife ready in my sash. I have also a wife—good as wives go, failing only in obedience and the power to hold her tongue, the two common ills of the sex. I have a daughter, the like of whom has no man. She is noways beautiful, I grant you. Yet I think not that it is altogether for her money that your friend, Biño the Frenchman, hangs a foot after her!

"Ah, I have seen! An old hound knows the tricks of the young dogs! He is a Frenchman, indeed, and all Frenchmen are—that which it is better not to express. But—Biño, I have known him many seasons—I have no fault to find with Biño. But when he comes seeking my daughter and her money—why, that is another tale!"

"Her money?" I said, "you must have done well with your umbrellas to be able to give her a dowry—one that would tempt a man well-to-do in the world like Biño."

"*I* give her money!"—Rodil laughed, "I have not an *occhavino* to give her. What her uncle may do I know not. He is an old sedate hunks and sits close on his money bags. But Marinessia has no need of any man's bounty. She has received the palms. She has also a medal and—what do you call it—a pension!"

"From the government?" I inquired, "I had not thought that you stood so well with the officials. You are the first man I have known in Spain who did not take his dues, or more than his dues, out of the governmental pouch—not as a suppliant but with the strong hand!"

"The government!" he cried, dropping his pincers in his haste to correct my mistake, "why, I do not mean the government of Madrid, but the government of France—which is a true government and knows how to keep its promises. It happened thus. My girl, Marinessia, is very strong and loves horses. So that from Bayona to Banyuls all call her *La Dompteuse.*

"You have seen her, señor? A plain face, but a head like a blessed Madonna painted up in a church, a man's shoulders, arms—sir, you should see her at the plough with a team of young horses—and an eye! Ah, excellency, the life is in the eye! She has her father's eye. Watch! There is no man in El Seo can do this, but Rodil y Alva alone!""

A great hulking dog, of the sort which butchers keep (called on the other side of the mountains "Danois") came with a sullen slouch across the little Plaza. He was walking in our direction, probably homeward-bound after spending the night in urgent personal affairs. All at once the brute grew visibly uneasy under Rodil's steady glance, looked up, stopped dead, gave a short sharp growl more of protest than anger, let fall his stub tail, and turning, trotted off the way he had come. As I looked at Rodil, I was in time to catch the last spark of something that burned ruddy, dying out of the enlarged pupil of his eye.

"My daughter," he went on, "can do that and more. She can temper a young mule without the cruel breaker's bridle. The thing happened last year, that of which I tell you, in the time of the early falling snow. Perhaps you remember the storm. We were going north, my wife and Penique and I, Marinessia being with us. She wished to see France, and the frost having come early at her uncle's, there was no more work to be done on the farm. So we dwelt in the caravan, us four—or rather for warmth Penique slept in the boot underneath, along with the watch dog.

"You have been by Puymorens across the Col de la Perche? What—many times? Well then, you remember the steep descent from Mont Louis as you go towards Villefranche? There is a bridge at the bottom, very narrow, and as God willed

it, only half of it passable at the moment, the rest being under repair.

"Now in Mont Louis there are many soldiers, very many. It is the greatest of all the fortresses in the south. Ah, they would not let you take your pictures with the photograph machine? That I can well believe! I also have experienced their foolish rigour. I was once in gaol there. But not this time—no, for when we went through it again they turned out the soldiers to salute us, and the band played.

"Butt hat was my daughter's doing, who is a noble girl and too good for any man—though as I grant you, plain of face. We were resting in a field by the roadside, and our old beast was turned out to graze. Little enough, God knows, was there for him to champ his teeth upon! And Marinessia, who hates to be idle, was helping a neighbouring farmer's wife to break the clods with a great stone roller and a team of oxen! Ah, señor, what a wife she will make, that girl! Her man will have no need to work!

"Well, sudden as cannon shot, from above there came a great crying and a growing rumble. I ran to the roadside, but because there was a bend I could see nothing. Yet more and more men cried, as the rumble came nearer, and I ran to the bridge-head thinking that mayhap there had been an ice-break high among the mountains and that the floods were threatening the river-lands! Such things have been. I have seen them. Twice have I lost all by camping too near a hill water before the spring ice broke.

"But as I stood and looked—I and many men, Italians and Sardes mostly, who were working at the bridge—lo, round the corner rocking and swaying came a carriage—a great man's carriage, not a hired hack of the roads. The horses were galloping wild with fear, their necks stretched out, and in the carriage there were two ladies. The coachman had leaped off long before, where he found a soft place, for he knew of the bridge. He was a Frenchman and cared only for his own skin.

"Then the Sardes cried out, 'Scatter and let them pass!' But I knew that never a passage was there over the bridge for horses mad as these were. They would strike the parapet, and then—I shuddered to think what would come then. I drew a little back. Yes, I who have the name of a brave man—I, Rodil y Alva, and who deserve it. But, señor, if you had seen those mad horses, that bridge littered with great blocks of stone knee-high, and heard the river growl below, you also, señor, might have done the same.

"So I stood like one mazed, a dry prickling heat tingling behind my eyeballs, and the silence of waiting in my heart. As one waits when the tall tree sways uncertainly to the fall, so I stood.

"There was a copse at the last bend—a little, little clump of trees, all wind-driven away from the north by the fierce even thrust of the mistral—your honour knows it. It is just at the angle of the road before the bridge. And as I stood thus, I saw one spring out of the pine shadows. It was my daughter—yes, that same Marinessia whom you have seen, and where no man would venture, she leaped and clung. They dragged her, the mad creatures, beating her from side to side as they tossed their heads, like a bladder on a jester's staff. But presently she got her footing and ran a little way with them, holding back with all her weight. They slackened, but already the bridge was near, and nearer still the scattered stone blocks the Sardes had left. Almost they were over. The side of the carriage carried away the wooden rail before the stone baluster begins.

"'God in his Heaven!' I cried, 'they are over!'

"But suddenly my daughter Marinessia caught the reins in both hands and with a gesture grand and simple and strong, wrenched the horses' heads, as it were, across her chest. They stopped trembling—and the breast of the leader scraped the parapet of the bridge! Señor, it was the wife and daughter of the commandant of Mont Louis who were in that carriage.

"Great folk they were, for their father was a general, and in favour with the

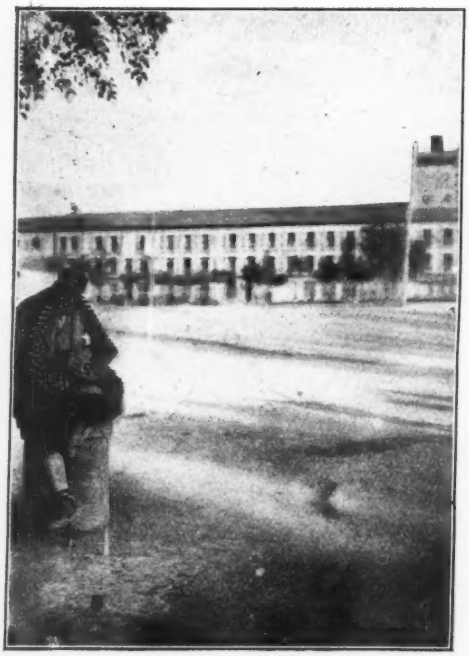
government. The which is a rare thing and brings much power. For in France not all the generals love the government. But by good chance this one had favour. So for his wife's sake, and still more for his

I know not which. I only know that Marinessia cried all night and part of the morning because she had to appear before these great folk. Indeed she only stopped when Penique told her that she was

Presently she got her footing and ran a little way with them, holding back with all her weight

daughter's, he obtained the 'laurels' for my girl. No, I do not well know what they are, but they are of great respect, and they were presented at Prades to my daughter, Marinessia. The prefect put something on her head—palms or laurels—making her eyes red and ugly like half-baked earthenware saucers.

"But at the ceremonial everything passed well. Even the soldiers presented arms to my Marinessia, yes, and every year there is a paper comes to the care of



I succeeded, however, in getting my beggar on the very corner of the plate

the curé of Puymorens, who is a friend of mine. Then when I take it, with Marinessia's name written thereon to the bank in Prades, and wait a while behind wire, after much writing here and there and showing of papers, the money is paid—all in gold and each Napoleon worth many, many of the pesetas of hungry Spain.

"That is the tale and Marinessia is a good girl, having that which is better than beauty. No, señor, I do not mean the money—though it is true that money also is good. But if Biño, your friend, is a good man, and my daughter of a liking, I shall not say them nay. But all must be regular and done by the priest of Puymorens, my friend. For we Alvas are no road-gangers, no hen-roost thieves, no heathen Gitanos; but good Christians and of an ancient family. Here, Penique, come and let me look at your face."

The man of ancient family stopped in his monologue. His son had crept up noiselessly behind us, and without doubt had been listening unobserved to the concluding sentences of his father's eulogy of his daughter.

"It is somewhat cleaner, Penique," he said, after inspection, "now be off!"

The boy lingered uncertainly.

"Marinessia has all the luck," he grumbled; "uncle thinks the world of her, and stones me out of the garden if I so much as look at one of his old fig trees! The government gives *me* no pension."

"My friend," said Rodil to his son, without stopping even for a moment his *tick-tacking*, "unless you mend your manners the government will give you free quarters, and something worse to do than to hold wire for your father's umbrella mending!"

"I want to go 'across the mountains' with Biño!" whimpered the boy; "he has promised that I shall, if you will permit!"

For there comes a time at which Basque and Aragonese boys take to the hills to prove their manhood. In France the age at which great crimes are committed is from eighteen to twenty-one. In Spain, the crude materialism which gives rise to the choice of murder as a career, does not exist. But instead, the young men go north to the Pyrenees or south to Ronda and Tarifa. In either case they become smugglers. The hard life weeds them off rapidly, but those who return gradually become receivers, merchants, and distinguished citizens. Some, on the other hand, enter the government service and hunt their old comrades with equal zeal and discretion—and without very much ill-feeling on either side.

After Rodil had, as it were, perused me for some days, and assured himself that I was neither a government spy, nor trying to find out the secret of a gold-mine—the two favourite explanations of my presence among the mountains—we took to each other amazingly.

"We will leave my wife with her brother," he said; "she is of little use at any rate, on a journey, and she and Penique can at least eat off him! He has never paid me the last quarter of his sister's dowry to this day. Or at least,

not that part of it which we differed about —and if they cannot eat the amount at his house, I shall never see a penny of it. Besides we shall see so much the more, being disembarrassed of women, and (said as an afterthought) it is more becoming that Marinessia should have her mother with her, if so be that your friend persists in making his court to her ! "

Rodil broke off suddenly.

" Penique—Penique," he cried, making a trumpet of his hand, " go forthwith to your mother and tell her that she is to clear the caravan and take her things and yours to your Uncle Stephen's!"

The boy appeared with suspicious alacrity from nowhere in particular, and upon hearing the order repeated, set up a howl of despair.

" I will not go to my Uncle Stephen's," he cried, " I want to go with you, father— to travel the land—to be a man ! "

I was sorry for Penique, and said so because I foresaw that for some time I might be deprived of Biño's services. Also because I much desired an excuse for sleeping outside Rodil's caravan, I pled for the boy. He watched me with eager eyes, knowing full well that his fate hung in the balance. His father did not answer directly. It was not his way. But all the same Penique knew that every tap without a peremptory order was so much in his favour.

" I would work so hard," he murmured as if talking to himself; " none could find fodder for the mule like me—or *acquire* barley for his supper, or currycomb him with thoroughness, or wake in the night to see that he had not pulled up his head-stake ! "

" *Vaya*, green croaking froglet," said his father—" *you* wake ! You would not awaken if all the thunderbolts of heaven

The " Ventorilla " of Don Tomas

were unloosed, and the solid hills fell crashing into the valleys."

At this Penique precipitated himself along the square in somersaults and cart-wheels of joy. He had achieved his permission. As for me, I also was content. I liked Rodil. I was overjoyed to study Spanish vagabondage from the life, but all the same—I was glad of an excuse to sleep elsewhere than in the caravan.

As a travelling companion Rodil was perfect. He never went too far. He never went too fast. He was amenable to hints as to stopping-places. Being one of the few Spaniards who habitually smoke a pipe, he was not eternally "twizzling" cigarette papers night and day, a thing which ultimately grows irritating to one not to the manner born. He had the long silences of the northerner, and was content to sit and push the "dottle" down with his thumb, till he had something to say worth saying.

As he opened out he gave me the biographies of the passers-by while we sat together under the pleasant tilt of his cart, with Penique running on ahead and stimulating Babieca with incentives literally of the stone age. We had left the pleasant City of Dream by its southern gate, and on a post overlooking the canal near the barracks sat a man fantastically robed in a striped mantle of brown and yellow.

"Can I take him?" I demanded of Rodil. For though he himself had no scruples as to being photographed, others might not be equally large-minded. However it soon appeared that the object on the post had no objections. Yet I well-nigh missed him, for in descending hastily from the front seat of the caravan I dropped my "finder" and had to chance the exposure. I succeeded however in getting my beggar on the very corner of the plate.

"It is well," said Rodil, "that is old Don Tomas of the Murders—no common man, Tomas! In his day he committed many. But that is long past, and now he only tramps upon the roads from shrine to shrine!"

"But why," I asked, "has he not been tried and condemned? I thought all these things were of the past in Spain!"

"That is just it," said Rodil with much philosophy, "these things happened long ago—in a time of war, and besides the dead people were all his own kinsfolk. If you give him a Great Dog (a penny) he will tell you all about it. That is, indeed, how he makes his living, both here and in his wife's *ventorilla!*"

As my experiences of life had not included hearing a Troppman of the family circle relate the story of his slayings for so small a consideration, I decided to invest in a pennyworth of the stock-in-trade of Don Tomas of the Murders.

The old man, his mouth all a-droop, was basking in the sun, which warmed his limbs and doubtless sent a drowsy bliss to his heart. He blinked upon us as we came near, but equally without expectation and without fear. Rodil addressed him familiarly.

"Ah, father Tomas," he said, "we are fortunate indeed to find you. This great foreign nobleman has come from England to see you and to hear you speak!"

The old man cackled out a clucking, toothless laugh.

"Ah, yes," he muttered, "they all come. They all listen to old Tomas. When he speaks, every one is silent. Tomas is the most famous man in Aragon—aye, in the Spains—that is, since they slew José Maria."

He lifted up his hand and pointed to the long white line of the cavalry barracks whose windows seemed positively to blink in the fierce sunshine.

"Aye, aye," he laughed in that horrible soft *cloopy* way (like boots pulled out of deep mud), "the lads over yonder have fought with the Yen-kees and they are brave. But no one of them has ever put down so many men as old Tomas and lived to tell the tale!"

And then the dreadful old man leaned forward suddenly and thrusting his staff in my face, he added in his unctuous shivering whisper, "*also they were all of my family!*"

He had a series of little rings of brass let into his staff just below the handle.

I met him on the way, by the Sierra Moncayo, it was where the red rock is shaped like a lion

"All my kinsfolk," he chuckled again triumphantly, "and all grown men. Never unfairly I slew one and never behind backs! Any one will tell you so!"

At this point Rodil nudged my elbow and I gave the old villain certain small coins, which he slipped into a greasy rag-bag slung about his neck. As I did so I saw many crosses and medals, such as are given to pilgrims at holy places for the accomplishment of pilgrimages. Tomas was on the way to make an edifying end. But at present his thoughts were far other, and not well beseeming in a visitant of shrines.

"That," he said pointing to the first ring on his staff, "is my brother Barbalu, the wise one, the *medico*. He was so strong and so wise that he had me cast out of the house. But I met him in the way—by the Sierra Moncayo it was—where the red rock is, shaped like a lion. And ha! ha! Barbalu was wise and Barbalu was a physician. But the physician could not cure himself, and he found that my little knife was the better 'sangrador' (bloodletter)!"

The jest was manifestly an ancient one, from the extreme enjoyment of the old bandit as he mumbled it out. But Rodil hurried him on to other tales.

"The great cannot wait all day on your foolish gossip, Don Tomas," said Rodil, "what do the other rings betoken?"

"The next," said Tomas, glimmering at it through his stubby white eyelashes, "was—let me see—yes, my brother-in-law, the husband of my sister, he was—a big strong man that would have taken everything for himself. He had the vineyard, but he died before he had gathered in the first vintage. Then comes my cousin Stephen, the miller, who went about with evil tales against me, and my youngest brother Julio, against whom I had no quarrel till he provoked me at the entering in of El Seo, when I came down one Easter Sunday to make my year's peace, with my money for the priest ready in the stitching of my Montera cap. I was walking *a la birlonga*, that is, at mine ease. But my father, the old man, having disinherited me, had set the youngling on. So Julio died—yes, at the gate of El Seo he died, and when his father heard of it, he took to his bed and died also. *I have always been grieved for that! I had meant it to happen otherwise.* That is why there is no ring in this place on the staff! I was not a son for any father to disinherit—that is, with safety!"

Don Tomas waggled his head sadly as he gazed at the gap.

"No," he said, "I am an honest man and no boaster like these over yonder. I will take no credit for that which I have not done. My father died in his bed and so there is only a ring of black on my staff—black, that is, in token of mourning!"

By this time I had had quite enough of Don Tomas of the Murders, and hastened away from the roll-call of the remaining rings.

The old man rose and shouted after us. He had meant to detain us all day. "Wait, wait—I have not told you of my wife's relations—not so much as one of them!"

Rodil and I went up the brae together, the dust boiling up hot and soft under our feet. It came up between my toes, through the *alpargatas* with a general feeling of comfort particularly soothing.

"How is it," I asked of Rodil as we pushed on to join Penique, "that such an old villain has not been garrotted long ago?"

Rodil shrugged his shoulders at the impossibility of ever making the foreigner understand the customs of Spain.

"It is just because it happened so long ago," he said, "as I told you it was a time of war, and there were many killings. Besides, Don Tomas was always a good religious man and gave to the church, never doing evil to any, except to those of his own house with whom he had a quarrel. To which be it added, that they were all an evil tribe—his two brothers and his cousin Stephen the miller, and worse than all, his wife's relations. So the people said, 'The thing is very well done!' And they even pointed out others to Don Tomas of whom the earth had been the better rid. But because of his kind heart and forgetfulness, somehow they were let live, which in

the end was the worse for the land. But the worst of all is Don Tomas's own son, who will one day undoubtedly slay the old man, being set on by his mother to revenge her kindred. Even the priest spoke against his hatred of his father from the pulpit and said, 'It is a warning!' And so truly it was. For if you kill out a nest of snakes and spare one—that one will one day bite you to the death!"

Now Penique waits for him at the dark ends of *calles* and behind doors

Then Rodil thought a little and then shook his head gravely.

"No," he said, "when a man sets himself to clean his yard, it is better for him if he sweeps all the rubbish outside the gate!"

As we took the dusty road towards Moncayo, another man crossed us, so startlingly like Don Tomas of the Murders that I stood and gazed. The dress was a little different, the face was younger but far more evil.

The Marquis at whose door he stands was indebted to his father on an occasion and gave him that pitch to beg from

"That is Tomas the younger!" whispered Rodil. "Yes, take his picture—I am here. The serpent may hiss, but he dare not strike!"

So I took the picture—the picture of a man that had committed no bloodshed, yet whom a whole countryside recognises as worse than a father who in his day well-nigh exterminated two families. It was another warning not to judge hastily of the standard of morals among any people. For as was afterwards made abundantly clear, of the two, the shedder of blood was indeed incomparably the better man.

"But how," I said to Rodil, "does such a man as Don Tomas live? Surely people are afraid when they see him come about a house?"

"Nay," said Rodil, "he is no beggar, no mendicant, not even a merchant-supplicant like me. Don Tomas has a *ventorilla*, a wine-shop, and supplies many respectable people at three half-pence the skin. For me I would not care to abide there all night, but on account of other living things than Don Tomas—aye, or his son either!"

"The younger is the eviller beast," continued Rodil, "he would have slain Penique—who I admit often needs the stick, but no more. So now Penique waits for him at the dark ends of *calles* and behind doors—ready to smite and run. I have beaten him for it. But after all, they are an evil breed, and Penique is old enough to look after himself, and if not—why, it is high time that he learned."

"And what had Penique done that the man should try to kill him?" I asked of this most philosophical parent.

"Done?" cried Rodil, "why, no

See how he shoulders the empty bag while she has all the heavy weight

At the receipt of custom

great things. Only, as boys will when threatened—there had been some little calling of names, and as I tell you, the matter of the smiting. Ah, there he is at this moment! Penique, young good-for-nothing, what do you there, and where is the waggon?"

For as we passed out of the last little suburb, there was Penique, alert as a terrier at a rabbit-hole waiting at the end of a narrow close for Don Tomas the younger, and the mule a little behind cheerfully improving the shining hour by eating clothes off a line.

But Rodil would have none of it and he put the prohibition on high grounds.

"By-and-by, you shall do as you will, Tobalito," he said, soothingly, to his offspring, "strike and take! Have your quarrel out and God help the better man! But now there is the business, the caravan, and this stranger to remember!"

So to put Penique out of temptation he was sent on with the mule and caravan, by the long road which leads away across the parched plains, while Rodil and I took a short cut over the Sierra of Moncayo. There was plenty of time, and as we went Rodil discoursed yet more and further of his profession.

"You saw that fellow beneath the portico all covered with stone-working in the plaza of the city, as we came by?"

"The young man showing his stumps at the wrist? Yes, too often!" said I, shuddering. For the loathsome objects, belonging to a man well enough dressed otherwise, had fascinated my unwilling eyes all the week.

"That," he said, "is Peter of Villarasa—a most respectable man. The marquis at whose door he stands, was indebted to his father on an occasion, and so gave him that pitch to beg from. The son has done well there also. That young woman with the babe was his wife. They speak of making Peter councillor for his Barrio."

"But his arms? Is he not horribly disfigured?" I asked, though I began to understand.

"His honour is not so simple as he amuses himself with pretending," said Rodil. "It is of course a mere matter of bandaging when young, and I will not deny that Peter of Villarasa is clever—too clever for a Mendicant of the Pitch, with a stance outside a great man's gate. But he married one of the household servants—a girl of Valencia, at the Marquis's request. And they do say—ah, yonder I declare is that *raterillo*, that thief-of-the-world, Pablo Puig, the Catalan, and with him his new blowen! See how he shoulders the empty bag, while she has all the heavy weight and the sticks for the fire to carry as well. Ah, the rascal of rascals! He came some while ago wanting my Marinessia, with lying tales dropping from his mouth as he talked. But I knew Pablo the Catalan, yes and all his people! Out of Francoli they are, and an evil lazy set! So I answered him, this right hand upon my knife, 'I will sell you a mule or a horse, or a donkey—that is, if you and I, my Pablo, can agree upon a price. But I will not give you my daughter Marinessia for nothing, that you may make her all three!' And at that

he glared like a wolf, yet dared not strike, for I held him with the eye till he cringed like a beaten hound."

It was noon when we came to Miranda. At the gate an old and respectable-looking man came out of a wooden hut, and after a glance at me he held out his hand for some coppers which Rodil gave him as a matter of course.

"Who is that?" I asked, "and why do you and not I give him money? Surely he is no beggar?"

"Oh, he is the chief of the customs of Miranda," said Rodil, "and he must have from each of my profession who enters—mendicant, supplicant, or merchant traveller—five Great Pennies."

"But why do you pay—it is not his right?"

Rodil shrugged his shoulders and pointed back to the man at the receipt of custom.

"We do not speak of rights in Spain," he said, "see, yonder is old Christopher, the Cordovan beggar, fumbling for his coppers. This is older than the law and stronger. It is custom. For if we did not give to the chief of the octroi, the head man of the police would find some excuse to put us in prison. Here in Miranda they are cousins by the mother's side, he and the man of the custom-house! Oh, it is excellently arranged. Even so my brother and I had settled to do in the town of Tudela. But he died, my dear brother, and the man who succeeded him had a brother of his own. In which case, lucky it was that I did not sell my caravan."

"And were you once in the police?" I asked in wonderment. Rodil nodded and laughed.

"Aye," he said, "and even yet I enjoy consideration because of that. For the good folk remember my past, and trust me because of it—while the evil think me still secretly in the service of the government, and so are afraid to meddle with me! Which thing serves equally."

"And what made you leave the civil guards?" I asked.

"Why? Because I had a daughter whom I loved, even Marinessia! And when she married I did not wish that any one should be able to cast it up to her that—she was the daughter of a Miguelite, a policeman! Sir, I am a

A stance beggar

poor man but I have a pride—at least, for my children!"

And that night in the stony gorges of Moncayo, after the heath-plants had been gathered and the sacks laid straight upon them for a mattress in one of the many grottoes of the hillside, I wandered forth. And there under the arch of the stars, sparkling many-coloured in the falling dew (as through a pane which begins to be frosted) I thought of the strange prides and shames of men, and wondered how far above the earth one would need to be lifted, to see them all as one—aristocracy and mendicancy, honour and dishonour, the king among beggars and the beggar among kings.

For when you take them foot to foot upon the same earth, men are curiously equal in mental stature—that is, among the highest in rank, and the lowest. Money and brains drain down and up into the middle class. The clever aristocrat consorts with his peers of brain rather than with his peers of blood. The clever workman rises to a villa and the superintendence of a Sunday School. As for the others, in all lands I have found them about equal—the beggar as good a talker as the lord, with an advantage on the side of experience, as full of ideas, as pithy and sparing of words, equally barbaric of heart—both however, aristocrat and proletariat haters of the bourgeoisie rather than of one another.

May not the Armageddon of the future be, when these two join hands against the all-aggrandising middle-class. That would indeed be the revenge of barbarism. It has drawn to itself all, this middle estate, brains, money, wit, executive—all except the power and desire to fight. One day, be sure, the later Goths will once more glut their ire. And then—through the world from continent to continent, what a crying of *Ca ira!* The Commune of 1871 proved that the proletariat cannot supply its own leaders. But your aristocrat is a born fighting leader, and the two united may prove irresistible. Who knows? It is, at least, a dream of the City of Dream. One day it may be more.

And as I thought on all these things and looked up at the stars, I did not wonder at the stern conclusion of a certain indicter of wise sayings, "*He that sits in the heavens shall laugh!*" Though I also hoped that, being critically examined, the original might be found to bear the sense of "smile." "*He that sits in the heavens shall smile*"—a smile of understanding, of all-comprehension, of pity infinite, without mockery and without resentment.

Cuckoos and Cuckoo-lore

By E. Kay Robinson

Author of "My Nature Note-Book"

WITH the return of "cuckoo-weather" we can once more listen for the bird which is one of those facts of natural history that persist in being fairy tales. The cuckoo's life is a miracle, and its instincts are a mystery; while its voice is a charm. What wonder that our forefathers, for whom hob-goblins grinned through the eyes of toads, crows croaked disaster, and flowers shed healing balm, should have heard between the cuckoo's notes the magic voice that told listening maids their luck in love and how many years they must wait and waste for wedlock? Cuckoos told other people other things: "Cuckoo! cuckoo! O word of fear, unpleasing to a married ear!"

Even in this age of prose and science the cuckoo seems something more to us than a mere item of ornithology. How those "two old notes" re-echo back through sunny vistas of past springs in our own springtide of life! How they recall those wavy foot-paths, narrow even for small feet, between the tall grass of rich buttercupped meadows; those speckle-shaded hollows under rookery

elms where the sparse turf was flecked with golden glory of the little celandine; those sweet, scented lanes between budded hedgerows embroidered with snowy starwort and flickering with small life; those sunlit copse-side paths where the cock-tailed pheasants crowed and dived into the fringe of bluebells and yellow archangel, red campion and white garlic! Was ever such starred wealth of spring-flowers as when we were young, and counted the cuckoo's cry:

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Did paint the meadows with delight?

These are the rightful surroundings amid which "the jolly cuckoos sing"; and the very early cuckoo who arrives in March is an anomaly. Naturalists, from Gilbert White onwards, have agreed that April 7 is practically the cuckoo's earliest date in England; but in these days of competition the birds, or their reporters, get earlier and earlier, until at last we are asked to believe that "a cuckoo was heard on February 18 at Cold Ash, near Newbury." Premising that this was a real cuckoo, and not merely the unintelligent anticipation of events by some plough boy on a distant gate, one is hardly inclined to regret that February 18 was so quickly followed by blizzards. Everything in its place; and a February cuckoo deserves no encouragement.

We always speak and think of only one bird as "the cuckoo"; though cuckoos are of many kinds, with many variant notes. Even in Britain no fewer than three other kinds of cuckoo are known—the Great Spotted Cuckoo (*Coccystes glandarius*), the Yellow-billed Cuckoo (*Coccyzus Americanus*), and the Black-billed Cuckoo (*Coccyzus erythropthalmus*); but our own well-named and well-beloved *Cuculus canorus* remains, if not strictly "the cuckoo," still "the" cuckoo. For he—and, in spite of tradition, the gender is used with intent, since it is the male bird who utters those "two old notes"—is our familiar cuckoo to hear whose "vagrant tale" the poet bids us "steal adown the vale," with the soft spring grass under our feet, the blue summer sky over our heads, and on all sides the flower-frothed hedges, vibrant with the twittering and whistling of bird-love. We see the bumble-bee bumbling among the daisies, and the orange-tip butterfly flickering over the pale-tinted cuckoo-flower, and then, suddenly, —hark!—that wandering voice

From the neighbouring vale
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place.

But, when the cuckoo is with us—in season—the earth is a glad enough place for all of us. We must be old at heart indeed if with the leaping year we are not young; and it is the joy of the cuckoo's music that makes us give its name to each product of the "cuckoo month"—cuckoo bud, cuckoo flower, cuckoo spit, cuckoo pint, cuckoo's mate, and cuckoo weather. And "cuckoo ale"—long, free draughts of it to the merry-making farm-labourers on the day that they first hear the cuckoo—is a joyous tradition of Shropshire: but to drink small beer out of doors in February seems cold carousal. All things in season—"Cuckoo oats and woodcock hay make the farmer run away."

In other lands other cuckoos are harbingers of sadly different seasons: and there is no rejoicing in the heart of the British exile in sun-blistered India when the koël cuckoo goes "koëlling" among the mangoes.

Ah! koël, little koël, singing on the siris bough,
In my ear the knell of exile your ceaseless, bell-like speech is,
Can you tell me aught of England or of spring in England now?

For when the koël sings the mid-day sun has reached torment heat. The dust smells hot. The east wind's shrivelling breath comes daily with more and more of the blast of an open furnace. When the black koël flits in the mangoes, white women flit to the hills, and the white men, like weather-driven sheep, herd together under the swinging punkahs of the club at night, seeking coolness and company which will help them to forget the message of the koël and the "damnable iteration" of that other Indian cuckoo's warning, which he proclaims at midnight from some tree-top in the compound to a fever-tossed sufferer within—

"Brain fever! Brain *fever!* Brain FEVER! Brain FEVER!" Not very unlike the speckled grey cuckoo of England is this brain-fever fiend in feathers, who makes the jet-black koël with ruby eyes almost a welcome songster by comparison.

To the natives of India the koël is "the" cuckoo and held in high esteem. To the Mahommedan he is always calling upon God, and is therefore one of the ten selected creatures admitted with man to Paradise. To the Hindoo he is the true and faithful spirit of a "suttee"—a devoted wife who has sacrificed life to grief on her husband's funeral pyre—returning to revisit the scene of her widowed sorrow and wifely glory. To all natives alike the koël's two-note song registers the high-water mark of music. On the European ear, though it may, like our cuckoo's call, vary with the seasons, it falls as loud and pointless iteration; but the Oriental finds luxury in monotony. His art is the endless reproduction of types so worn as to be mere conventional symbols of their subjects. His poetry repeats and re-repeats an oft-told tale, and the oftener it is told the more it pleases. So the koël is honoured, not only for religious reasons, not only because it is the harbinger of the spring harvest, but also because its cuckoo-cry has been adopted as the conventional symbol of the highest music. It is in no humble spirit that Valmiki, the epic poet of India, calls himself "the koël"; and when the native eulogies of Lady Curzon compare her to the koël, the highest of compliments is intended.

And in this the Oriental carries on the tradition of the classics. Jove thought it no disgrace to assume the cuckoo's form. Juno, Queen of the Gods, bore the bird upon her sceptre, and Venus the Lovely carried it on her wrist. So the cuckoo came to high honour in the dark ages as the bird of destiny, and reappeared as such in Elizabethan times—

> Great courtiers heare her voyce, but let her flye
> Knowing that she presageth destinie.

But the Elizabethan times were practical as well as poetic; and the utilitarian aspect of the cuckoo was not overlooked—

> The young birds are restorative to eate,
> And held amongst us as a prince's meate.

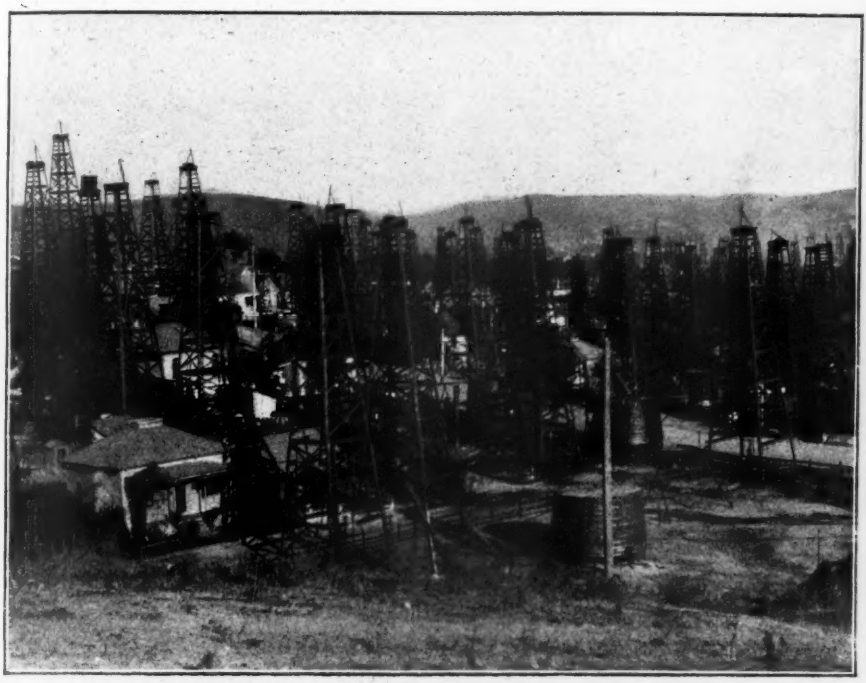
Thus far "Love's Martyr"; but in common practice the "destinie" in the cuckoo's song was less that of "great courtiers" than of rustic maidens, who counted the cuckoo's repetitions to learn the number of years that they must wait for husbands. He had a special message, too, for ill-used benedicts; for, in spring,—

> The cuckoo then on every tree
> Mocks married men.

It is indeed a wide range of meaning which the poets attach to the cuckoo's note. Firstly, as the bird of spring, they welcome it as the bird of joy; but they soon tire of "the same dull note," and wonder that the bird can be so "proud of his quaint unchanging measure." From monotony they slide to melancholy, and complain of his "plaintive roundelay." Then they cast side glances upon the bird's domestic habits, and, most unfairly, dub it "adulterous." It is also a very paragon of ingratitude, for

> The hedgesparrow fed the cuckoo so long
> That it had its head bit off by its young.

But what would it matter if our "plain-song cuckoo grey" was, as the poets pretend, "the cuckold's minister," or if "she sucked little birds' eggs to make her voice clear, that she might sing 'cuckoo' three months in the year"? The cuckoo would still be to us, what it always has been to our ancestors, the bird of the joy of spring. And as you listen, the fascination of its cry seems to bring near you the echo of a deeper happiness than earthly seasons give. On a summer's night when, one by one, the other birds have fallen into silence—when the nightingale has thrilled out its last passionate song without words, and even the sedge-warbler has finished scolding; when the grey mist nestles in the hollows and the ineffable peace of a still moonlit night lies over park and field and white-walled village, then up from the valley come those two old notes, mellowed by the silent distance into harmony with unuttered thoughts of peace and happiness. Then we hear the cuckoo at his best.



(Arthur Inkersley, photo. San Francisco)

Forest of derricks in the city of Los Angeles

Striking Oil in California

By Arthur Inkersley

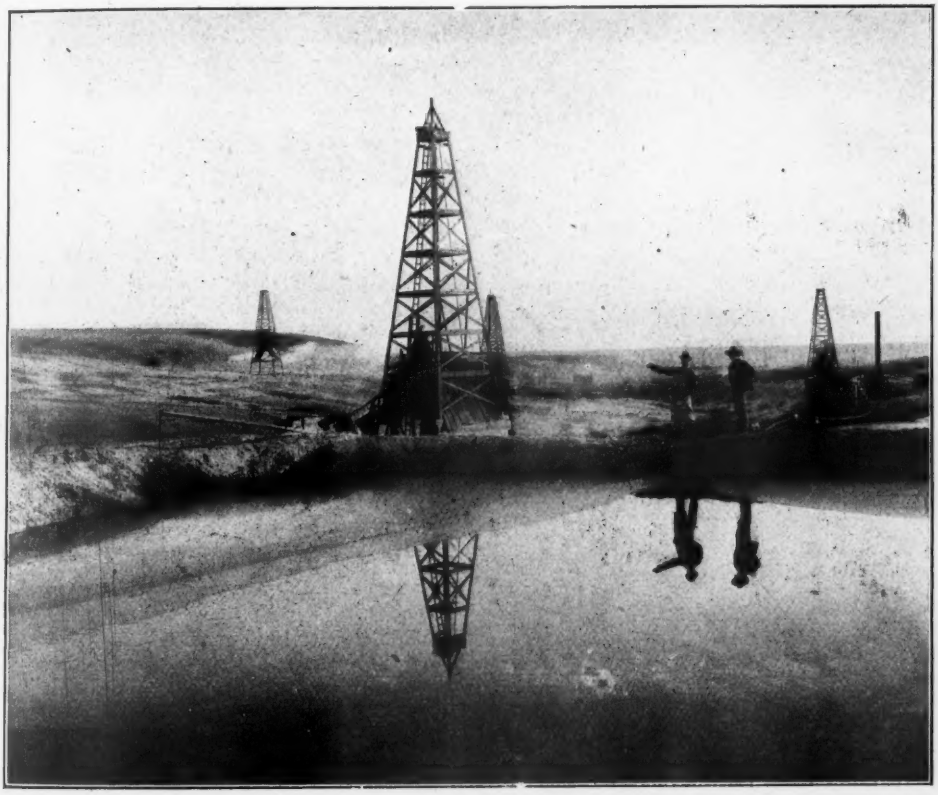
THROUGHOUT the United States "oil" means petroleum, and an "oil-well" is one which furnishes that product. What petroleum really is and its origin are matters involved in much doubt. All that is really known is that petroleum is present in immense quantities in certain places, and that it is of great value. The United States produce many varieties of petroleum, that of Texas being unlike that of California, and both of them being different from the oil found in Pennsylvania. And not only so, but even oil taken from one stratum differs from oil taken from another stratum of the same well.

The first mention of petroleum in California was made in 1855 or 1856, when General Andreas Pico, brother of the last Governor of California under Mexican rule, distilled on a small scale at the San Fernando Mission the crude oil obtained in the Pico canyon in Ventura County. In 1864 or 1865 some men in the Pennsylvania oil-region, then the most important in the United States, sent out to the Pacific Coast Mr. Thomas Bard, who is now one of the United States Senators from California, to investigate. At first his efforts to find petroleum in paying quantity were not successful, but some years later operations were started in the Pico canyon and other places, and an oil-refinery was established at Alameda near

(Frank C. Ashton, photo, Bakersfield, California)

General view of the Los Angeles oil-field

San Francisco. About this time a Professor B. Silliman published a report on the possibilities of California as an oil-field. But it was nearly a quarter of a century before the petroleum industry made much headway in California. About 1893 petroleum was discovered in the city of Los Angeles in the very heart of one of the limits of the city, yielding on an average five barrels of oil per day apiece. At the close of the century the number had increased to 1500. It is said that there are now more than two thousand oil-wells in Los Angeles County, and that the average cost of boring them has been about four hundred pounds sterling.



(Frank C. Ashton, photo, Bakersfield, California)
General view of the Los Angeles oil-field

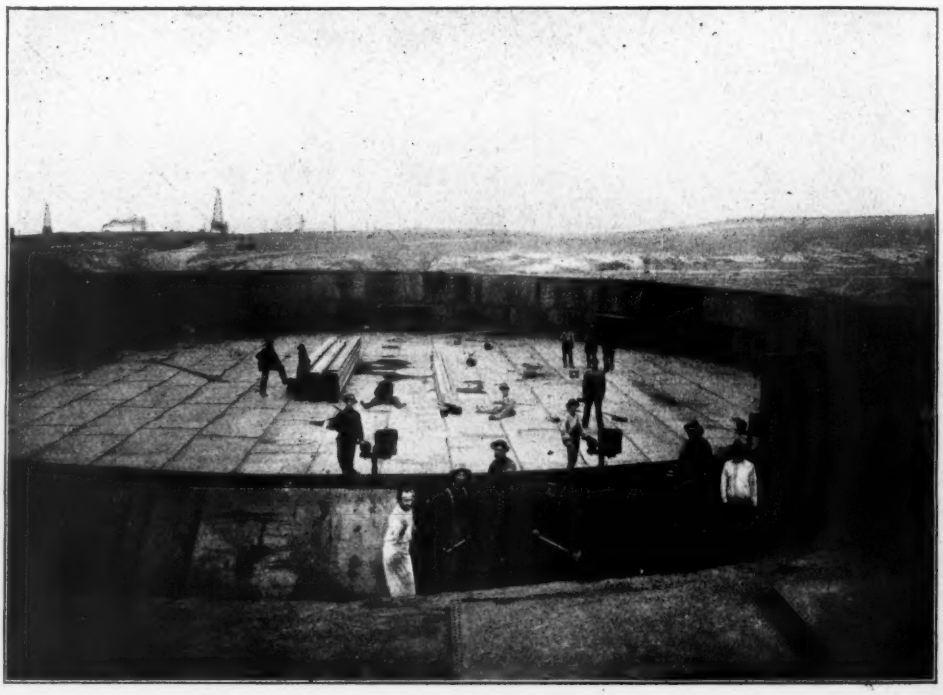
(Frank C. Ashton, photo, Bakersfield, California)
The Sacramento Oil Company's reservoir of petroleum

the residence districts, where about three hundred wells were sunk, the intervals between them being in some cases not more than twenty-five to fifty feet. The appearance produced by the forest of derricks rising amidst suburban houses, churches, and gardens, is very curious, and probably unique. In June 1900, there were 750 wells in operation within

From Los Angeles the boring of oil-wells extended northward to the counties of Tulare, Ventura, Santa Barbara, Fresno, Monterey, Kings, Kern and San Benito, and indications of oil are found in many parts of California from north to south, the oil-belt being about five hundred miles long. The most important oil-fields in Southern California are the Kern River,

the McKittrick and the Coalinga, but a well may be sunk successfully almost anywhere within the oil-producing area.

In most instances, after the oil-bearing stratum has been bored into, the petroleum must be pumped up, but in some cases it flows out in a gentle stream, while in others it "spouts" or "gushes" with great force. In July 1899, a "gusher" was struck in the south-west part of Fresno County, the burst of oil from it being so sudden and strong that about two thousand barrels of oil ran to waste before the pipe could be capped. The excitement spread rapidly; new towns sprang into existence, pipes were laid to convey the oil to the railroad, the Southern Pacific Railway Company extended its lines, and speculators rushed in from all quarters. A wood-chopper observed an escape of petroleum on a bluff near the Kern River, bored a hole, and, after he had gone down only fifty feet, the pressure of gas forced the oil out in such quantities that he was driven away. Within a few days prospectors were thick on the ground, derricks were quickly erected, hole after hole was drilled, and oil was found in almost every case. It soon became evident that a vast reservoir of oil lay under the whole region; the demand for drilling tools, pipes, casings, rigs, etc., could not be supplied fast enough; the railroad companies were taxed to their utmost capacity, and storage-tanks of great size were built to hold the oil until tank-cars could be constructed to carry it to market. The land in that region had hitherto been sold for one or two pounds per acre, but after the discovery of the oil it went up to £200 to £400 per acre, and hundreds of wells were rapidly bored.



(Frank C. Ashton, photo, Bakersfield, California)
Constructing a tank to hold 35,000 barrels of oil

The production of oil in California was estimated early in 1900 at 15,000 to 20,000 barrels per day, but this amount has been increased by the opening of new wells. Old wells not infrequently surprise and delight their owners by producing a very highly increased amount of oil, and occasionally, of course, they "peter out." A well which has been jogging along quietly, yielding from fifty to a hundred barrels per day, may suddenly produce a thousand barrels. When the oil cannot be marketed immediately, it is stored in huge tanks or in reservoirs until lines of pipe are completed.

Californian petroleum varies considerably in quality, but generally is a thick, viscid liquid, black in colour, containing a good deal of sand, and needing refinement before it can be used as a lubricating or illuminating agent. Some large petroleum refineries are already at work, manufacturing lubricating and lighting oils, asphaltum and various distillates. Californian petroleum in its crude state, however, is excellent as fuel, and for this purpose is of special value. Since California contains hardly any coal, it becomes a dear commodity, as it has to be conveyed either over twelve hundred miles of mountainous country from the States of Wyoming, Colorado or Utah, or by ship from New South Wales, the only other fuel obtainable being lignite from Oregon

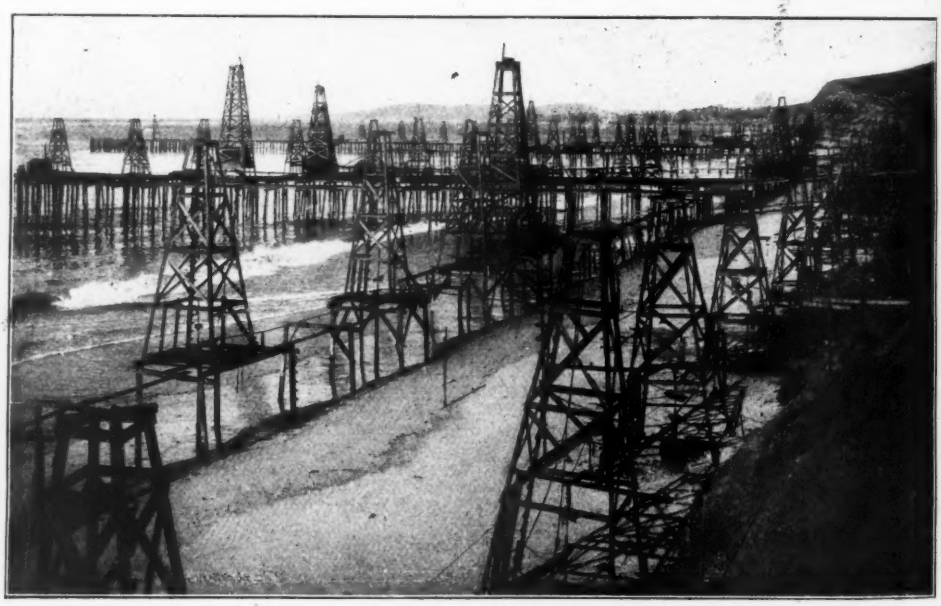
(Frank C. Ashton, photo, Bakersfield, California)

Wooden Flume for conveying oil to storage tank

and Alaska. Already the railroad companies are beginning to use petroleum instead of coal in their locomotives, oil having many advantages over coal as fuel, being lighter in weight, cheaper, taking up less space, and being more easily supplied to the engines. Careful tests show that it produces a higher and more uniform temperature than coal. For example—a ton (2240 lbs.) of coal carried a train 26.7 miles, while six barrels of oil, weighing 2016 lbs., carried the same train over the same track 38.46 miles, or 12.39 miles per ton further than the coal. As coal costs about thirty shillings a ton, and oil about three shillings a barrel, the oil is considerably cheaper, and accomplishes about fifty per cent. more work.

A steamer has already been specially built to convey oil from Ventura to San Francisco, and she burns oil as fuel. Soon the steamship lines running up and down the Pacific coast and across the Pacific Ocean will be using petroleum in their furnaces, and already tanks are being erected at various Pacific ports to supply the vessels with their fuel. The steamship owners will not only save money on the fuel, but will do away with the necessity of employing hundreds of stokers. Manufacturers and large hotels in San Francisco, Los Angeles and other cities are beginning to use oil-burners, and their employment will, no doubt, steadily increase. The great trans-Atlantic steamship companies, in view of the increasing scarcity of coal in Europe, are looking for a substitute. Satisfactory trials with oil have already been made on the s.s. *Assyrian*, which made one knot per hour more with oil than with Scotch coal, easily obtaining a steam pressure of 180 lbs. per square inch, the cost of the oil being about 25 per cent per horse-power less than that of coal. The naval departments of the United States and of Europe are making experiments with fuel oil on war-vessels.

The most remarkable oil-field in the world is in California, at Summerland, Santa Barbara county. For years sailors

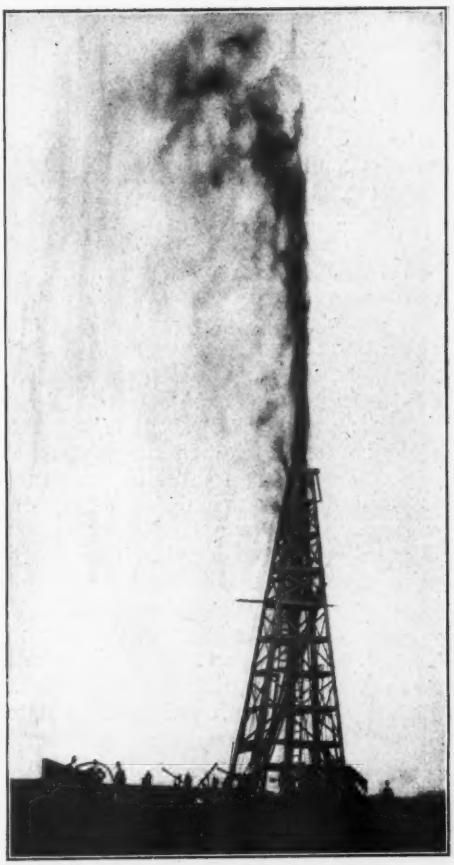


(Park & Co., photo, Los Angeles, California)

Oil-wells under the sea at Summerland

had noticed an oily film on the surface of the Pacific Ocean, and deposits of petroleum had been observed in the sand and rocks on shore near where Summerland now stands. In 1888 Mr. H. L. Williams founded Summerland as a settlement for spiritualists, several hundreds of whom bought land and built small houses. After some time natural gas was discovered and was used for fuel and light; but, though gas is an almost infallible sign of the presence of petroleum, the spiritualists, who are usually clever at drawing large conclusions from small facts, manifested no excitement when Williams began to bore for petroleum. In 1895 the oil-bearing stratum was tapped, or, in the language of the West, "oil was struck." The town lies in a hollow of the hills on a bluff overlooking the ocean, and the first wells were on the bluff, no one having the enterprise to go out into the ocean. There are about two hundred wells on the bluff, and the oil-sand has been reached on the shore at as moderate a depth as sixty to ninety feet. Later the prospectors began to put up wharves and to bore for oil under the ocean; and there the best strikes were made. Now there are a dozen or more wharves running out into the ocean, and on them is a network of platforms, derricks and pumping machinery. The wharves are twenty-four feet wide and run out from 250 to 1300 feet into the ocean. Some companies have wharves which run parallel to the shore-line. The strata through which the boring has to be made were in the case of one well, which may be taken as typical, as follows:—beach sand, 4 feet; boulders, 11 feet; quicksand, 32 feet; clay, 16 feet; gravel, 5 feet; clay mixed with gravel, 60 feet; quicksand, 9 feet; clay, 28 feet; black shale, 11 feet; quicksand, 8 feet; clay, 6 feet; brown shale showing oil, 14 feet; oil-sand free from shells and bearing oil, 30 feet.

Under the ocean at Summerland there are two oil-bearing strata, one at 265 feet or deeper, and the other at 370 to 425 feet, the better wells being those further out from shore. The wells on the wharves yield from three to fifteen or twenty barrels per day apiece. There are three hundred wells at Summerland, many of their owners living either on the spot or in Santa Barbara. They are certainly the most picturesque oil-wells in the world, and have given rise recently to some interesting legal questions, the attention of the Secretary of War of the United States having been drawn to the fact that the well-owners are trespassing on navigable waters. It is believed, however, that they will not be interfered with so long as it is clear that navigation is not impeded.



(J. Frost, photo, Port Arthur, Texas)

The greatest oil-well in the world—the Beaumont (Texas Gusher)

The most important man in the development of an oil-well is the driller, who must be an expert at the work. He must also be prepared to run considerable risk, for a rope may break at a critical moment, loose timbers or tools may be dropped from the derrick upon him, or, if a stratum of gas is bored into, the gas may rush up with a force sufficient to blow the drilling tools out of the hole as if they were feathers. He must be handy at moving his machinery and tools over the most rugged ground and into apparently inaccessible spots; and he must not only bore a straight hole, but must make a well that will pump oil after it has been bored.

The most notable "spouter" in the world is the Lucas well at Beaumont, Texas. When the oil-bearing stratum was tapped, six hundred feet of 4-inch iron pipe were blown bodily out of the larger casing, and a solid 6-inch stream of oil shot straight into the air to a height of more than two hundred feet. The news of the great "strike" was soon flashed on the telegraph-wires, and the price of crude petroleum dropped on all the markets of the world. No means being at hand to store the oil, immense quantities ran into the neighbouring Sabine River, but reservoirs were constructed as quickly as possible. The roar of its "spouting" could be heard for many miles. The first estimate of the flow of oil was five thousand barrels a day, but the next expert put it at sixteen thousand barrels; while yet another man of large experience said that it was producing from 20,000 to 25,000 barrels of petroleum every twenty-four hours. At three shillings per barrel the value of the daily yield would be from £3000 to £3750 per day. No wonder that to "strike oil" is a synonym for wealth beyond one's wildest dreams. Since its first mighty outburst the Lucas "gusher" has subsided somewhat, and now rises about 120 feet into the air. Where it issues from the 6-inch pipe, the stream of petroleum looks as solid as a marble column, black and highly polished; it ascends sixty feet above the top of the derrick, which is sixty feet high, scatters into spray at the apex, and falls into the lake prepared to receive it.

Occasionally a "spouter" or "gusher" catches fire, and blots out the landscape for miles with thick, rolling clouds of black smoke, the spectacle at night being singularly weird. But, as the flow of oil in "gushers" is not of uniform force, there occurs, sooner or later, a period of subsidence, during one of which the workmen in charge of the well runs a pipe from the boiler down into the well, and smothers the fire with a jet of steam.

An "oil-city" just after oil has been struck very much resembles a new mining town. Speculators swarm into it by every means of travel available, prices are up in the sky, wild excitement reigns supreme; gamblers, confidence-men, thieves, fast women, song and dance artists, sellers of "tanglefoot" and "chain lightning" are among the first arrivals; grog-shops, gambling-saloons, and dance-halls line the principal streets; there are quarrels, fights, shootings and sudden deaths. But, though reminders of that period of storm and stress do not entirely disappear for a long time, the oil-city, if it has any real basis at all, rapidly improves; stores built of brick succeed the tents and wooden shanties, schools, hotels and comfortable homes are built, and the place assumes the appearance of an ordinary bustling American town.

Counsellor Mac Carty's First Scalp*

By Seumas MacManus,

Author of "Donegal Fairy Stories," "A Lad of the O'Friels," &c.

MY first scalp, said the Counsellor, was the scalp of Solomon Greer. No, no, I haven't forgotten it, nor am I likely to forget. 'Twas over it that I made sudden name and fame. And ye'll hear how, if you have patience.

It is a far cry now to the day I was first called Counsellor, and there's many a head gone grey since, and many a thing I have forgotten; but the big success that first made a man of me and the comical way that I came by it isn't likely to slip my memory till my memory slips me.

Yes, he said, it's going to tell it I am, if you only give an old man time to draw his breath and take his drink. In troth, and I say it who know, when you young fellows have come through half the wars and scars that I have come through in my day, yous will find a deal of the sprightliness dusted out of your jackets, and yous will be wondering in what century it was that your youth left ye.

But here's to ye, anyhow, and may the sprightliness and light-heartedness be with yous, boys, for many a long day to come, for it isn't Counsellor M'Carty would be the man to discourage yous.

And, boys, I'll not try to tell yous what year it was that I was called to the Bar, for fear that I would over-reach my memory, which is getting too delicate to play pranks with; but, for three years after the date I don't mention, my experience was much the same as your own—hanging around the Coorts like a seedy bailiff in want of a job, and yawning every day bigger and wider, till Larry Maguire at length shoved half a pound of biscuits into my mouth, saying, "I know what you're wantin', boy." And, in faith, to be candid with yous, he wasn't far astray, for there was days when I ate my breakfast at supper-time, and trusted to God that I might get a meal, under any name whatsomever, on the morrow.

In them days, my parents—no shame to them!—weren't rolling in wealth, so I had to support myself—which was easy enough—and my dignity—which was as difficult as the divil—them times in five-and-fifty ways that would make yous blush for your profession if I told yous how. But I'll spare yous your blushes, seeing that it is very few of them ye have got to waste.

Howsomever, I was starving at the Bar, as I said, for three years before I got a chance of showing the stuff was in me. I had always my share of gall, and I used to say that when the day and the chance come I would astonish Larry Maguire and the rest of them who had now laughed at me for so long. And astonish them I assure you I did on one case—a trespass case that had come up from the country—which God and good fortune sent my way by giving Gallinagh, who was my senior on it, stomach cramps just at the right minute, and giving me control of the case and a free hand in it, carrying it through to success in a manner that drew me some handsome compliments from the bench, and sent me up at a gallop in the estimation of them for whom I stood as a good-natured butt heretofore. And right heartily they congratulated me on the splendid beginning I had made, while, to show their sincerity, they insisted on my spending three quarters of my fee on a champagne supper for them. And when they had swallowed the last of my fee, Larry Maguire he clapped me on the back, and he said, "Now, my lad, that we've seen you on the road to fortune, you have got to look out for yourself henceforth. If you succeed—as every one of us trusts in his heart you may—we will always, every man of us, be proud to think it was us made ye, and be at your service whenever you have a ten-pound note for to spend—which, pray God, may be often—but, if you fail, then the divil help you, for his children won't. Good-night," says he, "an' good luck. Come along, boys."

I thanked God that I had made a good beginning and proved the faith that was in

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me. But, after all, it's small the fame that's to be made out of a tuppence ha'penny trespass case, and I wished with all the veins of my heart that some wind would soon blow me a dacent case, wherein a man might get leave to wind his elbows. Somehow or other—Larry Maguire said after that it was because I troubled God little—my prayer soon seemed as if it was heard, for, in less than three weeks' time after, my landlady of a morning handed me a long letter that there fell a dacent-sized checque from when I opened it, and which contained, likewise, a brief and a request from Attorney John Rea, of Belfast, for my services as junior counsel in no less a case than that of "The Queen against M'Gaw and Costelloe."

I assure yous, boys, it took my breath away, for this was the famous agrarian case in the Fifties that fixed the attention of England as well as Ireland, and took on no less importance than that of a State trial. Rea, it seems, had been in the court the day I won my trespass case, and he was so pleased with the fine fight I made that he would have me as junior counsel and no other, and bullied and threatened them that were for employing a better-known man until he bullied them into agreeing with him.

For nine days after the receipt of that document I was in the heighth of good spirits, you may swear, and I felt that my name was now as good as made, and I had only to sit down and wait for fortune to trot along after. I was in fine feather them days, surely. But, if I was delighted at the prospect of being junior counsel on such a famous case, delight was no name for it when, some days later, Larry Maguire took me aside in the court, and whispered to me that he hoped in his heart I was making a good study of my case, and preparing a capital defence; "for," says he, under his breath—"an' this is a dead secret that can't go no further—as I foresee things now, it's nine chances out of ten that the case will come on on one or other day of the Carrowmore races!"

I gave him a puzzled look upon this, and he added: "Dundonald"—Dundonald was my senior—"hasn't missed the Carrowmore races once in the last five-and-twenty years. As you know they are his very own races, so to speak. He has always a couple of horses running in them; he has entered three horses for them this time—two for the first day and one for the second, and he has backed the animals with a small fortune. You know Dundonald; you know the sport he is, and you know—what all the world and half of the moon knows—that all the cases in the kingdom wouldn't keep him back from a day's sport that he had his mind set upon—and not from the Carrowmore races, over and above all else. For your own sake," says he, "you had better put your foot on that, and don't whisper it even to your bed-post; for there's more than half a chance that Dundonald, in his usual unconscious way, will walk off with himself at the last minute, without as much as 'The divil take care of ye till I come back,' and leave the case maybe entirely in your hands."

When I tell yous boys that I didn't sleep for three nights after that bit of intelligence, I'm only telling what's the bare, downright truth; but if I didn't sleep I didn't lose much by it, for I studied my case day and night, going through it like a worm, and making myself master of it in every detail. And I likewise begun preparing a speech for the defence—a speech that I was determined should take the wind out of the sails of all the orators that had the misfortune to go before me. And to living mortal I breathed no word of what Larry Maguire had told to me—not even when, at last the hearing of the case *was* fixed for the first day of the Carrowmore races—and I felt like to burst with the strain of containing too much. Even betwixt Larry Maguire and myself, a wise wink was all the intelligence that passed, and, betwixt joy and trepidation, tempered with hard work, I passed my time from then till the day that might be big with my fate. I was only afeerd that if, after all my castle-building, and after all the beautiful defence and magnificent oration I had prepared, anything should unluckily happen to Dundonald to hold him from the races, and keep him in court, I would never recover from the blow again.

On the great morning I went to coort with my heart in my mouth, and as I hurried through the hall I got a slap on the back

that surely sent the heart out of me, I thought, past all recalling. It was that divil, Larry Maguire, who had given me the outrageous bang, and, says he, when I turned in astonishment, "The Lord has been on your side after all; Dundonald's gone to Carrowmore, and the news is only taking wing yet."

"Thank God," I said heartily, as soon as I got my breath back, and Larry Maguire looked as delighted as myself. For, notwithstanding that he had his wee failing—like many's a good man before and since—of looking upon the wine when it was several colours of the rainbow, and notwithstanding, too, that there was no rascality in the way of a joke that he wouldn't perpetrate on his closest and dearest friend, there was ne'er a bad bone, nor a mean drop of blood, in all the body of him, and he was the best-hearted vagabond ever wore a wig, and would go through fire and water to serve any one he had a *gradh* for.

Says he to me, "I'm going out, myself, to have a drink on the strength of your good fortune, you go ahead," says he, "and prepare for your case." I went on; but, whether it was on my heels or my head I went—I couldn't tell you if I was on my book oath.

"M'Carty," says I to myself, "if you don't die of heart disease you'll be a made man this day, or you'll know the raison why."

A quarter of an hour was about as much as I enjoyed this paradise; for at the end of that time the black news came to me that old Solomon Greer—Sour Solomon, as the boys nicknamed him—was, at the last minute, given charge of the case as senior counsel, and this, too, though John Rea, who was the cutest and most far-seeing attorney in Ireland, fought tooth and nail against the proposal, and would, whether or no, have me myself to conduct the case; for his faith in me was big.

Now there wasn't a better-hated man at the Bar than Solomon Greer, or one who was more justly hated. His biggest enemy couldn't deny his real cleverness—if you screenged the Coorts of the three countries with a herring-net you could catch none cleverer—but his nearest and dearest friend couldn't deny that he was a most despicable divil. He begrudged to see anybody but himself successful in anything, and he more particularly spited any youngster at the Bar getting a footing. There wasn't a minute in the day that you couldn't hang a pot on the sneer on his upper lip, and he hadn't a brother at the Bar that he didn't, some time or other, say or do a mean thing to, so that he well won the distinction of being the most detested man that ever stood up in Coort. He was as bumptious and as conceited as if his head had been innocent of brains—which, as I hinted, and as I am guessing yous all know well, was very far from being the case; for it was him—this same Solomon Greer—who, on account of the extraordinarily clever way in which he pulled through with a State prosecution, was asked by a delighted Lord-Lieutenant to name any reasonable request he liked, that would ever after be a standing memento of his victory, and who, like the ignorant, vain fellow he was, asked that he should be allowed to practise in coort without wig or gown. He got his request granted as soon as asked, and from that time forward he was proud to make himself conspicuous by never wearing either the one or the other. He would come striding into the coort of a morning, and over to the corner seat that he had made his by the right of user. There he would throw himself down, cross his legs and his arms, and with the back of his head resting on the rail behind him, close his eyes in a bored sort of fashion, and, until the minute that he was needed to jump up, never move or stir a muscle—barring that, at a time when some counsellor said something that didn't please his Mightiness, a grunt, for all the world like a pig's, would come out of him. On the next instant he would appear to be asleep or dead again.

Well, boys, when I got the bad news that Sour Solomon was given the case, I was in the dumps badly, and—for I am not afraid to confess it to yous now—dropped more tears than two; a minute later I got another bang on the back that made me roar, and I found Maguire behind me, wanting to know what the dickens was the matter.

Says I, "They have put Solomon in the case!"

Maguirc was the most confounded man that ever I beheld, and "May the divil break his bones," says he (for poor Larry was never choice in his language), as soon as he found words. And then he didn't move nor speak for five minutes. At the end of that time Maguire made a sound with his mouth which always was a sign that he had untied a tough knot. He grapped me by the shoulder, and he shook me, and he says, "Rouse yourself up, M'Carty, an' tell me if you have your notes, and your speech, and all ready."

"All," says I, "all," dolefully shaking my head.

"I'm glad you have," says he, "because you'll have need for them."

"What do you mean?" says I

"No matter," says he, "buck yourself, and shake yourself together, and prepare for your business. There isn't a man," says he, "at this Bar, that doesn't owe a grudge, and a long one, to Solomon, and, by my 'davy, I mean to get square with the curmudgeon this day, and if," says he, "I can likewise help a friend in distress" (meaning me) "by means of the same wipe, I'll carry away from the Coort a lighter conscience than I fetched to it. Do you as you're bid," says he, "and ask no questions, and go into this case with the notion that Greer is on the other side of Kingdom-come, instead of at your elbow. You'll see what you'll see," says he, "if you're prepared to obey orders."

With the courage of despair I got up, and, says I, "I'm prepared for anything short of shootin' the Judge."

"Good man!" says Maguire, says he, and he slapped me on the back. "I like splunk."

I took my bag and my papers, and wondering what on earth project was in the wind with Maguire, went to my seat in coort, for it was now the time when the Judge would be going on the bench any minute.

Now, as I heard afterwards, the delight of Greer at getting this case was doubled by his learning the fact that I—a presumptious junior rat, as he would name it—had been prepared to run it. I thought myself that I had seen a venomous smile on his face, as well as the sneer, when himself and his bag came into coort this morning. And he said, as he laid down his bag with a bang at my side, "Youngster, why didn't you go to the races this morning?" and there was a taunt in his tone like a knife-point. But I made the fellow no reply. He threw himself down, as usual, in his usual seat, and only got up again to remark superciliously, that he was for the defence, when the case was called. After that subsided again, and gave no other sign of life than the usual grunt till the Coort rose at lunch time. And then the case for the defence, though not quite concluded, wasn't far off it. All the time myself had been in a mighty state of trepidation, conjecturing what might or might not be going to happen—or if anything at all was going to happen. But all the time I didn't let my trepidation interfere with my study of the case as it went along. When I came back from lunch in a greater state of trepidation and wonderment still, Solomon had been back before me and was again ensconced in his seat in his usual position, and I noticed, too, that Larry Maguire had taken the seat right behind him, and one of the boys said, "Maguire isn't well the day, whatever the matter can be; he went out for lunch, but he came back without eating it, and he was here in coort awaiting us."

I whistled to myself, and I said (to myself likewise), "Larry, you're a puzzle for the divil himself."

No matter. I shook myself, and attended to the continuation of the evidence for the Crown as closely as if my own fate, and the fate of half the world, was hanging on it. And the minute it was finished people said: "Now the play is about to begin!" and all the Coort took a long breath, preparing to see Greer tear the witness—there was just one chief witness, Sergeant Kinsella, on whom the whole case depended, but whose evidence was clear and convincing—tear him limb from limb. Greer unfolded his arms and legs as if about to rise. But, the next moment, the whole eyes of the whole Coort were fixed on him, by the strange, out of the ordinary sort of look that suddenly overspread his ugly countenance. He was still reclining, and the grin on his upturned face

puzzled all that gazed at him. For one whole minute Greer remained in this queer position, without any more sound and with no further motion than the grin, which was gradually growing wider and more hideous looking.

His Lordship himself, on the bench, bent over to know what was the matter with him, or was he going to begin his cross-examination, and, as he did so, he seen him folding his arms, and crossing his legs again, and, airily enough, waving his hand to me to attend to this part of the business.

For myself, I had had my hand on a water-jug, going to empty its contents over him—for I thought the poor devil was taking weak—but when I seen him cross his arms and his legs again, I was reassured, and when he give me the signal to rise, I said to myself he thought the cross-examination of Kinsella beneath him, and too small a matter for him to attend to.

All the Coort was relieved too, but they were badly disappointed likewise—I could see that, because they had looked for great things from Greer's cross-examination. But upon my soul, boys, though it's myself who says it, I can assure ye that I very soon put the Coort in good humour with itself by the way I handled and hackled my man. I first coorted and wheedled him until I got him to walk into my trap, never squeakin' myself till I was able to show him, and the jury, that he had contradicted his evidence half a dozen times if he had done so once. And, when I had him heartily out of humour with himself, I badgered him till I had him as narvous as a cat, and then bullied him till he was as limp as a drownded rat. And after that I swept the ceiling, and the walls, and the floor with him, and turned him down dissected like a doctor's subject.

And there was more than half a sensation in the coort when I sat down, I tell ye.

I hadn't time to look at or bother about Greer during all this; but now there was a wait for him and another breathless pause, and I turned round to look; and there, behold ye! was the old curmudgeon in the very self-same position still, with a good bit of a grin going and coming on his countenance, but no sign whatsomever of his getting to his feet to open the case for the defence!

From the box the jury all turned their eyes upon him. All the counsellors in the bar faced round by him, and the Judge on the bench leant over to see why he wasn't rising, and all of the crowd in the well-packed coorthouse stood on their tip-toes, one trying to see over the other's head, to find if Greer was going to get to his feet, or why he wasn't going to do so! There was about a minute's wait, during which time you might have heard a cockroach cough; and all this time the very peculiar grin, that I mentioned before, was again growing wider and greater on the face of Greer; but the eyes of him were closed, or nearly so. I wondered whether, after all, it wasn't my downright duty to take the water-jug and empty it over him at all cost; but I restrained myself. At the same time the heart in me was thrashing at my ribs, wondering what was going to come next, or would I, after all, have to open for the defence too? But then the idea of such extraordinary good luck was too good to be true, I said to myself; and my heart banged away till I thought it would damage my breastbone.

It must have seemed to me a long time—though I believe it was only a minute—till, while still all the Coort was on tiptoe, and every sowl of them holding his breath, the grin on Greer's face got more hideous: and then, to my overpowering joy, unfolding an arm, he waved me to proceed!

He folded his arms again; the grin died out of his face, and the Coort lay back and listened as I opened for the defence, in a speech that—Larry Maguire assured me after—was a triumph of genius, and which, be it what it might, held the Coort spell-bound anyhow. Next I proceeded to call up witnesses, and, one by one, put them through their paces. From time to time I took a look at poor Greer; and there he lay as still and motionless as the side of a church—barring that wonderful grin, which flabbergasted me to account for, was still coming and going on his countenance. The other counsellors, too, looked at him from time to time, and even his lordship, now and again, took a stolen squint at him from over

the bench. And every time they looked at him they shook their heads and whispered to their neighbour. "What's over Greer?" was the thought uppermost in the minds, and the words on the tips of the tongues of all. And only I knew, myself—what all the world knew—that Greer would no more look at liquor than he would hang himself, I would have thought—what it's likely many's a man there must, after all, have thought—that he was incapably drunk, but with his wits well enough about him to save his skin by remaining quiet.

"After all," says I to myself, "this is a strange world, and there's no knowing what the divil will tempt a man to."

For myself, every step in the case was a step higher; and, if my opening speech was a good one, and a success, my closing one was—to put it in Larry Maguire's words, as afterwards used—"a wonderful, rhetorical display, worthy of being recorded among the brightest efforts in the annals of legal oratory."

These were the words of a too enthusiastic friend, of course, and must be discounted; but, as I say again, although I say it myself, my concluding speech was an oration so remarkable that it nearly surprised myself, as much as it surprised the crowd in the Coort, the Judge on the bench, and, still more important, the twelve gentlemen in the jury-box.

The grin on Greer's face—for I glanced at him from time to time—as I proceeded with my oration, was something appalling, boys; but, I am told by them that seen it, whenever I made a good and bright point, the same grin took on a malicious appearance, and it looked as if some one was sticking corker pins into him. And when, at last, in an eloquent peroration that lifted, so to speak, the crowd off their feet, and nearly raised the roof off the Coort-house with the burst of cheering which it brought forth, I concluded my speech and sat down, with that sort of joy in my heart that I expect to experience again some near day, when I take my seat in Heaven—Greer, I am told, got white and black by turns; but I know myself that, after I sat down, and gave a glance at him, he was like the bed-sheet in the face. The grin was gone away, but it seemed to me there was venom enough, between the set lips of him, to poison a parish!

I need only say that the case for the Crown was riddled so that its own father didn't know it. Kernaghan—who was then the Attorney-General—tried, in his wind-up speech, to make the most he could by piecing the tatters together; but he found it pitiable, and he left it little better. The Judge, in his charge to the jury, complimented myself, till, if you will believe me, I blushed all the way to the back of my head. He directed them, moreover, to return a verdict for the defendants—which they did, after a retirement of barely four minutes.

And then the roar that come out of the throats of the thousand people who packed the coort told me that the name, and fame, and the fortune, of young Counsellor M'Carty, was from that moment made. In my heart, boys, I do assure you, I gave thanks to God. There wasn't a counsellor at the Bar that didn't rush over to me to wring my hand; and there wasn't one of them as he done so but gave a puzzled look at Greer, who was still in the very self-same position, and with the self-same grin fixed on his face. Larry Maguire—by the way—was the first man who had hold of my hand, and, with both of his, was working it like a pump-handle; on his face as he did so was a most mystifying look, and he gave a wink and a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder towards where Greer sat, before he jumped away, and out of coort, like a man who was filled for bursting with something that he must get rid of or perish.

When I got through with my congratulants, as I called them, I thought it was surely time to attend to Greer, and I asked him: "Mr. Greer," I said, "there is surely something the matter with you? Can't I get you something will relieve ye?"

He closed his lips tight, and then he opened them again a wee bit. "Ye—can—get—me—a—pair—of—scissors," he jerked out.

I looked at him, dumbfounded, for a minute, and then he hissed again.

"The — devil — take — you — for — a — blockhead! — Can't — you — understand — English?"

Instantly I sprang for the clerk's desk, where I knew there were scissors, and I had them back to him in a moment, saying: "Here they are, Mr. Greer," and waited to prevent him cutting his throat, if that was what he intended.

He said, "Confound you; shear away the hair at the back of my head and let me out of purgatory."

Then the riddle was read! A penn'orth of cobbler's wax on the rail aback of his head had cooked his goose for poor Greer!

. . . . .

On that same evening I was wringing Larry Maguire's hands, and near almost shedding tears on them, and I was saying, "Maguire, can I ever repay you, and how?"

"Ye can, sir," says Larry, coolly, "with tu'pence ha'penny, the cost of the cobbler's wax—and a dirt cheap price it is for making a man of you."

He was right, and, though that is two-score years and more ago now, I never again got such a tu'pence ha'penny worth—maybe never again needed it.

And that, boys, was my first scalp. Pass the bottle, McGurk.

"Go with God"

(A Spanish form of farewell. See Good Words, February 1903, p. 96)

Go with God;—
The way is lonely, we shall meet no more
Until for me earth's travelling days are o'er!

Go with God!—
The road is rough and you will need a guide;
He'll lead you safely to the River's side.

Go with God!—
Your sight may fail, the mist of griefs and fears
May cloud your eyes; He'll wipe away your tears.

Go with God!—
The path will darker grow as Night draws nigh;
For you the light shall break from Evening sky.

Go with God!—
The sun of earthly love for you has set;
His is a love that clingeth closer yet.

Go with God!—
And when my lonely pilgrimage is trod,
Love shall be ours again, at Home, with God!

A. Frewen Aylward.

Ruskin's Old Road

By W. G. Collingwood

Illustrated by the Author

IN GOOD WORDS for December last there was a map by Ruskin, titled "Geology on the old road." It was one of a set he drew in his youth to post himself in the scenery of the route by which his parents were taking him to the Alps. That was their regular route in the days before the railroad came and whirled you, sleepy and sick of the long night's travel, from the *douane* at Pontarlier to the bewildering platform at Lausanne. They used to take this bit of road in their own carriage as quietly as an afternoon drive at the Lakes, stopping where they chose and lingering at the points of view, not so much to get to the journey's end as to make every moment in it enjoyable. It was the remembrance of this easy, cosy way of travelling that made him so bitter about railways; not the main lines of necessary traffic, against which he had little to say, but those which profess to open out scenery to the public and earthly paradises to trippers.

All this has been written at length in "Præterita," and it is of the writing of "Præterita" that I should like in this paper to collect some vanishing memories. It is such a gossipy, apparently effortless book that you might think he wrote it in his arm-chair, and many have wondered at the brightness of his memory. But it was not memory, pure and simple, that went to the making of the picture of his youth. His habit had always been to keep old letters, journals, and sketch-books; on these his facts are based, and where they fail him he gets confused; where, as sometimes, they are misdated he gets inaccurate. Future editors will append their doubts to this and that statement, but nobody can retell his early history with more vividness and conviction, and in the main it is trustworthy, just because he had materials other than memory to lean upon. His landscape descriptions, too, are not fancy pictures; some bits are from early notes, but more are from the fresh view of old scenes which he revisited for the purpose of painting them anew.

He had begun some autobiographical notes in "Fors," but by 1882 he was thinking of a more extended work; and so, on September 1, at Dijon, he announced that we should drive through the Jura in the old style, and he would take me to all the old places just as his father had taken him. He began by showing me his old rooms at the Hôtel de la Cloche, where he bit his plate for "Seven Lamps" and Nurse Ann used to wake him—see "Præterita" for the running comment, the full accompaniment to this little recitative of mine. His map, too, as above mentioned, serves us to mark the route; for this bit of lovely scenery hardly comes into the guide-books to Switzerland.

We passed Poligny and stayed at Champagnole, where the old Hôtel de la Poste used to be one of his "homes." It had been splendid weather for the last few days, after a cold August in Central France; and the first Jura walk was across the hill to the gorge of the Ain. I had often been through the Jura, as a blind, benighted modern, but never before loitered from slab to slab of its fissured limestone summits, looking for the foreground loveliness of nestling flowers which contrast so delicately with the quaint, crannied rock; there is nothing which gives the same lyrical feeling except some of Nature's gardens in wild lava-fields of Iceland. How eager he was, and delighted with this open upland! You know there is only one place where he speaks of "liberty" as a good thing, and there it means the liberty of this Jura walk, enjoyed that afternoon.

By-and-by we came to a wood. He cast about a little for the way through the

ON RUSKIN'S OLD ROAD, BETWEEN MOREZ AND LES ROUSSES

By W. G. COLLINGWOOD, September 1882

trees, then bade me notice that the flowers of spring were gone; "You ought to have seen the wood-anemones, and oxalis, and violets;" and then, picking his steps to find the exact spot by a twisted larch-tree, and gripping my arm to hold me back on the brink of the abyss, "That's where the hawk sailed off the crag, in one of my old books; do you remember?"

Yes, of course I remembered—a little boy poring over "Seven Lamps" in dingy Liverpool, when the author's name on the title-page meant nothing more than a name, but the book meant dreams—oh, glorious!—of palaces and cathedrals and mountains and forests; have not you too, if only for a while, fallen under the spell of his descriptions? And was it possible that this queer, dear, old man was the magician?—and here, unexpected and confusing, the very place? What should one do at such a moment? We can't translate the Frenchman's *hommage* into English phrase and gesture. I believe I said, "Oh! yes!" and I know he thought me very unappreciative.

There were thunder clouds over the plain-country that evening, and we made no stop to sketch. On our drive next day up to the flat, high country of St. Laurent, with its pine-forests and scattered cottages, and down into Morez, the weather worsened. Thence the road climbs by the side of the valley to the highest back of Jura at les Rousses; the road, he says, "walked most of the way, was mere enchantment." At a halt I sketched, when a break in the clouds gave sunbeams darting into the valley beneath, and wisps of white wreathed the steep forests. You see where he got that beautiful cadence to a fine passage, after comparing the Jura upland with a Yorkshire moor, and contrasting the becks of our fells with the enchanted silence of open Jura. "The raincloud clasps her cliffs, and floats along her fields; it passes, and in an hour the rocks are dry, and only beads of dew eft in the Alchemilla leaves—but of rivulet or brook, no vestige, yesterday or to-day or to-morrow. Through unseen fissures and filmy crannies the waters of cliff and plain have alike vanished; only far down in the depth of the main valley glides the strong river, unconscious of change."

Up at les Rousses he pointed out the fort, then in building or newly built, with scorn—as if the Swiss on the one side or the French on the other could be kept in their bounds by stone walls, when real war comes; and then crossing the frontier there was the elation of getting into Switzerland. "Why do you like it better than France?" he asked. I was just trying to say why, that it is a free country and some more innocent gush, when the Swiss Customs officers ran up, and insisted on overhauling us, for they don't often see travellers as in the old days at les Rousses. I was mightily crest-fallen and he not a little delighted at this exemplification of "liberty"; but he did not make the incident a horrid example in "Præterita."

Here we diverged a little from his old road in the map, by going east a few miles to St. Cergues instead of making for the Col de la Faucille at once. The clean inn delighted him; pine boards on the floor, scrubbed white, and no needless furniture. Here he said we should stay a week and rest; he had much to write—you can easily understand what it was. But the next days were wet, and he sat in his bedroom writing diligently at first, while I caught some bright intervals for a sketch, though we never saw the line of the Alps quite clear.

In the lecture on "the Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century," one of his least convincing though most sincerely meant utterances, there are references to the strange weather of those days. All the way up from Morez he wanted me to come into the carriage and shut the window because of a treacherous east wind, and in my sketch you can see a certain smoky, not only thundery, look in the clouds. At St. Cergues this east wind haze was still more pronounced, the Lake of Geneva ruffled and white, with patches of shadow from small "sailor-boy" clouds, while the whole range opposite was not

Lake of Geneva and Dent d'Oches under the smoke-cloud, from St. Cergues, by W. G. Collingwood, September 1882

exactly shrouded but veiled in a persistent thickness of air. Above, the sky was bright, with blue and streaky cirrus, and between the showers the sun glittered on the trees. That fitful wind with the brownish-grey haze he called the plague-wind, and in all his lecture there is no very definite explanation of it, but much declamation against it as the ruin of landscape, and some vague hints of portent, almost as if he had been a prophet of old seeing the burden of modern Babylon in the darkened sun.

It is smoke. Any one who haunts our Lake district hills knows it well. On coronation night I saw it trailing from Barrow and Carnforth up the Lune valley as far as Tebay, always low and level, leaving the upper hills clear, perfectly continuous and distinct from the mist of water. This winter, from the top of Wetherlam on a brilliant frosty day, I saw it gradually invade the Lake district from the south-east; the horizontal, clean-cut, upper surface at about 2000 feet; the body of it dun and semi-transparent; its thick veil fouling the little cotton-woolly clouds that nestled in the coves of the Kirkstone group, quite separate from the smoke-pall; and by sunset it had reached to Dungeon Gill, leaving the Bow Fell valleys clear. Coming down by moonlight I found the dales in a dry, cold fog, and heard that there had been no sunshine at Coniston that afternoon. This is Ruskin's plague-cloud, and the real enemy of the weather not only in England but in the Alps. You will see it, according to the wind, on either side of Zurich most notably, and the distance this blight will travel is more than the casual reader might believe. A strong wind carries it away, but only to deposit it somewhere else, cutting off the sun's rays, and breeding rain and storm. This was not understood twenty years ago, but Ruskin's observations of the weather were perfectly accurate and his regrets at the changed aspect of Alpine landscape were only too justifiable.

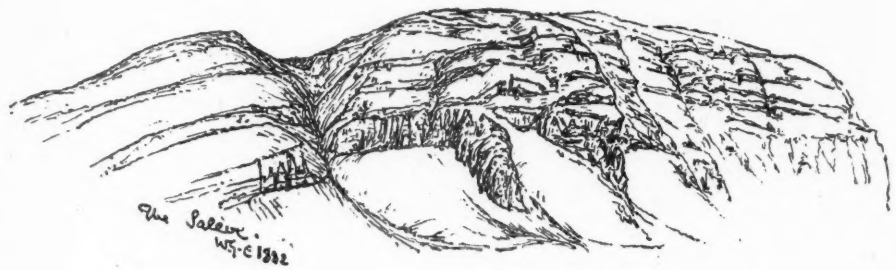
On Thursday, September 7, he had tired of dull weather at St. Cergues, and written up his notes for "Præterita:" he proposed to climb the Dôle and get onward to Geneva. It is a very easy walk of about a couple of hours up the gently sloping backs of the Helvellyn-like Jura range (in his map the Dôle is three quarters of an inch south-east of les Rousses); and from its top one should get a grand view of the lake and the Alps to Mont Blanc. He walked up as briskly as ever; there was a cold wind, but sun overhead, though the mountains to the south and east were still in the "plague-cloud." There was no sketching to be done, and we followed the ridge down to the Col de la Faucille. If you look once more at his map, the Col is where the road suddenly turns round into zigzags after going straight south-west behind the Dôle; and you remember how he names the whole chapter from this one spot, as a chief landmark in his memories, for there he always used to get his first full view of the "Mount Beloved." Few travellers know it, he says; but it is far from unknown to all who have lived in la Suisse Romande. There, they take school-children up mountains. Far better than Helvellyn is known to the English school child, the "dear Dôle" is known to every youngster who has learnt to sing (to the tune of "Life let us cherish") the song of

> La Suisse est belle,
> Oh qu'il la faut chérir!

We were not quite without our view. For a moment, too short for a sketch, Mont Blanc loomed through the dull haze, red in the sunset, brick red, not Alpine rose; and then all was grey. We found our carriage and drove down. I was waked in the darkness by Ruskin saying, "This is where Voltaire lived." "Oh, indeed!" said I.

Next morning, from grand front rooms at at the Hôtel des Bergues, where he had already begun a sketch of the houses opposite, merely for love of them, we went out in the heat to see the Rhone. All the haze had gone, at least from the nearer view, and he seemed never tired of looking at the water from the footbridge and whenever it was visible. I wondered why he

would not come on; but now I know. "Fifteen feet thick—of not flowing but flying water"—I will not quote the wonderful pages which every lover of Ruskin, of landscape, and of English



The Gorge of Monnetier and the buttresses of the Saleve

undefiled, must know—the "one mighty wave that was always itself, and every fluted swirl of it constant as the wreathing of a shell;" and then the bit about its blue, and "the innocent way" of it, and its dancing and rippling and glittering, "and the dear old decrepit town as safe in the embracing sweep of it as if it were set in a brooch of sapphire:"—that was what he was thinking, and now and then throwing out a word or a phrase of the famous description which showed that even so late, in shattered health and, as people said, impaired powers, he could talk and write as brilliantly as ever. If only he could have been kept in the Alps, with Nature and pastoral or quiet life, far from fruitless controversies and hopeless efforts, how much would have been spared to him and to all of us.

That afternoon in the glaring sunshine we drove out of Geneva through suburban villadom—he much amused at the modern fashion of house-names, "Mon Repos," "Chez nous," and so forth—towards Monnetier. He was at the moment healthily interested in Alpine structure, the geology of scenery, and could forget "St. George" in his eagerness to expound his views on the cleavage of the Salève. I made a slight note of the lines, the cathedral-like buttresses which flank the level-bedded masonry of the great mountain-wall with masses of a different rock, vertically cloven; and the gorge of Monnetier which cuts the range across with an unexpected breach; and we went over his old debate with the Genevese geologists. Then we climbed the gorge, and from the top found the Annecy Alps fairly clear but I think the same heaviness over the greater snow-peaks. At last we reached Mornex, his old home in the "sixties," when he was writing "Munera Pulveris" and first seriously grappling with the social problems which afterwards became his chief theme in so many lectures and books.

A letter he wrote that evening, to describe the visit, has recently been published; how he found his old house a restaurant, with people drinking on the terrace. He was, though he did not say so, rather cast down by the change—he who always deplored changes; but brightened when the landlord guessed who he must be, and quite cheered up—that last infirmity of noble minds—on hearing that the English sometimes came to see Ruskin's house. Indeed it was more his home than many a house in England, where he spent longer years, for it was of choice, not of necessity, that he lived there, and would have continued there to his own great advantage but for his father's death, which recalled him to the care of his widowed mother.

One phrase in that letter as now printed seems to have pained and alarmed some

of his friends; but surely without cause. He says to account for beginning his letter on the wrong side of the paper—as most people seem to do nowadays—that he had taken a glass too much Burgundy. The son of the sherry-merchant, with old-fashioned notions on the fitness of things, always took a glass or two of wine at dinner; one of his sayings was, "A glass of good wine never hurt anybody." But I am sure all his personal friends will bear me out in saying that it never went beyond the glass or two. He was no drinker, and his very strong anti-teetotal attitude was simply the expression of his own habitual and easy temperance. That evening's dinner I remember well; we had some debate about the pictures on the walls of the hotel sitting-room, and he would not have it that Madame Vigée Lebrun's portrait of herself and her daughter was charming. "No decent woman," he said, "would paint herself with bare arms, like that!"—which was quite his usual way of thinking about a much-discussed question of art. And then we settled to a little after-dinner writing, and you will not be surprised if we both nodded over our pens after that long hot day—*and*, of course, the Burgundy.

Nocturne

THE silence of the midnight falls upon me,
My heart, storm-tired, is softly hush'd to sleep;
A tender lullaby is sounding slowly,
An echo of the sadness of the deep,
For 'neath the cliff, safe cradled by the boulders,
The summer sea is plashing to and fro;
Beyond the point, I watch the pale moon rising,
Faint smiling on the ripples as they go.
The hungry wind is calling to the pine trees
To yield themselves unto his lofty sway,
And, moaning at his summons, in the darkness
The helpless virgins plaintively obey.
One friendly cricket chirps a crisp reminder,
"Time speeds alike in castle and in cot." . . .
I softly step within my open casement
And leave the world to God, who sleepeth not.

HILDA C. HAMMOND-SPENCER.

Sunday Readings for May

By the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham

FIRST SUNDAY

THE FIRST EASTER EVENING—i.

St. John xx. 29. "Then came Jesus, and stood in the midst."

IT was the late evening of the Resurrection Day. In our last week's study we traced that eventful day through the afternoon to some time after sunset, when the two pedestrians of the Emmaus road hastened back to the city with their great discovery. Here we are admitted to a glimpse of the place where that return-walk ended, and of the event which presently occurred there.

We follow them to the city gate, which then, probably, at Passover time, stood open all night. We trace them to the street where the house of the Upper Chamber stood; to the courtyard gate, fastened, "for fear of the Jews," but opened to the known voices outside; to the inner door, up a flight of stone steps, and opening direct into the great room. This also was unlocked, at the call of friends. And now the two streams of wonder and joy met together; the chamber was full of voices. "The Lord is risen indeed and hath appeared unto Simon"; "We too have met Him on the road; He made Himself known to us in the breaking of bread."

What a scene of eager interchange of heart and speech! The spacious place, where light and shadow play from the evening lamps upon the company, is full of broken sound. Such a moment had never been on earth before. An event of infinite wonder was before them, as it were at their very feet. The dead was living, and in His own right and power. The seeming awful defeat of the Cross was only the antecedent to the supreme and irreversible victory in which the beloved Master, taking His life again, presented Himself as indeed the Life, "declared Himself to be the Son of God with power," "the power of an endless life," "by the resurrection from the dead."

"Behold, He made all things new."

Let us often return in thought to that memorable hour. Again and yet again let us reaffirm to ourselves its immeasurable reality and radiant meaning. Vain, even to the understanding, even to common sense, are the efforts, whether crude or subtle, to explain it away. Sometimes the attempt is made with actually grotesque crudeness, as in a paper sent me lately from India, gravely asserting that the Lord Jesus revived from half-death, lived to a good old age, and lies buried—in Cashmere. Sometimes the denial takes very different forms, graver, more thoughtful, more formidable. But all alike break and retreat at last, like waves from the shore, before the vast, immovable evidence of the fact of the Christian Church, and the historic certainty that but for a great and manifest victory of the Lord over the death of His sacred body the Church would soon have melted back into the world. On the contrary, it promptly presented itself to the world as a force full of Him, an organism of transfigured lives, morally lifted to a height unknown before, totally different from their old selves, and spiritually capable of moving the whole human mass around them, "in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the spirit of their God."

As we ponder the Resurrection, the two opposite aspects of it will appear equally important. On the one side is its literal verity, as an event of history, certain and trustworthy to the full along every line of inquiry and test proper to historical problems. On the other side is its supernatural mystery and significance; its process, defying, or rather transcending, imagination; its sequel, in which we see as it were eternity visibly inserted into time, a Being walking on earth, and taking meals at His friends' tables, and talking at great length to them, while yet the conditions of His bodily existence are inscrutable, miraculous, half celestial already.

The two aspects combine, for the thoughtful believer's mind, into one feeling of profound reliance in the supreme and

boundless trustworthiness of the Risen Lord, as Fact, and as Power. Thinking ourselves back into that Upper Chamber we can repose ourselves before Him, while He tries our faith now by His silence, which leaves so much unexplained, and now by His words, as He speaks of things inconceivable to us as of simple facts to Him, and tells us, for example, that we too, after having seen corruption, shall rise in glory. The Speaker is adequate to the promise. It is the Christ arisen.

But now a hush falls upon the groups in that spacious room. The doors, fastened again after the entrance of the two men from Emmaus, have not been again disturbed. Yet another Person is on a sudden with them, in bodily presence. He takes His place in the midst, and smiles, and speaks. It is the Lord.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE FIRST EASTER EVENING—ii.

St. John xx. 19. "Then came Jesus, and stood in the midst."

We placed ourselves last Sunday amidst the disciples, apostles and others, who saw the sudden, silent presence of the Risen Lord in the midst of them while they were so preoccupied with talk about Him. The scene in itself is a means of grace. We may often say, each of us, with the Christian poet,

'Tis light at evening-time when Thou art present;
Thy coming to the Eleven in that dim room
Brighten'd, O Christ, its gloom;
So bless my lonely hour that memories pleasant
Around the time a heavenly gleam may cast
Which many days shall last!

But now let us turn to some of the spiritual messages of that hour.

It is full of such messages. It tells us, for example, how true the heavenly Master is to His promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." He who is our Advocate above, in the celestial glory, on the divine throne, helped our faith to a firmer grasp on that great fact of the Unseen by offering, just once, here on earth, in audible speech, before His followers, that great example and specimen of His advocacy, the "High Priestly Prayer" of John xvii. Even so He who invisibly, inscrutably, yet really, is always now present in each gathering of His dear disciples, helped their faith to hold that truth more fast and more fully by that visible entrance in among them after Resurrection.

Again, to take another example, the scene carries to us in living form the great message, that peace, joy, and power for His disciples are inseparably united to personal relations with Himself. How did the peace of God, passing understanding, come to them that night? By the manifested presence of Him who first said, "Peace be unto you," and then showed them His hands and His side. He came as His own supreme Evangelist, in His utterance of "peace." He let them see Him as His own supreme Evangel, in His finished sacrifice and that glorious sequel of it, His living Presence. So it is for ever. There is no substitute, nor ever can be, for personal relations with Christ, crucified and risen. Would we taste a "peace" which is indeed "of God"? It must be "through our Lord Jesus Christ," as not a Principle only but a Person. Faith must see His wounds; faith must hear His benediction, nothing between; resting direct on Him. Only so will our life have banished out of it the bewilderment, the misgiving, which lie at the troubled heart of half-religion.

And when He poured into them "the oil of gladness," how was it? By His same wonderful yet divinely simple manifestation of Himself. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." He, the "Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief," as indeed He was, and is—in the sense of that great saying, "To suffer passes, to have suffered, lasts for ever"*—is yet, to the believing soul, "my exceeding joy" (Psal. xliii. 4), by just being what He is, and being, in all that He is, present with His own. In His religion, while there is abundant room for holy griefs there is no place for melancholy, which is the grief of perplexity and weakness. Christ is essentially not only peace but joy, just because in Him holiness, love, and power converge upon issues of victorious

* *Souffrir passe; avoir souffert demeure éternellement.*

happiness for Him and for His. And our enjoyment of Him as our joy will be great in proportion to our faith's "sight" of Him as such. Look not for joy at a distance from Him, as a thing merely derived and secondary. "*In Thy presence* is the fulness of joy; *at Thy right hand* there are pleasures" (note the word) "for evermore."

Then, when what they need is power, the secret is the same. Soon they were to leave "that dim room" for the outer world, with all its sins and all its enmity. They would need power indeed, not apart from peace and from joy, by no means, yet as a thing special and distinct. And it is the Lord Jesus Himself who gives it. "I send you"; "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." And the Holy Ghost is so inseparably connected with Jesus Christ that the symbol and warrant of the gift of Him came in the form of the very breath from the immortal lips of the Giver. And when that Gift is given, and is *received*, we know what the surest index of His presence is; it is the growing greatness of Christ to the soul, and His growing power over it from within. "He shall glorify me"; "Strengthened by the Spirit, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

So the message of the Upper Room is, *Christ is All.* "Even so, come, Lord Jesus"; "come in, and sup with us, and we with Thee."

THIRD SUNDAY

THE FIRST EASTER EVENING—iii.

St. John xx. 21. "Even so send I you."

We return to the Upper Chamber for one more study.

It is deeply instructive to observe the Lord's use of the occasion to remind His disciples at once of *their mission*. We might have thought it likely that that aspect of things would be reserved and postponed for a season. The very day of the Resurrection, we might imagine, would be given wholly to the consolation of the griefs of the disciples and to their profound enjoyment of the recovered, the more than recovered, Lord. On the walk to Emmaus, apparently, He had on the whole done so; giving no commands, simply chasing the mist of hopeless sorrow before the summer sun of His undying presence. But then again His very first appearance, to Mary in the Garden, loveliest gem of all the narratives of Scripture, speaks another lesson. He had indeed addressed Himself first to her broken heart, and shown her how He understood her tears, and uttered her name in a tone which opened up all His heart to her. But then, He had at once sent her on an errand; instantly there was work for her to do for Him for others. "Go unto my brethren."

> She first, all happy Magdalena, bore
> From Joseph's grot the bliss unheard before;

telling the apostles themselves that the Lord was risen, and on His way to the eternal throne. Yes, and the men of Emmaus, if they had no direct command to that effect, acted as if they had. As we saw a few Sundays since, their joy was *centripetal*. They were driven by holy instinct to communicate. They felt a mission to their brethren in the city, and hastened back to fulfil it.

So at the evening meeting. The Lord cannot let the happy company go with nothing upon their hearts but their own happiness, even though it was the purest happiness in Him. He lays *a mission* upon them, with a very definite commission, and He breathes divine power into them in view of it. "As my Father sent me, even so send I you." "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." "Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whose soever sins ye retain they are retained."

Those last words I do not elaborately examine here. My conviction is that they were meant by the Lord in a sense as luminous, as perspicuous, as it was deep. Neither Scripture nor earliest Christian history witnesses, as far as I know, to His having meant a mysterious hierarchical commission, such that remission of sins must be conveyed normally through a clerical stewardship, or even through the stewardship of the whole Christian body, as if the soul's perfectly direct access to the Lord Himself, spirit to spirit, were impeded. Rather, I take the words to be a commission to the Church to be the Master's messenger to souls, carrying to them His terms of pardon,

and inviting them in His name to go with them to—Himself.

But there is no need for our purpose now to go further into this question. It is enough for us to remember the broad fact that the risen Lord Jesus did, then and there, give to His disciples first peace, then joy, but then also *mission*. He needed them for the purposes of His work in the world. He had truth to tell the world, and they must be His means of telling it. He had pardon, and holiness, and heaven, to impart to the world, and the impartation must be done through them as His agents, His very lips and tongue, as it were, charged with the proclamation of His covenant of life, and themselves instinct with that life; not His machinery, but His body, for His work.

It was a blissful thing to meet in the Upper Room; to sit there beneath the evening lamps, listening in quiet to "the pleasant voice of the Mighty One." But it was a bliss meant to issue in blessings for the unhappy world around. They must go forth to say, in His dear name, "Peace be unto you." They must point others to His hands and His side, till they, too, should be glad, seeing the Lord. Filled with the Holy Ghost, they must be living witnesses to others of the sacred pardon they had themselves received.

So that primeval congregation at last broke up, as commissioned messengers, and the room was dark and still again.

One of the most solemn of sights is a church left empty after divine worship and the preaching of the Word. Men and women have met before God—and dispersed to mix again with the world of common life. How have they gone? To be as if the holy hour had not been? Or to live amidst life's intercourse and action as those who have seen the Lord, and tasted His joy, and received His Spirit, and who remember that as the Father sent Him, even so sends He them?

FOURTH SUNDAY

LAKE-SIDE THOUGHTS

St. John xxi. 1. "Jesus shewed Himself to His disciples by the sea of Galilee, which is the sea of Tiberias."

Fair and beautiful is the narrative of John xxi. Very few pictures, even in the long and luminous gallery of the Bible, surpass it in respect of either its landscape, or its figures, or their action. Have we not often shut the eyes, as it were, to the printed page that the scene may "flash upon the inner eye?"

But to-day I attempt no long "re-telling" of the inimitable, the inspired simplicity of the story as it came, touch by touch, to the pen of the aged John from his deep, clear memory. I ask my reader to re-consider it only that it may tell us some truths about our Lord Jesus Christ, so that we may afresh "believe that He is the Christ, the Son of God, and believing may have life through His name."

That is the aim and reason of the whole Bible. Assuredly it is the great purpose of every Gospel narrative. Not to please the imagination, though nothing can so charm it as these holy scenes, but to make the Lord Jesus great and present to us—this is the purpose.

Looking then upon HIM as presented to us in John xxi. we note Him first as dealing with His beloved disciples through trial for blessing. Can we doubt that the long and quite fruitless "night of toil" was ordered by His will, or let us put it rather so, was allowed in order to the attainment of His end? If they had "caught nothing" all through those dark hours upon the flood there would have been far less preparations and fitness for the wonder and the joy of the morning. Yes, it was He assuredly, the Son of Man who rules all creation, "the fish of the sea, and whatsoever walketh through the paths of the seas," who willed them all away that night from the nets of His friends.

Jesus Christ sees far, and He plans on lines that "go off into mystery," though always, for His servants, into blessing. Let us learn a new lesson of personal confidence in Him by that midnight water-side. Wait for "the end of the Lord"; it will be seen to-morrow morning.

In a remote churchyard in Cambridgeshire I read a few years ago an epitaph, nearly a century old, on two aged sisters. The text was, "When the morning was come, Jesus

stood on the shore." It seemed to me to sum up lives in which the patience of faith had been the guiding principle. Those two forgotten disciples had trusted through the night and the toil. They were willing to wait. They knew it would be well to-morrow morning.

Then, the Lord appears in this scene before us in the solemnity, yet the blessed peace, of His absolute, autocratic masterhood. "If I will that he tarry, what is that to thee? Follow thou me." It is the tone of one who, if not GOD, is speaking infinitely beyond His rights. Who is He that He should treat those two profound human personalities, that great pair of heroic saints, as pieces on a chess-board, to be moved as He thinks fit in the game He is playing? He is Jesus Christ, over all, blessed for ever. He is only acting upon His lawful footing. He has made, and He may dispose. Aye, but also "He has made, and He will bear" (Isai. xlvi. 4). His imperial tone is not that of the *mere* autocrat, vain of his authority, and enjoying it, cost what it may to the subject. It is that of the divine Possessor, who holds indeed infinite rights over his possession, but also cares for it with an individual and tenacious love. Those who know Him know that He is "altogether lovely" not as Saviour only, but as Saviour King.

Lastly, as we take from Joh. xxi. these specimens of its witness to Jesus, let us look at the Lord as He prepares the meal upon the beach, and gathers those seven men round Him, and gives them the food from the fire of coals. See here His character on that side of it so precious to us men, His holy love of our society, His kind, affectionate concern in our commonest needs, His *philanthropy*, His "attachment to man"! Those seven men were indeed saints, by His grace. But they were also merest men; they were peasants, men of the people, Galileans, provincials in a region which itself was provincial to the centres of the fastidious civilisation of that time. And He was the Son of God, radiant and sublime in His immortality, mysteriously entered upon through the great Passion which redeemed a world. Yet "He loved the people; all His saints were in His hand; they sat down at His feet"; (and at His side;) "every one received of His words."

He is the same Jesus still. His "philanthropy" is identical to-day. O man, mere man, sinful man, He does not love thy sin. But He loves thee. He loves thy human nature, thy human company. And He is able to make thee, by being thine, fully capable of companionship with Him.

FIFTH SUNDAY

JOINED TO THE LORD, ONE SPIRIT

1 Cor. vi. 17. "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit."

Here is a sentence deep as eternal truth can make it. Yet it stands in a context full of the harshest realities of tempted human life. A recent Corinthian convert is in view. Last year, perhaps last month, he was the slave of sensual vice. And he is in grave danger of returning to the mire, for he still has to live close to it. But he is now a Christian: not a great or advanced Christian, yet a Christian, in truth. He has found his Saviour, and surrendered himself to His life-giving hands. Therefore he has a vast resource of strength with which to resist the evil, or rather to rise above it, as a bird can spring on its long wings from beside the snare to the deep freedom of the skies. The man has spiritual wings, to escape upward to God. Has he come to the Lord? Then, he is "joined to Him." There is vital continuity between Christ and the man. The forces of Christ are at his disposal, in immediate contact; a contact so deep and vital that it can only be expressed thus: Christ and the Christian are "one spirit."

Let him recollect that fact, and use it, meeting the enemy with the Friend who has knit up His glorious Self with His weak disciple. So he shall "more than conquer." He shall "mount up with wings," and look down from above on the snares of hell.

So it was then; so it is to-day. The realities of life are still stern and urgent. Fierce are the temptations that still beset the weak will, at its weakest point. And still there is a way, present as it is divine, for

victory, and more than victory, over the devil, the world, and the flesh.

"One spirit." The words lead us straight to the thought of the Holy Ghost. In view of St. Paul's general teaching we may boldly take them as a short expression of the truth that when man comes in his need to Christ, for pardon, and for moral purity, then man is linked, by no mere impersonal influence, but by the living "Lord, the Life-Giver," (as our Nicene Creed calls Him,) in a vital bond, with his Redeemer. As the life-forces from the centre of our own being articulate into oneness our head, and feet, and hands, so the Spirit of the eternal Life makes one the believer and the Lord.

It transcends all our analysis, but not our reasonable faith. More and more to-day we meet examples of the hidden force which one human spirit can, as it were, project into another, lawfully or not. Then why hesitate to think that the Divine Spirit can so occupy our spirit, not violating but indwelling, as to transform it within itself, and so articulate it to the life and will of Jesus Christ that it shall be no mere metaphor to say that we are spiritually His limbs?

"A member of Christ." Such we Christians are, as to God's gift. And what God gives, in word and sacrament, *we must take*, if we would have it real to us. The soul must welcome in its promised Lord, opening itself to His wonderful offered life, drinking in with its thirsty lips the stream of His Spirit. We must clasp the Christ offered us in His sacramental promise, yielding to Him, using Him. Then indeed we are "joined to the Lord," His living limbs, He and we one spirit.

> Within our veins His currents be,
> His Spirit on our breath.

Such, in some measure, is the Pentecostal truth; such is this mysterious but most practical work of the Holy Ghost. He, according to Scripture, operates always for us with reference to the Son of God. He "glorifies" Christ. He brings us "to the obedience and the blood-sprinkling of Jesus Christ." By Him we are "strengthened, that Christ may dwell in our hearts," welcomed in by unfearing faith. He is the One Spirit of the one Body; animating, uniting. Blessed be His sacred Name.

In closing, let us recollect some practical issues of the Christian's limb-relation, by the Spirit, to the Son of God.

i. Here is a profound secret of liberty and power. My Redeemer is no mere distant Potentate, nor even merely a Friend at hand. He is in contact with my inmost being, so that His will, His love, His power are given to run, as it were, into me. Is this no dream, but His revelation? Then let me walk out on the path of His will habitually recollecting that it is so. Christ's limb bears Christ's life. It need never serve sin. It need never shun God's will.

ii. Here is a summons, clear and high, to a life of willing service to my Lord. Am I one spirit with Him, His living limb indeed? Then my true life is to be the willing implement of His will. Our limbs exist, in the order of nature, not for themselves but for the imperial will above them. What is the function of my right hand? To do my will. And its health, its very life, depend on its articulation into me as my implement. Well, I am to Christ the hand, the foot, the lips. I exist, in union with Him, for use by Him. There is my wonderful function. There too is the law of my inmost health, power and joy. To serve Him is thus indeed to reign.*

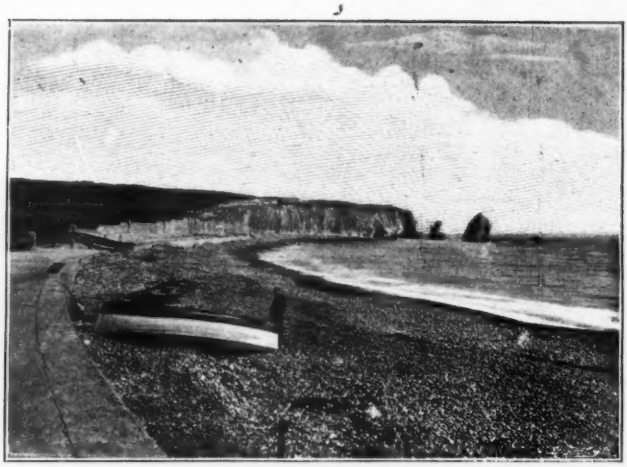
iii. Lastly, here is the living warrant for our great hope, the resurrection of the dead, the life of the world to come.

> Can the Head forsake the limb,
> And not draw it after Him?

No, thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory. "If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raiseth up Christ from the dead shall also bring to life your mortal bodies, by His Spirit dwelling in you."

Nearly three centuries ago good Bishop Hall put the truth in his peculiar way of quaint beauty: "It is abundant comfort to us that our Head is in the fruition of that glory whereto we, the poor labouring part, strive to aspire. Our Head is above water, though we the limbs are yet wading through the stream."

* *Cui servire est regnare* (Ancient Collect).



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Freshwater Bay

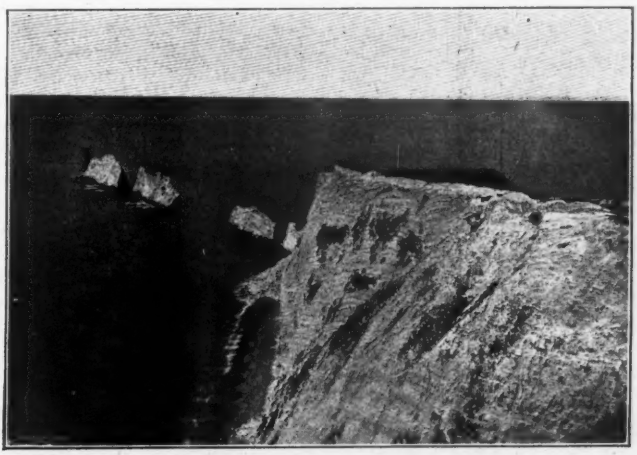
The Isle of Freshwater

By the Rev. John Vaughan, M.A.

FROM an ornithological point of view, "the Isle of Freshwater," as it was formerly called, in spite of its villas and increased population, has lost none of its ancient attraction. Thousands of birds breed, as of old, and perhaps even in larger numbers, on the ledges which line the perpendicular cliffs, which stretch between the Bay and the Needles. A visit to these cliffs in the month of May, when the birds are building, is an experience never to be forgotten. Herring-gulls, puffins, guillemots, razorbills, will be seen in countless multitudes, together with colonies of shags and cormorants, and perhaps a pair of ravens or a noble peregrine. The way to see this wonderful sight is to take a little boat at Freshwater, and to row as far as Sun Corner, a distance of some three or four miles, where all along the mighty chalk cliffs rise perpendicularly from the ocean waves to the height of from four to five hundred feet.

Leaving Freshwater Gate, the corner of the precipitous cliff, now crowned with a military fortification, is soon turned, and we find ourselves in Walcombe Bay. Here, at the base of the cliffs, worn away by the action of the waves, are many dark caverns, some of considerable extent, one of which is still known as "Lord Holmes' Parlour," the legend being that a nobleman of that name, formerly Governor of the Island, was wont to entertain his friends in its gloomy recess. At first but few birds are seen, only a pair of herring-gulls and a company of jackdaws are sailing about in the air near the summit of the lofty cliff. Presently a kestrel hawk, followed by its mate, is seen making for a hole in the chalk where its young are clamouring for food. Numbers of these birds breed all along the cliffs of the Island from the Culvers to the Needles, and may often be seen hovering almost motionless in mid-air in search of prey. Now a cormorant, known locally as an Isle of Wight parson, flies by, with its long neck stretched out; and large numbers of daws may be seen hovering about their nests in the holes of the cliff. Here and there, where the chalk is somewhat less precipitous, narrow shelves

and ledges covered with green herbage break the vast expanse of whiteness, and here many interesting plants manage to exist and thrive. In one place, not fifty feet above the waves, a small patch of deep purple catches the eye. It is a clump of the rare and beautiful sea-stock, growing on the face of the cliff, and giving a charming touch of colour to the scene. Farther on, covering perhaps half an acre of the shelving surface of the cliff, on which some rabbits are scuttling about, a mass of yellow charlock is seen ; and lower down some exquisite patches of pink thrift, within reach of the splash of the waves. After about an hour's rowing, as one draws near the "Wedge Rock," the birds become more numerous. Numbers of herring-gulls, the only species of gull which breeds at Freshwater, are now seen whirling about in all directions, casting their shadows on the face of the cliff, and uttering their weird cries, which can be distinctly heard above the noise of the waves. Here and there, dotted against the white surface of the chalk, small patches of still purer whiteness, white as the driven snow, catch the eye. These are the herring-gulls sitting on their beautifully marked eggs, which they have deposited on the narrow ledges of the cliff, and whose glossy plumage makes even the dazzling chalk look dull. One bird has laid its eggs beside a patch of rosy thrift, against which it is leaning its snow-white breast. As yet only the breeding-places of the gulls have been passed, with here and there a colony of jackdaws and a few solitary nests of stockdoves and kestrels, when suddenly a flock of guillemots fly out to sea, followed by a couple of puffins, or sea-parrots The appearance of these curious, foreign-looking birds, when seen for the first time, is very striking. Their enormous orange beaks, seemingly out of all proportion to the size of their little fat bodies, their red legs, their peculiar mode of flight, resembling that of a covey of partridges, the knowing expression of their painted faces distinctly seen as they fly close past the boat, or bob up and down not a hundred yards distant, like corks upon the waves, all combine to give character to these jolly little birds. Yarrell says that comparatively few puffins breed in the Isle of Wight ; this, however, is not the verdict of the local fishermen, nor the experience of the writer in his repeated visits to their haunts. Hundreds of them might now be seen, flying out to sea in companies of ten or twenty, floating by dozens on the stormy waves, or sitting upright on their solitary eggs in long rows on the ledges of the cliff. Just above



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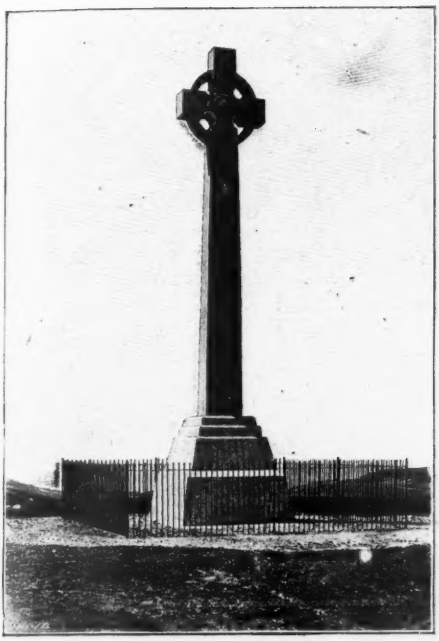
The Needles

the Wedge Rock a colony of black cormorants have established themselves. Their huge nests, "large as a wheelbarrow," as the fishermen expressed it, composed of sticks, coarse grass, and masses of seaweed, could be seen some four hundred feet up the cliff. One nest contained young, and it was a fine sight to watch, through the glasses, the old birds feeding their newly hatched offspring, whose long, snakelike necks, twisting about in every direction, were clearly visible from below.

Beyond the Wedge Rock, a detached mass of chalk, known among the fishermen as the "Old Pepper Rock," rises abruptly from the sea. Here the shags had taken up their quarters. These birds, which are sometimes confused with the common cormorant, may easily be recognised by their prevailing green colour and by their smaller size, but the eggs of the two species are so alike that it is almost impossible to distinguish them. It is curious to notice how each species of sea-fowl keeps to its own position on the cliffs. The guillemots occupy one station or line of ledges on the rock, the razorbills another, the puffins a third, while higher up still are the breeding-quarters of the herring-gull. Even the shags and cormorants keep to themselves. Not a cormorant was breeding on the "Pepper Rock": the shags had the spot entirely to themselves.

The scene beneath the "Main Bench," above which stands the "Tennyson Beacon," was indeed a striking one. The cliffs rise sheer from the water's edge to the height of six hundred feet, and here myriads of sea-fowl were breeding. The face of the cliff was literally lined with birds. At the report of a gun thousands left their stations; gulls, shags, cormorants, puffins, razorbills, guillemots, were everywhere screaming around; the very air was darkened with the multitude of birds. But even this unusual sight did not exhaust the interest of the scene. As we were watching the birds returning to their ledges on the cliff, a loud hoarse croak arrested our attention. It was unmistakably the voice of a raven, whose cry of "Corpse, corpse!" is utterly unlike anything else in nature. Yes, there was the bird of ill-omen, soaring near the summit of the cliff and loudly croaking as it flew. Formerly the sight of a raven was common enough in England; almost every parish had its "raven-tree," where from time immemorial the bird had nested: now the lofty cliffs at Freshwater are one of the few remaining spots in the South of England where the raven may be seen. Here they have bred for centuries, and here throughout the year a pair may always be seen. In winter they are almost the only occupants of the cliffs. The sea-fowl leave in August, as soon as the young birds can fly, and do not return till the early spring, when the guillemots first make their appearance. But the ravens never desert their ancient haunts; winter and summer alike they may be seen by those who understand their ways, tumbling about in the air, or sailing off somewhere in the neighbourhood of Freshwater. The ravens remain, and with the ravens the peregrine falcons. For centuries these splendid birds, now becoming rarer and rarer, have had their eyrie in the cliffs. This season they selected as their nesting-place a large cavern in the chalk about four hundred feet above the waves. From the boat the entrance looked a mere hole, hardly large enough for the birds to enter, but in reality a man could stand upright in it. And there sat the noble bird; with the glasses she was distinctly visible, sitting on a crag of chalk, and looking out over the sea.

In order to obtain the eggs of the peregrine, or indeed of any of the birds which frequent the cliffs, it is necessary to descend by means of a rope from the downs above. It is a dangerous proceeding, and has caused the loss of many lives. Formerly the trade was a fairly lucrative one, but of late years it has fallen off, and now but few fishermen care to follow it. Still a good many descents are made every year by one or two of the more adventurous among the younger men. The mode of procedure is the same as followed by their forefathers. A crowbar is first driven into the ground some eight or ten inches. "Two ropes," says an eye-witness, "are commonly used; one goes round the body, and the other is held in the hand; the first is warped round



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The Tennyson Beacon, Freshwater Bay

the crowbar, so as to be let out at pleasure; the second is fixed to it by a noose, and when the suspended cliffsman wishes to reascend, he shakes this second rope as a signal, and two men at the top of the cliff begin hauling at the first, or waist-rope, while he assists the operation by climbing up the second hand over hand. The crowbar is rarely stuck so deep as eight inches in the ground, so that at every movement of the collector it may be seen to give most tearfully. At some parts of the face of the cliff are shelving ledges of the most slippery turf, and when arrived at these the collector throws off his waist-rope, and walks or clambers along for fifty or a hundred feet, and sometimes even more. This, though less striking to a stranger than the act of dangling from a rope, is in fact the most dangerous feat of all, for the slightest slip is fatal. Another constant source of danger is the detaching of small pieces of rock or loose stones, by the friction of the rope against the cliff; to avoid these, the cliffman has to keep an incessant look-out, and to bob his head this way and that, to escape a broken sconce."

In addition to the sale of birds' eggs, which seem to have found a ready market in London at the rate of half a crown a dozen, there was also in former days a considerable trade in samphire. This plant still grows in abundance on the sloping ledges or terraces which break the otherwise perpendicular face of the chalk cliffs, but the demand for it has almost entirely disappeared. This "dreadful trade," as Shakespeare calls it, was, even fifty years ago, a regular part of the summer's occupation of the fishermen. The samphire, when gathered, was cleaned and sorted and placed in casks with salt water, and then consigned to certain wholesale houses in London, who paid for it at the rate of four shillings a bushel. For smaller quantities the charge for collecting was one shilling per gallon. The samphire, we are told, was considered in perfection when just about to blossom towards the end of May, and the gathering lasted several weeks, as the plants came successively into flower. Formerly samphire-pickle used to be considered a great delicacy in the Island, and sometimes the herb minced was served up with melted-butter instead of caper-sauce. But now, the fishermen tell you, samphire is seldom asked for.

The shelves or ledges on which the samphire grows are known among the cliffsmen as "meads" or "greens." Some of them are of considerable extent. One of the largest goes by the name of Rose Hall Green, and is perhaps an acre in extent. Unlike all the others, this "green" is accessible from below, though only in exceptionally calm weather, as the surf caused by the almost constant swell is very heavy on the rocks when there is any wind. In common with all the rest, it is covered with a dense growth of vegetation, the influence of the sea air in giving what Dr. Bloomfield calls "bulk and obesity" to the plants being very remarkable. Some of the leaves of the wild beetroot, called by the poor

people "wild spinach," large tufts of which cover the ground, are considerably thicker than a penny. Samphire, of course, abounds in immense quantities, together with great bushes of the wild carrot, and a gigantic form of *Hieracium pilosella*, the leaves of which are shaggy on both sides with long white silky hairs. Wild cabbage, the yellow flowers of which are so conspicuous on the white cliffs at Dover in early summer, is not now found here, though the old herbalist, Matthias de Lobel, spoke of it as apparently abundant at the close of the sixteenth century.

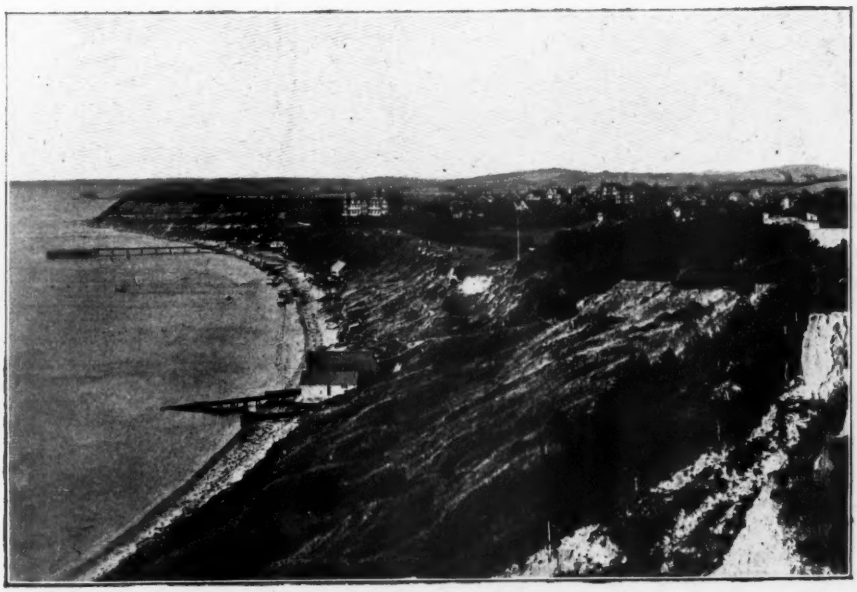
It is strange how animals manage to exist in these inaccessible places. Rabbits abound in large numbers, and one year Rose Hall Green swarmed with rats. Sheep, too, wander from the downs above on to these "meads" and terraces, where they will sometimes remain for weeks together. Occasionally, however, they are unable to return, and will then be shot by fishermen from a boat below. One poor creature we noticed, four hundred feet up the cliff, crouching in fear on a narrow ledge, and unable to move either way. A few years ago, one farmer lost as many as thirty-two sheep in this way in a single season: now boys are usually employed to prevent them from straying over the edge of the cliff.

In addition to the *Picris* broomrape, which flourishes on Rose Hall Green, many other rare and interesting plants are found in the Isle of Freshwater. We have already mentioned the purple sea-stock as growing on the face of the white chalk in Watcombe Bay. On the other side of Freshwater Gate, on the ledges of the perpendicular cliff under Afton Down, this beautiful plant grows abundantly. The fishermen call it the "gillyflower," and are fully aware of its rarity. Formerly it grew near Hastings, now it is only to be found at Freshwater. This plant is the parent of the cultivated stock, but the delicious fragrance of its deep purple blossoms, especially of an evening, far surpasses that of the garden flower. On its native cliffs the sea-stock is of perennial growth, and splendid bushes of it may be

(Valentine & Sons, Ltd., photographers, Dundee)

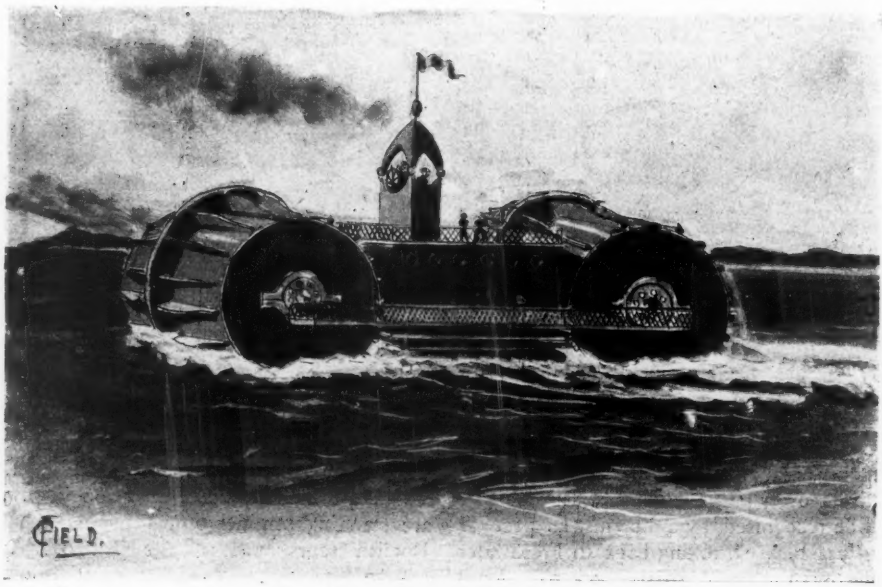
Coloured Sand Cliff, Alum Bay

seen, which must certainly have survived several winters. Down the warren which descends into Alum Bay the wild flowers are plentiful. The brilliancy of their hues almost equals the gorgeous colouring of the famous cliffs. There are masses of blue forget-me-nots, and yellow cinquefoil, and white bedstraw, and purple bugle. But more interesting than any of these is a little prostrate plant, with inconspicuous flowers, which is especially luxuriant at the mouths of the rabbit-burrows. The plant is *Erodium maritimum*, or the sea stork's-bill, a rare member of the geranium tribe, to be found here and in one other neighbouring locality only (where also the rare butterfly known as *Melitæa cinxia* is met with), in the county of Hants. A tufted form of the well-known centaury, which here and there is putting forth its lovely pink blossoms in the sunlight, will be recognised by a botanist as peculiar to Alum Bay. Strolling back to Freshwater Gate over the glorious downs, where, as Lord Tennyson used to say, the air is worth sixpence a pint, but few rare plants will be noticed. On one spot, however, known to the writer, the charming little dwarf orchis may be found. Its Latin name of *Ustulata* is most appropriate, for the dark purple of the upper buds, as contrasted with the milky whiteness of the expanded flowers, gives the spike the strange appearance of being *burnt* or scorched. It blossoms towards the end of May, and once seen will never be forgotten. It is curious how many of the down plants love to grow within a few feet of the edge of the cliff. In places the margin of the down is bordered with flowers, while ten yards away there is only the green turf. The bright yellow petals of the rock-rose are making a brave show beside the white blossoms of the English stonecrop, and the purple flower of the mallow. Several fine plants of the common horehound, the leaves of which are white with woolly down, are standing sentinel over a large patch of English scurvy-grass; while just over the edge of the cliff, but visible from the down, the lovely flowers of the sea pink are waving in the wind.



(Valentine & Sons, Ltd., photographers, Dundee)

Totland, from Headon Hill



The Chapman roller boat

Roller Boats and Revolving Ships

By Major C. Field, R.M.L.I.

Illustrated by the Author

EGYPT is said to have been the first country in which ships were built; but this is most probably only because its history can be traced further back than that of other parts of the world. The very earliest of dwellers upon the watery sphere on which we live must have had some method of ferrying themselves across streams and rivers, even if they did not dare to venture upon the open sea. The first man who ever went afloat did so, we may be sure, because he couldn't help it. Perhaps a flood came and washed him away on the roof of his hut or in the branches of a tree. Arriving safely on dry land, the unintentional voyager may have turned his experience to account and set to work to improvise some kind of a contrivance in which he could float on the surface of the waters at will.

From thenceforward the art of shipbuilding progressed slowly, surely, and steadily. Those parts of the world where at any period civilisation happened to be at its height generally possessed the finest specimens of naval architecture; though, at the same time, other less-cultured but warlike nations, if dwelling near the seashore, very often had quite as seaworthy, albeit smaller, craft.

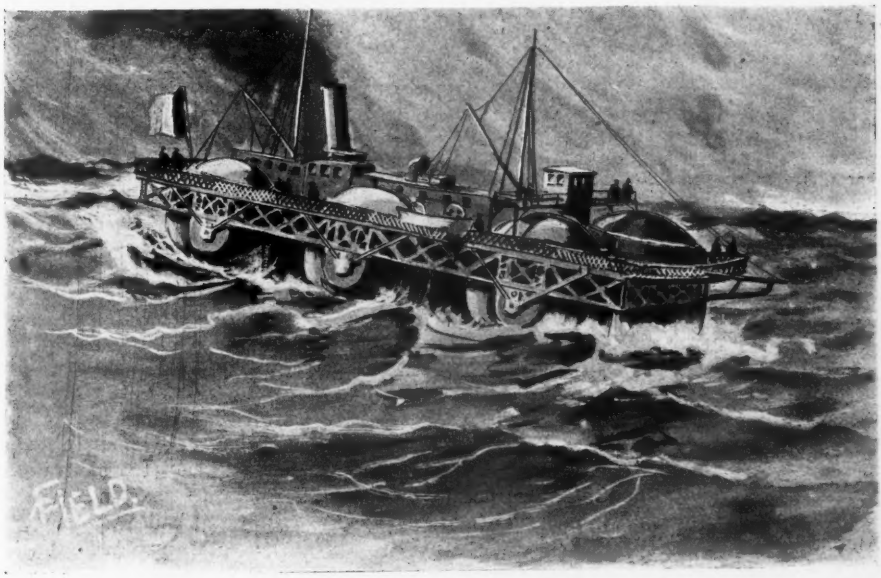
Paddles gave place to oars, oars to sails, and eventually sails to steam; but throughout thousands of years of evolution all floating vessels were in shape but varieties of a single type.

It is only in the last decade that an extraordinary and radical change has been attempted, so far, it must be said, without any promise of revolutionising the art of shipbuilding. Hitherto, every ship had been, so to speak, an inert floating body,

propelled through the water by means of some special attachment, either oars, masts and sails, manually worked paddles, or steam-driven paddle-wheels or screws; but in these last days several inventors have attempted to make the floating body its own propeller.

The earliest of these devices only existed on paper, but is worth a short description. It was proposed by a Frenchman in 1857, and, strange to say, its specification is to be found among the Patent Records in those relating to balloons and air-ships. His "certain improvements in propelling on water or in air consist," says St. Clair, the inventor, "in the employment of two hollow barrels made tapering towards both ends and surrounded by screw vanes or threads. The barrels are placed on each side of a stage carrying a steam-engine or other motor, rotary motion being communicated to the screw barrels, causing them and the vessel to which they are connected to advance." It is evident from this description that the flotation of this extraordinary machine depended entirely on the propelling barrels themselves. There is no word of a boat or raft. The word "stage" suggests a small platform connecting the rollers, as in the more modern "Chapman roller boat," which is here illustrated.

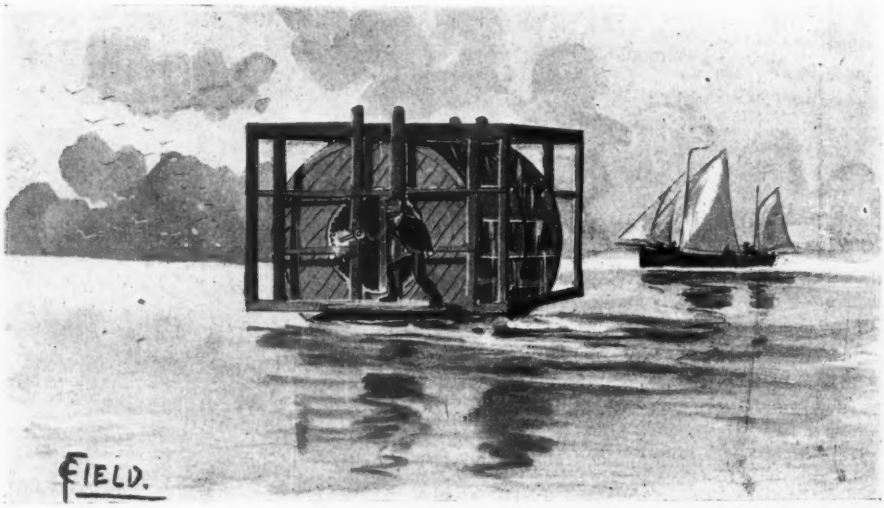
This boat was invented some time previous to 1895. It is doubtful if it was ever actually built. Like a very large number of inventors, Mr. Chapman would appear to have been an American. He describes his project as follows: "Between two huge cylinders are suspended the hull, the deck, and the cabins for freight and passengers. Along each side are the foot-bridges that connect the axes of the two cylinders. Upon these axes, which are fixed, revolve, in ball bearings, the bases of the two cylinders, and, consequently, the cylinders themselves. In order to obtain the motive power necessary for the motion, there is placed upon the internal surface of the cylinders an iron track, upon which runs a locomotive moved by electricity. As soon as this locomotive begins to run, the large cylinders will begin to revolve. The inventor has found by experiment that a very large wheel revolves with greater ease when the motive-power is applied as applied above. The height of the engine has considerable influence in



Mons. Ernest Bazin's roller ship

proportion to its weight, and a very high speed ought thus to be obtained."

All this was very well in theory, but so far it has come to nothing, nor has the ingenious device of a locomotive making the track revolve around it been adopted for any other purpose. It was surely suggested by the manœuvres of a mouse in a spinning cage, or the donkey in the well wheel in Carisbrooke Castle.



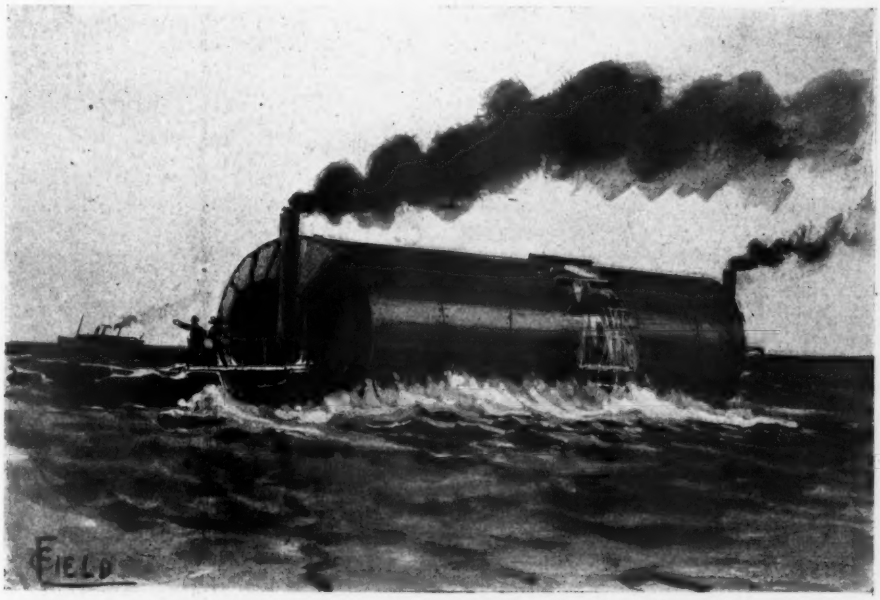
Beckman's roller boat

The roller ship that attracted more attention in this country than any other was the one invented by M. Ernest Bazin, a Frenchman, about five or six years ago. His first design, of which he made a model on a small scale, was a very ambitious craft. It consisted of a very large platform, supported by eight enormous floating wheels. Upon this were built four blocks of three-story buildings. This represented a ship which was to make the voyage from Havre to New York in a little over a hundred hours. The general idea was that the revolution of the wheels by the engines would so diminish the frictional resistance of the water that the ordinary screw propellers with which she was to be fitted would be able to drive the weird-looking craft over the water at a tremendously accelerated speed, far beyond anything yet recorded.

However, the inventor's theories and calculations would seem to have been entirely fallacious. A real roller boat of a less ambitious design was constructed. She was built at the works of the Cail Company of St. Denis, near Paris, and launched on August 19, 1896. The *Ernest Bazin*, as she was named after the inventor, had six wheels and a very small superstructure. The platform was built on a series of lattice-work girders giving a rigid foundation for the axles of the big wheels. A four-bladed propeller and a rudder were provided at the stern.

But alas for the sanguine anticipations of the inventor and many others who had hoped great things from the new vessel. Even on the smooth water of the Seine the "cussedness" of the roller boat became apparent. With her engines at full speed, the *Bazin* only contrived to make a paltry eight or nine knots an hour, instead of the eighteen or twenty that had been confidently expected of her. The combined surfaces of the six wheels probably amounted to nearly as much as that of an ordinary vessel of a displacement requiring the same engines

and having the same accommodation; and although the friction might have been slightly diminished by their revolution, yet this was more than discounted by the way the water clung to them and was lifted up and dragged after them. Other trials followed, but the project finally had to be abandoned as a "bad job"; and wherever the *Ernest Bazin* may be now, the scrap heap will probably receive her at no distant date, for not only did she fail to travel at high speed, but it



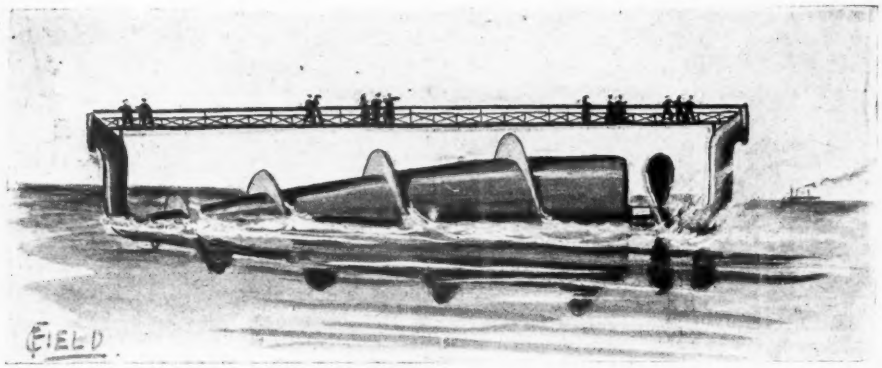
The Knapp roller boat.

was recognised that her shape and general design was absolutely unsuited for sea-going purposes. Just imagine an Atlantic billow crashing up under the platform of such a vessel! She would probably turn turtle in a moment. It was this consideration, in all probability, that rang the knell of wheeled roller boats. But American inventors still fancied there was something in Chapman's idea of a revolving cylinder. A cylinder, it was argued, sat more lightly on the water than a disc-shaped wheel, so that here at once was a diminution of friction, and the roller boat proper was to skim lightly over the sea, instead of burrowing down into it as did the wheels of the *Ernest Bazin*.

So with this idea the Knapp roller ship was constructed. The inventor dispensed altogether with the big platforms of Chapman and Bazin. His roller, a huge construction one hundred and ten feet in length, with a diameter of twenty-two feet, was to be entirely complete in itself. Lengthways through its centre ran a species of cylindrical tunnel, and at either end a locomotive was to keep on trying to climb round a circular track laid on its interior surface. The centre of the cylinder was furnished with floats or paddles, which, when the engines drove the cylinder round, were to give it the necessary impulse forward. This extraordinary vessel was built and launched at Toronto, where her trials soon after took place. The results achieved were worse than ever, for the new experiment only logged a pitiful six knots.

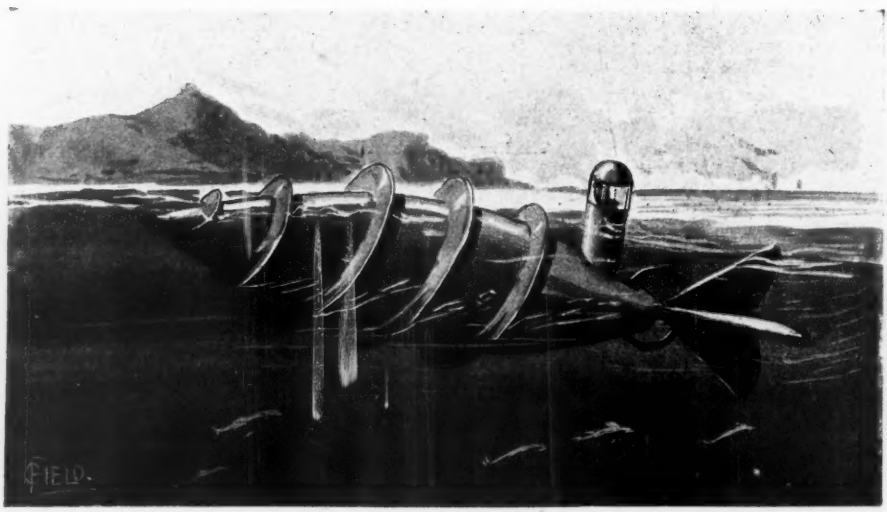
This speed, by the way, was realised by a home-made roller boat built in Maine about the same time, in which the builder and inventor actually ventured out to sea from

Bar Harbour. This affair was built on exactly the same principles as the more ambitious Knapp boat, manual power being substituted for the two locomotives. The Beckman, the inventor, and his son took their places on these on September 23, 1898, and hove round hand cranks, which rotated the barrel by means of pinions gear-

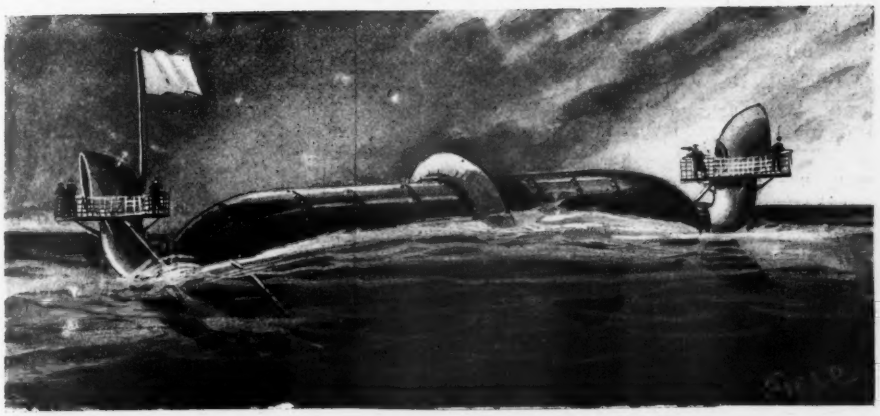


Blumel's revolving ship

boat was a big wooden barrel strongly constructed, about ten feet in diameter and a dozen feet long. The outside was fitted with paddles, and a light framework hung to the barrel by means of rollers resting on a circular iron track on each end of it, supported a small platform at either side. Peter ing on an internally toothed ring bolted to the end of the barrel. With a fair wind astern this adventurous craft got fifteen miles out to sea at the rate of six knots an hour. By this time the crew had had about enough of it, and took passage for New York on board a steamship that hailed them in pass-



Apostoloff's revolving boat



Gresham's serpentine craft

ing. Beckman implored the captain to tow his machine to the same destination, but after making fast a hawser it parted, and as the skipper did not wish to lose any more time the roller boat was left to pursue its voyage alone.

So much for roller boats. But there is another class or variety of revolving vessels whose inventors aim at boring through the sea instead of rolling over it. These gentlemen have made equally startling claims for their designs, but up to date no remarkable success has been recorded.

One of the earliest of these is the "Apostoloff" boat, which is, in fact—or rather would be if it has ever been completed—a submarine, as it is able to travel either above or below water. It was designed by M. Apostoloff, a Russian electrical engineer, who imagined that his vessel would get from New York to London in eight and twenty hours! Like other boats of the kind, the vessel consists of an interior fixed cylinder, round which the outer cylinder, fitted with a spiral flange, is to revolve, and so the whole apparatus will bore or worm its way through the water. The inventor hit on this method in the endeavour to overcome the friction of the water, which seriously retards a submarine vessel, for the simple reason that the

The Toronto revolving boat

whole of the hull being submerged instead of about a third, as is the case in an ordinary boat, the water friction is naturally three times more. The revolving portion of the hull finishes just before a little conning tower, which is placed very near the stern. The boat is fitted with a peculiar cross-shaped rudder, which can direct its course upwards or downwards as well as to the right or left.

Mr. Julius Bluemel, of San Francisco, has patented a somewhat similar boat, which, however, is for use at the surface only. Neither has it an internal cylinder, the fixed portion of the boat carrying the passengers, engine and stores being hung on a hollow shaft which runs from end to end of the ship, and then turns up as a combined ventilator and hatchway, the diameter of this tube being sufficient to allow people to walk along it and mount the ladders leading to the flying bridge, which runs fore and aft between them. The revolving hull is bottle-shaped, and at the after end has a screw propeller rigidly secured to it and revolving with it. Rotation is communicated to the flanged hull with its screw by means of a cog-wheel, which is turned by the engine and engages on an internal ring of cogs fixed near the middle of the hull.

Mr. James Gresham, who is stated to have been the inventor of the dry plate now so universally used in photography, has patented an almost exactly similar boat, which he calls a "serpentine ship," and which was to have been completed by the middle of July 1900. As, however, no attention has since been attracted by its performances, it may reasonably be assumed that it went the way of all the other rolling and revolving boats, even though—for such vessels—a very moderate speed was expected—only sufficient, in short, to make the passage of the Atlantic in three days! In this design the central tube is enlarged amidships, and, in fact, for nearly the entire length of the vessel, into a cylinder of little less diameter than the outer one, which, like that of Bluemel's boat, has a spiral flange, but, unlike it, has no additional propeller. The inner cylinder is divided into engine-room, state-rooms, crew's quarters, and mail compartment.

Breyer's water velocipede

The latest of these boats hails, like the Knapp roller boat, from Toronto, where it

was launched early in 1901; and there is this much to be said for it, that though it did not realise any very extraordinary speed, it yet beat the other revolving ships by making ten miles an hour. It is a cigar-shaped vessel, but only the amidships portion revolves. This is fitted with the familiar spiral flange, and driven in exactly the same way as the cylinder of the Bluemel boat. The boat is fitted with a deep keel to ensure stability, and has a built-up bow and stern which, when afloat, give her a little of the appearance of an ordinary boat.

The same principle has been applied in a smaller way in the water cycle invented by a Maine man, Moxon by name, who produced an aquatic cycle in the shape of an aluminium cigar encircled by a spiral flange and driven and steered in the same way as a shore-going bicycle. Another and rather more elaborate contrivance of a similar kind is the invention of Herr Breyer, a German. He calls his machine a "water velocipede." There are five saddles and sets of pedals, and the motion of pedalling causes the revolution of two enormous hollow floating propellers, each nearly six yards in length, which drive the whole apparatus along over the water at a supposed speed of thirteen miles an hour.

Moxon's water bicycle

All these experiments, none of which have brought either fame or fortune to their inventors, should surely be enough to prove that the time-honoured boat-shaped hull is not to be improved out of existence in a decade, or even a decade of centuries. At least, so it seems at present.

Making a Story

By H. D. Lowry

IF it is known that you sometimes write stories you are accustomed to meet two kinds of people. The one marvels how you do it; the other is filled with joy because he has found a subject just made to your hand. Now this subject may be nothing less than a very interesting narrative of fact, but almost always it is useless for purposes of fiction.

A young writer once lunched and dined frequently with a man who had had the strangest adventures in London. On each occasion he was told a fascinating yarn, and during the following week, disguising names and altering details, he tried to turn it into a story for a magazine. Always he was acutely conscious of having failed, and he quite sympathised with the disappointment of his friend. For the yarns were excellent; the stories merely respectable. The truth is that in fiction things do not happen as they do in real life, and that if you are burdened with too many facts you have the heaviest possible handicap.

Yet it is certain that all good work is founded on a man's experience, whether of life or of dreams. If one knew the things that counted for most in the life of Edgar Allan Poe one would probably be ready to declare that such stories as "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Ligeia," and his tale of premature burial were all of them founded on facts which the author had met in life. Is there any country boy compelled to live in cities who has not "waked in his crib" and had experiences that might have enabled him to write the last-named story.

Nevertheless, a little experience may go a long way. One has read of a novelist who wrote a book about a set of people whose ways are quite unlike those of most men and women. It was said to be admirable, and to possess the quality of quiet truth. All that she knew of them at first hand was that she had once passed an open door and caught a glimpse of a family group. Then, having the knowledge of human nature, she wrote a book.

Yet the story is generally born of experience and even founded on fact. Something apparently insignificant gets into the brain, and the wheels start working, and there is a result. Most men cannot for the life of them tell how they did what they are glad to have produced, and if they try to explain—thinking that they can—they give you excuse for laughter. In the making of stories there is generally a great jump: it is as if a man who had been looking at chalk suddenly found it to be excellent cheese. This jump the writer asks you to take for granted.

Here is the history of a tale. A man read an account of how in the early part of the last century a sailor dreamed in his bunk off Rio, that he was at Bodmin market with his farmer brother, that he was invisible, oppressed with a great fear, and incapable of making his presence known. The brother had sold some cattle and carried a considerable amount of money. He got into his trap and the sailor sat by his side, still invisible, still unable to make his growing fear felt. At a spot well known to him of old the trap was stopped by two men whose appearance he was afterwards able to describe. The farmer was killed for the sake of his money and the sailor awoke in his bunk off Rio.

When he came back to England it was to find that his brother had been killed and robbed on the night of his dream and at the place where he had seen. The whole thing was a mystery until he came. He told his story and in a very sober chronicle it is recorded that as the result of his coming the two murderers were arrested and hanged at Bodmin.

Somebody read this and made this note in a little book which mostly held motives

for stories: "The man compelled to watch a murder which he is powerless to prevent." Of course he meant that the inability should come from the fact that the man was invisible, voiceless, and perhaps paralysed by some hellish drug. Then came the jump. He wrote on the opposite page, "The man compelled to watch *himself* commit a murder."

After that the writing of the story was perfectly easy. His man was a devoted husband confronted suddenly with the certainty of his wife's infidelity. He lay in bed by her side, trying without hope to think what he should do, and a man came into the room at whose face he never thought of looking. The door had a damaged hinge, but on this occasion it did not make a sound on opening. The man moved about the room and looked down on the wife (for the grey of the dawn was coming) as if he had all the husband's knowledge. Then he moved away and looked aimlessly about the room: it seemed he did not know what he was seeking, but the husband knew. It was a dagger hung on the wall, and at last he found it and tried the point against his palm. Then the wife stirred and murmured the name of her lover, and this man took a step forward and struck, and the husband found himself standing alone by his dead wife with a bloody dagger in his hand.

You will perceive that the other story is merely an adaptation of the original facts, but if that jump had not come it would never have been produced.

In another case the supposed fact was that a man had built himself a fine new house of granite quarried on a Cornish moor and that soon after he had come to live in it a child was born to him. Soon afterwards the wife dozed by the side of the cradle. She woke and heard a wicked laugh as something grey vanished. The child had gone, and though long search was made no trace of it was found. And that meant darkness for the parents so long as they lived, for they were to have no other child. Yet they held, and so did the people among whom they lived, that the child had been taken by the fairies, to whom he belonged because the house had been built of granite quarried from a place that was sacred to them.

Now, of course, there are no fairies. The child had been stolen by a woman living close at hand who was in love with its father. If a story were to be made it had to deal with the misery of the years that followed the disappearance of the child. Then at the end the woman had to know certainly what had really become of it. Now it seemed necessary to use the supposed cause of the disaster for her enlightenment, but the granite of the house could not be made serviceable. How then if the child had been wearing an old gold collar that had been dug up when the stone was being quarried: how if the mother had always been afraid to have it about the place? The story was made, and it ended with her finding it in her hand in the house of a woman—paralysed and dumb—the woman who had loved her husband and killed his child.

Again, at almost half-past five one summer afternoon two men of more than middle age were seen riding west along the Chiswick High Road on a tandem bicycle that did not appear to be of the latest pattern. It appeared that they were old friends, and that, living close to one another in the suburbs, they were also neighbours in the city. For a long time they had lamented the fact that they could only return to their homes by the railway; for to do the journey by omnibus would have occupied more of their precious leisure than could be spared. When one of them discovered a cheap tandem and paid something in order to have a few hours in which to decide if he would buy it, there was an interesting discussion: they certainly were old to begin cycling. However, they both foresaw that if they possessed it their journeys to and from the city on fine days would be made sources of health and pleasure. So the machine was bought and they set to work rather shamefacedly to learn to ride it. When they had achieved the mastery of it and got accustomed to steering through the

crowded streets, they hardly knew themselves if ever bad weather drove them to the Underground. It is probable, too, that they used their machine in their leisure, and had long and pleasant excursions into the country on Bank Holidays. Now, when the story came to be written it dealt with a retired sea-captain and a superannuated Methodist minister and the scene had been changed to a lonely moorland district by the sea. But before it was invented all these deductions had been made from the mere fact of those two elderly men passing westward on a tandem at that hour of the day and dressed as they were; and the influence of most of them could be traced in it if any one should take the trouble to do so.

Sometimes you may find a story by considering the life that you know and going in for a process of selection. For example, it is a great day when once in the whole year a circus comes to the village and there is a procession through the streets. In that procession the clown is the most important figure and he often walks on very high stilts. Therefore he can see into the upper windows of the two-storey cottages, and his eyes may fall on scenes of tragedy or comedy in which he may be himself an actor. Granted all these very obvious facts, it is easy to make a tale.

Sometimes there are strange coincidences. Once at Christmas there were two stories in the magazines which were curiously alike although they were by different writers. The explanation was simple. Each of them had read a book that had been published in the previous January, and each had seen in one little passage of half a dozen lines the suggestion of a story. When their imagination had finished playing with the facts there was such a difference that either of the authors might have written both the tales and not been accused of repeating himself. One was as pretty as it could be; the other was rather more harrowing than a story ought to be made.

Sometimes these coincidences happen very awkwardly. A certain B has been informed that A once shamelessly stole the idea of one of his stories, and it really looks as if this were the case. Yet B wrote in February, and A in October, though it was B's tale which first got printed. Again, something had happened which all the country was talking. B saw in it the suggestion of a story and scribbled a line in his note-book, but he was busy at the time and wrote no fiction. Then he opened a literary journal and saw in the list of contents of a magazine the title of a tale by A. He knew the worst at once and bought the magazine. He found that A had been struck by the same few facts which had interested him. The imaginative jump had been in a directness which had never occurred to him, but he knew that if he now proceeded to write his own tale he would be accused of plagiarism, and that with a very good show of reason.

Finally there are two other ways in which a story may be made. You take a man, alone, and you gradually give him such bits of character as come into your head. Then you begin to invest him with circumstances. Much of this is entirely irrelevant, but in the end you get your motive and get it as the result of a logical process. Then, there are only a few stories in the world: it is only in appearance that those of the same kind differ. It has been said that all the books of Charles Dickens deal with a desperate villain who is destined to be found out and exposed by the one person whom he especially despises and counts harmless. Thus we are told that if "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" had been completed it would have been Drood himself who convicted the man who believed himself to have murdered him—Edwin Drood whom the villain has the best of reasons to believe dead. Take the story of David and Jonathan, or that of the Pied Piper, and in the latter instance contrive to think of it to the refrain, "Over the hills and far away." In both cases there are any number of stories to be made, and there will be so long as there is left on earth anybody who is willing to listen to a tale.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key.—Dickens' "David Copperfield."

THERE is no sign of falling-off in the popularity of these papers, and the contest for the prizes has this time been exceptionally close.

There seems to have been some doubt which Lord Tennyson was referred to in question 7. It was not easy to establish a connection between the Poet Laureate and Wilkins Micawber, junior, whereas a prominent citizen of Port Middlebay might fitly address a "valedictory letter" to the present Governor-General of Australia on the occasion of his approaching departure. However, as the doubt seemed reasonable, the former version has not been entirely rejected.

We give a list of Marks and Key to the Paper:

Penumbra, 100; Connla, 99; Crescent, 98; Acadia, 97; Devenick, 96; Wirral, 93; Sackville, 81; Shamrock, 80; Cumbrian, 77; Deirdre, 76; Cotswold, 75; Carlyon, 73; Beaver, 73; Hamel, 72; Houghton, 71; Afon Wen, 71; Nitor, 70; Coral, 70; Seaweed, 68; Blix, 67; Bobbie, 66; Elpis, 66; Victoire, 65; Ion, 65; Trotham, 64; Duppy, 64; Dinah Doe, 63; Southern, 62; Tafly, 62; Herries, 61; Ædh, 60; Haricot, 60; Ooudeis, 60; Campac, 59; Dav, 59; Flaxius, 59; Regnats, 58; M. Kenwigs, 57; Petrol, 57; An Owl, 57; Antrim, 57; Erisca, 56; Pax, 56; Achil, 56; Mosaphir, 55; Sorrel, 55; Bundy, 55; Opal, 55; Elton, 55; Beta, 55; Llentrad, 55; Wuzzums, 54; Anbu, 54; Eclipse, 54; Thoca, 54; Amelius, 53; Logan, 53; St. Clair, 53; Una, 63; Tipcat, 52; Dorothy, 52; Europa, 52; Earnest, 51; Sybille, 51; Somerset, 51; Star, 51; Rover, 50; Bridget, 50; Antap, 50; Damon, 50; Birkrigg, 49; Carlo, 49; Swift, 49; League, 48; St. Lucia, 48; Quidam, 48; Beaumont, 48; Athenæum, 47; Verity, 47; Dot, 47; Ontario, 46; Scotia, 45; Yorke, 45; E.M.A., 44; Furze, 44; Margaret, 44; Ma'am, 44; J. Strong, 43; Topsy, 43; Lucy Ashton, 43; Alex, 42; Forgot, 42; Lancelot, 41; Melba, 41; Beetle, 41; Lamorna, 41; Averil, 40; Rewop, 40; Moreska, 40; Sibyl, 40; Spero, 40; Azile, 39; Corm, 39; Morag, 38; Emilia, 38; Erin, 37; Lorna Doone, 37; Veritas, 37; Hybrid, 37; Ottercaps, 36; Gaerloch, 36; Peg, 36; Barton, 36; Excelsior, 36; Owla, 33; Linkadok, 33; Myra, 33; Onza, 32; Arrow, 32; Bell, 32; Montrose, 32; Boggane, 32; Saxonia, 32; Shirley, 32; Cymro, 32; Mesp, 31; Déjà, 31; Ye Twynne, 30; Tiny Y., 30; Mercury, 30; Plympton, 29; Lian, 29; Pippa, 29; Samoa, 28; Psyche, 28, Ned Gus, 26; Vaine, 26; Ivan, 26; Crocus, 26; The Abbot, 25; Nilsa, 23; Lotys, 22; Critic, 22; Sirius, 21; Arizona, 20; J. Penn, 20; Pro Patria, 19; Fides, 16; Phœnix, 16; Stella, 16; Josephine, 15; Nosmada, 13.

1. i. "That's a settler for our military friend," ch. 45, a remark made by Miss Trotwood when events in Dr. Strong's family had taken a turn disconcerting to Mrs. Markleham, "the old soldier."

ii. "My foot will be upon my native heath," ch. 36. Mr. Micawber alludes to his return to Canterbury (where he had been once before) and to the fact that he would there —like Rob Roy at Aberfoil—be able to reappear before the world under his "legitimate cognomen."

iii. "Touch the Commons and down comes the country," ch. 26. In his zeal for his own profession Mr. Spenlow looked on Doctors Commons, corruption and all, as essential to the welfare of the country, on the ground that "when the price of wheat had been highest the Commons had been busiest."

iv. "You are playing Booty with my clerk," ch. 52. Uriah Heep objects to the

employment of his own clerk in bringing his nefarious schemes to light. (*To play booty*, to join with confederates in order to spoil or victimise another player.)

v. "What I wish is that parties were brought up stronger-minded." Mr. Omer, the undertaker, regrets that professional delicacy prevents him from inquiring after the health of his clients.

2. "David Copperfield" can in no way be considered an autobiography, but Dickens has worked into it certain details of his own life. When very young, like David, he was much impressed by the novels of Smollet. His father, like Micawber, was always in pecuniary difficulties, and though affectionate neglected the boy's education, making him black his boots, run errands, and look after the other children. His mother, like Mrs. Micawber, had a brass plate on her door inviting pupils who never came. In process of time his father was lodged in the Marshalsea for debt, and the family went to live near the prison. Young Charles now became familiar with the inside of the pawnbrokers' shop, and obtained a menial position in Warren's Blacking Warehouse at Hungerford Stairs, where he earned six or seven shillings a week. A timely legacy relieved the embarrassments of the family, and after going to two or three schools he became a clerk in a lawyer's office, first in Lincoln's Inn, afterwards in Gray's Inn. He learned shorthand and became a reporter in Doctors Commons for two years, and then in the House of Commons. All these incidents can be paralleled in "David Copperfield." On the other hand he had no cruel stepfather, no Aunt Betsy, and, though his work was stimulated by an early passion, no "child-wife."

3. "A poker husband," ch. 13. One who beats his wife with that instrument.

"A merry-go-rounder," ch. 7, is defined as a circle of intelligence.

"The majority of a lobster," ch. 33. The greater portion of a lobster—an unusual use of the word *majority*.

"A reg'lar Dodman," ch. 7. A snail. *Cf.* Bacon's "Sylva," § 732: "animals that cast their shells are the Lobster, the Crayfish, the Hodmandod or Dodman, the Tortoise."

"A orfling," ch. 2. A "portmanteau word," in anticipation of the immortal "Alice," compounded of *or*phan and found*ling*. [Is there any earlier example?—Ed.]

"A young Roeshus," ch. 10. A prodigy of knowledge. Mr. Barkis evidently had heard confusedly of the "Young Roscius," W. H. Betty, who created a sensation by his acting in 1803, when only twelve years of age.

4. "Much sham pathos. Atrocious bits of psychological bungling, a little fine writing and a thimbleful of twaddle."

Robert Buchanan's criticism refers to the whole "fairy tale of human life as seen first and last by this good genie of fiction," and not to any particular book. Summing up the answers received we conclude that it might apply to many of Dickens' works, but not to "David Copperfield." It is true that as compared with the death of King Lear, of Colonel Newcome and of Jackanapes the pathos of Dickens is never quite unconscious, and that here and there, even in "David Copperfield," a false note may be found, but that is no reason for calling it "sham." It was a curious infelicity that made Dickens combine the death of Dora with that of "Jip," but surely there is a human touch in the mingled feelings of grief struggling with importance with which David "walked in the playground in the afternoon while the other boys were in school" after he received the news of his mother's death. Again, when the body of Steerforth is washed up on the beach, "and I saw him lying with his head upon his arm as I had often seen him lie at school," is there no truth in the magic by which "the years vanish and the stormy present is resolved for ever into the innocent past?"

Nor can the charge of "atrocious psychological blundering" be brought home to the book. Rosa Dartle and the Murdstones may be disagreeable even to unreality, and, in certain instances, Dickens may have deviated from his original conception, but no convincing case has been brought forward in which the behaviour of his characters has been seriously inconsistent or in which he can be convicted of psychological error.

The same reply may be made to the other heads of the indictment, and if we consider the requirements of the public of fifty years ago there is little in "David Copperfield" that can be stigmatised as "fine writing," and it would be difficult to find even the proverbial "thimbleful of twaddle."

5. "Turnips and taxes." "It was as true as turnips is. It was as true as taxes, and nothing's truer than them," ch. 12.

"Acoustics and table-beer." Mrs. Micawber sang in a thin, flat voice, which David remembered once to have considered "the very table-beer of acoustics," ch. 28.

"Friendship and shaving-materials." "When the worst comes to the worst, no man is without a friend who is possessed of shaving materials." Mr. Micawber, ch. 17.

"Tucker-edging and rouge." Mrs. Mouchers' customers called rouge by various names, among them tucker-edging ch. 22.

"Society and toenails." She carried about with her scraps of the Russian Prince's toenails, which, she said, did more for her as a recommendation in genteel society than all her talents put together, ch. 22.

6. The date at which "David Copperfield" was written is fixed by the reference, ch. 33, to the "great Parliamentary report" on the Prerogative Office, "made (not too willingly) eighteen years before." This report was made March 1831, and corresponds with the actual date of publication of the book—1849–1850. It appears from the text that David was then nearly 37 years old. He married Dora at 21 (ch. 43), and Agnes six years afterwards, and had now been married "ten happy years" (ch. 63). Thus the period of the book extends from 1812–1849, but the action is mainly pre-Victorian, as is also proved by numerous allusions. Traddles draws skeletons as late as ch. 61 in one of the back rows of the *King's* Bench. There is no mention of railways or steamships. Ladies wear mob caps, have black velvet hats at dinner (ch. 25), and carry guineas in their pockets. Men still use nightcaps and wear "black breeches with rusty bows of ribbon at the knees," or "blue coats, striped waistcoats, nankeen trousers, frilled shirts," and other garments of the day. We hear of hackney-coaches, link-boys, pattens, and so on.

Again, David enters Doctors Commons about 1829; he stops with his aunt (ch. 23), to see the giants of St. Dunstan's strike the hour; the church was demolished in 1830. He used to lounge on old London Bridge, which was pulled down 1831, and studied stenography before Mr. Pitman's phonographic system of 1837. Finally, to take an early date, Mr. Micawber quotes from "Rob Roy," which was published in 1818.

7. His Excellency Lord Tennyson, K.C.M.G., Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia.

(*By a Competitor.*)

My Lord,

On your Excellency's quitting the hemisphere which was the haven of my family at a critical period of its fortunes—that hemisphere which beheld the star of Hope rise over the clouds which had temporarily obscured it—permit me to lay at your feet the valedictory remarks suggested by the occasion which (in the words of an immortal Bard not unknown to your Excellency), "rise to the heart and gather in the eyes." The epistolary style of a lamented Parent has not descended to his offspring, and the eye of criticism will be sensible of a ruggedness of diction foreign to the flowing periods of one who (to quote an eminent author) "touched nothing that he did not adorn." To review the past is natural on the eve of migration, and now that your Excellency's "boat is on the shore" (Byron) you will doubtless cast a lingering look on "the days that are no more." The work of the early pioneers of civilisation is accomplished. Where the rude forefathers of the hamlet toiled the hum of cities is now observable, and where the kangaroo bounded in untrammelled freedom the traction-engine pursues its lowly but useful avocation. I feel that the moment has arrived for extending an olive-branch from the Micawber Family to the land which gave our Parent birth but denied him the emoluments which

are the condition of continued existence. Ejected by Britannia with contumelious carelessness, Mr. Micawber was yet sensible of the circumstances which tended to obscure his country's judgment of his merits, and was ever accustomed to observe: "Enough of embittered reminiscences. Let there be reconciliatory feelings between myself and my native land, in whose coal trade I was judged unworthy to participate, but whose imperial destinies it is the opinion of Port Middlebay I have guided in these distant climes with some small measure of success." Should your Excellency condescend to be the bearer of these friendly sentiments you will confer a priceless boon

On
One
Who is
Your obedient, humble servant,
WILKINS MICAWBER, JUN.

Examination Paper No. 5.

The Poems of Robert Browning, 1833–1865

1. Identify the following quotations, writing short explanatory notes when required—

i. "Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat."

ii. "God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul-sides—one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her."

iii. "Fee, faw, fum! bubble and squeak! Blessedest Thursday's the fat of the week."

iv. "Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirt and prayed!
So *I* was afraid."

v. "There I hope
By this time he has mended his first plough,
And studied his last chapter of St. John."

vi. "If you get simple beauty and nought else,
You get about the best thing God invents."

vii. "Who stood beside the naked Swift-footed,
Who bound my forehead with Proserpine's hair."

viii. "I knew you once: but in Paradise,
If we meet, I will pass nor turn my face."

ix. "Undoubtedly
The cutting of my hair concerns me more."

x. "For he 'gins to guess the meaning of the garden,
With that sly mute thing beside there as a warden."

xi. "Here had been, mark, the general-in-chief,
Thro' a whole campaign of the world's life and death,
Doing the King's work all the dim day long."

xii. "What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?"

2. Analyse the character of either Aprile or Jules, the sculptor.

3. State concisely the lesson which Browning intended to teach by each of the following—

i. "For I say, this is death and the sole death,
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,
Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance."

ii. "The hills, like giants at a hunting lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay—
"Now stab and end the creature—to the heft."

iii. "'Tis a life-long toil till our lump be leaven,—
The better! What's come to perfection perishes.

Things learned on earth, we shall
practise in heaven,
Works done least rapidly, art most
cherishes."

4. Show that the *dénouement* of the most dramatic situations in Browning's poems is frequently left to the imagination of the reader.

5. Quote Browning's description of Bohemian glass, the song of the thrush, a starfish, a cricket, the moth's kiss, a fisherman's basket.

6. To whom do we owe the following criticisms? Write a few words about each.

i. "I like to clip the smaller parts of
speech,
As you curtail the already curtailed cur."

ii. "The Lord, to try you, sent His blessed Ile and you've received it with a proud stomach. Now you are going off your head.—*Plain English and you can't take in a single sentence!*"

iii. "Is this stuff of Browning's Poetry?" "I don't know but I'll think." (A month later) "I have thought and *it is.*"

The next Examination Paper will be on "John Wesley's Journal" (abridged edition).

Our Literary Examination Papers

These papers are set by Mr. H. R. Heatley. They will be marked to scale as in an ordinary school or University examination. Prizes will be awarded to those obtaining the highest marks in each individual paper and also for the best aggregate marks for given terms as follows:

MONTHLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.

HALF-YEARLY PRIZES.—First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

ANNUAL PRIZE.—First prize, £5; second prize, £2; third prize, £1.

In accordance with the markings as given above the first prize of £1 is this month won by

"PENUMBRA."

The second prize of 10s. is won by

"CONNLA."

QUARTERLY PRIZES.—1ST QUARTER.—First prize, Crescent, 294; second prize, Penumbra, 276; third prize, Devenick, 240.

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Editor.

The marks will be published monthly, the total for the month, quarter, half-year, and year, to date. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given: for the present the real names and addresses of the prize-winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to

The Literary Editor,
"GOOD WORDS,"
15 Tavistock Street,
Covent Garden,
London, W.C.

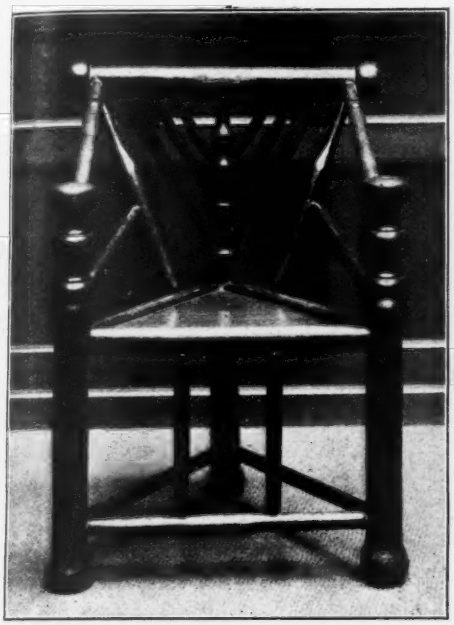
Papers which arrive after the 20th of the month will not be adjudicated upon.

The marks for the April paper will be published in the June number of the magazine—and so on.

The Electric Trolley Omnibus

THE very latest thing in road locomotion is the electric trolley omnibus. At present this new mode of travel is only to be seen abroad, but attempts are being made to establish services of such vehicles in certain districts in the United Kingdom. In this system no rails require to be laid. The omnibus is fitted with electric motors, and the current is supplied to it by means of an overhead trolley wire. The electric trolley omnibus has many advantages over both the tramway and the ordinary motor omnibus. The cost of laying the track rails for a tramway is very great, and, during the laying of the rails, great inconvenience is caused to the travelling public. The mechanically propelled omnibus is a heavy and unwieldy structure, because it has to carry with it the motive power necessary to drive it. In the case of the electric trolley omnibus the electric current is generated at a central station and is supplied to the over-head wires and thence to the motors of the omnibus. The photograph here reproduced shows an electric trolley omnibus running between Samois and Fontainebleau in France. A cart is seen in the left-hand corner of the picture, and the omnibus is able to pass this obstacle. This is one of the good features of the system, for the tram-car is, of course, bound to keep to its rails and cannot move either to the right or to the left in order to pass vehicles that may be blocking its road. A good length of line is provided between the little "automotor trolley," which can be seen running along in front of the omnibus on the trolley wires, and this enables the omnibus to move all over the road according as it pleases. The system here described is known as the "Lombard Gerin," and is being exploited by the "Compagnie de Traction par Trolley Automoteur" of Paris. This system is also to be found at work in other places in France, while electric trolley omnibus services are about to be installed in several districts in Germany, Italy, and other countries. It has been calculated that the absence of rails reduces the cost of an electric trolley omnibus service to about one third that of a tramway service.

View on overhead French motor trolley



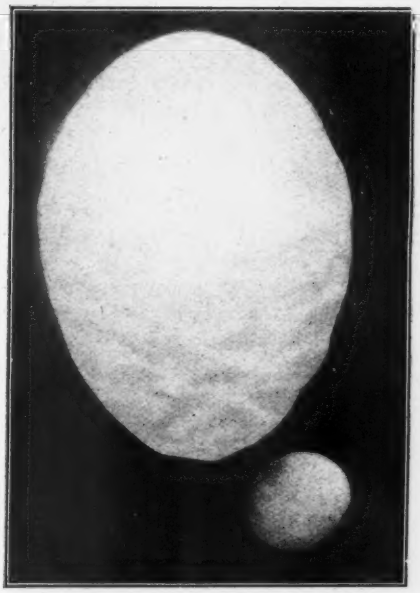
A Shakespeare relic

Shakespeare's Chair

THE chair has always held high place among the relics of the mighty dead. There is an intimacy about it, bringing us as it were into the presence of the majesty or genius of the man who controlled councils from it, or with pen of fire taught the world truths unlearned before. Nothing was more pathetic when Charles Dickens left us, nothing so seized our imagination as "The Empty Chair" of Mr. Luke Fildes; the study of the novelist at Gad's Hill—the empty chair facing the deserted writing desk. Dickens died but yesterday, as it were; it is a long way thence to Shakespeare and his Elizabethans. Their times are too remote for any personal pang. But our reverence for the relics of them—and the greatest of them—is the greater. This was Shakespeare's chair. It might be said that he grew it. For it was made from the wood of the mulberry tree planted by him in New Palace Garden, Stratford-on-Avon, and has a pedigree dating back to the cutting down of the tree itself. It was recently sold at Sotheby's for £150. L. W. L.

Concerning Eggs

THE perfection of manufacture in an egg is a matter which we accept as a matter of course with our breakfast. "Good heavens, what an egg!" we exclaim with scorn, when, perhaps, once in a hundred times, we get one which is a little too small or a little too large to fit the egg-cup. But if we were supplied with the proper materials for the white and the yolk and the shell of an egg, and told to make an egg of them, what sort of a thing should we produce? What sort of machinery



should we have to lay down to enclose the yolk within the white, that again within a seamless membrane finer than tissue paper, and cover all with a shell of lime as thin and smooth as that of an egg?

The common hen's egg is one of the simplest in nature, uncoloured, unmarked, and "ordinary" shaped; but in the eggs of many wild birds there is often a delicacy of hue and fineness of marking, joined with exactitude of outline, which are all reproduced with such amazing accuracy for generation after generation, that an expert can usually distinguish at a glance between the eggs of different small birds, even when a tyro, examining the eggs closely, cannot see any

difference at all. Very often, too, the difference is so intangible that it cannot be expressed in words: yet it is there, and the trained eye detects it by a sort of intuition based on experience.

And the lower we go in the scale of animal life the more wonderful in appearance the eggs often become. Under the microscope butterflies' eggs reveal exquisite sculpturing in symmetrical designs which would be considered delicately beautiful on a vase: yet there they are, invisible to the naked eye, on an object far smaller than a pin's head, which is produced by the hundred from a butterfly and produces only a grub.

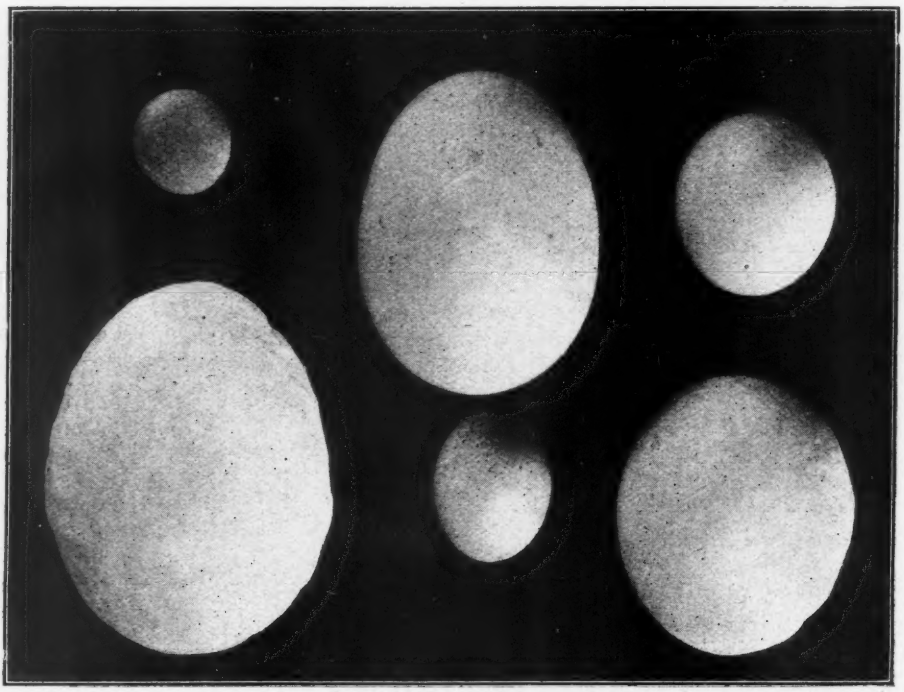
Although the eggs of domestic hens display no elaborate sculpturings, and are usually innocent of marks or decorations of any kind, unless a certain range of uniform hue from white to buff can be considered ornamental, they are works of wonder.

Yet a common mongrel hen will produce her two hundred a year as a matter of course. Sometimes, indeed, she makes a miscalculation. The hen, for instance, who laid the larger of these two eggs (p. 377), of huge size and uncomfortably crinkled and nubbly in shell, might have been justified in raising that dolorous outcry with which the fowl-yard resounds whenever an egg is produced.

It was a calamity indeed. Yet I have no doubt that the mother of the other egg, which is scarcely so large as a sparrow's, made just as much clatter over her feat. Indeed, as it was probably her first effort in the egg-industry, she probably indulged in more noise than the other.

It is not only in size and texture that the "freak" eggs laid by fowls will differ, for they vary in shape from oval to globular, and often have speckled markings, like those of other birds. In the small group alone we have one round, white egg which mimics that of an owl; another which, if its freckles were larger and darker, would closely reproduce the moorhen type; and a third, with dark speckles collected at one end, shows the commonest fashion in shape and marking among perching birds.

There used to be a tradition that hens



always celebrated the occasion of laying for the hundredth time by producing a monstrosity. This was called a "centenine" egg, and, like everything else which seemed out of the common in the old days, was credited with peculiar powers. More probably, however, the hundredth egg would be one of perfect type; because the hen, if she is a really good layer, is just then in the fullest swing of her work. The quaint eggs are usually the first attempts of inexperienced pullets—who have a trial shot, as it were, to get the proper range—or the erratic efforts of a veteran who has lost the precision of her earlier days. Sometimes, too, organic derangement of the hen thus betrays itself in her offspring.

Perhaps it is a fortunate thing that hens are so indiscriminating themselves in the matter of eggs that they will sit with complacency upon a china egg or an old door handle; otherwise those hens which were responsible for some of these curios of the fowl-yard must have suffered agonies of shame. E. K. R.

A Peep into Pepys

On the 15th of this month it will be two hundred years since Samuel Pepys died. Pepys may be called the prince of diarists, for there is no English book of its class which gives, in gossipy and interesting detail, such a wide and large picture of the life of his time.

The diary comprises ten years, from 1659 to 1669. Its strictures on Court and public affairs are keen and uncompromising. But, in addition to this, the gossipy sidelights which the diary throws on the life and manners of the time are both amusing and instructive. At these lesser things alone we will take a hurried peep.

Here is Pepys' record of his first tea-drinking in September 1660: "I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never had drunk before." How he liked the new beverage he does not say. That fine feathers make fine birds we see from the following record of a visit to the theatre: "I came into one of the boxes next the King's, but so as I could not see the King or Queene, but many of the fine ladies, who yet are not nearly so handsome generally as I used to take them to be, but that they are finely dressed." Pepys was a great admirer of female beauty, and sometimes let his eyes wander when they ought not to do, as this extract shows: "To Hackney Church. That which I went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store, very pretty." When he began to prosper he himself was not free from the vanity of dress. He tells how he went "To a periwigg maker's and there bought two periwiggs, mighty fine indeed; too fine I thought for me; but he persuaded me, and I did buy them for £4 10s. the two." And on the Sunday following we read; "To Church, and with my mourning very handsome, and new periwigg, make a great shew." Again: "Lord's day. Up and put on my new stuff suit, with a shoulder belt, according to the new fashion, and the hands of my vest and tunique laced with silk lace of the colour of my suit: and so very handsome to church." And in another place: "Up, and put on a new summer, black, bombazin suit; and being now come to an agreement with my barber to keep my periwigg in good order at 20s. a year, I am likely to go very spruce, more than I used to do." This time, however, he takes his finery not to the church but to the play. But his was a careful and economic vanity, for in another place he notes: "This day I got a little rent in my new Camlett cloak with the latch of Sir G. Carteret's door; but it is darned up at my tailor's that it will be no great blemish to it; but it troubled me!" Pepys liked to see his wife well dressed also: "My wife this day put on first her French gown, called a Sac, which became her very well." And when he was able to keep a coach he records, almost with a boy's glee, how he and Mrs. Pepys, dressed in their finery, took their first drive and saw no smarter turn-out than their own: "Up betimes. My wife extraordinary fine with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed was fine all over. And mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our

new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards thus gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day."

Mrs. Pepys, excellent woman though she was, had her failings, or was maligned, for in one place, carefully noted among other expenditure, in a visit to his father's, we find: "Father's servants (father having in the garden told me bad stories of my wife's ill-words) 14*s*." A wise pair, this father and son, thus quietly to condone shortcomings! Of Pepys' care for his wife there is another entry which reads curiously to-day: "My wife away down with Jane and Wm. Hewer (servants) to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre, and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which, Mrs. Turner hath taught her, is the only thing in the world to wash her face with: and I am content with it." Another, and gentler touch, is seen in the following reminiscence of their poorer days: "Lay long in bed talking with pleasure with my wife how she used to make coal fires and wash my foul clothes with her own hands for me, poor wretch! in my little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it."

His first sight of skating Pepys records in 1662: "Over the Parke, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skeates, which is a very pretty art." The danger of riding in glass coaches was talked about at a dinner at Lord Ashby's, where it was told how "My Lady Peterborough, being in her glass coach with the glass up, and seeing a lady pass by in a coach whom she would salute, the glass was so clear that she thought it had been open, and so ran her head through the glass." Speaking of dinners, Pepys was by no means averse from good cheer, and liked particularly to see things well served. What would her grace of Albemarle have said if she had known of the following? "I find the Duke of Albemarle at dinner with sorry company. Dirty dishes and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner." Undoubtedly there was a spice of malice in our diarist, for here is another unfortunate dinner grief: "Come to dine with Sir W. Batten and his lady . . . and Mrs. Lowther (who is grown, either through pride or want of manners, a fool, not having a word to say: and as a further mark of a beggarly proud fool hath a bracelet of diamonds and rubies about her wrist, and a six-penny necklace about her neck, and not one good rag of clothes upon her back)." And here there was no excuse for ill-temper, for it was "an extraordinary good and handsome dinner." Note this also on a second visit to his father's place: "Up, to walk up and down in the garden with my father to talk of all our concernments; about a husband for my sister, whereof there is at present no appearance; but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly."

Here is a suggestive entry: "To York House, where the Russian Embassador do lie; and there I saw his people go up and down *louseing* themselves."

Scrupulous though he was for the most part, Pepys had the shaky conscience respecting income-tax which is not unknown to-day. With a guilty joy he makes this note: "To our church, to the vestry, to be assessed by the late Poll Bill, where I am rated as an Esquire, and for my offices all will come to about £50. But not more than I expected, nor so much by a good deal as I ought to be for all my offices."

Finally we must, I fear, conclude that much as Pepys loved and esteemed his wife, he did not consider her a beauty: "Cosen Roger did acquaint me in private with an offer made of his marrying Mrs. Elizabeth Wiles, an ugly old maid, but good housewife, and is said to have £2500 to her portion; though I am against it in my heart, she being not handsome at all; and it hath been the very bad fortune of the Pepyses that ever I knew never to marry an handsome woman, excepting Ned Pepys."

Pepys loved beauty, but he had all a saving man's love for money also. So his prudence consents, but not his heart. H. H.

(*Annan, photo, Glasgow*)

SUNDAY MORNING IN HOLLAND

By D. A. C. ARTZ

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The Adventurer in Spain*

By S. R. Crockett

Author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Stickit Minister," "The Men of the Moss Hags," &c.

VI.—Some Wanderings with Zaida in her Garden

STAND back a little from your life and mark the strange links and connectives, seemingly so unimportant at the time. How did you first know your sweetheart, your wife, your business partner? I knew a man who met his bride through being locked up all night on account of a piece of boyish mischief, but who had reason all his life to regret he "bonneted the bobby." Another dived to the bottom of a river to bring up the almost inanimate body of his future wife—and has been sorry ever since that he did not let her stop.

Take the present instance. If I had not had the row with the frontier authorities I should not have known Biño. If I had not known Biño I should never have found my way to the Sebastians at San Severino—never have broken the Customs laws of two countries, never dreamed pleasant dreams in the city of El Seo, and looked down on Bishop Armandus walking in his garden of the Delight.

Then more and further, if I had not known Biño, I should not have been acquainted with Rodil and his daughter Marinessia. And it was through my caravan journeys with the former that I became acquainted with Zaida of the Garden.

Of course, with such a name there is a love-story attached—but not of the usual kind. When abroad two imperious desires sway me, one of which sets me photographing washerwomen, and the other to making friends with little girls. Afterwards when these last grow up, looks and money and calculation may sway their hearts. But from the age of from four or five to that of eight, I fear no foe, though I says it as shouldn't. Without boastfulness I have had my experiences. The way to the heart lies plain at the age of six, there or thereabouts. I come—I see—I conquer. That is—I and a box of chocolates.—"*I have had sweethearts, I have had companions.*"—But oh, I wish they would not get into the so reprehensible habit of growing up! When they lengthen their skirts, make broad their phylacteries—and will not sit upon my knee—alas! all (or nearly all) is over between us.

But from four to eight it is otherwise. In that fair but chilly land, the country of the wild Scots, there is one who thinks of me when she piles her bricks and nurses her doll, munches her mid-meal biscuit (the stay of the always hungry), and shuts her eyes for her white nightgowned vespers. At least, if she forgets, she goes back and says her prayers all over again. Could there be greater proof of devotion?

But after all "the story is the thing." I had been surprised that after our adventures together I should have seen so little of the four Sebastian brothers; but when I had time to think about the matter at all, I had put the omission down to my own pre-occupation with my friend that holy father in God, Armandus, Bishop of El Seo, or that other equally interesting friend, Rodil the tinker, the parent of Marinessia Alva.

As to this I did not say anything to Rodil while on our first trip, because I did not know how far he was in the secrets of the Sebastians, even though Don Mark had sold him some of my packet of jewellery for distribution. At all events the secret was not mine. So till I again saw Biño I was without information about the four evangelist brethren.

More strange than all it seemed that I should never have seen Don Emmanuel, their father, who had been represented to me as spending some time in the city of El Seo, watching the chief officers of the revenue,

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and comprehensively greasing their palms in order to keep down that official itch which gold alone can allay. At San Severino he had spoken to me more than once of his friend the Bishop. But at El Seo the Bishop had not spoken of him, even though he knew perfectly well in what manner I had been employed before entering his episcopal city. Of course he knew. Every one knew. The cats on the tiles knew—the very dogs turned comma-wise over their own shoulders in the eager pursuit of backbiters. On the Plaza the Civil Guards looked at once professionally suspicious and personally respectful—because they knew. Yet of the master of San Severino, no least sign. It was strange. Don Emmanuel had certainly shown a liking for me. I was sure that if he had been still in the city he would not have failed to call upon me at my inn.

It was the third day of our final excursion, and Rodil had worked his way through most of the gold and silver combs, the Neuchâtel silver watches, the elaborate pins and gay enamel studs he had taken with him. His pockets were heavy instead with the dollars of Spain, and in the caravan he had a large bundle of articles taken in exchange—of which the most comforting on a cold night was a jar of fine home-made cherry brandy, with the cherries lying plump and black at the bottom, ready to be stirred up with a long-handled spoon.

On the high plateau we had passed the famous church of the Bat, so called because it seems to cling to the arid Aragonese soil like a bat with wings outspread. All the same it looked to me more like a brooding mother-hen who had gathered all her chickens under her wings. Then suddenly, as ofttimes happens in Spain, we came to the edge of things. The table-land fell away in furrowed red-brown bluffs, scored into *arroyos*, speckled with vineyards and olive plantations, while beneath, lost in a drift of blue valley haze, a broad belt of turquoise against the copper sky, the valley of the Upper Ebro stretched sinuous and mystical.

The road wound down slowly and crookedly, and it was nearly dark before we reached the bottom of the cliff. Penique was on ahead with Babieca. The swagging tilt of the waggon now towered up in the gloom as if it would fall over and crush us—now, as the path sloped down, steep as the roof of a house, I expected every moment to find myself sprawling among the crockery and umbrella wire which, cunningly entangled, upheld part of the roof of the caravan.

"To the right! Turn to the right!" cried Rodil suddenly. The caravan vanished among some high trees. All we could see of it was the fire which flew from Babieca's shod fore-feet as the waggon mounted a stiff incline. Then all was still. The wheels had struck something soft. It was so dark under the trees that Rodil had to take my hand. We crossed a brook, climbed the causewayed brae up which the mule had stumbled, and so found ourselves on a wide open space of green grass. A long range of buildings occupied one side, but as I looked I could see that these had long been ruined. The gables and pinnacles stood out bold and splintered against the sky. The peculiar black barrenness of a burned building, struck one even in the silhouette which these presented. But far away across the open space behind the broken naiads of a fountain, a light showed mellow. At least we had not come to an empty house. Indeed from Rodil's assured movements it was evident that he knew his whereabouts.

A voice hailed us, as the caravan wheels ground suddenly harshly on gravel. Rodil answered in a dialect to me unknown, or perhaps with some prearranged phrase or password. For presently a plain, clean-shaven man came toward us, a lantern swinging in his hand. He held it up on a level with his chest as he looked me over—as I thought at first—with no very favourable eye. But a little girl of seven or eight who had followed the light ran forward and caught my hand with an air of protection. She at least did not share the man's suspicion of my looks.

"You are hungry," she said, clearly and prettily; "you shall come in and have part of my supper. Christina has it nearly ready."

As well as I could I thanked her, and she instantly remarked my accent.

"You are from France," she said; "you come from far away. You are also very tired? I know what it is to be tired."

Meantime Rodil was conversing in a low tone with the man with the lantern. I heard the words, "The Count may come at any time—he does not like——"

But at any rate the colloquy ended in Penique disappearing with the waggon into a back courtyard, while the little girl who had taken me under her protection on such slight introduction convoyed me to the door from which we had first seen the light streaming. Before we entered, she pulled me by the sleeve to bend down so that she might whisper in my ear,

"I am Zaida," she said; "if old Andrés or Christina are cross do not mind them. They are only servant folk. *I* am the mistress of this house, and to-morrow I shall show you my garden."

. . . . . .

"A strange little girl? yes, Señor—you may well say so. You are the first to whom she has gone like that in all the five years since she came here a babe!"

The good man seated at the table of the little kitchen, hidden away in the corner of the vast ruined palace of the Counts of Miranda-Aran, looked first at me and then at the little dark-haired maid who had climbed upon my knee, with a sort of suspicion that these might be wizard tricks.

"She is wild as one of the hill goats up yonder where you have come from," said this excellent Anthony of the gardens; "but, you understand, she has always been with grown folk, and so is strange in her manners. Even now—see—she will not speak to you!"

Which for the moment was true, but I saw something in the maid's eyes which told me that she would speak to a purpose when the time came.

At this moment Rodil and Penique entered from tethering Babieca so that she might browse on the green outside the castle, and a most evil thought came to me. Zaida was regarding me with great wide-open eyes, hearing as if she did not hear Andrés clattering his dominoes on the table and talking about her as freely as if she had been a hundred miles away.

"Go and greet my friends also!" I whispered. "They *are* my friends!"

I saw the pupils of her eyes dilate. Zaida drew a quick, sobbing breath, and with one long look to see whether I meant it, she walked straight across the stone-flagged kitchen, vast almost as a ball-room, to where Rodil had seated himself by the side of Señor Andrés, the overseer, and where Penique still stood by the fire, loutishly uncertain what to do with himself. Rodil was talking with our host at the moment, and the little girl stood, a pathetic, patient figure by his knee, till she could attract his attention. She had not long to wait. Rodil searched for his tobacco-box, and as he moved in his seat he became aware of her. She held up her cheek to be kissed, while Andrés stared in redoubled amazement.

"What has come to the girl to-night?' he grumbled, clicking his dominoes together like prayer-beads, "she never did the like even to me!"

Rodil kissed the child on both cheeks, and Zaida fell back with a sigh.

There remained Penique, and Penique appeared at once frightened and sulky, as is the wont of boys on such occasions. The little girl looked at me for instructions. I smiled, and indicated Señor Andrés. The blood rose quick to her cheek. She was not fond of Señor Andrés. Could it be that he was not kind to her? Surely not. So I nodded again. She went quickly round the table without again looking at me, climbed upon the worn bench that ran all round the wooden table, put her arms about the overseer's neck, and, of her own initiative, kissed him on the cheek.

Andrés dropped half a dozen dominoes with a clatter.

"Devil skin me like St. Bartholomew!" he cried, "but there is wizardry in this. Is it because these are strangers that you behave thus? You never did the like before."

Zaida shook her head vehemently.

"Not because of the foreigners?" repeated Andrés the overseer; "then why have you kissed me? Because you love me, eh?"

And he went to put his arm about her with a Spaniard's kindly tolerance of children's

ways. But at this she quickly descended, and, standing a little proudly, with her chin in the air, she answered, "*Because he told me.*"

"But," said the overseer, smiling, "you have never seen the Señor before. You have been here in this place since ever you remember—why—why would you do for this stranger that which you would not do for Christina or for me?"

But already at seven Zaida had learned her lesson. She did not reason. She only stated facts.

"*Because he told me,*" she repeated, calmly, as if that explained everything. Then, still unsmiling, she came and re-installed herself on my knee.

. . . . .

It was certainly flattering, but I was afraid that perhaps the guardians of the little girl might not approve of so sudden a friendship, a preference so sudden and so marked—even at the age of seven. So I took some photographs from my pocket and explained to Andrés that I understood about little girls, having certain of my own in a far-away country, that I had even written books about them—facts that fell upon deaf ears so far as Zaida was concerned, whose eyes were already busy with the photographs. Following the example of the Bishop of El Seo, she also picked out the picture of the little befurred maid in the snow; and, disdaining the others, devoted herself to a careful and particular examination and comparison.

I caught hold of her hand and stopped her

"Do you love this little girl better than you love me?" she demanded, imperiously.

"She is my own little girl, you see," I temporised; "I have known her ever since she was born—and,—it was I who gave her that piece of sweet cake."

As soon as she had fully comprehended my answer Zaida quietly disengaged herself, slid off my knee without a word, and was departing towards the door. I caught hold of her hand and stopped her.

"How would you like if your own father—if the Señor Andrés—did not love you?" I asked.

Zaida straightened up her slim little figure and looked at me, the tears beginning to well in her eyes.

"He is not my father," she said; "you know better than that. My father is dead!"

"Ah," I said, "come and tell me, and one day I will tell this little girl who is far away. She will be sorry!"

She looked a moment uncertainly, eyeing my knee wistfully. Then all at once she cast herself, sobbing, into my arms.

"Ah," she said, "I thought that you, at least, would have loved me best! I did think it—I did——!"

"Well," I said, willing to comfort her if I could, "I think I do love you best of any one I have seen in all Spain. It is a great country, and I have seen many people."

"Ah," she cried, still unappeased, "but I wanted to be loved *best of all!*"

Seldom have I heard from a child the woman's cry so clear, so passionate, so yearning. Zaida—ah, little Zaida—I fear me there is trouble, great trouble coming up for you over the verge of the years. But then you have also your chance of the unkenned happiness—the bitter and the sweet in balance, one paying for the other in full tale.

At this point I sent Penique, who had been standing aloof, dismayed and partly contemptuous, to the caravan for a certain picture-book I chanced to have with me. When he brought it, I had some trouble in translating the title—"Certain Travels with the Beloved One—the *La Querida* of my Heart," was what I made of it. But once open, the pictures soon told their own tale. Mr. Gordon Browne with his pencil spoke infinitely better Spanish than I with my tongue.

"So she rode with you on an iron waggon which goes fast, with wheels fine like a loop of thread," was Zaida's explanation of my sweetheart's tricycle. For there were none such at that date in all the valley of the Upper Ebro, and indeed few roads good enough to run them on, barring a few furlongs within the bounds of the park of Miranda-Aran.

Above all, one picture in the book fascinated her and one chapter. The former showed a little girl lying on her face with all her golden hair in the dust, crying bitterly. Zaida pointed to certain words at the head of the page.

"What means this?" she demanded.

"Heart of Gold!" I answered, which went excellently in the sonorous Spanish.

"Ah," said Zaida, "tell me all about that. Why did the little girl cry?"

So I told her, translating as best I could the sorrowful tale, of how a certain Heart of Gold, tried too high with fear of displacement, broke suddenly and pitifully in the dust on the King's highway.

And Zaida, taking the truth more from Mr. Browne's picture than from my ill chosen words, wept for sympathy.

"Ah!" she sighed, as she drew the handkerchief out of my breast pocket with fearless comradeship, and dried her eyes, "if my father had lived he would have loved me like that! But you, too, will love me a little, though you cannot set me upon the saddle of the iron steed, nor call me your Heart of Gold?"

There was only one answer to that, and I made it. By-and-by, when she had grown a little composed, this eager-hearted little maid of Spain, she looked at Penique, who was asleep and snoring under the eaves of the great hooded chimney. His chin had fallen a little down, and his mouth was open.

"Fauch, a boy!" said Zaida, curling up her nose. "I hate boys! I like grown men. I love you!"

"Why?" said I, speaking quietly, under cover of the clashing dominoes. For Andrés the overseer and Rodil were once more deep

in that never-ending game. "Why do you love me, Zaida? You have hardly seen me yet."

Then seven sighed a sigh which might have done credit to twenty, so ripe with womanhood it was.

"Ah!" said the child, "*that* I cannot tell. But when you came without the door, there in the dusk, *I felt it here!*"

"It is only because you see no strange faces," I said, to try her. Whereat the youthful analyst of the affections shook her head.

"No," she made emphatic answer, "nor was it your face. The Count is handsomer, though he is so much, much older—and so are many of the herdsmen. But it was—yes, it was——"

She paused.

"Well, what was it, Zaida?"

"*I think it was because when you came, you looked at me first.*"

"A good reason!" I cried, laughing aloud.

"You must not laugh," said the child, "it is true!"

And most likely true it was—little girls and washerwomen being my *queridas* in the south. For Spanish boys are imps, bold and persevering as house flies, pert as jackdaws. Whereas, up to the age of self-consciousness, Spanish girls are among the most witching and winsome of God's creatures.

There was in the North (there still is, but, alas! she also has grown somewhat since then) a little Scottish maid of three to whom I was accustomed to recount my travels. In private life she had her times of laughter and her time for tears. So often, therefore, as I found her in one of the latter, I would say gravely to her, "Little girls in Spain never cry!"

Which, by the way, is indeed the rule, Zaida being the first I had ever seen shed a tear—and with her it was rather a passionate nature throwing itself against the bars of circumstance than any childish weakness.

At first our little maid of the North was duly impressed by this Spartan trait in the children of the unseen sun-lands. But the impression passed off, as impressions too oft repeated will; and one day when I had surprised her in a very luxury of woe over a broken toy, I said as usual, "Little girls in Spain never cry." This time, however, she stamped her foot and answered doggedly, "*Had 'nuff little girls in Spain!*"

. . . . . .

After these plain-song declarations I had no more chance of intercourse with Zaida that night. For while she nestled to me trustingly and played with my watch-chain, a broad faced dame appeared in the doorway opposite to the great fireplace.

"Quick, good-night. Embrace me; there is Donna Christina," she said, clasping my neck, "and she is so particular, worse than Andrés!"

The little witch vanished through the doorway, turning to kiss her hand as she went from behind Christina's back, with a grave earnestness which had nothing frolicsome about it. Life was already extremely serious to this mite of barely seven.

The men continued their game. Penique alternately whittled a stick and dozed over the fire, while in half a dozen pots and casseroles simmered the late-coming supper of Spain. I sat thinking of the little maid, so strangely hidden away in the corner of this great brick castle in the most unfrequented part of Spain. In a pause of the game I asked a question. Rodil appeared not to be attending, but the overseer looked good-humouredly over at me, but when he spoke it was not to answer my question.

"The little lady gives you great favour, Señor," he said, "only with the Count have I ever seen her so familiar, and him oftentimes she will not kiss!"

"What Count?" I asked, though I knew he could only mean the owner of the estate.

"Why, my master, who else?" answered the overseer Andrés; "the Count of Miranda-Aran. Whenever he comes to see her he makes a great pet of the child, and will walk with her in the garden by the hour. She will surely take you there to-morrow, but it is a strange place, for the Count hath bidden anything that Zaida desires to be done as she wishes it. It is a pity so to spoil a child."

"Is she, then, his daughter?" I asked. For in that case it seemed strange to leave a little maid all alone with servants. The overseer shrugged his shoulders.

"I have a good place here," he said, "I am content to ask no questions. Doubtless Zaida is the daughter of some one, and truly noble of blood, as indeed any one may see. These are not the manners of Galicia!"

"Does the Count come often?" I asked as carelessly as I could. Andrés shrugged his shoulders again.

"'Yesterday, and again to-morrow,' as the saying is," he answered, "or not for a year and a day! I know nothing."

As Andrés spoke I saw Rodil raise his head cautiously from the dominoes, which he was abstractedly playing right hand against left. His brows drew together, and then he inclined his head slightly over his shoulder. The gesture is indescribable, but when seen cannot be mistaken. He meant that I had asked questions enough, and that he would tell me what I wished to know when we retired for the night.

As we went out together after supper, Rodil whispered, "They say the Count was much attainted in the Carlist rising, and that he is compelled to live far away from his estates."

"And the little girl?" I asked, for it was in Zaida that I was interested. Rodil laughed to himself contentedly, and, as usual, quoted a proverb.

"A man who falls down a well can see the stars at noonday, but he who does not see them hath the unbroken bones!"

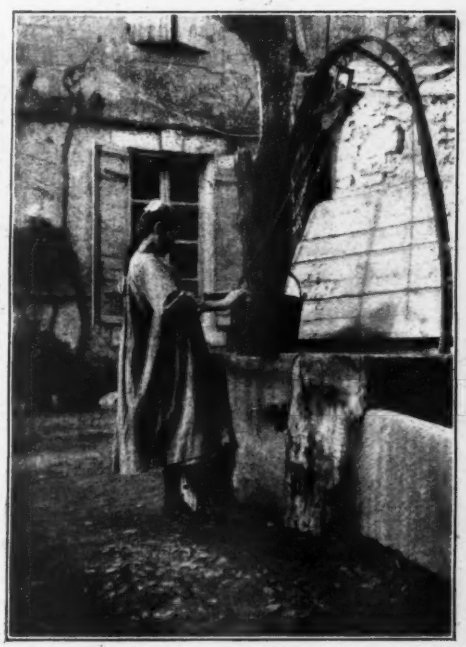
The which being interpreted, signified that our Rodil considered that knowledge might sometimes be paid for at too high a rate.

Now I had been long without books, and furthermore I felt in my bones that there was going to be a change in the weather. I was within a day's march of where a good friend of mine, the agent of a French banking company, held certain good *wet-day-books* in store for me—to wit: "Chambers' Cyclopædia of Literature," whose solid tomes in the crowded library shelves a man may pass with hasty recognition, but which, in a foreign land, and with only the ruck of provincial news-sheets to be had, become a perfect Rand of unminted gold. There was Mr. H. E. Watts's "Don Quixote," also, that finest of all modern translations; an original "Ford," and old Don George's "Bible in Spain"—a complete traveller's library indeed,* and my soul was hungry therefor. But on the other hand I wished to see Zaida in her garden, and win more of her sweet childish confidences.

To this desire of mine Rodil instantly agreed, with that quick Spanish intuition in all that concerns the young. Spain is a good land to be a child in. All Spaniards love children and are good to them, yet not with the swaddling affection of the French.

Penique couched with Babieca as usual, but Rodil and I slept in a chamber, which, though damaged by fire, still contained some remains of its ancient magnificence of decoration. The actual furniture, however, had long been lost, or, at any rate, had disappeared, so that we had, perforce, to lie on

* The best guide for *tourists* in Spain is O'Shea's'. It is original, concise, accurate, and best of all, is evidently kept carefully up to date by some one who knows the cities and towns thoroughly. For Spain no other books are needed than those mentioned.



Zaida at the house well

the floor upon straw mattresses, neither over-clean nor over-comfortable. Of the Count's private rooms we were not allowed even a peep.

I made my toilet next morning on the edge of the ancient fountain, in whose basin the water still gushed as clearly and as abundantly as it had done in the year of grace 1541, when, according to the date on the chisel-shaped panel which Faunus bore on his breast, the water had been led thither by the Miranda-Aran of that day, a noble who, if he were lucky, might have held the hand of Columbus or even lived to chuckle over an early copy of "Don Quixote."

Scarcely had I finished when Zaida ran out, and, with the enthusiasm of the fresh morning time, caught me about the knees.

"I have dreamed so much—so hard all night," she cried, "of how I would show you my garden! And now you must see it at once."

I told her I asked for nothing better. Was it not for this that I had remained another day at the castle of Miranda-Aran?

I would not have run, she said, I would have stood with the officers

"We are to breakfast together," she said, "after we have taken our walk. There is much to see, and we must see it bit by bit."

Whereupon she took my hand, and we set off. In the morning sun the ruins of the burned castle were less terrible than as I had seen them for the first time in the murk of the evening. The corner in which Andrés and his wife dwelt alone with Zaida had been roughly repaired. The rest was in the state in which it had been left when the

Government troops took it and made short work of the Carlist garrison.

To my surprise I found that Zaida knew all about these stirring events. Indeed, a more circumstantial cicerone could not have been desired than this little maid who did the honours of Miranda-Aran.

"Here they were passed by arms," she said, "a hundred and twenty of them. The Count told me—that is how I know. He was there, but because his brother's son was on the side of the Government, they let him escape. But he had to go far away—yes, far and far away—for many years!"

The bricked yard, walled all around, still bore the crumbly pock-marks of the bullets, a few scattering high and some low, but most about the level of a man's heart.

"They ran this way and that," the little girl went on, pointing with her hand as if she saw the sight. Her dark eyes glowed and her hair fell about her face. She tossed it back repeatedly that it might not hinder her from telling the story dramatically. "The Blacks stood in the doorway yonder and shot the Count's men as they ran, one here and another there. Some of them laughed so that they let fall their guns. The Count told me. The officers of Don Carlos's own people did not run. They were shot here, where the marks of the bullets are many and breast high. But the others ran. Some tried to climb the walls, but they were too high. Only one mounted yonder where the cistern stands in the corner, and they say he fell dead on the other side. Others ran about on all fours like dogs to escape the bullets. They cried and wept. But not one had mercy. They all died."

She straightened herself up and stood against the wall.

"I would not have run," she said. "I would have stood with the officers! Even thus! What would you have done?"

I told her I hoped I would have done that, too—but I did not know.

"Of course you would," she interrupted. "You are not like these people you came here with, any more than I am like Andrés and his wife. They may run and crawl, but *we . . . dare not!*"

"Are they not kind to you?" I hazarded the question, for there was nothing childish or immature in the girl's determined expression.

"Kind?—oh, yes, they are kind," she assented, with dispassionate carelessness; "but, you see—they are not as I am. They are no fit company for me. It is better when Sister Teresa is here."

"Who is Sister Teresa?" I asked.

"She is Sister Teresa. She teaches me. At present she is gone to her convent."

"You love her?"

"Yes." The open Spanish affirmative lends itself to a variety of meaning—better than our shut sibilant. Zaida's expressed tolerant agreement, with an undercurrent of protest. "That is, yes, if she would not be for ever teasing me about joining her convent. I will not be a nun. I have told her so a thousand times. I will go abroad in the world. I will be a great lady . . . like my mother . . . who, as I told you, is dead. Do you know I pray to her at night?"

"You mean," I interposed, hastily, thinking that my ear had caught the words wrong, "that you pray to the Mother of Jesus."

"No—no—no!" she cried. "I pray to her, of course, saying the words—as all the world does—even Andrés and Christina—and the snuffy old priest down at the village. But when they leave me alone and the chamber is dark, I pray to my own mother whom I have never seen. Do you think that is wrong?"

She stood by the shattered gate where the Government troops had shot down her relatives, an eager, vivid little figure, all transformed by her own earnestness, every word and pose showing the wayward, wistful thoughtfulness of a little child.

"It is wrong! You think it is wicked! I have told no one else—they would not understand. But I thought you would!"

And she began to cry.

"No," I said. "No little girl's prayer is wrong."

But I had generalised too hastily.

"What!" she said, "not when I pray that Andrés and Christina and Sister Teresa may all die? I do sometimes so that I may get away. Of course, I *hope* they will go to heaven!"

Carmelita and Amparo down at the brook

I evaded the ethical point.

"But why," I said, "do you wish them to die—if they are kind? That is surely wicked?"

"I do not wish them to die," she said. "I only wish them not to be alive here—in this old castle. For then the Count would take me with him, and I would live far away and have playmates and sweethearts and pretty dresses all my own."

"How do you know?" I said. "Who put such thoughts into your head?"

"Oh, no one;" she said, "they come—*so!*"

And spreading her arms wide she joined them above her head as if to gather in all the blue-and-white expanse of the heavens and the dark green of the flickering tree shadows.

"But," she added, with her considering look on, "some things I have learned from Carmelita and Amparo down at the brook yonder, at the edge of the palm-garden which was planted by the Count's grandfather. I go there often and they tell me tales. It is the best washing-place in the country they say. It makes clothes clean just only to bring them to look at the water. And I dance for the washer-wives — that is, after they have told me stories. Come with me and they will be glad to see you also, for my sake. What have you in that box? Is it sweetmeats? Oh, it makes pictures. Will you make mine?"

We went down towards the river, and looking over a wall, Zaida showed me her friends—Carmelita, Amparo, and their company. It was embarrassing for a plain man, but I was Zaida's guest, and—I had my camera.

In a quarter of an hour I had become wise in kneading and rolling and rinsing, in wringing, in shaking out, and bleaching—learning more in a few minutes of the science of making dirty clothes clean again than I had found out in thirty years.

"See—they hold the linen in the stream and let the water run through. So it is clean in a hand clapping," explained Zaida. "Give

me your handkerchief and I will wash it for you."

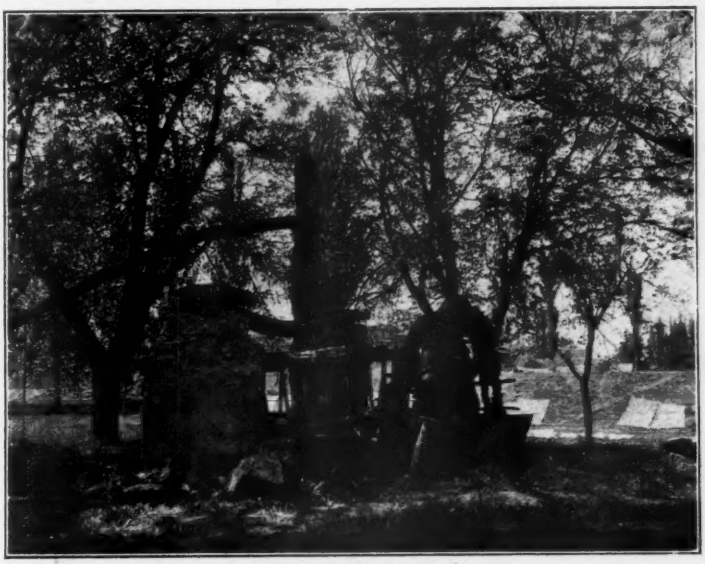
"I would rather see you dance, Zaida, as you promised," I suggested cunningly.

"Shall I? Amparo, whistle for me."

I had expected a guitar at least, but the methods of the Count's palm-grove were more primitive.

Amparo, a heavy, square-jawed, gipsy-faced girl began to whistle—a slow, sweet melody with birdlike trills. It was not the *jota* of Aragon nor any other of the well-known dance-tunes. Most likely Amparo improvised to suit the little figure before her. For Zaida danced forward, holding out her skirt daintily, her eyes fixed on the musician. At each trill which interrupted the slow soft theme, she twirled round with a kind of laughing defiance, exactly like a bird flirting its wet feathers in the sunshine. Resting from their labours, the other washerwomen used their hands as castanets to mark the time, and all moved their heads in unison with the lilt of the air. They were on this occasion not so much an audience as a circle of admiring friends anxious for the success of a *débutante*. So that, when I applauded heartily, they all looked at each other well pleased, smiling and nodding. Zaida came forward and kissed my hand, whereat the kindly folk clapped their hands all over again, as at the end of a performance.

After this we said our good-byes and crossed together some stretches of verdant field, half meadow, half watered garden, where the crickets were twirring in shrill myriads among the grass. Then came clumps of trees, and tall whispering cane-brakes, which told plainly enough that water was near. Presently we discovered the source of all this fertility in a splendid old *noria*, or waterwheel, whose plan (and possibly execution also) was coeval with the Moors. In the shadow of the leaves it made a striking picture. As we came nearer, a man approached from the river bank and harnessed a fine mule to the long sweep-pole of the *noria*.



The *noria* of Miranda-Aran

It was Andrés, but the little girl never even looked at him. Her gaze was fixed upon the mule.

"Dear Matador!" she murmured, and ran to the animal, which fawned upon her almost like a dog.

"There is no one who dares to go near him but only Andrés and I," she said, "and Andrés only when he has a stick. He is the wicked one. He kicked off the priest on his way to altar service. Truly you know you did, bad Matador, and the holy father cursed you for it. Well for you that you are a mule and no Christian! For if you were a Christian I know who would get you! The Black Man with the horns!"

The mule kept all the time thrusting forward his ears with an evident pleasure, which surprised me. For no animal is more dourly unresponsive than a mule, or so free from any desire for human approbation.

Andrés asked Zaida to step aside that Matador might begin his work. Then with a groaning of ungreased axles and a splashing of cool well-water Matador moved round his circle, and each time as he came past the place where Zaida stood, he turned his head in her direction to see that the child was still there, bending himself more vigorously than before to the driving-pole, that his mistress might see him do his best.

The grounds of the castle of Miranda-Aran were very extensive, but the Count had let them go back to a state of nature. The great pinewood on the northern slope, which his grandfather had planted, was a wilderness of tall reeds, ferns, and climbing plants. At certain hours of the morning the sunshine shone through it as through some glade of Eden, glorifying everything. A hill brook making its way over white stone to the Ebro glided unseen beneath. Many such I have seen among the Pyrenees, but never one so far south as this.

Matador at the well-sweep

"I call it the Gate of Pearl," said Zaida, as we paused on the opposite bank and looked up the hillside towards the plateau of Aragon. And indeed the name was nowise ill chosen. For the pale blues and orange tinges on the dense fern-growths that hid the water-courses, and the deeper sapphire and opaline smoke of the charcoal-burners' estab-

lishment floating sun-touched among the tall pine-stems, certainly drew the eyes upward,

The little girl, a true beauty lover, stood entranced, worshipping, her eyes great and

The Gate of Pearl

with a kind of expectation of the Gate of Pearl and the City of the Twelve Foundations.

black. Then quite suddenly she turned and said, looking up, "I shall love all these

things more now—when you are gone—because it was I who told you the names of them—because you and I saw them together."

She paused a moment and then added, with a certain sad premature wisdom, "But—they will make my heart sore too!"

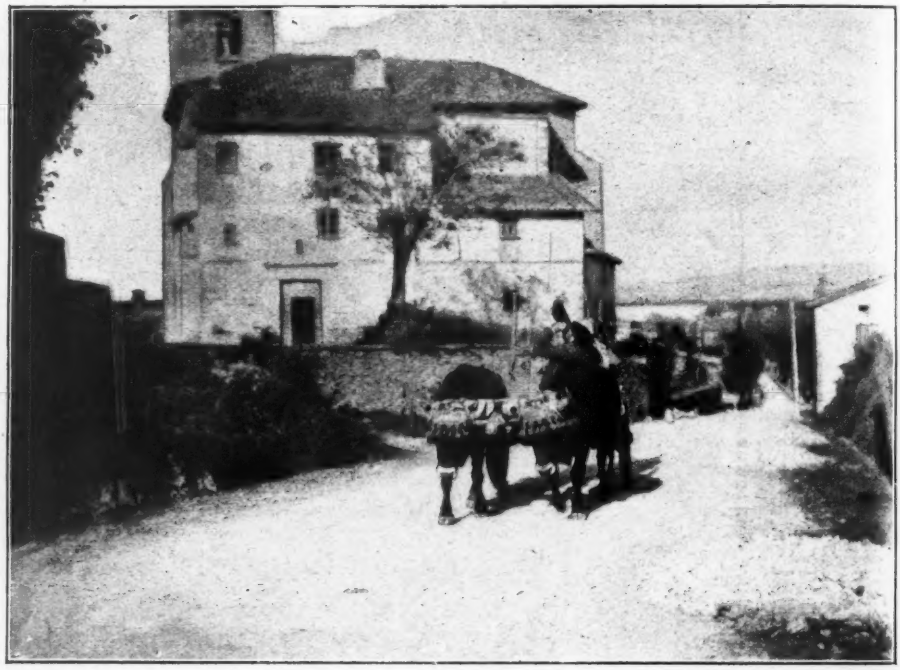
And with the swift gesture of a daughter of the South she laid both her hands palm downwards upon her breast, one upon the other, and bowed her head.

There was silence for a little after this. We passed through a picturesque old gateway, round the corner of what had been the servants' quarters. There were pigeons fluttering and strutting about the roofs, and a little farther on stood the waggon, with Penique playing at nine-pins in the dust of the yard, and our travelling merchant earning his keep by mending the great blue umbrellas of Andrés and his spouse.

I called out a greeting, but the little girl bore steadily upon my hand.

"Come away," she said, "do not waste time with such people. I have still many things to show you. Let us go out upon the highway. They do not allow me to go there by myself. But with you, Dame Christina will not dare to chide. Come!"

We passed down the brae, where I could still see the scrape of Barbieca's hoofs of the night before, and so up again and out upon the great Ebro valley highway.



Sancho Panza taking a plenary swig at his *leather bottel*

"Look, look—Sancho Panza!" cried Zaida, laughing, and I was in time to mark down a glimpse of a stout waggoner seated on his ox team, taking a plenary swig at his *leather bottel.*

When he saw the camera he slapped his (lower) chest with great amiability, and cried out good-humouredly, "Share with me then, Donna Dulcinea—you and your honoured knight! Then for that, pray send me a picture!"

For we were on the frontiers of La Mancha, where every one knows his Don Quixote as

well as his mother's house-place. The man passed on, taking suck after suck at his wine-skin till it was as flat as a pancake fresh from the grid. Then he flourished it in the air with a gallant gesture and lifted his ox-goad. It was time to be getting home, when the little cow which gives the ruddy milk had ceased her yield! Up with the goad, then, and at 'em! But the great black beasts lifted hoof never a whit the quicker either for shout or goad.

The great wall of the Count's orchard shut in the woods as well as his gardens. Outside there was only the dusty, uneven highway and a broken, broomy, cactus-strewn waste, which the irrigating Ebro waters did not reach. As we looked across we saw a party at lunch in their camp—all women, a mule tethered near by also taking a scanty meal.

"Come," said Zaida, quickly, "these are friends of mine—real gipsies of Soria. Their men are away horse-coping at the fair of Zaragoza; and one of them, Red Mary, the one nearest to the mule, cannot go, because in that town she has not served her last sentence for fortune-telling!"

"An excellent reason," I said; "but, tell me, does Christina know of your friendship with these gipsy folk?"

"No," said Zaida indifferently; "in what way does the matter concern her?"

"Is she not here, with Andrés, that she may look after you?"

The little girl laughed.

"Christina is here, not to look after me, but to mend my clothes and to lace my boots," she answered, haughtily as a young princess.

"Then who looks after you, Zaida?"

"I look after myself, and my dear mother looks down from heaven and tells me if I do wrong!"

"But Sister Teresa?"

Gipsies of Soria

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Gipsies of Soria

"Oh, I tell *her* what to do, and if she does not do it—why, then, I run away and hide. She is good and holy, but somewhat heavy of the foot. Our good Sister Teresa grows old!"

Suddenly Zaida clapped her hand, not on that little semi-Oriental breast in which her vivid and sudden emotions went and came so intermittently, but somewhat lower, even as Sancho Panza of the leather bottle had done on the highway.

"Holiest Virgin, but I am so hungry," she said; "it will be second breakfast by this time. Let us go back!"

As I had broken my fast on a thimbleful of stiff chocolate and a glass of spring water, my objections were feeble.

As we went Zaida somewhat modified her statements concerning Donna Christina.

"It is better not to say anything as to where we have been or whom we have spoken with." She volunteered the suggestion in an off-hand detached manner, as if she were telling me wholly for my good.

"But," said I, "I thought Donna Christina was not in authority over you."

"Nor is she," said the small autocrat, "but she can carry tales when the Count comes. And why do you call her Donna? She is no more 'donna' than . . . that green frog in the pond yonder!"

We went back through the picturesque gateway to the corner of the house, where we found Rodil and Penique, sitting down with Andrés and his wife. A table was laid for Zaida apart in an inner room which still showed traces of profuse carving and lavish decoration. But this division of the party that little lady would by no means permit. I must dine with her, or she would not dine at all, and she flung her knife and fork down on the floor forthwith, as a gage of battle. Christina and her husband conferred together. I heard them say, "Better let her have her way. The Count may be here any day now."

So presently my place was set, to the huge amusement of Rodil, in the inner room along with the imperious young *châtelaine* of the castle. Christina waited upon us with a broad smile on her face, and it was a lesson in manners to see how instinctively this child, who had never within her memory been outside the bounds of the estate (save trespassing for a stolen hour on the highway), did the honours of the mansion of which she considered herself the mistress.

Sister Teresa's powers of teaching French had been, naturally, somewhat limited, and Zaida had sometimes great difficulty in following when I filled up a chasm in my halting Castilian with a convenient phrase from across the mountains. But we understood each other marvellously well, and by-and-by Zaida ventured blushingly into French herself—I fear more for the pleasure of "intriguing" the listening Christina, than to make me understand more clearly.

It took the little girl all that day to show me the remaining treasures of her wide and solitary domain—the thatched huts in the little palm-grove, where she often sat in state as an Indian queen and received the homage of those notable tributary chiefs, Esparto Grass, Potato Flower, and white Cotton Tail. My representation of these characters was so successful that it was with difficulty, and even a suspicion of tears, that I was finally allowed to disrobe, and become again, as Zaida remarked, "nobody in particular!" We went down to the waterside to see Carmelita hang out her clothes, which in the fresh blowing afternoon proved a pretty sight enough.

Then, with a kind of hushed terror in her voice, Zaida told me that there was yet one thing more to show me—the Dwarf!

Zaida clasped my hand rather closely as we took our way towards the little tile-roofed village from which Carmelita and Amparo had come forth with their dirty linen in the morning. Women with dripping baskets on their heads trudged along beside us, and all of them saluted Zaida. As we entered the narrow unclean village streets Zaida asked me suddenly if I had got a *real*.

"I would ask for a '*perro chico*,'" she said, "but that is too much like a beggar, but give me a *real*—and I will give you back the change."

I exhibited the coin gladly, and she went into one of the open booth shops, which clustered against the wall. "Chocolates of the best mark"—so many for a 'little dog'

—so many more for a 'great dog.'" That was Zaida's order.

When she came out I wanted her to eat one, but she said indignantly, "If they had been for myself, do you think I would have asked for the money, señor? No, Don Esteban, I have been well brought up. They are for the Dwarf, the Cagot who lives by the Well House of the village."

The thatched huts in the little palm-grove

I had seen many such unfortunate creatures in the mountains, and had no desire to interview another. Indeed, to one whom I met among a set of gipsies, travelling as a sort of half-butt, half-mascot, I shall have to refer again. But I was surprised when, in shade of the newly-washed clothes, which were pegged to a line attached to the well-arch, I saw what I first of all took to be a child with an enormous head. This was "Juan's Tizia," the daughter of a well-known carpenter of Miranda-Aran. She was thirty-three years of age, but in expression and behaviour she appeared like a child of less than two. Only her head had grown to woman's size, and had left her poor body so far behind that she sat easily in a baby's chair. Zaida gave her the entire packet of chocolates "of a good mark," and the poor child-monster could hardly convey them fast enough to her mouth. Seeing this, the woman who was in charge of her during her father's absence endeavoured to take the chocolates away gently, for the purpose of doling them out to her one by one. But as soon as Juan's Tizia realised that her treasure was escaping her, she bent towards the woman's hand and bit her sharply on the thumb.

"Very well," said the nurse, "wait till Juan, your father, comes home to-night. Then wicked Tizia will be whipped and shut in the dark closet where the Bad Man lives."

Whereat the poor half-witted thing grovelled and wept, pleading that her father might not be told.

"Is Tizia sorry, then?" demanded the woman severely, tying up her thumb in a piece of white rag.

"Tizia sorry—Tizia much, much sorry!" cried the dwarf, beating the hot white paving stones with her hands as she lay on her face. The woman held out her other hand for the sweetmeats without speaking. I could see the fingers of the dwarf girl crisp with desire

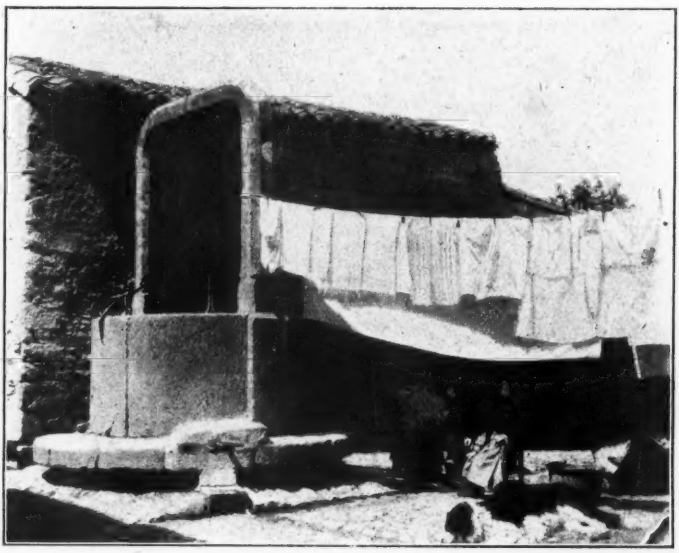
to fly at her throat. Her teeth gritted audibly upon one another.

"Quick!" said the woman. And Tizia gave the paper of chocolates without a word.

"It is only her father and the threat of telling him that can put her in fear—also she is strong. See—she has left her mark!"

She held up her thumb in the linen rag.

"Of course," she explained, "I am not ill paid for this, and most days Tizia is no great trouble; but now the children are preparing their dresses for first communion, and that always excites her."



Juan's Tizia at the Dwarf's

We went slowly back to the château, and on entering the yard we were, I think, equally astonished to find the blue-tilted caravan ready for the road, Babieca harnessed, and Penique arranging the chain of the wheel-drag ready for passing down the steep hill which led from the castle to the highway. Zaida turned to me a face sharp with sudden woe. The tears sprang to her eyes.

"You are going away and you never told me—you do not love me—not even a little!"

I was also astonished, and answered that I knew nothing about the matter. But before Zaida had time to reply, Christina swooped down and seized her.

"Quick!" she cried, "come and have your best dress put upon you and be cleaned. What a time is this to be standing in speech with a stranger! The Count and his brother are on the threshold. Their horses are almost at the crossing of the bridge. Pray the saints that brat may get his waggon down the hill and be safe on the highway before they arrive, for his Excellency loves not strangers!"

The wife of Andrés looked at me as she spoke. The hint was at least a plain one. I stooped hastily to kiss Zaida good-bye, whispering to her, "Keep the book about the little girl in Scotland." I could not delude her with any hopes of ever coming that way again.

But she made me no answer, only breaking forth into a very torrent of sobs, in the midst of which she was removed by the justly indignant and bewildered Christina. That good lady muttered what seemed like maledictions upon all intrusive foreigners, mingled with beseechings to her beloved Zaida to dry

her eyes on the pain of having a "pig's face" when the Count came. What would he say if his little maid were all be-blubbered—and all because of a stranger—one who went the country with a beggar's van? But Zaida cried not one whit the less bitterly for that.

Somewhat sadly I crossed the wide courtyard and took my way through the palm groves to the river's brink. I could see two figures just turning into the little avenue of dark yew trees which led to the castle. And in my ears was the sad last cry of my little sometime friend: "I do not *want* to see the Count—I do not *want* to be good. He will go away thinking I do not love him—ah, cruel!"

But the stranger did not think what Zaida feared—indeed, quite otherwise. But yet his thoughts were none the brighter because of that, for he cast his mind forward and wondered and feared what should become of this swift, passionate, love-hungry, impatient spirit in the years to come.

"God help the maid!" was all I could say. And then, and last of all, "God keep the woman!"

. . . . . .

The two riding figures came slowly past me up the hill deep in talk. One was Don Emmanuel Sebastian and the other—the Bishop of El Seo.

Bacteria and Insects

By Mrs. Percy Frankland, F.R.M.S.

THE advent of summer, so intimately associated in our minds with the increase in insect life in so many different directions, should, perhaps, make us ponder for a moment on the less desirable aspect of these satellites on summer days.

Long before mosquitoes were saddled with the responsibility of malaria, in the very early years of bacteriology, Tizzoni and Cattani discovered that flies taken from cholera corpses carried cholera bacteria upon their bodies. A pretty experiment, showing with what complete justification these insects may be regarded as the Suttons or Carter Patersons in a bacterial community, may be made by infecting the feet of flies with microbes producing a pigment, and then allowing the insects to walk over the surface of some culture material. Their peregrinations are easily traced later when, on incubation, the coloured growths of bacteria appear wherever contact with the surface has taken place.

Take for example, the *Bacillus prodigiosus*, a micro-organism which produces a magnificent crimson growth, and infect the feet of a fly with it and then let the insect walk over some slices of potato, and it will be subsequently found that its feet have left the surface rosy; the expression being scientifically accurate, which cannot be said to be the case with regard to the much-discussed lines of Tennyson, in which he claims for Maud that

> Her feet have touch'd the meadows
> And left the daisies rosy.

If, instead of infecting the fly with a harmless saprophyte, typhoidal material be substituted, a vivid picture is at once to hand of how surfaces with which the fly may subsequently come in contact, such as foods of various kinds, can become impregnated with typhoid bacteria.

These early researches awakened so much interest that numerous investigations followed with the object of estimating the responsibility for spreading disease in regard to other insects and by other means. Thus Dewèvre succeeded in producing tuberculosis by means of an emulsion of bugs taken from a bed occupied by a consumptive patient, and experiments were undertaken to ascertain the fate of different bacteria in the intestinal tract of various insects, whether they were subsequently excreted from the body in a living and virulent condition.

The artificial feeding of flies with food

infected with various disease bacteria, such as tubercle, cholera, typhoid, and anthrax bacilli respectively, enabled Celli to state that these micro-organisms could pass unharmed through the digestive organs of flies, being recoverable in a living condition in their excrements. Later, similar experiments made with plague bacilli led to the same conclusion. Refinements in research have, however, elicited the interesting fact that the fate of a particular micro-organism is not equally happy in the case of all insects; thus, whereas a residence in the bodies of flies and various beetles did not affect the anthrax bacillus, it was rapidly destroyed in the digestive organs of bugs and fleas. Similarly Hankin has found, in regard to plague bacilli, that they were unharmed in the bodies of ants and flies, and were recoverable in a virulent condition from the excrements of these insects, whilst in the bodies of bugs they were destroyed.

Quite lately, Dr. Hermann Küster has been making experiments in a similar direction with the *Periplaneta orientalis*, or, in more simple language, the common cockroach, an insect which, originally supposed to have been introduced from the East, is now found in such immense numbers as to render it one of our most troublesome household pests. Whereas anthrax bacilli were recoverable from the excrements of these insects in a living and virulent condition, in no single instance did he succeed in similarly finding fowl cholera bacilli, although in the case of both micro organisms exactly the same methods were adopted for their introduction into the body of the beetle. On the other hand, tubercle bacilli, like the anthrax bacilli, passed through this insect's body without suffering any deterioration whatever, for animals succumbed to typical tuberculous infection after being inoculated with the excrementitious matter in which they were present in very large numbers. As regards plague bacilli, Dr. Küster found that they were recoverable from freshly deposited excrements in a virulent condition, but not from excrements which had been allowed to stand twenty-four hours before being examined. In no case did this insect suffer any inconvenience whatever from the presence within its system of these various and highly noxious disease-bacteria.

But this indifference or immunity from infection in regard to disease-bacteria is not universal amongst the members of the insect world, for already, with the relatively few investigations which have been made, it has been found that they possess different degrees of susceptibility to infection from pathogenic bacteria. Thus, whilst, according to Hankin, Simond, Nuttall, and others, fleas, mosquitoes, bugs, and ants are not affected in any way by the presence of plague bacilli, flies, both Nuttall and Yersin state, succumb to infection from these microbes.

The scientific hint which has been thrown out by these researches, the suggestion that insects may be potent sources of danger in disseminating disease, shows no signs of being ignored; indeed, the belief in their culpability appears to be gaining ground, and it has been repeatedly asserted that during the late South African War flies were very largely responsible for the spread of typhoid fever. Kaposi cites an instance in which leprosy was conveyed by the sting of a mosquito. Hankin asserts that ants undoubtedly spread plague, whilst purulent abscesses, arising from the sting of gnats, are by no means of infrequent occurrence.

As regards the mechanism by which the infection is conveyed, the present opinion appears to be that the noxious organisms are not conveyed directly by the actual sting of the insect, but rather by secondary causes, such as the accidental deposition of bacteria, with which the insect is laden, in the wound at the time the skin is punctured by the sting, or by the bacteria being conveyed on the body of the fly to any broken surface of skin, or by the deposit of its excrements.

These researches, although so briefly described, may, it is hoped, sufficiently emphasise the potentiality for evil possessed by insects, and the importance of duly crediting them with this dangerous property; they demonstrate that, in endeavouring to trace an outbreak of disease to its source, we can no longer afford to deny them the undesirable prominence of being possible participators in the responsibility of its dissemination.

Ruskin's "Cashbook"

By W. G. Collingwood

Illustrated by the Author

SO it is lettered on the back; but his titles, as every one knows, are far-fetched. There are some accounts in this volume, but most of it is filled with a diary of the tour abroad in 1882, and subsequent entries, very neatly written; the red lines for £ *s. d.* serving to keep the manuscript within margins, just like print.

Ruskin's journals, I understand, are not to be published. The bulk of their contents —landscape descriptions and various notes on natural history, architecture, and many different subjects—have been worked into his books. The remainder consists of daily jottings about the weather, always important to one whose chief pleasure was in scenery, with fragmentary hints of his occupations or travels, and still more fragmentary mention of persons. They are not exactly memoranda; still less the memoirs of a literary man, written with one eye on the public. They are mere soliloquies of the moment, gossip of himself to himself, before breakfast.

While he lived, though I had often occasion to refer to these journals, I never felt quite at liberty to open this "Cashbook," with its private notes on a period when I was practically alone with him; his valet, Baxter, was also of the party, but at meals and at work, on walks and drives, he had usually to put up with my company. He was exceedingly and unfailingly kind, but exacting; it would have needed great self-confidence to be sure of his good opinion. But now that these articles require it, to paint his portrait as he was at that time, I have taken advantage of Mrs. Severn's kind leave; and in continuing the story of the tour I can sometimes add to my reminiscences Ruskin's impressions on the spot as recorded by himself.

From Geneva we went up to Sallenches (September 9, 1882), hoping to see the Alps, in spite of the smoke-cloud. He was at the moment thinking and talking chiefly of "artistic geology," if one may coin a parallel to "artistic anatomy"—the old subject of his "Modern Painters," vol. iv. In the article on the Old Road I said *healthily* interested, for any work on Nature was good for him personally, and this tour was for the sake of health after long and recurrent attacks of illness.

In those days, and to the few who cared much more for himself than his mission, St. George and St. Benedict were the enemies; his Guild and all the worries connected with it, and his ethico-socio-political meditations, mixed with much wandering into Greek and mediæval mythology, always meant mischief to him. So after the visit to Citeaux and the birthplace of St. Bernard (described in the chapter called "Mending the Sieve," in the volume of "Verona," &c.), it was good to see him eager for the mountains, and looking out for well-known twists in the limestone strata, and clefts and cascades, points of view and distant glimpses, all the way up the valley. If only the smoke-cloud would lift, and a spell of fair weather would tempt him to linger among the Alps, hammering rocks and sketching cottages, the object of the journey would be gained.

There was a horrid new road being made high up on the flank of his favourite mountain, the Brezon, whose top he had wanted to possess. At Cluses, what were those sticks in the meadow? I asked; and learnt that they marked out the long-intended railway. A railway in the valley of the Arve! It meant to him simply the end of all that made the glory and grandeur of this classic ground. But he was partly comforted by the thought that after all it might not be, or, at least, not in his time. Maglans and the Nant d'Arpenaz were still as Turner painted them; and though his old familiar resting-place at St. Martin was no longer open as an inn, we could stay across the valley at Sallenches, within easy walks of many favourite haunts.

The next day was Sunday, which he usually spent more quietly than other days. We

took the walk his father and he used to take on many Sundays passed in that neighbourhood, up a glen to the south of the village. In his diary that day he began an analysis of the Psalms—he had been taking them for his morning Bible-readings; and I on "with comfort" the "glorious natural history" of the old book. Next day he noted the second speech of Zophar as "the leading piece of political economy" which he ought to have quoted in "Fors."

In spite of the dull weather we had a good

Mont Blanc clearing

(Sketched with Ruskin at Sallenches, Sept. 1882)

find that at St. Cergues, on the 5th, he had thankfully noted the arrival of a telegram with good news from home, just as he was reading me the 104th Psalm. He did not hold "family prayers" as a habit, but sometimes when he was delighted with a nice chapter he couldn't keep it to himself.

Early next morning Mont Blanc was clear, though soon clouded (the diary is quoted in the "Storm-cloud" lecture); andthen, in pursuance of the geology study he had begun, he set to work "to do a little Deucalion," but opened Job instead, at xi. 16, and read

ramble up the valley he called "Norton's Glen," from the remembrance of walks there with Professor Charles Eliot Norton; and though sketching was little use, he was happy in the contemplation of boulders. It was in coming down from that walk (if I remember right; the diary does not mention it) that I got such a scolding for proposing to extract a fossil from a stone in a vineyard terrace-wall:—"You bad boy! Have you no respect for property?" or words to that effect: and I had to leave the specimen *in situ*. But next day I "scored" with a careful

drawing of the Nant d'Arpenaz, disentangling the contorted beds of limestone; and in the diary is a copy from my sketch, a subject, he said, he had often tried in vain. On the way back to Sallenches we looked at the old Hôtel du Mont Blanc at St. Martin, which gives a title to one of the chapters of "Præterita," and need not be described here; but he was so taken with it and its memories that he asked whether it was for sale, and really formed a plan of buying it, and coming to live there. The diary gives various reasons, ending with one of the oddest; I had made some verses about the place, rather on the lines his talk had suggested, but ending with more optimism, and these, too, he notes, contributed to the "leadings" which pointed him to a new home in Savoy. A little later there came a letter addressed to "MM. Ruskin et Collingwood"—"Quite like a firm," he said; "I wonder what they think we're travelling in; but I hope we'll always be partners"—the terms of the offer I forget, but they did not seem practicable, or Coniston might have known him no more.

At least, it was possible, and it would have been good in many ways for him; but there were ties to think of. Next day, after rain in the valley and snow on the Varens, and swallows gathering in crowds along the eaves and cornices of the square, there was a grand clearance at sunset, and he wrote to Miss Beever the note printed in *Hortus Inclusus* about seeing Mont Blanc—"a sight which always redeems me to what I am capable of at my poor little best, and to what loves and memories are most precious to me. So I write to *you*, one of the few true loves left. The snow has fallen fresh on the hills, and it makes me feel that I must soon be seeking shelter at Brantwood and the Thwaite." And yet he was greatly tempted to stay. On the splendid morning which followed he wrote in his journal, "Perfect light on the Dorons, and the Varens a miracle of aerial majesty. I—happy in a more solemn way than of old. Read a bit of Ezra and referred to Haggai ii. 9—'In this place will I give peace.'"

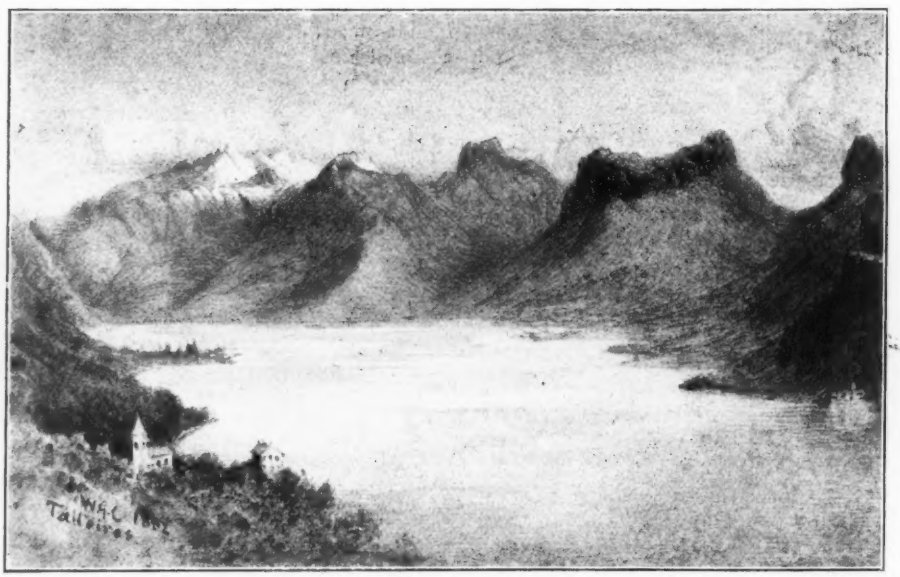
Letters, however, were expected at Geneva, and with many plans for Sixt and Chamouni he turned his back on Sallenches for the time and had a "marvellous drive through the valley of Cluse; C—— sectionising (making notes of limestone strata) all the way. Divine walk to old spring under Brezon." Then he reproves himself for his annoyance at the "plague-wind" and tiresome letters at Geneva, "for I shall try to remember the Aiguille de Bionassay of the 13th at evening and the Nant d'Arpenaz looked back at yesterday morning—with my morning walk once more among the dew above Sallenches—for ever and a day."

Without keeping constantly before one's mind his passionate love of scenery it is impossible to put a right estimate on much that he has written. There are comparatively few people whose chief pleasure is in taking a walk and looking at the country, without any notion of sport or games to eke out the interest. It is true that he sketched and wrote, but his pleasure was in seeing. It was his admiration of Nature that had brought him to admire Art in his youth, and I think it is not too much to say that Art was always a secondary thing to him personally. The desire to see Art healthily and nobly practised made him study the life of the craftsman and the craftsman's surroundings, spiritual and material. The material needs of Victorian society pressed upon him "Unto this Last" and "St. George"; the spiritual needs drove him back upon ancient religious ideals, "The Queen of the Air" and "St. Benedict." All these various strands of thought were closely woven together in his life, but from the beginning to the end the love for natural scenery was the core of the cable. You gather already from this "Cashbook" that a few days among the Alps had quite restored him to physical strength, and given him hopes and happiness.

On Saturday, September 16, we left Geneva for Annecy, intending more limestone geology, and thenceforward had many days' driving with the "Mephistopheles coachman and the Black Dog," as he put it at first. Later on he became enthusiastic over the same coachman for his capital driving and care of his horses, and because of the story of the dog Tom, whom, the man said, he had rescued from death at the hands

of an American owner at Nice. Tom, with his spiked fur-collar, was usually absent at the start. The driver said he was shut up so that he might not annoy Messieurs; but he always appeared, was scolded, and forgiven, and petted for the rest of the way. Affection for animals appealed to Ruskin, and in France one sees much of it. On one of these drives we stopped for lunch out of doors before a wayside inn. To this lunch there came a little dog, two cats, and a pet sheep, and shared our wine, bread, and Savoy sponge-cakes. The sheep at last got to putting its feet on the table, and the landlady rushed out and carried him off in her arms into the house; but Ruskin, I think, would quite as soon have let the creature stay. At Annecy the landlord told me stories of his big St. Bernard dog, how he was defended from other dogs by the cat, and how sometimes they quarrelled, and then the dog had to go and sit on the mat out of doors until the cat had forgiven him; how the cat also was in the habit of catching swallows on the wing and bringing them in to show—as, certainly, cats do with the mice they catch—and then she would let them go uninjured. This delighted Ruskin at dinner, and may have suggested the dream which I see he records in his "Cashbook"—"dreamt of a fine old lion who was quite good if he wasn't kept prisoner; but when I had got him out, I didn't know what to do with him." The parting with Tom and his master I have mentioned elsewhere—how he gave the man twenty francs for a *bonne main* and two francs over for a *bonne patte*, he said, to the dog!

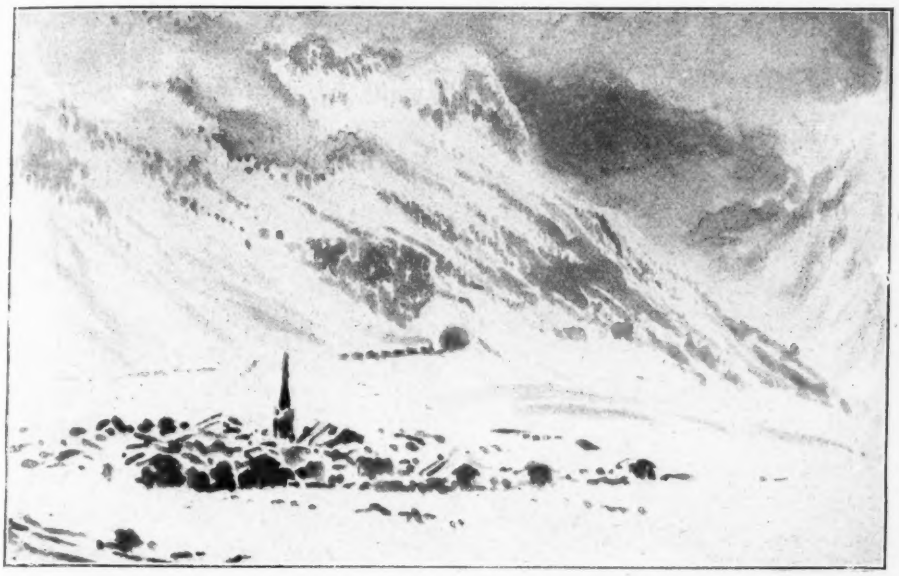
At Annecy, in the pleasant Hôtel Verdun, he confessed himself already stronger and fit for anything but proofs and business letters; but the "plague-cloud" still hung over the view. He noted that the smoke from the factory chimneys could not be told from the clouds except by its density, and mingled with the mist so as to throw a pall over the lake from the town to the Tournette—the great mountain of the neighbourhood above Talloires. But still he did not see that the black, ragged, dirty weather was caused by the smoke, though he compared it with a London November. The nearer scenery



The head of the Lake of Annecy

(*Sketched with Ruskin at Talloires, Sept. 1882*)

was visible and beautiful. The blue lake, always blue, with a light of its own, and Talloires, with pleasant associations and unspoiled surroundings of most romantic



Mont Cenis tunnel in snow

(Sketched with Ruskin at Modane, Nov. 11, 1882)

character, charmed him as of old. We drove there the first Sunday; he took me up to Eugène Sue's house and then on to the cascade, two and a half hours' walk, and then sauntered among the vineyards and along the bay, under the plane-tree avenues, driving home in an open carriage, and said he had not spent such an idle day for ten years. Next day we "did" the Gorge of the Fier, and discussed the possible causes of this great ravine, through which the river plunges so unexpectedly and, one would think, unnecessarily. Then to Talloires again, and planned return for work.

Meanwhile he had made appointments in Italy. He talked of a rush to Rome and hasty visits to Lucca and Florence, coming back soon to the Alps. But this turned out to be a longer journey than he had meant. His seal-motto was "To-day," and the business of the moment was always the most important with him; indeed there was reason for it at Florence, for there he met Mrs. and Miss Alexander for the first time, and commenced a friendship which was of great importance to his later life. Some part of this section of the tour is given in the paper on "Ilaria." It ended in his catching a thorough cold at Pisa through sketching in November winds and in his longing for the clear air of the Alps again, before returning to London for the lecture he had promised to give in December. This was the lecture announced as "Crystallography," but delivered as "Cistercian Architecture," about which he said, joking at his own expense, that it would probably have come to much the same thing whatever the title had been. I did not quite see why he should lecture on either; but he declared himself quite well, and as we had dropped crystallography—the chief subject before the tour—for cathedrals and abbeys in Italy, he shut himself up at Pisa, cold and all, to write his lecture. Then having, as he thought, mastered it, we ran north. He wanted to

stay at St. Michel, a favourite place on the Mont Cenis line, but high, and likely to be bleak in November for a man with a bad cold, I thought—very possibly mistaken. I took tickets for Aix-les-Bains, and we had our only quarrel on that trip. I felt particularly guilty as he recounted to me, in an injured tone, the horrors of Aix, the one place he abominated, and the beauties of St. Michel, while the train climbed the Dora valley to Bardonecchia in fairly fine weather.

On the French side it was deep snow and bitter weather as we ran down to Aix. The next day was delightful, but I always shirked the recollection of my misdemeanour until I found his diary-entries the other day. "The cold's quite gone! Friday in glowing sunshine, Pisa to Turin: Saturday in frightful damp and cold, Turin to Aix; but quite easy days both. Sun coming out now. Dent de Bourget over mist and low cloud, very lovely, as I dressed."

The next entry I copy because it shows that he was not so entirely hostile to railways as the casual reader imagines. Writing of the ride to Annecy he says in the "Cashbook": "An entirely divine railway *coupé* drive from Aix by the river gorges; one enchantment of golden trees and ruby hills." But it was a splendid day. In clumsier phrasing I wrote home of "all the prettiest autumn colours that ever were made out of remnants of old rainbows patched up into a gala dress for the world."

At Annecy we delayed only long enough for me to get rooms in the Hôtel de l'Abbaye at Talloires, where we stayed from the 14th to the 22nd in stormy, snowy weather. He was quite well at first, and proud of leading the way down the steep mountain-tracks—well known to him—in the dark after long walks; but some days we could not get out at all. I sat writing by the log fire in the dining-room, he preferring his bedroom, with what glimpses could be got of the lake through snowstorms; and in the night the wind howled through deserted corridors—for the place was once a real monastery—until it became quite uncanny. His bad dreams had gone, but he could not get exercise enough to sleep well. The lecture was variously rewritten, monks and myths

A Savoy town in snow

chasing one another through his brain, instead of the crystal-cleavages and rock-forms he had set out to study. St. Benedict had been too strong for us.

But the journey was not a failure. At Lucca he made some of his best drawings; and the descriptive passages in "Præterita" and elsewhere, written on that tour, are among his finest. After a comfortless journey across France he was able to write in his "Cashbook" at Herne Hill on December 3: "Slept well, and hope to be fit for lecture to-morrow; very happy in showing our drawings and complete sense of rest after three months' tossing." Early in the next year he found himself able to take up his old work at Oxford, and for a while—but only for a while—it seemed that the storm-cloud of his life had cleared away.

A Cornish Novelist

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, at The Haven, Fowey

By Harold Begbie

WHERE the beautiful Fowey River opens wide its arms to receive the English Channel, hangs the ancient town of Fowey with the smaller village of Polruan on the opposite bank—the two hands of the river stretched for ever to the sea. On the very margin of the steep bank, one above the other, cluster the houses, and in one of the lowest of these houses, the garden of which is often drenched under salt water, lives Mr. Quiller-Couch—a great man in Fowey and a popular novelist in every quarter of the empire.

Fowey, for some reason or other, was dear to the heart of the King-Maker, and he made it a Cinque port, gave it one of the finest churches in the land, and bestowed upon its lusty sons as many privileges as the devout lover lays trinkets at the feet of his mistress. On the Fowey side of the river, and on the Polruan side, still stand the two castles from which, in the brave days of old, the chains were drawn across the river's mouth. Thanks to the exertions of Mr. Quiller-Couch, the Polruan castle, which was falling into decay, has been restored stone by stone, and is now as vigorous as its opposite neighbour. But reference to the historic interest of the town conjures no picture before the mind's eye; to understand its charms one must walk through its winding main street, too narrow in parts for a footpath, where carts to pass one another must draw right against shop windows, and where the noise of rumbling wheels sends the wary pedestrian hurrying to the shelter of a doorway. This street, dotted with stalwart fishermen in blue jerseys and huge boots, is a jumble of nodding houses; gables and bow-windows slope forward across the cobble stones, and at every few paces a narrow alley, sliced out of these antique cottages, shows you the silver Fowey radiant in the first embrace of the sea. One descends a couple of stairs to enter the old china shop, climbs a flight to possess oneself of a newspaper, and all the time one is winding, winding, winding—with never a straight line to hint at monotony. And the river itself is laden with many yachts, swinging restfully on the tide, while ever and anon a great steamer puts in from sea and drops anchor under the shadow of the King-Maker's church town.

Mr. Quiller-Couch occupies as charming a house as you shall find in the West country. It is the old Haven, and at the bottom of his garden, rising over the lapping waters, is the big red lantern which proclaims harbourage to ships that pass in the night. The house was built by an old admiral, and his inheritor, likewise a British seaman, has painted on well-nigh every door the name of the various ships in which he sailed, further adorning them with little water-colour sketches of the vessels themselves. Thus, one room is

the *Royal Oak*, another the *St. Vincent*, and another the *Saucy Arethusa*. You may eat a cutlet in the *Royal Oak*, smoke a cigar in the *St. Vincent*, and fall happily asleep in the *Saucy Arethusa*. One is tempted to

(Elliott & Fry, photo, 55 Baker Street, W.)
Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch

dance a hornpipe in the corridors. The house is white, and two or three steep steps from the main street lead you down to the glass-covered porch and the front door. On the other side of the house a little green garden—just now gorgeous with tulips—slopes down to the river's edge. Inside the house is full of sunlight. White paint, chintz curtains, and chintz wall-papers conspire to woo and imprison every sunbeam that falls across the Fowey. It is a house in which the most inveterate of lady novelists would, willy-willy, forget sex problems and write cheerfully of poor fallen humanity.

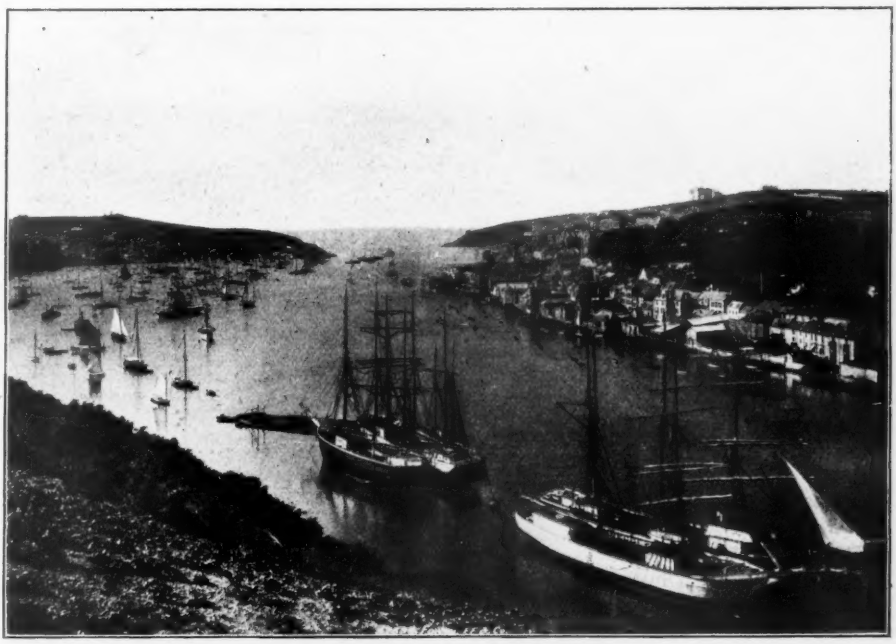
"Q."—as Mr. Quiller-Couch is known to readers—is a Cornishman heart and soul. He was born at Bodmin in 1863, but hails from Polperro, a charming village beyond the Fowey. He was educated first at Newton Abbot College, then at Clifton, after which he proceeded to Trinity, Oxford, where he took Honour Mods. For a year he lectured in the classics, and it was during this period (1886–87), when he was exploring the mountains of Cumberland with a reading party, that he wrote his first book, "Dead Man's Rock," which he despatched to Messrs. Cassell and Co. The book was not only accepted, but Sir Wemyss Reid, who was at that time editing the *Speaker* for the Messrs. Cassell, wrote and asked "Q." to join the staff of that journal. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Quiller-Couch forsook Oxford to become a toiling journalist. Among his companions on the *Speaker* was Mr. J. M. Barrie, and from that time a friendship sprang up between the two writers which has flourished happily ever since. But in 1901 the air of London proved too much for the Cornish lungs of Mr. Quiller-Couch, and, not without a sigh at leaving the city where he had made so many literary friends, he packed up his trunks and his family, and pitched his tent on the banks of the Fowey, the dear native land of Mrs. Quiller Couch. Here he is now, and here he hopes to remain to the end of the chapter. Every now and then he makes an excursion to London, and many of his old friends, particularly Mr. J. M. Barrie, often find their way to The Haven, so that the old relation with London is never likely to be broken.

"Dead Man's Rock" was an instant success, and Mr. Quiller-Couch followed it up with "Troy Town," "The Splendid Spur," "The Blue Pavilions," "I Saw Three Ships," "The Delectable Duchy," &c. &c. He is the editor of "The Oxford Book of English Verse," a most excellent anthology, which, despite its price, has been and still is a very considerable financial success. He has published, in addition to all these works, some essays in criticism, many short stories, and volumes of poems.

Mr. Quiller-Couch, as we have said, is a big man in Fowey. The little town is likened by him to a happy family, in which there are no divisions, and in which everybody tries

to do something for the general good. There is no mayor, no corporation, in this demi-Eden. Religious strifes do not occur. The little world makes up its mind to be as good and as happy as it can, and anything in the shape of intolerance or bigotry withers under the general contempt of public opinion. Mr. Quiller-Couch's greatest work in Fowey, perhaps, is the establishment of a yacht club, an institution which flourishes greatly, both financially and socially, with a membership of over two hundred, and with a club-house that is as comfortable and as spick and span as the smartest sailor could desire. Mr. Quiller-Couch is an enthusiastic yachtsman, and his little 7-tonner is never long at anchor when he is at The Haven. His son, too—a boy of eleven—is a sailor born, knowing more of seamanship and of shipping, as his father declares, than Mr. Quiller-Couch himself. This boy has an extraordinary facility for remembering the various nationalities of ships. A vessel on the horizon is set down by him instantly as a Norwegian or a Dane; he cannot tell you why he says so, but he knows and recognises the ship just as one knows and recognises a friend in the distance. His decisions are never wrong. And if he has once seen a ship he will recognise her and name her while she is yet afar off on the horizon. With this useful boy, and with Mrs. Quiller-Couch, "Q." spends many days aboard his yacht cruising about the Cornish waters and visiting little unknown villages that nestle on the shores of the English Channel. He is never so happy as when he is sailing, and the love of the ocean is written upon his face, which is deep-bronzed, and is for ever lit up with the innumerable laughter of the sea.

Almost all Mr. Quiller-Couch's literary work is done in the morning. He cannot work o' nights. In the morning he drives his pen in his study, smoking a pipe as he goes, and ever and anon raising his head to look across the river, through the tangle



(*Frith & Co., photo*)

Fowey

of bobbing masts, to the white houses of Polruan on the opposite side. After lunch it is the yacht if the weather permits, and if storms are driving, it is hockey—of which Mr. Quiller-Couch is immoderately fond. He is as devoted to action as Dr. Conan Doyle.

Life goes well in Fowey, and Mr. Quiller-Couch is devoted to his Cornishmen. He speaks of them with the warmest admiration. The case of Mr. Leonard Courtney is a text from which he loves to testify to the sterling worth of Cornishmen. Here was a man worshipped to the point of idolatry by the West country: bluff, honest Courtney! Courtney the fair man! the straightforward, truth-loving Courtney! It is impossible for a stranger to realise the intensity of Cornwall's devotion to this rugged, outspoken, and unfortunate politician. Mr. Gladstone himself never enjoyed such whole-hearted affection. But because Cornwall believed the war in South Africa to be just, and because Mr. Courtney did not, Cornwall—not without tears—dethroned its idol. And then, Mr. Quiller-Couch loves to tell of one of the most striking episodes of which he has been a witness—an episode which has Mr. Courtney and an audience of Fowey fishermen for its *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Courtney was wont to give readings from Browning to these fishermen, and on one occasion, Mr. Quiller-Couch being present, he was reading to them the stirring story of Henri Riel. When he came to the part where the French pilot saves the ship, the fishermen rose up and cheered with all their soul, though the Frenchman's success meant that the English sailors had arrived too late. Never mind that—the Frenchmen had done fine work, and these Cornishmen, as fishermen, recognised it, and cheered with full-throated energy. Mr. Courtney was dumfounded. He stood and gazed at the audience as though mesmerised, unable to proceed. Mr. Quiller-Couch says it was a scene never to be forgotten, and he tells it to the glory of his Cornishmen.

In appearance this novelist of the fresh air and sea breezes—whose literary touch is so sure that he jumped into the front rank of literary men with his first story of adventure—is a man well above the middle height, with a slight stoop in his broad shoulders, wearing a moustache, and looking as though he had just turned the corner of thirty. He is full of the joy of existence, has no faith in the problem book, and takes an optimistic view of the future of the threatened novel. He is a man wide-read, and deep learned in the classics. If ever he has to criticise a problem-novel he takes the taste out of his mouth by turning to a tragedy of Sophocles or to the Republic of Plato. And when he wants to shake off the petty bickerings of the literary world he goes, as Edward FitzGerald went to the *Scandal*, to his little 7-tonner riding peacefully in the Fowey river, and sails out into the sunlight of the English Channel to drink the full air and weave the delicate web of his faery fancy.

Black Watch

By Clara Morris

Author of " A Pasteboard Crown," &c.

THAT old black " Watch " believed himself the general superintendent of John Tyler's " back-wood " farm as well as the guardian of his family, no one could doubt who noticed his busy self-importance, from the candle-light breakfast till the eight o'clock retirement of the family. Then, only, he felt free to visit the secret repository of the few bones he had acquired, or to take a run down the road, and through the woods, to pick a fight with the only dog of his weight to be found within a ten-mile radius.

I should not like to say, off-hand, just what breed " Watch " represented, but he was black all over—was short-haired, heavy-built, and mastiff-like in head and chest. One ear had been injured in a fight with city dogs, and it lopped helplessly ever after, while the good ear seemed doubly quick and perky by comparison.

Now, it was this faithful creature's clear, brown eyes that were first to discover something wrong about young Mrs. Tyler. I don't suppose he knew she had worked to the breaking point—that five babies, with barely a year separating one birthday from another, were enough to break the high ambition with which she had begun her life, here in the woods, helping in rough, out-door work, as well as trying to make a comfortable home for her husband. And now, that another little one was expected, her songs had ceased, and often she would, in the midst of her work, stop and stand, with eyes fixed on vacancy, a heavy frown on her face that had always before been so bright and kindly in expression.

" Watch," alone, noticed this. The children were too little, and John Tyler too busy, and the brown eyes would study the clouded face until he could bear his trouble in silence no longer, and he would whimper, and push his cold, damp nose into her hand, but instead of the pat he expected, he several times received a sharp rebuke that made him lower head and tail and retire fully five feet from her, where he sat and rapped out a faint, deprecating " tattoo " on the bare floor with his tail.

Sometimes he would rush out and find his master, and climb up and put his paws on his breast and whine, and look back at the house, and John would say: " What the deuce is the matter, ' Watch ' ? I don't know what you want ! " and the man that " helped " would say: " Oh, he's got something tree'd, I s'pose, and wants you to go help him ! "

Then the baby arrived, and John Tyler began to understand that an awful thing had happened. His wife's mind was certainly clouded—she was, in country parlance, " not right," and worst of all she had a mortal hatred for the poor, little new-comer. She could hardly force herself to give it the commonest care, and many a time its wails reached the father beyond the house, and only when he entered would the mother sullenly take the child and care for it. " Watch," though he was the most active of farm dogs, took in the situation at once, and calmly assumed the position of nurse to the detested baby.

Never before had he been known to get on the bed, but now he jumped on it every day and curled himself up beside the little unfortunate, and many a time when she cried he would stand over her and gravely lick her tiny face until she stopped, to stare at him in wonder.

He did not wholly neglect his other duties. He saw to the proper watering of the stock, night and morning, taking a few laps of the water himself, as if he were

testing it. He led the horses to the field to plough, or to the woods "to haul," as the case might be, running anxiously ahead to see that the road was clear, and then ambling back to bark at their heels a few times before making a circle about the waggon and trotting underneath it a few minutes, to make quite sure the running gear was all right.

Neither did the two eldest of the children succeed in getting to the small creek flowing at the back of the house, without his companionship, though he knew well he would be sent into the water by them for about a peck of chips, after which they were absolutely certain to try to ride him home. Still, it had been his habit to watch the road closely for any travelling dog, at sight of whom he would rush forth with waving tail, and after due investigation of his quality, would either challenge him to mortal combat, or invite him inside the gate to converse about the state of the roads and the scarcity of rabbits, &c. But when the family trouble began, he gave such pleasures up and turned all his attention to his people.

So the day came when John Tyler was compelled to go to town, a great city now, but then a struggling, little town on the edge of a marsh. He dared not leave his wife alone with the children, so, with great difficulty, he secured the help of a young girl, for a couple of days, and then with a big load to take and a long list of things to bring back for the winter's comfort, he started, and was greatly surprised when old, black "Watch," who always enjoyed his "city" trip so thoroughly, after escorting him with leaps and barks and short rushes at nothing in particular for a half mile, suddenly sat down by the roadside and stayed there, regardless of his master's inviting whistle.

Back at the house, the morning work was no sooner done than the "girl" was astonished to see Mrs. Tyler come from her room, dressed in her Sunday gown—a work-basket hanging from her arm—and carrying the hated baby. She briefly announced that she was going to visit her neighbour. The "girl" told her she was not strong enough for such a tramp, but she muttered something about "a shorter way," which frightened the girl into reminding her how many wild animals were still seen in the woods, and Mrs. Tyler had turned such a white, angry face upon her, she had not dared to speak again, but, looking after her, saw her twice drive old "Watch" back, when he tried to follow her.

About one o'clock the Brockway family were surprised to see young Mrs. Tyler at their door, and were amazed when they found the baby was not with her! "Oh," she lightly replied, "the girl was at home, she would look after all the children." In those days, unless the mother died, all babes were reared by the simple rule devised by Mother Nature—hence the pained surprise of these kindly womenfolk at the all-day abandonment of so young a child.

As the day wore on, Mrs. Tyler grew more and more absent-minded, and finally her work fell to her lap, and she sat in perfect silence. Suddenly she clasped her head in her hands, she looked wildly from one face to another, then down to her lap, when, with a shriek, she sprang to her feet, and rushing into the next room began throwing on her wraps, all the time moaning: "Oh, my God! Oh, my God! help me—help me!"

She paid no attention whatever to remonstrances or questions! They begged her to wait—they would harness up and take her home! She seemed not to hear them—only shivered and moaned: "Oh, God help me!" and tore away from them, and out of the house, and one who followed a little saw her break into a run as soon as she was out of sight of the windows.

The women were greatly frightened, and calling one of the men from work, sent him after her. He took down a gun and easily and hastily followed the tracks her feet had left in the soft earth on that damp November day. Presently he came upon her work-basket, abandoned at the point where, by climbing the fence, she could leave the regular road and make a cross-cut through a strip of dense woodland. He frowned blackly as he picked it up,

saying to himself: "She must be clean crazy to go through there alone! Why on earth didn't she bring old, black 'Watch' with her? He could bluff four times his weight in wild-cat, fox, snake, or even in bear-skin! But alone and sick! Good Lord!" and so grumbling to himself, but with eye, ear, and hand alert, he followed the woman, who still kept ahead of him, until, as he was approaching a sudden glen-like opening in the woods, he was startled by a piercing scream, followed by the agonised cry of: "Oh, my God! help me! help me!" and plunging forward, he came upon Mrs. Tyler, who, in hastily trying to clamber over a fallen tree, had been caught and was held firmly by her clothing, and though she fought madly to free herself, he noticed she never took her eyes, for one instant, from some object beyond him.

Following the direction of her glance—he stood stupefied. Almost in the centre of an opening stood one noble, hickory tree, and on the damp earth at its foot lay a small, white bundle from which there came, now and then, faint, hoarse wails of utter exhaustion, while, with sturdy legs planted stiffly astride of the abandoned baby, stood old, black "Watch"—a dog guard!

From the base of his skull to the root of his tail every separate hair bristled fiercely up. His forehead wrinkled wickedly! His eyes glowed with a hot, red fire, while he drew his lips back savagely, laying bare every tooth he owned in the in the world.

Just as young Brockway was about to speak, "Watch" half-wheeled about and gave tongue, for the first time, in one snarling, half-strangled bark, and, following the movement of the dog with his eyes, the young fellow, for the first time, realised the true horror of the situation, when in the dense undergrowth opposite he saw a lumbering shape—caught a glimpse of pig-like eyes—a flash of white, sharp tushes, and heard a faint grunt from the brownish-black mass, as its clumsy half-trot carried it into the depths of the forest.

There was one shot sent wild by a trembling hand, and, almost in the sam moment, a loud, long r—r—rip, r—r—rip, r—r—ripping of clothing and stitches was heard, and a woman's slender figure went flying across the opening, and Mrs. Tyler flung herself upon her knees, crying: "Give her to me, 'Watch'! Oh, give her to me!"

Yet, before her hand could touch the child, the dog turned upon her savagely, while she, seemingly beyond all personal fear, threw her arms about his rigid neck, pressing her agonised, white face against his black head and fiercely opened, slavering jaws, while she pleaded humbly: "Forgive me, 'Watch'! I know I do not deserve it—and you know just what I meant should happen! But, forgive me,' Watch,' for her sake! Give her to me, honest, brave, old 'Watch'! I promise you I will love her all my life long!"

He held himself very stiff within her circling arms for a moment, looking hard into her eyes, then suddenly he brightened visibly—gave her one all-comprehensive caress reaching from chin to brow—and gently, cautiously stepping backward, left the piteous bundle within the reach of her hungry hands. 'Watch' first looked across at Brockway and wagged a courteous greeting to him, then he stretched himself, both fore and aft, and yawned great, loud, throat-revealing yawns that went far to show how long a time his muscles and his nerves had been kept taut and on the strain.

Meantime, the first loving kiss, the first sweet mother-kiss that blesses where it rests, had been given, and under cover of the all-concealing, matronly shawl of that period, the baby had established communication with the quick-lunch-counter Dame Nature superintended.

Mrs. Tyler needed young Brockway's help in getting home, after the shock she had received, and at the beginning of their long walk his horror of her was so evident that, in self-defence, she told him part of her story, and with such effect that there were tears in the lad's eyes when he tried to realise what those dreadful months must have been—during which she could

not recall ever to have seen the sun—could not remember any act of her own doing, all that time—save that one awful act!—was only conscious of one desire—to destroy this child, because its coming would prevent her husband from making the regular payment on the farm, and he might lose it and be ruined—so she watched and waited for a chance to abandon the baby to the wild animals—that she might thus save the farm and family—and he rejoiced with her, as she told of how, suddenly at his home, she had had a loud, rushing sound in her ears, the sunlight had become visible to her, she had looked at her lap for her baby, and then remembered she had left it in the woods to be devoured! How she had run—how she had prayed, and God had been merciful!—and he, Brockway, would not hate and fear her now—would he? and he would not speak of this any more than he could help?—and oh, was not black "Watch" a hero to save her darling's life? But the boy thought she owed a good deal to the condition of the bear. It was fat and sleek—well fed, and therefore good-natured. Had it been rough-coated, thin, hungry "Watch" would have probably given his life—and in vain! And then, at her gasping cry at such a suggestion, he had, with rustic, bashful awkardness, "reckoned he was a plumb fool at talkin', and would she please just not count that in at all?" and so had left her safely at her kitchen-door, while "Watch," dropping the work-basket he had carried home, escorted the young man a short distance down the road, then, taking a jaunty farewell of him, gave himself up to a careful and thorough smelling of apparently the entire farm and all its implements. Of course it was troublesome, but it was the only trustworthy way of finding exactly what had been done during his absence and that of his master.

Late that night, John Tyler, tired, chilled and anxious, drove home, and was met some distance down the road by old, black "Watch," carrying a lighted lantern, and prancing and plunging about so joyously that the lantern light seemed like some small animal running along the road, gliding under bushes, even darting up tree trunks occasionally in its efforts to escape the pursuing dog. The man was surprised, for he felt that only his wife would have given "Watch" that light, and the surprise was pleasant to him.

Then he unharnessed, watered, fed, and bedded down the weary horses, eagerly assisted by "Watch," who seemed to be in absolutely puppyish high spirits. Why, even when he had with such frantic violence declared the presence of a burglar in the far corner where the harness hung and Mr. Tyler was compelled to pull down and show to him the old blanket he was mistaking for a burglar (a thing he had never seen in his life and only heard of from a city dog following his master's buggy the summer before)—even then he was neither humiliated nor cast down, but had, as was his wont, slid into the stall of grey "Billy" (the oldest and best horse on the place), and, standing up by the manger, proceeded, with both paws, to dig for some sort of small game in "Billy's" shoulder. Then the horse laid back his ears, opened his mouth and bit at "Watch," who bit back at him—their teeth sometimes clicking sharply together, to their seeming great delight. And this continued until the low whistle of the man separated the friends and playfellows, and master and dog went to the house together, leaving the closed stable filled with humble rustic music, the rhythmic, melodious expression of utter content, of comfort won, that is produced by the crunch—crunch—crunch of great, white teeth grinding silvery-yellow oats or crushing the brittle sweetness of the orange-coloured corn. Listen! Count! One, two, three, crunch—crunch—crunch, now a long, deep, soft sigh, then crunch—cunch—crunch!

At the house John met another surprise. He had expected to hunt about in semi-darkness for the bread-crock and the butter of molasses, or anything almost, and take a "cold bite," and go to bed, but here was as good a supper ready for him as the limited contents of their very primitive larder would allow, and oh!—crown-

ing grace of an American farmer's meal—it was hot!

Only pork, white, firm, sweet as a nut, crisply and amiably sharing the same small frying-pan with the sliced potatoes! Hot "corn-dodger" and hotter coffee! But oh, beyond these comforts there was a look in the wife's hazel eyes, a clear, bright, straight look that shook his very heart—it was so like the good days of the past!

When supper was over, and "Watch" was carefully separating his bits of corn-bread with gravy on them from those bits which had none, and after the manner of his race, eating the best portions first, Mrs. Tyler came to her husband and put one arm about his neck, while with the other she closely cuddled the baby to her side. As John stood looking down on them, he felt it was for him a blessed sight, and bent to kiss her; but she avoided his caress, and hiding her face on his breast, she made a full confession.

Perhaps it was as well that she could not see the pallor of his face as she told of the hours the baby lay abandoned in the woods, nor the drops of perspiration on his brow as she described the bear in the thicket and old, black "Watch's" furious defence of the helpless little one. The silence that followed her plea for forgiveness was for a few moments broken only by "Watch." He had sat bolt upright before them, watching their faces closely with his honest, brown eyes, and now he sniffed and snuffled, as though on the verge of tears, while with persuasive tail he rapped on the bare floor so loudly that one might have mistaken the noise for the nailing down of a carpet.

John raised his big, rough hand and smoothed his wife's hair. The clumsy strokes were given the wrong way, and each one pulled harder and tangled worse, until her brown locks were full of what the children would have called "rats' nests." But the awkward caress was sweet to her, as precious as it was rare. Then he said slowly: "Never do it again, Betsey! No! No! I don't mean that! I mean never worry all alone again. If you are anxious and troubled about the farm money, or anything else, for God's sake, tell me all about it, and let me share the worry!" And he kissed her, and then looking down on "Watch," he said gently: "Thank you, old man."

And then I think he did a curious thing, for you must remember "Watch" was simply a farm dog who had never been taught one single trick in all his life. Yet now, when he thanked him, John Tyler offered him his hand. "Watch," embarrassed and confused, lifted and lowered his good ear rapidly, glanced at the hand, then at his master's face, half-lifted his left foot, dropped it again, and suddenly raising his right, laid the black paw firmly in the extended hand, and gravely, unsmilingly, John Tyler held it a moment and repeated: "Thank you, old man."

Ten minutes later the wooden bar was across the door, the candle was extinguished, and darkness, silence, and peace descended upon the little, backwood home.

When I, the writer was a little girl, a very, very old lady used on bright, fair days to lead me down the country road, past many white houses amid their orchards, and point out a great, old hickory tree, and tell me that was the spot where she had, in her madness, left her baby, "who is now Mrs. B——," she would say.

But I always had to hear over again about "Watch," whom, the old lady said, "had scratched and fit, and killed 'chucks and snakes, and taken the children to and from school for eight years after that! And then, one night, he had got up from his mat and come into the bedroom and stood by the bed, and had licked the hand of his master, and had gone back to his mat, and in the morning he was quite dead. Just as if Death knew he could only get him away from us by taking him in his sleep!"

And I would lean against the kind, old lady, and say gravely: "What a pity he had to die before I was born—I would have loved 'Watch'!"

And I love his memory to-day—brave, old, black "Watch"!

Some Donegal men and women

In Donegal

By "Rescobie"

Illustrated by Florence and Will Owen

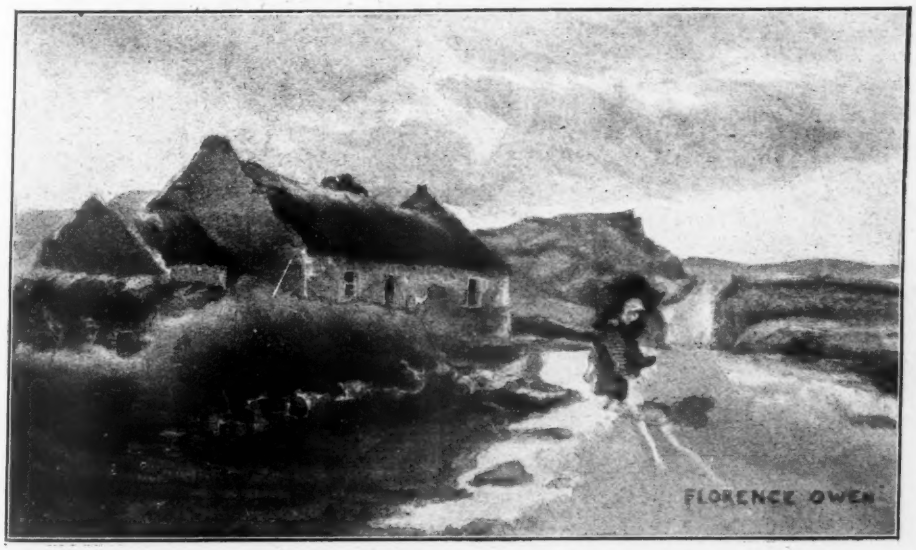
IF perplexed as to where to find an unhackneyed spot for a summer sojourn, I advise you to try Donegal. It is cheap, interesting, little known, and worth studying. But before starting you must find a candid friend who will give his opinion as to whether you are qualified to travel there. In order to do so with real pleasure you must possess (or cultivate) an unruffled temper, a Mark Tapley temperament, and a strong sense of humour. You must like to wear your oldest clothes and relays of ugly thick shoes; you must learn to welcome your meals at any hour, and eat a "snack" with Irish satisfaction, not a British growl; you must learn that in England, Scotland and Wales bells are meant to be rung, but in the North of Ireland they are ornaments let into the wall; also that when the door handle comes away in your hand the landlady will be pleased to help you in at the drawing-room window. It is a part of the country where a little money and some common sense will do more for a traveller than in any other land; but you must sternly make up your mind never to be annoyed or astonished, though the cook should ask if you like your curried sweetbreads as a relish for tea, and has evidently for years believed that "The Giant's Causeway" is something all tourists clamour for as a part of their dinner. In short, all travellers to Ireland should be able to pass an examination in "Penelope's Irish Experiences;" the book gives facts.

Donegal can be reached by several good routes. That by Liverpool is the finest, easiest, and cheapest, and the seventeen hours' sail from the Mersey lets you see the Irish coast in the daytime.

Passing Belfast Lough, Tor Point, Rathlin Island, and The Giant's Causeway, you enter Lough Foyle, and can admire the Derry Mountains on one hand and the Donegal Highlands on the other. Here on the right bank, perched on ivy- and bramble-covered crags, you come on Moville, a picturesque little spot where nigger minstrels are unknown. It is the only place between Malin Head and Derry where English and Scotch visitors can live with comfort; but its being eighteen miles from Derry, and only reached by boat, is for some people a drawback. With its charming sea view and two good golf-courses not far off, it is sure to become better known in time. The air is soft, and so are the people's manners (epigrams begin further west, and you must not expect to meet the jocular car-driver till you are in sight of Dublin).

There are five hotels, at any of which you can be fairly comfortable if you are not too exacting, and have really comprehended all that "Penelope" warns you against. They are remarkably cheap, but seem to me to be a mixture of lodging and drinking saloon, with a dash of the boarding-house thrown in. You pay from £1 5s. to £2 2s. a week. The landladies and servants are charming (there are no people who can give you a welcome lik the Irish); but a newcomer stands aghas at the blithe and *débonnair* way of treating dinner, supper, and the other serious affairs of a traveller's life. Everything is done in such a makeshift and picnic manner. You begin to understand why that invaluable possession, "an Irish tongue," has been bestowed on the race. It is in order that they may gloss over and turn into pleasantness as many as possible of the disasters and disagreeables of life.

In one of the hotels you find "four-posters," with canopies and curtains, feather beds that Dean Swift might have tossed in, so billowy do they look. Dust lies thick on and under those family catafalques. No one seems to care to sweep and dust in Donegal. At the end of my first week the things I longed for most of all were—soft soap and a scrubbing-brush. For people of similar tastes I should advise the taking of a house; but a man would be quite happy in a hotel. It takes a woman to see some of the defects, so much has Ireland improved since reading



Desolate Donegal

what travellers have said of her. In fine weather (and the sun darts out of clouds with Irish impetuosity even on the most rainy days) no one can do anything but like and admire little Moville, with its tennis, its baths and bathing boxes, its wonderful blazing white "harled," as they call it, "pebble-thrown" houses and walls, while picturesque beggars wander at leisure on the pavement (clad in a style of comfort *versus* fashion—a down quilt, for instance, serving as a lady's front robe, a prime velveteen bodice, and an ancient shawl covering her shoulders). Flowers are blazing at every window. You buy lamb chops at 8*d*. a pound, under a glory of geranium, musk, and crimson carnation. When you find you get salmon chops for breakfast three times a week in the hotels in **June**, you think it is best to stop grumbling and comparing things with England.

Before leaving the subject of Moville hotels, I must chronicle for the benefit of my methodical friends in England and Scotland my own experience. The quietest one is spoiled by feather-beds; but it has a good piano and a charming, intelligent, and obliging landlord. The picturesque one has the best cookery, but is damp. The cleanest one has a most engaging maid-of-all-work, who can do everything from arranging flowers to making girdle scones, but it is the haunt of Derry excursionists, and it has a popular drinking-bar.

The landlord, however, is invaluable when Tyrconnel whisky has mounted to "Paddy's" brain, for he conducts the inebriates most tenderly down a steep

Cinderella

flight of steps. A drunken Irishman is not so offensive as a Scotch one. He sings—not boisterously—of his love for the dear little Shamrock. He may put his arm round (or almost round) the cook's waist, but he makes his exit decorously, and keeps a note of softness and conciliation to the last in his nice Irish voice.

Houses let well for summer visitors in Moville and its neighbourhood, and are comfortable and moderate in price. In Moville you can live in most pleasant quarters, facing the sea, at prices ranging from £8 to £11 a month for house, linen, and service. At the Warren, Culdaff, you get large houses for £6 a month (without service), and at Shrove—five miles from Moville—you get a glorious view, fifty miles of sea, a boat at 1s. a day, eight rooms, with plenty of store-rooms, pantries, and cycle accommodation for the absurd sum of £7 a month. The landlord, a most amusing man, and the privileged wit of Shrove, lives close by, and rejoices in the name of "the Earl of Inishowen." He provides peat for cooking, and puts strangers in the way of getting all they want. I feel it is more than kind of me giving this information about Shrove House, as I mean never to give up hope of living there some day myself.

The men of Moville are not quite so loquacious as the women, but are in many cases characterised by a guileless unveracity, a quaint and quite futile attempt to "do" the newcomers. But their soft voices, and the apologetic manner in which they bewail their mistake in thinking you might be fleeced (pouring out a stream of "shures" and "intirelies," with now and then a tragic "ach" or a wheedling "me dear")—all this is quite delightful to a stern Scot. I am sure this must be a capital place to send nerve patients to, it is so soothing and soft. I should recommend all who have undergone a course of cold-shouldering at home, or the wet-b'anket system anywhere, to come to Donegal, you will get everything with the chill off here.

Before leaving this part of my subject I shall rejoice the heart of housekeepers at home by retailing a few of the prices in north and east Donegal. Decent chickens, brought alive to the doors of visitors, are 9*d.* each; plucked and trussed, they are 1*s.* 3*d.* Bad butter can be had at 4*d.* a pound, but is turned into margarine in Glasgow; good butter varies from 8*d.* to 1*s.* a pound. Beef, for soup, is 3*d.* and 4*d.* a pound, very good roasts 8*d.* a pound; sweetbreads from 4*d.* to 6*d.*; salmon varies from 5*d.* a pound (at one much-quoted period) to 1*s.* 3*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*; a large ox-tail is 6*d.*; a whole turbot is 1*s.*; beautiful rock sole 4*d.* each, flounders, crabs, codling, and "rock-herring" (a kind of sea-trout, pink-fleshed and delicious, and sold at 2*d.* each)—in fact, all fish, except common herring, is very cheap indeed. Fruit is plentiful and good; wonderful black cherries are piled up at shop doors, and I am sure there never was such a country for brambles.

If I were asked "what do the Irish people seem to value most?" I should answer unhesitatingly, "Good tea and permission to talk."

There may be people who find more enjoyment in listening to their own eloquence, but I doubt it. A woman will rise, apparently from the middle of a whin-bush, and in three minutes you are put in possession of all the leading incidents of her life. If you have not presence of mind to fly, in the next half-hour you will either have turned giddy from the outpouring of facts quite outside your own experience, or feel you will make a name yet as a collector of statistics. After an incident like this I found that in a sort of dream I had promised a family's washing

Home, sweet home

for one month to a widow, and the only return I seemed to have got was the information that in Ireland families were thought small if composed of only eleven (twenty-five being more the correct thing); that twins abounded mightily, and were easy to rear on goat's milk, which has a soothing effect even on infant boys of the most rampageous nature.

Something must now be said as to what Donegal can offer in the way of scenery, or attractions for the antiquarian. Imagine a mixture of the West Highlands of Scotland with the far-stretching "wastes" of Cumberland; the fuchsia-hedges and hydrangeas of Wigtownshire, added to the bog myrtle and peat, the heather, the soft air, and the loneliness of the Land of Lorne—a healthy, homely, natural country, with children, goats, donkeys, pigs, goslings and chickens, all blent in a summer day's magic, and making pictures without trouble in a land of pretty girls and curly-haired lads; while, wherever you may turn, you will meet the open sea, with Atlantic liners, and now and then a vessel from the Fleet.

And for the antiquarian (the man who would turn from the sight of the "City of Rome" to crawl beside the Dane's Fort or the early Christian's dwelling), here, beside the soft green turf, the wild thyme, and the shamrock, is the stone where children were passed through the fire, and on every side of Moville he will come upon standing stones, altars, and cave dwellings. He can wander through miles of purple heather, drinking "Fairy Water" on his way, or grope into underground or hermits' dwellings, or gaze on the eight stones of the Druidical Temple, remembering with satisfaction that the peasant who takes a stone from it to build a cow-shed knows assuredly that every cow will die.

He can stand at Cooley Cross on the very footprint of St. Patrick—wondering, perchance, if the Saint's size in shoes was

The Cobbler

Before leaving this part of my subject I shall rejoice the heart of housekeepers at home by retailing a few of the prices in north and east Donegal. Decent chickens, brought alive to the doors of visitors, are 9*d*. each; plucked and trussed, they are 1*s*. 3*d*. Bad butter can be had at 4*d*. a pound, but is turned into margarine in Glasgow; good butter varies from 8*d*. to 1*s*. a pound. Beef, for soup, is 3*d*. and 4*d*. a pound, very good roasts 8*d*. a pound; sweetbreads from 4*d*. to 6*d*.; salmon varies from 5*d*. a pound (at one much-quoted period) to 1*s*. 3*d*. and 1*s*. 6*d*.; a large ox-tail is 6*d*.; a whole turbot is 1*s*.; beautiful rock sole 4*d*. each, flounders, crabs, codling, and "rock-herring" (a kind of sea-trout, pink-fleshed and delicious, and sold at 2*d*. each)—in fact, all fish, except common herring, is very cheap indeed. Fruit is plentiful and good; wonderful black cherries are piled up at shop doors, and I am sure there never was such a country for brambles.

If I were asked "what do the Irish people seem to value most?" I should answer unhesitatingly, "Good tea and permission to talk."

There may be people who find more enjoyment in listening to their own eloquence, but I doubt it. A woman will rise, apparently from the middle of a whin-bush, and in three minutes you are put in possession of all the leading incidents of her life. If you have not presence of mind to fly, in the next half-hour you will either have turned giddy from the outpouring of facts quite outside your own experience, or feel you will make a name yet as a collector of statistics. After an incident like this I found that in a sort of dream I had promised a family's washing

Home, sweet home

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number nine—he can watch the women spinning at the door, and buy a piece of homespun tweed that lasts two generations; and he sees in actual use in Donegal what he has hitherto seen in pictures, the low-backed cars with solid wheels, and the coracle, the skin or canvas-covered native boat. Last of all he can study the cross of St. Buadon, where he sees our first parents seated under a design fit for the book of Kells, while round the panels of the stone, human-faced animals with curly tails make a Darwinian border.

Beyond all these attractions towers Slieve Snaught—the Hill of Snow—in the centre of Inishowen; while facing Moville is Benevenagh (Edinburgh's Salisbury crags transported and painted pink and lilac by the glorious sunsets of Ireland).

Near Moville the hills are simply soft green undulations, but with a little gentle climbing wonderful views can be had. The drives in all directions are pleasant and remarkably cheap, being only 6*d*. a long Irish mile, and something for Dennis, the driver, when you see his horse stop at the beershop. Excursions in all directions can be taken by those willing to go from Moville to Derry at 8.15 in the morning. But for trips it is best to send for an illustrated railway guide-book, where you are almost overwhelmed by the amount of information you can receive for threepence.

The natives have each a pet village or hamlet to recommend for fine air, golden strand, or purple heather-edged cliff, "where you can see Scotland." Green Castle, Tremorne Bay, Inishowen Head, Port-a-Down—all have their supporters. The one with the best trout fishing is Culdaff—a white nest hidden in a green and leafy hollow, eight Irish miles (that is twelve English) from Moville. But Culdaff is exclusive; do not arrange to go there unless you possess a piece of land, a pedigree, or a grandfather. "And it's here you'll find the pouchers," Dennis tells me, as I watch the small black rabbits scud across the sand beside the improvised tennis-court on the shore. For in winter it is supposed that rabbit-snaring fills up the car-driver's vacant days till tourists come again. In Culdaff you see knots of pale-faced, dark-eyed girls with fine hair, and wonder what they find to do. Dennis can tell.

"Shure it's shirrts they'll be waitin' for to do the white sewin'; it's that that takes the life out of them, the craytures, and livin' on tea intirely, it is. Half a crown they gets the dozen—and the button-holes done. But" (this is now with lowered voice and quite confidentially) "there's a thing they call the under-clothes that pays them grand—2os. the dozen, with mighty fine flowerin'."

If you remark the absence of young men and the consequent lack of life, dancing, and fun in the hamlets, the car-driver knows where they are.

"'Tis the pride of our country that's got to go to Merriky or starve. There's no works here like Belfast; 'tis but a handful of old folk you'll see here now; and the girls is prideful and won't go to sarvice; as long as they can do the white sewin' and get a mouthful of stir-about they'll stick to the ould place, they will, God bless them! Them's bad times for women."

In Donegal I have failed to meet "Rory o' More," "Barney o' Hea," or any of my rollicking friends of fiction. They may be waiting to meet us at the Cork Exhibition, with low-backed cars, peat baskets, and canvas-covered coracle, but just at first I miss them. The burly old Irish farmer is very delightful, waving aside in the roadway his favourite pig, and calling out reassuringly to the cyclist—

"Shure, she'll not annoy ye."

And you can walk a mile or two with an Irish beggar and thoroughly enjoy yourself all the way. "Bless your kind heart, and beggin' your pardon, me dear, 'tis a widow woman I am this three year past. And the folk are not alwyse peitiful like you (luck be on you for ever). The childer is not what ye might call sthrong-like, and the wan on me back is the wakeliest of all. He had what ye

might call the distemper, and it fell into his legs; leastways, it might be the hoopen-cough ye call it, but he's powerful wake in the limbs." There is a pause here while I investigate Irish distemper, then Biddy Loquacity tells me, "Shure I'm tellin' ye, it's charity will open the gate of Heaven to us all. 'Tis the wan thing the Lord of Heaven will have ye do—a bit of charity, or to the Good Country ye'll never git. It's all wan to Him if ye have the good heart." True, oh Biddy, entirely!

There is a convent in Moville, and the sisters do good work; but when I see a young girl wrapped in those corpse-like clothes, and walking with slow and disciplined steps by the sea as she murmurs "pater-nosters," it makes me sorry. I wonder how people believe their starved and stunted lives can please a God who made laughter and joy and love and little children.

Priests abound, but are not easy for a heretic to know. Charles Lamb tells us about some of their flock:

A Study

"She'd a pig and boneens and a bed and a dresser,
And a nate little room for the father confessor;
With a cupboard and curtains, and something I'm towld,
That his Riverance liked when the weather was cold."

Among other attractions Moville has a poetical baker. You may see him any evening delivering his excellent bread at the doors, and along with "cookies," puffs, and shortbread he adds a couplet. The cookies are admirable. The butcher is likewise slightly unconventional. He leans nonchalantly against his door-post, and as there is no sign above his door, he suggests you may call him "the man without a name." The old boatman, who orders every one about the shore, is slightly more like what one looks for, but even he has a turn of eccentricity, amazing me one day by a piece of his mind after I had been out in a rival's boat, as with furious gestures he called out: "I foind there's an ondercurrent aginst me, missus; are you wan of them that's in it?". The only other native calling for notice is the patriotic grocer. He, like most other men of the town, is "on the improvement committee," and works mightily for the good of Moville.

The women are all so charming. I can only say of them what Charles Lamb says of the Irish as a race: "In no country are the differences of rank such slight barriers in excluding the feeling of one portion of the community from the sorrows of the others. The Irish peasant, however humble, seems to possess an instinctive tact on this subject, and to minister all the consolations in his power with a gentle delicacy that cannot be surpassed."

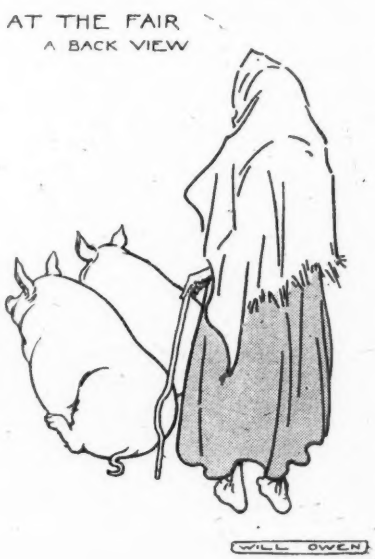
All over Ireland the old international feeling of hate is dying out. It cannot live comfortably in a land over-run by Scotch commercial travellers of engaging manners, and with its soil cultivated successfully by Youngs, Macphersons, and other settlers sent across to Ulster by James II. It seems now incomprehensible that laws were once passed forbidding, under heavy penalties, that an Irish horse should graze in the same pasture as an English one, and that no man's beard should be of more than two weeks' growth, unless he wished to be cut to pieces as an Irishman. Beside the rocks at Green Castle, where a girl, in a cruel age, for taking food to her lover in the dungeon, was murdered, sweethearts now meet, and beside the honeysuckle and the roses ardent Mike will sing:

Oh! my heart is unazy,
My brain is run crazy,
Sure it's often I wish I was dead;
'Tis your smile now so sweet,
Now your ankles and feet,
That's walked into my heart, Molly Spread.

An Irishman excels in love-making and in soldiering; perhaps, for the same reason, he cannot see when he is beaten.

And what are the drawbacks in Donegal? "Shure it's meself can't tell ye, me dear, onless 'tis the trouble ye feel in sayin' them two mighty little words—Good-bye."

But, difficult as it is, it must now be done, for autumn is come; there are no swallows on the cliff, beside the shore the curlews call, and in the hedgerows every robin sings.



Sunday Readings for June

By the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham

FIRST EVENING

THE HOLY TRINITY

"God is Love."—1 John iv. 8, 16.

PERHAPS the reader, looking at this page, feels some surprise that such a title should go with such a text. The title directs our thoughts to a subject which is in any case a supreme mystery, and which to many minds presents itself as a theological riddle without a solution. The text, with its sublime simplicity, its three short words, each of them so luminous and so great, seems rather to direct us to thoughts level to the little child; to invite us away from every difficulty of thought to a perfect rest, a quiet anchorage for soul and mind.

Yet the title and the text, if we approach them patiently and with prayer, will soon prove to be friends quite ready to embrace one another in a perfect harmony of meaning and message. Let us address ourselves to this thought, with our spirit's ear open to the voice of Him who on the one hand dwells in the light unapproachable, and on the other hand is Love.

i. The Holy Trinity. What does the Christian Church mean, in the essence of its meaning, when it affirms its faith in the Trinity in Unity, the Unity in Trinity? Very briefly, we may reply as follows.

The Holy Scriptures, from first to last, emphasise with awful earnestness the Oneness of God, the unique and solitary glory of the Eternal Being, in respect of that Being's sole possession of Self-Existence, of infinite Power, Wisdom, Goodness, and of those supreme rights over all other being which can attach to the sovereign Maker and Sustainer alone. "I am THE LORD; my glory will I not give to another;" "the Lord thy God is One Lord;" that is the voice of Moses, Prophets, Apostles, Christ.

But then the same Holy Scriptures, in some degree from the first, and more and more to the last, give us another side of truth also. Pointing to the One Light of the One Godhead, they bid us listen to sounds from within that Light. Hearken; it is the voice of the Mighty One. Hearken again; the Voice can be heard also as Voices. In music, one glorious sound, as it peals from the organ through the minster, can be heard also by the instructed ear as three sounds in one, a *triad*, as the musician calls it; a chord, in which one-ness has within it more-than-oneness, so that it is at once one and three. Hearken then again at the shrine of Light, and you will hear a Triune Voice. There is One within the Sanctuary saying, "Thou art my Son, in whom I am well pleased." There is Another who answers, saying, "I delight to do Thy will; Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." There is yet another Voice, in which the Two wonderfully blend, yet with its own tone also; it speaks breathing from within that Light, and it says to us, "Come and know; come and see; come and live."

In other words the Bible distinctly tells us that the Godhead is, *within the One-ness*, more than One. It presents to us Three Persons (we can use no weaker word), not fewer nor more, but Three; all within the sphere of the Supreme Being, for all have eternal and infinite power, wisdom, goodness; so related that never, from eternity to eternity, are they separate, but for ever One in their blessed Being; so distinguished that from One to Other flows, for ever, in a fathomless and holy tide, the fulness of infinite Love.

ii. "God is Love." Is the text then, after all, out of tune with the title? "God is Love." The words are, as we have said, sublimely *simple;* yes, they are level to the heart of the little child. But then, they are *sublimely* simple. When we ponder them, there is a radiant depth in each, clear but unfathomable. Who

can spell out all that is hidden in GOD? Who can analyse to all its depths what, in regard of Him, is meant by LOVE? Who can see all the splendour shining from that link of life between them, "God IS Love?" For it tells us that the Eternal does not only know what love means, nor only feel it as an emotion coming over Him. He IS Love; it is His Nature, it is His Essence, it is His Life. Before all thoughts of loving action going out from Him stands here this radiant truth that Love lives and breathes for ever *in* Him, as it were His very self.

Now is not this almost a confession already of the glory of the Holy Trinity? For the faith of the Trinity is but the faith that the inner Life of Godhead is no awful Solitude but a blissful Society which yet is One. It says that there is a glorious sphere within the "One Eternal" for mutual Affection, infinite in measure, absolute in tenderness and joy. It tells us that at the heart and at the head of the universe of being there lives, and wills, and acts not a remote Unit, but a gracious Unity, within whose bright Essence, "dark with excess of bright," Love is always meeting Love. And it bids therefore not the little child only but the life-worn man, conscious of sin, of sorrow, of the grave, look upwards towards the Infinite with a certainty, deep as existence, that He can indeed be trusted and be loved, for He is Love.

> So God the Father, God the Son,
> And God the Spirit we adore,
> A sea of life and love unknown,
> Without a bottom or a shore.

SECOND EVENING

"*WITH CHRIST*"

"I am continually with Thee."—Ps. lxiii. 23.
"To depart and to be with Christ."—Phil. i. 23.
"We shall ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. iv. 17.

Here are three Scriptures with one message, three gems strung on one golden thread. The first refers to the life present, here and now, in the flesh, on the pilgrimage. The second takes us to the life after death, the state of souls, the home of the just made perfect. The third opens to us the prospect of the resurrection-glory, the final and eternal bliss. Each view, each region of time and being, has its own distinctive aspect and character. But for each and all these Scripture words give us one and the same secret for rest and hope; it is, the Companionship of the Lord. Alike for "life, death, and that vast For Ever," the answer of peace is the same. The Christian quiets and strengthens himself for trial here and for the unseen things hereafter, he reminds himself of an inalienable talisman which can charm all ill away and bring all blessing to him, alike "on the road and in the fatherland," when he repeats to himself those words, "with Thee," "with Christ," "with the Lord."

"The great Companion!" It is indeed a recollection of peace. A gifted contemporary of mine at college, betrayed into mournful wanderings in the use of one of the finest of minds, till he reached at length what seemed a total unbelief, wrote in one of his books the words, full of an infinite sadness as I think of them, and of him, "*the great Companion is gone.*" That would be the death-knell of all human joy, worth calling joy, if it were true. But it is not true; "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." As we repeat that apostolic doxology does it not already calm us with a self-evidencing power? Let the bewildered reason, lost in the forest labyrinths of thought which has ceased to worship, turn again to contemplate, as if for the first time, that "Holiest of Holies, Jesus Christ our Lord." Let it ponder "the fact of Christ." It will assuredly, if it does so in simplicity, come to see that He, as we have Him in the Word, could not possibly be the invention, or even the evolution, of the human mind. That portrait, by those artists, could only be drawn, or rather photographed, from life. And it is the portrait of One who cannot but be—the great Companion.

Disciple of the great Companion, who

died and rose again, and is alive for evermore, take then this watchword with you and live for time and for eternity on its resources.

i. "I am continually with Thee." This was Asaph's word, after the tremendous conflict with doubt which his Psalm so candidly discloses to us. He emerged in the mercy of God, into a certainty, full of rest and hope, that he had the great Companion for his own. The air around him might be thick with mysteries; and his view of their solution in detail might be very dim at the best. But he had the great Companion; he was continually with Him; the hand of his eternal Friend was holding him, even in the dark. The Lord knew; and he knew the Lord; and the Lord and he were close together. That was enough. "Christ is alive to-day," wrote the late Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, beginning to prepare a sermon. And his own words flashed back upon his soul a new consciousness of Christ, transforming everything. Let us take the watchword up for our own life, and complete it; "Christ is alive to-day; and we are continually with Him."

ii. "To depart, and to be with Christ." Such was St. Paul's outlook into the state of souls. His immediate added words are, "which is far better." Better than what? Is it

> Far better, yes, than pain and care, than weariness and strife,
> Than fading hopes and gathering fears, and all the death of life?

Not at all. He has just been giving us his own estimate of what life, life in the body, is to him. It is a grand estimate. He has said that, to him "to live is *Christ*." Then what can possibly be "far better" than that? Nothing, but a very much larger measure of the same. So the state of souls is no state of abeyance, or of shadows; it is a life indeed; "far better" than the best hour on earth of an apostolic life of holy and rejoicing service. It is a nearness, conscious and ineffable, face to face, spirit to spirit, love to love, with the great Companion.

iii. "So shall we ever be with the Lord." Here is the final prospect, the promise for the endless end. It is St. Paul again who speaks, writing to his bereaved Thessalonian brethren, and telling them of the eternal and ultimate joy, "the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come." What does he say about that life? True to his Inspirer's example, he gives no detail, but goes straight to the essence, to "the heart of heaven in its clearness." And that is just this companionship with the great Companion. "We shall ever be with the Lord."

And in the miracle of His grace and love, that Companion will delight Himself for ever in our company! "Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with me where I am."

THIRD EVENING

THE SAFETY OF SAMUEL

"And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him."—1 Sam. iii. 19.

The story of Samuel shines out in the Biblical portrait gallery through a series of even unusually life-like pictures. From Hannah's silent prayer when Eli so greatly mistook her state and her spirit, to that mysterious and awful scene in the cavern at En-dor when the departed saint returned to warn Saul of his end, the name of Samuel takes us over a course of narrative which has a power and solemn beauty of its own.

Let us linger a little this Sunday over that first stage of his life, his residence at Shiloh, prolonged till the little child, the child taken so pathetically early from home ("the child was young," as the moving words read, 1 Sam. i. 24) was grown up into the young prophet, whom all Israel knew.

Two impressive lessons, permanent for all human time, are read us by those first experiences of Samuel. They are the opposites of each other. In the first place we have the dark phenomenon of Hophni and Phinehas. There, in the very sanctuary of Jehovah, in the priestly line,

under the paternal presence of Eli (and Eli would not have "judged" Israel had he not been in some respects a noble man as well as a good one), dwelt two men who sinned with a high hand, habitually, grossly, and so as to poison the whole moral air around them.

It is one of numerous reminders in the Bible that official religion may be no barrier whatever to personal wickedness; a lesson taught us from the prophet Balaam down to the priest Caiaphas and the apostle Judas. It is an awful and far-reaching warning. Let us not judge Balaam, or Hophni, or Caiaphas, or Judas. Let us consider ourselves. "Many" will, "in that day," plead with the Redeemer Himself in their dread alarm to spare them because they once had external communion with Him; "eating and drinking in His presence," and listening, perhaps, with high *approval* to His "teaching in the streets." In vain; "I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." May almighty mercy deliver us from the fatal snare of external without internal religion.

Then in the second place comes the message of the safety of Samuel in the place poisoned by Hophni and Phinehas. Did his pious mother know to what tremendous risks she was exposing him? She can scarcely have been quite unaware. But we may suppose that her faith, quickened by the manifest divine answer to her prayers the fact that she was his mother, rose to the assurance that the Eternal Himself would watch over her darling when, keeping her vow, she "lent him to the Lord." If so, she is the prototype and the encouragement of many a mother of later days, who has been compelled, under some inevitable conditions of life, to trust her Samuel to be kept pure amidst surroundings charged with strong temptation. If it is right that he should go, the Lord of the first Samuel can keep the latest Samuel safe, by the same secret which worked so powerfully so long ago.

Eli, to be sure, would shepherd the little Levite with affectionate anxiety. We can well believe that his weakness with his own rebel sons would only quicken his care over the young life which he had so much in his hands still. But who does not know how fatally strong can be a young man's bad influence over a boy, quite overmastering the weaker hold of an aged friend? If a power greater than Eli's had not been upon Samuel he would have gravitated almost for certain to the attraction of the wicked priests, just because they were nearer to his own age. But a greater, a victorious Power was there, upon him, around him, within him. "He grew;" words that might have only led to the sequel, "and so he fell." But then comes the divinely saving clause; "and the Lord was with him." So he stood, and walked at liberty, and served in humbleness and fear, and had ears for the very voice of the Holy One, and came forth at last the mighty messenger and minister of His will.

No place is safe which we enter against the will of God. No place can hurt us which we enter according to His will, and where we remember and respond to His presence.

The naturalist tells us of insects whose proper habitat is the air, but whose food is found below the water of, perhaps, a stagnant pool. They descend to find it, and in safety. For it is given them to collect about them a globe or envelope of air, and this protects them as they dive. Such was the Presence to Samuel at Shiloh; such it can be to us to-day.

A beloved friend of mine, long since departed to the Lord, was sent, a gentle lad fresh from home, to a military college. That college was then below the surface, a scene of deplorable vice. No man of iron by nature, he was yet made strong in the Lord, just as he entered, by the discovery of his Saviour in a deep conversion. "He grew, and the Lord was with him." When, crowned with high distinction, after a three years' residence, he left the College, vice was out of fashion there.

Blessed be his dear memory. Blessed be his Lord's dear Presence.

FOURTH EVENING

AT THE DOOR OF THE ETERNAL TENTS

"That when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations."—St. Luke xvi. 9.

The best supported reading of the Greek here bids us make one material change. Instead of, "when ye fail" we should read, "when it shall fail;" that is to say when it, "the mammon of unrighteousness," shall drop away from you at death. This change leaves, however, unchanged the important point that the reference of the sentence is to death, to our hour of dissolution; not to the final prospect of the glorification of the disciple's whole being at resurrection, but to that mysterious time when our "flesh and heart faileth," and the external world of our mortal experience "faileth" from around us.

One more word upon transiation. The Greek which is represented by "everlasting habitations" invites the more definite and vivid rendering, "the eternal tents." It is a clearly drawn picture. The Lord Jesus puts before our thought the unknown land beyond the veil of sense. The departing spirit enters it, to find as it were an encampment of the blessed ones who have already entered in. The "earthly house of this tabernacle" has, it would appear, its counterpart there. Perhaps to convey the truth that the conditions between death and resurrection are transitional, not final, the holy dwelling-places are imaged rather as tents than more solid structures; tents pitched in the Garden of Blia, for the Israel of that happy Exodus in which "the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burthen of the flesh, are in joy and felicity."

So much for some details of the translation of this remarkable passage. But the main interest of it, for our purpose today, lies in those words which no examination of the Greek can alter, "*that they may receive you.*"

I need only remind the reader in passing what is the context, the environment, of that phrase. The Lord, in that remarkable parable of the Steward, has told us how, by a financial stratagem, by using his discretion apparently in lowering the tenants' rate of rent in kind, the Steward had secured himself a lasting welcome to the tenants' houses. From this the divine Teacher draws the unexpected lesson that we too, if we will, may secure a loving *hospitality*, an affectionate *welcome in*, to abodes of bliss after death, on the part of those whom we may have helped heavenward by our use of the "mammon" of earthly means and faculties, too often perverted to "unrighteousness." We may, under God, smooth the upward path, and bring the pilgrim happily home, so to speak, by our use for others of what the Saviour has entrusted to our stewardship. If so, and if the objects of our interest and aid have preceded us to bliss, they, the denizens and as it were possessors of that blessed home will personally welcome us in when we come. They will, with thoughts of memory, gratitude and love, "receive us into the eternal tents." They will hail us as those to whom they owed so much in the dear days below.

The lesson of the passage, a ray of luminous truth and beauty shot from a deep and difficult context, is manifold. But only one of its aspects shall be set to-day before us; its aspect towards the question of mutual recognition in the unseen state.

Few if any passages of Scripture, if I am right, more definitely tell us that

> Though changed and glorified each face,
> Not unremember'd we shall meet,
> To endless ages to embrace.

For what does the Lord manifestly imply? That the doors of the abode of the blessed will be, are, the scene of personal and welcoming interviews. Whatever be the conditions and circumstances of the departed Christian soul, this is plain. The lips of Him who cannot lie, of Him who "has the keys of the Unseen and of death," assure us here of this. Just when everything of external resources "fails," then, out of sight, but in profound reality,

a recognising meeting takes place above in "the Paradise." The soul already at home sees and knows the soul just entering; remembers the incidents of the old life; recalls the benefit, the love, the obligation, and "receives" the new-comer not as some human being only, but as the particular human being who had proved so loving and so lovable.

We bless His faithful word
Who once, in parable, withdrew the veil,
And told us that, when here His servants fail,
The tidings there is heard;

And friends with friendly feet
Make haste, delighted at the glad event,
And lift the white door of the eternal tent
The arriving friend to greet.

Let us take this assurance, and use it, in simplicity and truth. Let it not take an undue place in our thought and hope; the supremely *first* element in all Christian hopes of heaven must be, as we lately saw, the fact that "we shall ever be *with the Lord*." But this distinct prospect of a meeting, and more than meeting, full of memory and of love, vivid with mutual delight, is a glorious adjunct to that blessed prospect. Let us comfort one another with these words:—

Even so, Lord Jesus. Prepare us, by patient faith now, the faith which takes Thee at Thy Word, for that wonderful hour of sight, when *they* will hail us into *Thy* unveiled presence, blessed for ever.

The Angel of Love

I ONCE dreamed an Angel our footsteps led
On a Journey new and sweet,
The snow of the hawthorn was overhead,
And daffodil gold at our feet;
With life's fairest roses the path was bright,
And blue were the skies above,
The dream was a dream of our heart's delight,
For the name of the Angel was Love.

But clouds soon darkened the path so fair,
And thorny and steep grew the road;
Our hearts were heavy with grief and care,
And we longed to lay down our load.
But Love took our hands, and his old, sweet spell
Brought comfort, and hope, and cheer,
For the tempest may gather, yet all is well
If the Angel of Love be near!

Though sorrow and strife our steps impede,
With Love for our guide and stay,
We know that wherever the path may lead
We never can lose the way;
And when at the end of the road we stand,
And the Journey of Life is o'er,
He will bring us in safety at last to the Land
Where Love reigns for evermore!

MARY FARRAH.

Caterpillars

By John J. Ward

Illustrated by Photographs taken by the Author

FROM childhood's days there are perhaps few members of the insect world which we know better and like less than the caterpillars, which represent the baby stages of butterflies and moths. This is easy to account for because nearly every plant of field or garden has at least one, and often many kinds of such insect infants to feed upon it, and as the habits of caterpillars are generally sluggish, we have plenty of opportunity to observe their movements and can catch them easily.

Most of the caterpillars that we find on our plants or roaming about our garden paths, terminate their careers on the spot. Occasionally, however, we meet with caterpillars with some striking characteristic, which makes us more merciful or may be in some instances it is not altogether consideration for the grub, so much as concern for ourselves that stays our fingers, when we come upon kinds with strange organs which look like weapons and attitudes that seem menacing.

As a case in point, look at the handsome caterpillar of the Privet Hawk which, as the moth's name denotes, feeds upon the common privet of the hedges. These caterpillars when full-grown attain about the length and thickness of a man's little finger, although they have been hatched from eggs little larger than pins' heads. Of course, the increase of size and weight is at the expense of the green privet leaves, for the caterpillars occupy the whole of their time, except when resting, in eating. And this is scarcely to be wondered at; for, after the grub has done feeding and is full-grown, it buries itself in the ground where it changes to a chrysalis and remains all winter and spring until, about the following June, the moth leaves its empty shell beneath the soil; so that the creature needs a store of living material on which to work during these months of dormant life.

When we first observe one of these caterpillars in its livery of bright green with stripes of white shaded with purple along its sides, and black markings round its head, with a horn of the same colour at the tail, especially if it should be resting in its sphinx-like attitude as the first illustration shows in the example to the left, it is just a question whether it would be fear, or admiration for its handsome appearance that would prevent us from consigning it to the common fate of garden caterpillars. If half afraid, we should lightly touch the grub while so resting, the menacing manner in which it would bang its head from side to side, would probably deter many from further interference. This movement probably drives

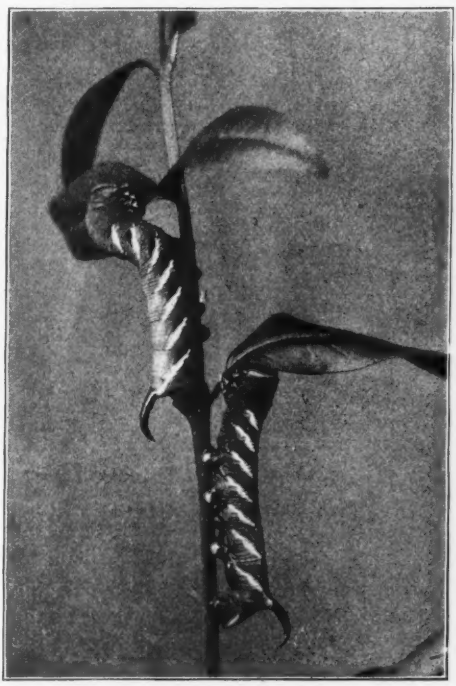


Fig. 1. Caterpillars of the Privet Hawk Moth. The one to the right is walking, and the other to the left is in a resting attitude

away some and scares others of its natural enemies, although the caterpillar is quite harmless.

As another example of moth's caterpillar which poses in a curious attitude when at rest, we may glance at the Ziczac caterpillar, attitude will invariably distinguish it. When full-fed it forms a cocoon on the surface of the ground of dry fragments of leaves to enclose its chrysalis, eventually becoming the common Pebble Prominent Moth (*Notodonta ziczac*).

Fig. 2. A "struggle for existence" of a hungry family of Privet Hawk larvæ

easily found by "beating" the branches of various species of willows and poplars, during the autumn months. When resting it raises its head and tail and presents the eccentric appearance shown in Fig. 3, the several humped segments of its body making the zigzag outline, from which it derives its name. In colour it is brownish shaded with purple and yellow, but its curious

While caterpillars may be generally regarded as vegetable feeders, yet there are exceptions, and those shown in Fig. 4 are not only carnivorous, but confirmed cannibals, seldom if ever feeding on green food, but almost invariably upon the living caterpillars of other moths. They are found on oak trees about June or July. The dark-coloured grub on the centre of the leaf is

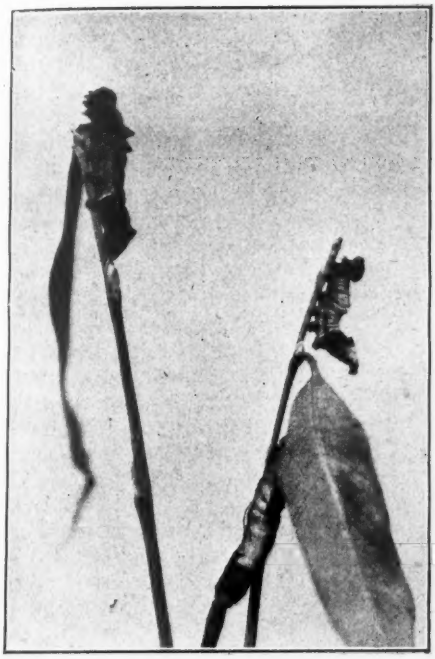


Fig. 3. Ziczac Caterpillars

that of the Satellite Moth (*Scopelosoma satellitia*). This creature spins together a few of the oak leaves on which its prey feeds, to form a retreat where it may hide until a victim approaches, eventually seizing it from behind, and sometimes chasing it for a considerable distance until it can fix its strong jaws into the victim's body, which is quickly devoured.

The same cannibalistic tastes disgrace the caterpillars of the Dun-bar Moth (*Cosmia trapezina*) found in the same situations as the last, but differing in colour entirely from the previous, possessing instead of a rich velvety-black or brown hue, with a few white spots and marks along their sides, a green body with five stripes of yellowish-white in the direction of their length. It is surprising with what rapidity these caterpillars devour their victims. Just before it had its likeness taken the caterpillar seen at the top of the illustration ate another caterpillar at least two thirds of its own size, finishing the meal in a little under an hour, and leaving nothing but the hard parts of the head. Every one who has kept caterpillars and has been unfortunate enough to introduce either of these murderers into the cage with the food, will know only too well how mysteriously

Fig. 4. Cannibal Caterpillars, which feed on other larvæ or their own species

choice caterpillars disappeared, until the cannibals, looking plump and healthy, have been discovered.

Hairy caterpillars are generally exempt

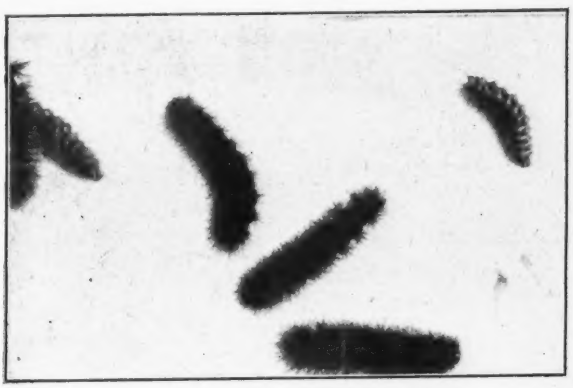


Fig. 5. Muslin Moth Caterpillars

Fig. 6. Lappet Moth Caterpillars

from the attacks of these murderous foes, but even these have enemies to contend against. Every one who has endeavoured to pick up from the ground the common "woolly bear" caterpillar of the Tiger Moth, will have observed its method of rolling itself into a ball which persistently slips through the fingers, as the long and flexible hairs give beneath the touch. Perhaps this "slipperiness" adds to the value of its hairy means of protecting itself; for so soon as an enemy touches the tips of its long sensitive hairs, it instantly drops to the ground and forms this ball, which is by no means easily extracted from the grass or other foliage into which it may have fallen.

In Fig. 5 some caterpillars are shown nearly related to the tiger moth, being the larvæ of the pretty Muslin Moth (*Arctia mendica*). These possess the same characteristics, and besides being able to roll themselves into a hairy ball, they possess, in addition, extraordinary powers of running. On being alarmed they immediately drop to the ground and curl up, but after a few moments if nothing interferes, they uncurl and run at an astonishing rate to a place of safety. I kept a large number of these last year to watch their development, and if, in supplying fresh food I happened to remove several at one time with the old leaves it was always a difficulty to recapture the whole number, for they ran like young mice. Their colour is brownish-red, not nearly so dark as that of the "woolly bear," and they are smaller in size. Amongst a family of these grubs there appear two kinds, one smaller, greyer, and less hairy than the other (see illustration.) Though I am not certain on the point, I believe that these become the male insect, for the sexes of the perfect moths differ considerably in size and colour, the male being small and dark smoke coloured, while the larger female's white wings are semi-transparent with black spots.

The weird caterpillars shown in Fig. 6 are those of the Lappet Moth (*Lasiocampa quercifolia*). These are large, brownish-grey, and velvety, but readily recognised by two transverse stripes of deep, metallic blue between the second and third and third and

Fig. 7. The decorated larvæ of the Vapourer Moth

Fig. 8. Caterpillars of the Gold-tailed Moth, with irritating hairs

Tailed Moth (*Liparis auriflua*). In early life these caterpillars exhibit social qualities, spinning a common web thickly woven amongst the food plant. Their colour is black, with conspicuous coral-red stripes and projections and tufts of whitish hairs along their sides. The hairs are long and delicate and possess very painful, irritating properties to tender skins. I used to be sceptical regarding this property of the hairs, because I had handled hundreds of specimens during many years without once experiencing ill effects. However, it was in preparing this illustration that my turn came. It was a very hot afternoon when I made the photograph and the caterpillars were inclined to be troublesome, placing themselves in every position but that required, and necessitating a continual shepherding of vagrant specimens towards the stem in view of the camera lens, and often necessitating fresh focusing when one or two had apparently come to rest. The heat beneath the focusing cloth was almost intolerable, and I had to be continually wiping the perspiration from my face. Having just been handling a number of these caterpillars, which part with some of their hairs at a touch, I rubbed many of these, no

fourth rings of the body. The best place to look for them is low down amongst hawthorn and sloe hedges. The perfect insect presents one of the best examples of "protective resemblance" amongst British moths, being in colour and form when resting a perfect resemblance to a dark, dead leaf. The caterpillar to the right with the conspicuous white marks is unusually coloured, the common types being represented by its neighbour, and it is interesting to note that the white-spotted one in its perfect or moth form turned out to be also a "variety," having a conspicuous white patch on its back, which should have been a deep reddish-brown.

The caterpillar shown in Fig. 8 is, perhaps, one of the commonest on our hawthorn hedges, and it eventually becomes the Gold-

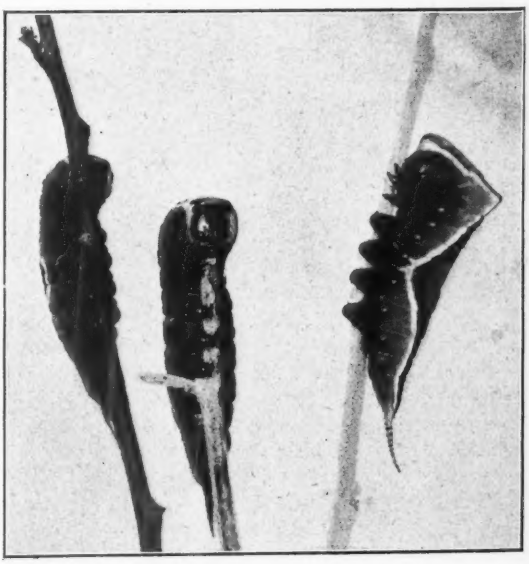


Fig 9. The curious Caterpillars of the Puss Moth

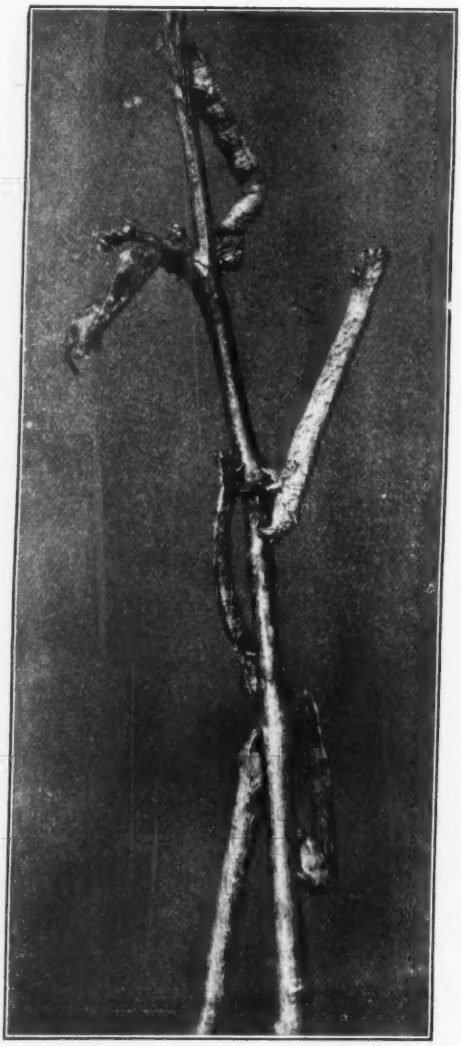


Fig. 10. Caterpillars that mimic bits of stick. The illustration shows five caterpillars and one twig

doubt, from my handkerchief into the skin of my face.

A slight irritation on my face and neck was followed by swelling and pain, and by night one side of my face had assumed a series of hard lumps, and my neck had similarly swelled, with a number of very painful and hard formations of considerable size beneath the skin. My weird appearance caused considerable alarm to my friends, who strongly recommended medical assistance; but, as I knew the origin of the injury, I simply bathed the swelling with a cooling lotion and awaited improvements. Two days passed, however, before I began to regain my normal appearance, and for a long time after, whenever I became very warm, painful irritation would frequently arise on my face and neck.

Nor are the Gold-tail caterpillars alone in possessing this means of defence. The hairs of the Oak Eggar caterpillar have a similar irritating power, as well as those of the Drinker Moth and others. Indeed, persons with a tender skin who handle any of these caterpillars ever so lightly are apt to suffer from an intolerably "itching palm" for hours afterwards.

Another remarkable hairy caterpillar which possesses the same power to some extent is that of the Vapourer Moth (*Orgyia antiqua*), illustrated in Fig. 7. These interesting and handsome caterpillars are well worth studying, and wherever one is found, numbers may be looked for in the near vicinity. The body is brownish-grey, with red warts or spots, and along its back stand out four compact brushes of white or yellowish hairs

Fig. 11. The larvæ of the Cinnabar Moth

while it has other spreading tufts of black hairs pointing over its head and from the centre line of its body, as well as a long pencil of similar hairs at its tail.

These tufts of black hairs are detached very readily, and Professor Poulton in his "Colours of Animals" has recorded an instance of one of these caterpillars which was "introduced into a lizard's cage, and when attacked, instantly assumed the defensive attitude, with the head tucked in and the 'tussocks' separated and rendered as prominent as possible. An unwary lizard seized the apparently convenient projection; most of the 'tussock' came out in its mouth, and the caterpillar was not troubled further. The lizard spent a long and evidently most uncomfortable time in trying to get rid of its mouthful of hairs."

Various methods of protection are, however, given to different caterpillars; and those without hairs are not necessarily undefended. Fig. 9 shows in various positions, caterpillars of the Puss Moth (*Dicranura vinula*), which are protectively coloured, and possess the habit of withdrawing their heads into the first body segment, in the manner seen in the central example; and as the edge of this segment is of a bright rosy red colour, and bears above two black spots very like eyes, the attitude is probably terrifying to some enemies. Apart from this strange

Fig. 12. Caterpillars and chrysalides of the Peacock Butterfly

appearance, the Puss Moth caterpillar has two rough horn-like tubes at its tail from each of which it can project a slender pink thread, which it brandishes like a whip in a very menacing manner over any part of its body that may be touched. Also it is further endowed with the power of ejecting a strongly irritant fluid from an aperture beneath the head. On the whole it must be a rather alarming caterpillar to many creatures; but we need not fear to handle it, because its weapons are not sufficiently strong to injure man's coarse cuticle, although the fluid which freshly caught specimens sometimes emit is recorded as being extremely painful if it should reach the eye. The caterpillars are plentiful on willows and poplar trees.

By way of contrast to this protective colouring and terrifying attitude, other caterpillars assume a "protective resemblance" to the twigs or plants on which they rest. The five shown on the twig in Fig. 10, are types of a large class of "stick" caterpillars, which will remain quite rigid for long periods standing away from, and forming an angle with, the branch, thus producing the exact resemblance of a twig of the original stem, their twig-like colour assisting to heighten the deception. The caterpillars illustrated are those of the Scalloped Hazel Moth (*Odontopera bidentata*).

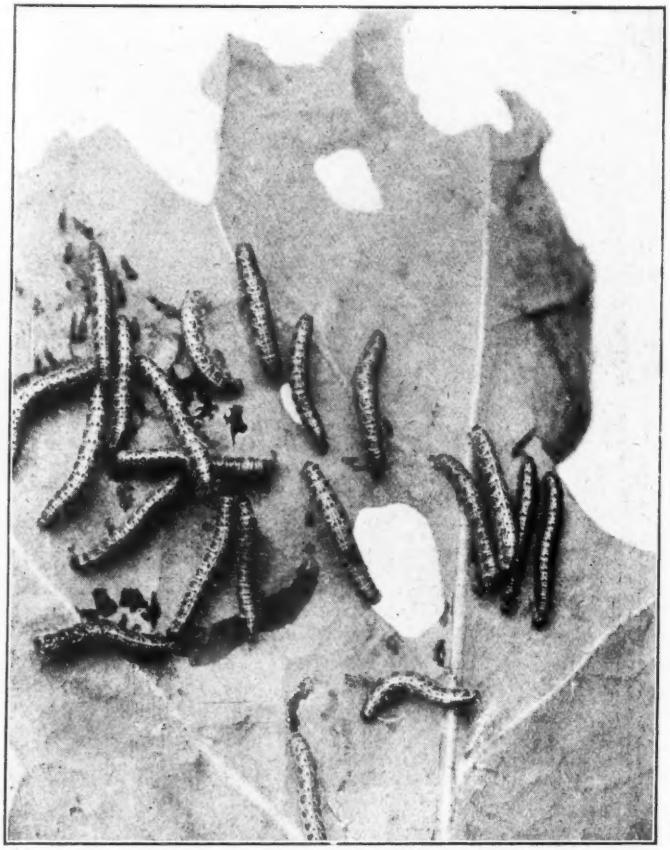


Fig. 13. Caterpillars of the large White Cabbage Butterfly

Another form of defence is illustrated by the caterpillars of the common Cinnabar Moth (Fig. 12). These conspicuous black-and-orange banded creatures are unpleasant to taste and their striking livery is a warning of the fact to birds.

The caterpillars of one of our common and beautiful butterflies called the Peacock (*Vannesa Io*), Fig. 12, are not by any means so attractive in appearance as their perfect form; for they are black in colour and clothed with spines, and as if to make themselves still less prepossessing, select the common nettle as their food plant, feeding gregariously, in groups often several dozens in number, and forming black masses amongst the nettles about July. It is wonderful how protected against the poisonous stings of the nettles these grubs are, moving fearlessly amongst them and devouring the leaves, quite heedless of the stings which we know to be so painful. The illustration also shows a number of chrysalides.

The last illustration depicts the caterpillars of the common Large Cabbage White Butterfly (*Pieris brassicæ*) so familiar in our gardens. Like the preceding larvæ of the Cinnabar Moth these are unpleasant to taste and are able to remain gregariously feeding on and about the spot where the eggs were hatched, often remaining in company until nearly full-grown, as seen in the illustration. Hence it occurs that some of our cabbages are eaten into lacework by these larvæ, while perhaps a neighbouring plant may be scarcely touched.

In conclusion, although we have but briefly glanced at a few examples of caterpillar life, I think it may readily be claimed, that even caterpillars possess many points of interest in their life histories and are well worthy of our thought.

The Story of an Eighteenth-Century Wooing

SEPT. 1773.—Archie has left his aunt's and taken rooms the first floor below the church head of West Bow, up a hanging stair. The house just round from where old Mrs. Sheene used to keep milch asses. After a walk through the Potterow I dined at two with Margaret. Mrs. Hogg and her child was there, and attending to all her humours put that most genteel woman in a sweat of confusion, for one minute the child was for this meat, or 'twas too fat her bit, or wrong divided. There is no end to her whimsies. Mr. Hogg told me that posting is to be raised two pence a mile.* Supped with Pringle at Fortune's.† Oysters, 2*d.*; ale, 8*d.*; pidgeons, 5*d.* I hear a coach runs from the Black Bull every lawful day.

* This extra 2*d.* a mile on posting did not begin until 1779.

† It was in Stamp Office Close.

SEPT. 1773.—The men howking down St. Cuthbert's Church came on a smell, with a leaden coffin and some bones. In the coffin an embalmed heart, no name, writing or date. Campbell thinks it is a crusader's heart sent home from the holyland. There is a talk the surgeon's museum is to get it. Supped in Archie's grand room. Pringle brought the friend Alison from Skye after all. He is full of tales of the second sight, and is himself a seer. Most of his stories to-night were death cautions. If a spark jump from the fire onto the arm or breast, that person will hold a dead child within the year. If he sees a shroud round a body, it's a surety that one will be a dead body some day. The time of its fulfilment is according to the height of the shroud on the person. He says sight seers never know their own end though they know what's to mischief others, and he whispered me that any person in the

west country would teach the seeing for a few pounds of tobacco. Archie said if it was just for the cheerfulness of the thing he'd as soon not know when all his friends were going to be hanged. Alison told me that a friend of his, Lady Cole, one of a Christian and pious education, related to him how one night she heard the most grievous noises in a closet off her room, which terrified her to such an extent that she threw up her meat, for it was as if the wall were fallen in. On looking, however, all was as she left it. In a few days a neighbour died and some article was taken from that closet to make a sowe of, and after that there was no more noises. Alison says he has frequently proved, that articles to be employed for a sowe or a coffin are so haunted as to make of themselves noises before being put to use. We asked him if seers were generally melancholy visionary people. He says no, but temperate and simple in their diet, and a drunken man never has the second sight. He takes a physick himself against getting drunk which Archie put down for me. The powder of betony and coleworts mixed together; eat it every morning fasting as much as will lie upon a sixpence, and it will preserve a man from drunkenness. Alison said he has not been taking it himself lately, which indeed I well believe, for when the time came that he rose to reach the door he sat down on the floor and fell fast asleep, where we left him. He got the physick from a brother to Martin Macpherson, minister of Golspie, more than ten years ago. On my way home I met Erskine and Craigie. They say the site for the new hall is probably to be the Lang Dykes somewhere west of Murtries.

Oct. 1773.—A meeting of Heriot's Hospital reports a boy deaf and dumb. Mr. Braidwood has undertaken to teach him free of charge. Met Robert Fraser at his sister's. The talk got onto old times, and Margaret says she remembers listening to an old man, Andrew Purdie, who was born on the Borrowing days of the year that King William came.* Fraser related this incident, that his father was out in the first rebellion and present at the fight of Sheriffmuir. Although but a young lad at the time, he displayed sense immeasurably beyond his years, to run away. Reaching the Firth in safety, he saw a vessel riding near the shore to which he swam. It took him up and that night they set sail for Lisbon, and he did not see his native land again for three years.

* One of the three last days of March 1688.

Nov.—Dined and walked with Tod. Supped at Star and Garter.* Found there Pringle, Craigie, Drummond, and Archie Campbell. Discoursed on the taking of the population. Pringle is for a survey of the houses. Yet a great many alleys and dark stairs would be missed to a surety. Drummond is for counting the sale of mort cloathes. But many cannot afford them, nor yet would this include those who die in the workhouse. Pringle then said that by multiplying the number of births by twenty-six, and the number of deaths by thirty-six one could ascertain the population. But I showed them that this cannot be at all an accurate way, unless in places unfavourable to the rearing of young children. For here it is not the register of births that is kept, but only that of baptisms, so those not baptized are not registered. The mean or average population for any time, is the real population increased or decreased by half the increase or decrease of the time. But this, again, only if the increase or decrease is uniform.

Nov. 1775.—Was passing to Archie Campbell's when I happened on a crowd laying the foundation stone of the new hall. The Cowgate Port Hall to be done away with. Returned by the flesh market. Bought, as the lassie wanted, a hen, having black legs, 1*s.*; a lobster, 1*s.* 2*d.*; half lb. butter, 2*d.*; scones for two days, 5*d.* Geordie caddied. Had the lads to supper. Paid the lassie for the quarter, 18s., and a bountith of 2*s.* 6*d.* 5*d.* for a new knocking stone. Paid the barber for the quarter, 14*s.*

August 1776.—Saw the archers shooting at the rovers. Monroe left them to tell me they have feued a piece of ground on the east end of the meadows for a gallery or hall. I supped alone last night and afterwards Archie walked up to know if I would go with him to Glasgow next week to see the

* In the Writer's Close.

new looms. I said, "Was it the incle loom he was interested in, and that I thought he saw the new machines at Christmas time." He said he had not seen all, and that indeed the machine he is interested in is the most perfect mechanical success one could imagine. He then told me he has heard Miss Murray is to be in Glasgow again, that it is her neice he is after seeing, and asked, What did I think of matrimony? I told him he would certainly be cumbered with more earthly cares married than single, yet if he can find a wife prudent and obliging it is certainly a good move. He said, "Yes, and living alone is just brooding too much over your own affairs." "Just so," I said. "But then again an unfortunate marriage is your heart dislocated for life, and that's a worse evil." And he said, "But who is talking of unfortunate marriages? nor indeed perhaps need we talk of marriage at all, for she may not have me." "You must certainly marry," I said, "for if you don't your mind will miss the support of this highest absorbing interest." Upon this encouragement Archie told me all about Betsy Murray. How very pretty she is, small, dark, and of a most elegant shape. Well, her father—there was not anything too choice about his shape—and I remember him well, the thriving old sinner. It is an amazement to me the comeliness of some lassies, when I think of their fathers. And pretty too! God knows there was nothing pretty about Bob Murray, unless it be that he was pretty seldom sober. But I did not tell Archie this, although he spent half the night talking of her.

AUGUST 1776.—Went to Foulis Close to-night and sat a bit with Drummond, and could not forbear telling him of Archie going on a courting job to Glasgow, and my accompanying him to see the incle loom. He is in great spirits at the news, and on Pringle joining us, must needs repeat all I had told him. Then the two sat down to the table and composed a letter they could scarce write for laughing, and after folding and addressing it, gave it to me to give to Archie any time after he has seen her in Glasgow. They say it is a love-letter from her. Archie has taken two places for Wednesday.

AUGUST 1776.—Nearly missed the coach for on rising this morning I could not find one of my stockings that I know I left last night ready flyped on aunt Jane's cedar drawers head. Of course my breakfast was late, and on the top of this, the lassie came from next door to say the water was dribbling through from my area to theirs, and standing with offence under the window. I ran in to Mr. Monroe and had just time to tell him, that if there was a smell in his court he must have made it himself, as nothing but clean rain water comes from us. Reaching the coach however in time, Archie cried to me from his seat, had I heard that Mr. Hume is dead. He has not had very long in his new house. As I seated myself, the only other outside, a man whose features have considerably strayed from the ideal of perfection, expressed in strong terms his disapproval of Mr. Hume's sceptical philosophy. I said that the elegance of his writing was unparalleled. He replied they are too much read and too much admired, and that the reading of the essays alone had occasioned him serious alarm. That ethics may point out the right road, but that only Christ disposes men to take it, and morals alone stand upon a most precarious foundation. I was with him there, but replied that if Mr. Hume had but been able to declare himself Christian, his opinion would have been more likely to forward rational orthodoxy than the religious wranglings of the whole general assembly. Upon this Archie discovered to me in a whisper that the other outside belonged to the clerical persuasion. Turning from Church topics, he informed me that statute labour is in his part both exacted in kind and commuted for money. He says there is an absolute need of turn pikes, or to alter the nature of the present law. He proposes that every one should contribute in proportion as he makes use of the roads. I am sure it is better to begin by the amending of an old plan that has proved not to be so very bad, than to take all at once a new one, however finely sorted. On asking our friend as to the size of his parish, and if he has any free thinkers, he told us he has as a rule some hundred hearers, with four anti-burgher and two Papist families. He gets his supply in a water carriage, but

there are pumps in the village next his, and the hire of mort cloathes brings in £2 to £4 a year. He spoke with such satisfaction of some work he is about to bring before the public, that I could not forbear to tell him, that to communicate worthless thoughts is the most prevailing mischief of this age, and to withstand the infection a man must needs subdue his vanity and ambition. So we parted. Archie says this rheumy faced outside almost equals me, in the possession of such aggressive confidence united to so little ability.

AUGUST 1776.—Passed last night in Broomylaw White Harte, a very different place to what it was in old Gordon's time. This morning Archie had me out of bed far too early, no doubt the waiting for a thing raises more uneasy thoughts than the certainty of what we dread. Anyhow we left the inn before eight o'clock and walked by Bridge Street into the Trongate, where we bought a two quarter peck loaf household bread, 10*d.*, and four white salted herrings, 1*d.* Being still before our time we went to see St. Andrew's Church, which was unfinished when I was last here in '54. We are both of one mind, that the spire destroys the appearance of this beautiful fabric. Finding a barber's in the passage to it from Saltmarket Street we entered, and the man who shaved me said this way had been vastly improved in the widening of it by several feet. Reaching the house where Miss Murray lodges, at the corner of Gallowgate where it crosses the High street, we went in. Archie's face was as pale as putty by the time we gained the stair head, and he had hardly the breath to whisper to me, they had never met since the dancing ball at Kirkaldy where he fell into such a liking for her. Both ladies were in and gave us a hearty greeting. After a few minutes Miss Murray took through the herring to the kitchen, when I heard poor Archie tell Betsy that he had come here to see the incle loom and was at the White Harte for a week, only in his confusion he said that he had taken lodgings in an incle loom for a week, and come to Glasgow to visit a White Harte. I undertook Miss Murray during the meal, and at the close of it she gave me a pair of spectacles that had belonged to poor Robert. I find I can wear them if I shut to the two end joints and hold them round my head with a piece of string. Betsy and Miss Murray walked with us to see the loom, and Miss Murray told me that her circumstances have been much bettered by the death of her uncle Aitken, and that £52 is about what she gives out in her present room, and this sum comprehends lodgings, victuals, and washing.

Returning to the hostel for our dinner, Archie told me that his success was more than he could have hoped for. Seeing him thus uplifted to such a degree, I took the letter written for him by Pringle and Drummond, and slipping down the stair, asked the lassie to bring it up with the tea dishes. But he had gone out himself to the shops to buy her a present and on returning got the letter as he came in, and brought it to me with open mouth. It ran—

"DEAR SIR,—

"I must beg that you will not again refer to the subject pursued between us this morning, for it is most improbable that my sentiments will alter. How far it is therefore worth your while to move in this matter you yourself can best judge. If agreeable to you, you may possibly remember, I made no vow never to marry. That truly would be a piece of stupidity I should be heartily ashamed of. My dislike in this case is against, not the prospect of matrimony, but the object to be married. You undertake a desperate proceeding when you wish to spend your days with one whose tastes and manners are entirely unknown to you. You should consider yourself fortunate in escaping this once. The woman would, to my thinking, be worse than a fool to accede to solicitations from one who does not trouble to know something solid of her on whom he proposes to rest the happiness of his life. There are other reasons that it is unnecessary and undesirable to communicate. Sincerely wishing you happiness,

"I remain,

"Your obedient servant,

"B. M.

"P.S.—I hear that you are a woman hater.

My word, but if I married you I would give you some reason for to hate at least one.

"B. M."

This letter, in the last sentence of which there is to my mind no mistaking the touch of Pringle's pen, and written as it was in a round child's hand, opened to my eyes Archie's blinded condition, who seemed, all unsuspecting, plunged by it into an abyss of despair. He seized a pen and wrote his reply in less than a quarter of the time that it took Drummond and Pringle to get the refusal to their mind. It ran—

"THE WHITE HARTE INN.

"DEAR MADAM,—

"I have received your despatch and beg to inform you that I am in no ways the troublesome suitor you imagine me, for not for a moment would I be capable of fatiguing your delicate ear by reiterating an unacceptable suit. Your manner and opinions, such of them as you were pleased to reveal to me (and we are at each other's mercy in this respect) inclined me to imagine my addresses were neither entirely surprising nor altogether displeasing to you. But there is no limit to the maudlin vagaries that enter unprovoked the mind of man. It is enough that my error has caused you uneasiness.

"Your respectful and obedient servant,

"ARCHIE CAMPBELL."

I persuaded him to trust me to deliver his letter, which he unwillingly allowed, muttering that she was an ungrateful jade not worth the walk. I comforted him by crying back from the landing, that marry or not he would be sure to repent it, and took my way along to the green to pass the time. There I fell in with a lassie resting her arms from a load of cloathes, and asked her a few questions as to her parents and the part she came from, enquiring what wish she would ask for if a kind fairy was to give her a choice. She replied, "A dinner every day," which answer saddened my walk not a little, and as I watched her trudging along I could not forbear thinking how many weary steps her little feet would have before she stepped into her grave. Returning to make my confession, I found Archie waiting at the door to say the letter he had given me was all wrong, and he had just sent the stable-lad with another to beg for her pardon and her patience. He was dreadfully dorty all evening, yet not so desperate neither, that he couldn't eat his supper. I have his first letter in my pocket. But what of to-morrow? To the man at the wool combers, 1*s.*; for shaving, 2*d.*; to the lassie, 4*d.*

AUGUST 1776.—This morning Archie displayed great unwillingness to leave the inn, but calling to mind the need of tobacco, we went as far as Anderson's shop, and on coming home at a turn in the street we ran into Miss Murray and Betsy. Archie and she met just like two dogs, she with her tail stiff as a poker, and he breathless as if he had just been pulled from the Clyde. They walked behind us the length of the street in dead silence, and then gave tongue simultaneously by enquiring for each other's aunts. At this moment a very heavy fall of rain overtook us. Miss Murray had with her a new fangled stick which is attached to woven material over pliant ribs. On being forced up, the covering, which before adhered to the stick, expands like a tent, and is to protect the beaver from rain. This happy convenience is named an unbrella. The storm drove us under a doorway and 'twas suggested that Miss Murray and I should try to reach the Gallowgate with the umbrella, when I would bring it back for Betsy. This we did, but on returning neither Archie nor Betsy were to be found. I went home, the dinner hour passed, the evening came, but no Archie. About eight o'clock I walked as far as Miss Murray's, where I found an uproarious party round the table. What passed in the penn they themselves best know, but my part in the affair of the letters had been discovered, and accelerating matters, all was arranged before the storm was over, and they sat at meat a betrothed pair. We have just had as good a feast as if it were for a land setting, with a bowl of small punch of Betsy's brewing, and though not in actual pain, yet am I very, very full. Archie came home with me, telling Betsy that God only knows what more I may be hatching in my chaotic old head, and that he will not let me out of sight till his marriage day, which is fixed for the first of next month.

A Girl Decides

By Arthur H. Henderson

THE soldier flung the copy of the week's illustrated paper on the table with a muttered execration. A hard, almost a savage look dawned in the grey eyes. Through the front window of the narrow little house in Knightsbridge came the ceaseless roll of the London traffic; at the back a few gleams of wintry afternoon sunlight danced on the bare swept trees of the Park. He flung himself restlessly into an armchair by the fireside and stared thoughtfully at the glowing coals.

What rubbish some of these papers did contain! Fiction had ever the best of truth—if best it was indeed. Yet the two pictures which had so excited his discontent seemed harmless enough at sight. On the one page was the sketch of a khaki-coloured regiment struggling through the crowded shouting city streets on its way home from the war; on the other page a tall soldier form was bending to the first caress of the girl he loved, from whom he had so long been parted, to whom he had at length returned. The first picture was the record of a fact—the second a fancy of the imagination. And yet the sunburnt face of the stalwart young captain by the fireside darkened at the sight of the artistic little prints.

His had been the leading company in that gay procession a week ago. Men had cheered them wildly, greasy loafers in tattered clothes, and dainty gentlemen in immaculate coats. Women had waved handkerchiefs and flags and called on God to bless the soldiers back from the war. His own men, some excited by the warmth of welcome, but mostly stolid as when facing friend or foe, tramped steadily behind him through the decorated streets. But what did he heed the shouting, the rough cries of enthusiasm from the onlookers, the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" from the band in front? Of what avail was this glamour of the regiment to him? At one corner street—there in the great bow window of the historic club—was a girl in a dainty dress watching the show. After two years of absence he had seen her once again.

Two years ago he had shown her unmistakably that he loved her. Two years ago, almost to a day, she had crushed his every hope as only a girl can do. Straightway he had begged for the perilous employment from the great ones of Pall Mall at the scene of strife in the distant land. Now, after long months of fighting, marching, toiling, he was back on English soil once more, the richer for the experience of one more campaign, the higher in that promotion was already promised, the poorer in that he cared but little for the success he formerly had craved.

When he landed from the great troopship he was confident that he cared no longer for any woman on earth. Amid the hardships of the bivouac and battlefield all softer feelings had passed for ever away. Life was not to be toyed with by a girl. He was heartwhole—so he assured himself with grim persistence as he settled down to whist in the smoking-room of the steamer, or paced its rolling deck in the darkness of the after-dinner watch. And then—oh! but the folly of it—when he saw her face flushed with the contagion of rejoicing at the club window, the old longing for her love had swept tumultuously over him and driven every other thought away.

Ah! but he had been weak. Her father had welcomed him warmly; her brother was an old pal. He had gone to their house, half reluctantly, eagerly invited to dinner. He had sat beside her the unwilling hero of the evening. Nothing but ordinary conversation had passed between them in that fashionable little party gathering. But never had she looked or been so charming. It was many months since he had spoken to an English lady.

And now . . .

The paper that pictured a glad-faced girl shyly welcoming her soldier lover lied—aye, lied abominably. If not, why was his lot

different from that of other men? What did the approbation of all the Empire matter to him if she was not included in the chorus of approval? And not by one single word or action had she shown a change of mind from —two years ago.

His servant brought him a letter. He read it at first carelessly, then a second time more thoughtfully. It was from a great chum—short, simple, and to the point, like the character of its comrade writer:

"DEAR JACK,—How soon will you be ready to go on the warpath again? There is every prospect of another first-class row Afghanistan way. And the Amir of all the Faithful is—well, call it restless; so say the wise ones at Simla. I am off in a week to do Political on the frontier. I can get you a job on the staff if you'll come. Must know to-morrow without fail, or I take Billy instead."

And there followed the signature of a name which is known and loved or feared according to the disposition of the hearer, by the wild tribesmen of the North-West Indian frontier.

The dusk of afternoon began to deepen in the little room. The firelight danced over the walls and on the silent figure in the armchair. The two alternatives faced the soldier squarely. Contrasted, they stood out in sharp relief. On the one hand, the old country home, his when he chose to return to it, the cry of the birds in the thicket, the music of Sabbath church bells, the old friends in the county, the life of peace. Ambition enough left to him, perhaps, to go into the House if he willed it, to command the local battalion of Militia if he liked. On the other hand, the life of action on the seething frontier, the saddle by day and the camp-fire by night, the snow on the giant mountains, the sun on the burning plains, the crack of the turbulent rifle amid the boulders—the distinction that the life of warfare offers to the successful survivor if he follows its call alone. And even as he pondered, his eyes wandered restlessly to the old sword in its dusty case—that revered relic of his boyhood—which had fallen from his father's nerveless hand on the fire swept Delhi Ridge.

The solution came.

He would try his luck just once again with her. If she would have him his feet should tread the softer path. Without her England was impossible—war was best.

He sprang from the chair and faced the fire with frowning eagerness. Decision led to action. He would go that night to the Vereker's dance as he had indeed half promised to do. She would be there, then he should learn his fate. He could answer the letter by wire in the morning.

. . . . .

The dance had begun. A wave of waltz music was filling the great old-fashioned London house. The hostess stood by the curtained doorway welcoming late arrivals Near her, quietly expectant, waited one of the guests of the evening, Captain Vandeleur, of the Royal Wessex Fusiliers. He was in plain evening dress, his medals—the D.S.O. he had earned four years before in the rough and tumble of the Malakand—were in a drawer at home.

A light step—the rustle of a charming dress—and a girl as a vision of white and flowers was apologising prettily to her hostess for being so late. Next moment, Maud Alstone was conscious of a dark, sunburnt face before her, a bow and a smile, and a voice which asked rather eagerly,

"Have you a dance for me?"

For a moment she flushed slightly. Then she remembered with a pang of dismay how many dances she had already recklessly promised in advance when discussing the coming ball at a gay At Home two nights before.

"May I take the supper dance?" said the soldier coolly, in secure possession of her programme, blank of initials from beginning to end.

For a second she hesitated; who hesitates is lost. It was already promised to a rising young barrister who had monopolised her society a good deal of late. What should she do? Then suddenly, as by a stroke of fate, a flash of wayward recollection tore the girl's memory back to a previous parting with the man beside her. She crimsoned to the colour of the flowers in her dress.

"I am afraid it is engaged," she answered hurriedly, explanation not forthcoming.

The hand about to scrawl its owner's initials on the empty pink and white card paused astonished. Vandeleur looked at her quickly. Surprise, unbelief, resentment —she read them all in the grey searching eyes. After a momentary pause he quietly returned her the programme.

"And my list of dances otherwise is most unfortunately full."

The band was playing a soft, enchanting waltz. Other men were coming up to claim her from amid the maze of gay dresses, bright uniforms, and coloured lamps. Then the very perfume of her own flowers seemed to rise up against her in rebuke.

He was gone.

Next morning a worried, angry Englishman was cramming a miscellaneous assortment of travelling things into a kit-bag. He paused to read a telegram and grinned with satisfaction as he flung it aside.

"Thank Heaven! old Van is coming out after all then," he muttered. "That's one mercy. I was afraid he might go and make a further ass of himself over that Alstone girl."

And the speaker resumed his packing with fresh zest.

. . . . .

The frontier fort was carried at last. All the morning the loud rattle of musketry and the deeper boom of the mountain guns had echoed across the deep-cut river bed, up the steep valley sides, and amid the giant snowy mountains. The storming party of Goorkhas, a mere handful under a white officer, rushed like rabbits from cover to cover firing ferociously at the loopholes in the mud walls, from whence came a leaden shower of death. The sole machine gun jammed unexpectedly and its gunners cursed their fondling with bitterness for failing them in the hour of need. Ever and anon a rifle crashed down amid the grey unheeding stones as its owner collapsed suddenly with the short gasping cry of a sore hit man. A sheet of pinging bullets tore through the snow-flaked air.

Then had come the explosion. Its dull roar drowned the noisy cackle of the smaller weapons. The engineer officer, who had fired his trusty gun-cotton against the rude gateway in the thick mud wall, rolled over with a bullet in his leg. Dust and stones whirled out in cloudy confusion.

But the waiting Goorkhas never hesitated. Flinging themselves with a wild yell into the breach they swept the tribe of savage defenders to their doom, irresistible as a torrent, remorseless as the flood itself.

Beside the last stone sangar, which he had helped to rush, lay a badly wounded officer. A much over-worked doctor knelt beside him skilfully bandaging the shattered shoulder. As he rose to go on to the next man he remembered an unexpected occurrence which might cheer his silent patient.

"A *dak*" (post-runner) "came into camp this morning after you had moved off, Major, with letters. There is one for you from home. You will find it waiting there as soon as the bearers get you down."

And the speaker moved on to his next grim job.

"Beastly native bullet fired from an old jezail!" said the medico a few hours later in the hospital tent. "You must have been pretty close to the devils when they let drive. See what it is?—one of those hill garnets soldered round with lead; economises their ammunition, you know!" And the speaker held it up curiously for inspection by its victim. Then reading the anxious eyes he added cheerily:

"Oh! you'll be fit again before long. But I think you will have to take sick leave to Europe for a spell. Which is more luck than I shall get, anyway!"

Major Vandeleur's other hand held a tiny note. A faint perfume clung to the paper still in spite of its long journey o'er sea and land. In a girl's bold clear handwriting he read again as the doctor left him:

"I wanted to tell you I made a great mistake once. I am so sorry. Can you ever forgive me? I thought I didn't care but—I did."

At the bottom a truly feminine postscript:

"When are you coming home to England again?"

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key.—Lamb's Essays

Now that an appreciable portion of the year has passed I take an opportunity of expressing my great gratification at the success of these papers. I knew that GOOD WORDS took a particular pride in the thoughtfulness of its constituency, but I was quite unprepared for the acumen and literary power shown by many of the competitors. Besides the Prize-winners there is a considerable body of others, not yet in the front rank, who only require more experience to take their place with the best. I can assure them that it gives me as much pleasure to look over their papers as it evidently gives them to write.

May I also suggest to those (and I know there are several) who work at these examination papers, but are too modest to send their efforts in, that they should trust to the secrecy of the Post Office, and let me have them. They will be welcome.

June 17 will be the bicentenary of John Wesley's birth. I am setting a paper upon his Journal, as it will naturally be much discussed during the month, and the private life of the founder of a movement which now numbers 40,000,000 followers cannot fail to be of literary interest.

We give a list of Marks and Key to the Paper.

Dubric, 100; Penumbra, 96; Iseult, 92; Uawurrie, 91; Haricot, 87; Carlyon, 87; Iceberg, 87; Damon, 86; J. Strong, 86; Southern, 86; Dorothy, 85; Mollah, 84; Beaver, 84; Binks, 82; Alex, 82; Rover, 82; Tucks, 82; Trothan, 82; Cotswold, 82; Tafira, 79; Connla, 79; Wirral, 79; Infant, 79; Onza, 78; Eclipse, 78; Elpis, 78; Crescent, 78; Ion, 77; Lou, 77; Wuzzums, 76; Coral, 76; Ædh, 75; M. Kenwigs, 75; Taffy, 75; Penwort, 74; Assisi, 74; Komaba, 73; Devenick, 73; Bridget, 72; Cusha, 72; Hamel, 72; Deirdre, 72; Furze, 71; Penelope, 71; Duppy, 71; Cartus, 70; Afon Wen, 70; Beta, 69; Averil, 69; Topsy, 69; Petrol, 68; Star, 68; Acadia, 67; Topaz, 67; Blix, 67; Iris, 66; Déjà, 66; Plympton, 65; Sphinx, 65; Houghton, 65; Forgot, 64; Bundy, 64; Peg, 64; An Owl, 63; Ned Gus, 63; Replich, 62; Flaxius, 62; Rose Down, 61; Antrim, 61; Spero, 61; Lesbia Dorf, 60; Pax, 60; Carlisle, 60; Barna, 60; Logan, 59; Sirius, 59; Tip Cat, 58; San Toy, 57; Nen, 56; Lancelot, 56; The Abbot, 56; Isla, 55; Llentrad, 55; Verity, 54; Cinders, 53; Amelius, 53; Campac, 52; Beetle, 52; Dormieux, 52; Mouse, 50; Braid, 50; Athenæum, 50; Ma'am, 49; Birkrigg, 49; E.M.A. 48; Antap, 46; Europa, 45; Myra, 45; Melba, 44; Psyche, 44; Veritas, 44; Emilia, 43; Morag, 42; Montrose, 37; Wales, 38; Mercury, 38; Swift, 37; Mesp, 35; Bell, 35; Lens, 34; Barton, 33; Margaret, 31; Dolores, 30; Nilsa, 29; Nosmada, 26; Ivan, 24; Pippa, 23; Kia Ora, 19.

1. i. "May the Brush supersede the Laurel" (*In Praise of Chimney-sweepers*). The crowning sentiment at the annual feast given by James White to the chimney-sweepers of the metropolis. A whimsical adaptation of Cicero's *cedant arma togæ* here, "May the emblems of war give place to the instruments of peace." This reference is to the old-fashioned custom of sweeping out chimneys with a branch of evergreen.

ii. "Somewhere between the Greek Calends and the Latter Lammas" (*Valentine's Day*), *i.e.*, nowhere, there being no Calends in the Greek Calendar or Latter Lammas in our own (Aug. 12). Aug. 1, O.S., King George's birthday, had been shorn of its honour in favour of St. George's Day, April 23. Lamb elsewhere pleads the cause of this "poor wronged day."

iii. "But Adah sleepeth by the river Pison" (*The Child Angel*), suggested by

Thomas Moore's *Loves of the Angels*, based on the Septuagint Translation of Gen. vi. 2, "Angels of God."

iv. "From the Gnat which preluded to the Æneid to the Duck which Samuel Johnson trod on" (Newspapers thirty-five years ago). *The Gnat* (Culex) was supposed in Lamb's time to have been one of Vergil's callow flights of authorship. Johnson, when a child of three, trod on a duckling, the eleventh of a brood, and is said to have dictated to his mother the following epitaph:

> Here lies good Master Duck
> Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
> If it had lived, it had been *good luck*,
> For then we'd had an *odd one*.

Boswell, however, was able to refute the truth of the story.

v. "Austin, whom all mothers hate, and he who hated all mothers' Origen" (*Valentine's Day*). St. Augustine of Hippo is said (somewhat unjustly: Milman's "Lat. Christ." ii. 2) to have consigned all undipt infants to eternal tortures. Origen held that matrimony itself was a defilement.

vi. "Do you grow your own hemp"? (*Distant Correspondents*). B. F.—Mr. Baron Field—was Judge of the Supreme Court at Sydney, New South Wales, then a convict settlement, where the plant *cannabis* would be much needed for rope.

vii. "The children of Alice call Bartrum father" (*Dream Children*)—Lamb's early love, "Alice W—n" (her real name was Ann Simmons), whom he never forgot, married a Mr. Bartram, a pawnbroker in Leicester Square.

viii. "Sol-Fa-Mi-Re is as conjuring as Baralipton" (*A Chapter on Ears*)—Lamb had no ear for music, and the notes of the scale were as great a mystery to him as the mnemonic lines used in logic to distinguish the forms of the syllogism (*cf.* Molière's "Bourg. Gent." ii. 6).

2. No precise answer can be given, but the following six epithets have good authority. *Fragrant* with old memories, *natural* with an artificiality that has become second nature, *quaint* and *egotistical* by the author's own admission, *allusive* above all others and by universal consent *delightful*.

3. Lovel. Charles Lamb's father, John Lamb.

Barbara S. Miss Kelly, the actress.

Bridget Elia. His sister, Mary Lamb.

Mr. Twopenny. A stockbroker, not a Bencher, who lived in chambers in the Temple.

Cousin James. His brother, John Lamb.

W. H. William Hazlitt, author and critic.

Dear little T. H. Thornton Hunt—Leigh Hunt's eldest boy.

Peter Wilkins. The hero of some wonderful adventures involving the discovery of a new world, written in 1750 by Robert Paltock, of Clement's Inn, Gentleman, in imitation of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver*.

4. Lamb is like a well-bred, but ill-trained pointer, &c.

There is a superficial air of truth in Tickler's criticism, but it would be difficult to find a more complete misconception of the individuality of Lamb's genius. He was "the disinterested servant of literature, and was not, like most writers, pre-occupied with ideas of practice, religious, moral or political." He had no mission to make men wiser or better, but wrote because he could not help writing, and realised in prose the principle of art for art's sake. It is true his range is limited, like his sympathies—when a new book came out he read an old one, and he concerned himself chiefly with the little actual things that are always with us, which accounts for the permanence of his popularity. But to suggest that Lamb, the critic, the "discoverer" of Webster and Marlowe, of Fuller, Burton, Browne, and a host of others, only "points larks and titmice" is sheer absurdity. He has himself supplied the retort. "I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and in truth I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do so." Of course, he never meant it, but then neither did Kit North like "cockneys."

5. i. In tragedy it is essential that the illusion should be complete. Our tears refuse to flow at a suspected imposition. Comedy does not demand this intense realism, particularly the artificial comedy of

Congreve or Sheridan. We do not quite believe in the villainy of a Joseph Surface; if we did it would shock us instead of affording us diversion. Therefore, the comic actor should always take the audience into his confidence, and show them that he is acting for their edification the part he is playing on the stage.

ii. The moral standard of Congreve and Wycherley is not that of everyday life. Their world is a conventional one, where morality is not supposed to exist; we are among a chaotic people, and must not judge them by our own usages. Where neither vice nor virtue exist no moral law can be violated. Thus we can take an airing for a season beyond the diocese of the strict conscience without much harm. An ingenious, though sophistical, apology for Lamb's own appreciation of these comedies. "Saint Charles" could touch pitch without being defiled, but *non cuivis . . . adire Corinthum.*

iii. (*a*) The plays of Shakespeare are unsuited for performance on the stage because of their superlative excellence. We lose the real Hamlet in the personality of the actor who attempts to play the part. If the play were re-written in prose, omitting all the divine features of Shakespeare, it would be equally effective as an acting play. In fact, the feebler the part the more it conduces to the glory of the actor who "creates" it. Again, the supernatural element of *Macbeth* and *The Tempest*, the triumph of imagination over the senses, such as the love of a young Venetian lady for a "coal black Moor" are credible to the reader, but the illusion is destroyed when they are taken from the realm of fancy and presented crudely to the eye of the spectator.

v. Malvolio is only ludicrous by accident. His solemn manner is not affected but proceeds from a moral dignity which is unsuited to the company of Sir Toby and his sottish revellers. He speaks like a gentleman, and feels that in some sort the honour of the family is in his keeping. Olivia acknowledges his value, and if a temporary delusion leads him to over-estimate it himself, we still must admire a lunacy which comes from the conceit of such a lady's love. Bensley understood the part, also John Kemble, but the tradition is now worn out from the stage.

6. i. Home is not home when grinding poverty has unsexed the wife and robbed the children of their childishness. What wonder if the husband takes refuge elsewhere?

ii. A sweet child is the sweetest thing on earth, but the prettier the kind of thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. We cannot be expected to love children indiscriminately.

iii. The Beggar is the only man who need not study the fashion of his clothes. His rags are always suited to his condition.

iv. The female Poor Relation is a hopeless incubus. You may explain away the man as a humorist, but "no woman dresses below herself from caprice."

v. "Books which are no books"—encyclopædias (not, we trust, the "Encycl. Britt.")—and the like, have no business to display themselves in handsome bindings which might serve for a better purpose.

vi. Mrs. Battle could not reconcile herself to the vulgar terms, "go," or "there's a go"—essential to the game of cribbage. She would rather lose a rubber than declare "two for his heels."

7. Lamb so dearly loved a little mystification, that even when he says he is fooling the reader it is not always well to believe him. In the "South-Sea House" he intimates that the very names are fantastic, whereas really they are genuine and to be found in official records. On the other hand, in "My Relations," he states boldly "Brother or sister, I never had any to know them," which, of course, is untrue. His whole note appended to "Barbara S." is fictitious. Her name was not Street, and she never married. In "Christ's Hospital," he states by implication that Coleridge was born at "Sweet Calne, in Wiltshire," in place of Ottery-St.-Mary, in Devonshire, and in his "Dissertation upon Roast Pig," he puts himself to school *over* London Bridge, and even becomes a student at St. Omers! "O Elia, thou wast never trained in Academic bowers, wouldest thou deny thy faith and turn Papist?"

Examination Paper No. 6.

John Wesley's Journal (abridged edition)

1.—Describe briefly the discipline under which John Wesley and his brothers were brought up.

2.—What was his attitude during manhood towards the Church of England and in what consisted the "Method" of his original followers?

3.—How far and in what sense can he be considered an "enthusiast"?

4.—Show by reference to his Journal to what extent he was influenced by music, art, domestic affection.

5.—Discuss one or two literary judgments set down in the same Journal.

6.—Give references to prove that Wesley was possessed of a considerable fund of humour.

7.—In what way was his literary style remarkable? Are there any points on which the Journal seems to give insufficient information?

8.—Show by quotation from contemporary poets (Gray, Goldsmith, &c.) that the *siesta* of the Church during the Georgian period was by no means universal.

9.—Quote John Wesley's opinions on pleasure, mysticism, Catholic principles, manifestations, English and Scotch congregations, also on early rising, "elegant oddities," and the Westminster Play.

10.—Explain with reference to the context:

i. "My brother, my brother, that philosophy of yours must be purged away."

ii. "Give me where to stand and I will shake the world."

iii. "No man can be a thorough physician without being an experienced Christian."

iv. "*Non eam reliqui; non dimisi; non revocabo.*"

v. "Being ready to knock out all our brains for joy that the Duke of Tuscany was Emperor."

vi. "As just and merciful as Nero and as good a Christian as Mahomet."

The next paper will be on Miss Austen's novels, "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," "Emma."

In accordance with the markings as given above the first prize of £1 is this month won by

"DUBRIC."

The second prize of 10s. is won by

"PENUMBRA."

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Editor.

The marks will be published monthly, the total for the month, quarter, half-year, and year, to date. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given: for the present the real names and addresses of the prize-winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to

The Literary Editor,
"GOOD WORDS,"
15 Tavistock Street,
Covent Garden,
London, W.C.

Papers which arrive after the 20th of the month will not be adjudicated upon.

The marks for the June paper will be published in the August number of the magazine—and so on.

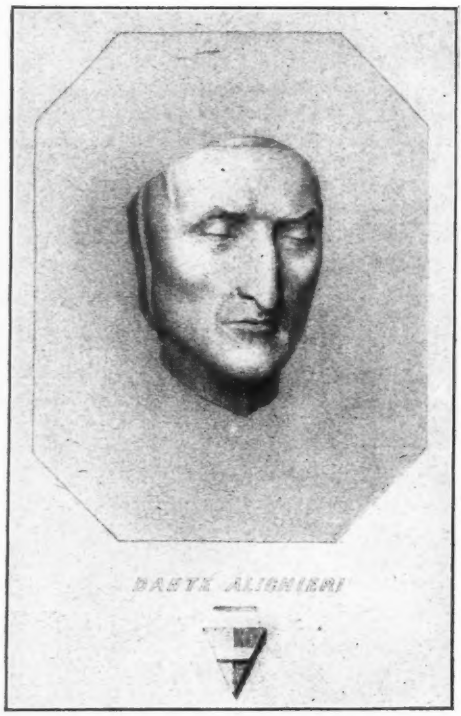
Portraits of Dante

THERE are numerous paintings, engravings, and busts of Dante in existence; but in the opinion of the best authorities only two can really claim to be authentic likenesses. With the recent scholarly revival of Dante at Drury Lane Theatre by Sir Henry Irving, it may be presumed that the interest of the reading public in the greatest of the Italian poets—and one of the greatest, indeed, of all poets—has received some stimulus. It is an opportune moment, therefore, to present to the readers of GOOD WORDS fac-similes of these authentic likenesses of the author of "The Divine Comedy." They are reproduced from the beautiful five-volume edition of Dante's "Life and Works," translated by the late Dr. Plumptre, Dean of Wells. They are known as the Bargello portrait and the Torrigiani bust. The former of these likenesses is by far the more important, not only because it shows us the great poet as he appeared to the Florentines in the prime of his manhood, but also because of its singular and, indeed, romantic history. For our very knowledge of it as a real, existing memorial of the great Italian, is owing to the fervent admiration and unwearied efforts of those who held his name and work in loving reverence. Briefly told, the story of the famous Bargello portrait is as follows: In the life of Giotto, the painter, written about the year 1405, that is about eighty years after Dante's death, it is recorded that Giotto had introduced portraits of himself and of Dante in an extensive painting on the walls of the Chapel of the Palace of the Podesta, more recently known as that of the Bargello. At some unknown date, probably in the seventeenth century, the chapel in the Podesta Palace ceased to be used as such, and its walls were covered with plaster. The palace became the residence of the Bargello, that is the chief of police, and the picture was apparently forgotten. For over a hundred years nothing more is heard of it. At the beginning of last century, however, there was a revival of the study of Dante in Italy. Attention was then called to the statement concerning the portrait of Dante in Villani's life of Giotto, the painter. Several attempts were made from time to time by artists and writers to discover the picture, but in vain. At last, in 1848, three gentlemen—an Italian, an American, and an English artist—undertook the work. A fourth gentleman, Marini, a painter of Florence, joined the exploring party. They obtained permission to clear the chapel and remove the plaster. As

Dante. The Bargello portrait

they had no idea of the precise place of the painting, the process of removing the plaster, bit by bit, was very tedious. At last they were rewarded with success, the portrait was discovered, and, in the words of Dean Plumptre, "men saw the face of Dante as his contemporaries had seen it."

The precious discovery was a little marred by the fact that a nail driven into the wall to support the scaffolding had gone through one of the eyes of the picture. It was unfortunate also that Marini, the artist, undertook not only to paint a new eye, but also



Dante. From the Torrigiani Bust

to alter the form and colour of the cap the poet wore, and to change the revolutionary tricolour of white, green, and red, which Giotto had used for the dress, by turning the green into a dark chocolate. It is noteworthy, by the way, that the colours used by Giotto in Dante's dress are those of Beatrice in "Purgatory," xxx. 31–36. The change arose out of a desire not to offend the susceptibilities of the existing Government. Fortunately, Kirkup, the English artist, had better taste and deeper reverence. He applied for leave to make a copy of the picture as it was found, and was refused. But he was not to be daunted. He got private admission to the chapel and was locked in until night. He took a tracing of the outline, made a careful drawing on paper, and gave them, together with a coloured sketch he had secretly made on one of the days of public exhibition, to Lord Vernon.

The history of the Torrigiani bust, so far as it is known, may be told in a few words. In the Museum at Florence there is a cast of Dante's face, taken in plaster and afterwards coloured. In 1735 it was in the possession of the Barons of Porcigliano as a treasured possession. From them it passed to the Torrigiani family, and thence to the Museum. Tradition says it was taken by order of Dante's friend, Guido da Polenta, of Ravenna, after the poet's death. A similar cast was obtained by Mr. Seymour Kirkup from the sculptor Bartolini, who got it at Ravenna. It is from this second cast that our illustration is taken. The likeness to the Bargello portrait is apparent. In his book on "The Original Portraits of Dante," Mr. Eliot Norton says, referring to the Bargello portrait: "It is the same face with that of the mask, but the one is the face of a youth, with all the triumphal splendour on its brow, the other of a man burdened with the dust and injury of age." H. H.

The Intelligence of Parrots

NOTHING more clearly shows that birds and beasts have intelligence resembling our own than the fact that they are subject to whims and caprices, and have their "likes and dislikes." This is not written in disparagement of humanity, but quite the reverse; because a caprice is always founded upon some association of ideas, and to connect ideas is the prerogative of intelligence. Docility and affection are animal attributes; and the accompanying illustration of a friendly parrot would be less interesting if the confidential relations which have been established between the man and the bird were the outcome of long acquaintance and kind treatment. As it happens, however, "Polly" is not nearly so friendly towards its own master and mistress—both of whom it bit severely during an early stage of their connection—as towards this new friend, who has returned to England from the South Seas for a few months only. He is privileged to scratch "Polly's" head as much as he pleases, to obtain an elaborate kiss—in which the bird hooks its formidable bill inside his lips—whenever he asks for it; and, when the cage

is opened, the parrot climbs out and nestles in his hands. There is some association of ideas, of course, in the parrot's mind as the basis of this sudden fondness for the stranger; but what is it? Human infants, before they have acquired a cutting-edge to their intellect, are always vastly taken with people of bright, ruddy complexion; and, since birds and beasts recognise their human friends whether they are standing up or sitting down, and in spite of changes of clothes, we must suppose that they are guided by the face too. An English baby presumably likes a bright, ruddy complexion because it is the natural instinct of his race to admire those who are in good health: but what complexion should we expect a parrot to admire? The only white men that the bird saw in its native country had no doubt the tanned complexion which Englishmen always acquire in tropical lands; and its new friend, just returned, complexion and all, from the South Seas, may remind the bird of its home. This may not be the reason of the parrot's caprice; but, as a suggestion, it is not without interest. E. K. R.

(J. J. Ward, photo)

Polly and its friend from the South Sea Islands

The Age of some Historical Trees

THE oldest trees we have in England are oaks, yews, and elms. It is difficult to calculate the age of a tree which has lost its heartwood, accordingly we can only make rough estimates of the great hollow elms and oaks and yews. Some of us have stood inside the Major Oak (destroyed now, we believe) or the King Oak at Sherwood, and there are few people who have not some old tree in their neighbourhood, generally an oak. But these trees begin to show foxiness in the heartwood at a comparatively early age, the resulting hollows let in decay and fungoid growths, and one sees an old tree which is dead all but a single strip of quick-bark on one side, and which has long been the home of the rabbit and the stock-dove. Hence the oak must yield to the yew, though there are trees like the Crouch Oak, near Chertsey, under the shade of which Wycliffe is said to have preached, 24 feet in circumference, and the tree at the "Golden Grove"; one at Cowthorpe, Yorks, 55 feet round; and another at Newland, Glouc., 46 feet in circumference, quite fit to rank in the first class. The Fairlop Oak in Hainault Forest, once the centre of country festivals, no longer exists. The oak near Saintes, on the Cozes Road, in the Department de la Charente Inférieure, measures 30 feet in diameter at the butt, at five feet up it is 23 feet; its age is estimated at 1800 years.

The oak is not a slow growing tree, sixty-eight rings in two feet diameter is an average. The elm hollows too, and is very liable to be uprooted, but there are some famous trees standing still. Its rate of growth is very similar to that of the oak, rather slower generally speaking. King Stephen's Elm near Chequers Court, in Bucks, is said to have afforded shelter to the King, a tradition which gives it the respectable age of 800 years. Evelyn mentions a wych-elm in Staffordshire having a diameter of 17 feet.

To the yew, however, must be assigned the palm of antiquity. The Brabourn Yew is said to be thirty centuries old. the

Fortingal Yew twenty-five, and the Grasford, the Surrey, and the Sussex Crowhurst trees with the Fountains Abbey tree (one of the Seven Sisters?), fifteen centuries old! They become somewhat grotesque objects, almost as broad as they are high when very old, certainly their circumference exceeds their height. Lime-trees appear to attain a great age on the Continent. Endlicher speaks of Lindens, in Lithuania, which measured 87 feet round and in which 815 rings have been counted. De Candolle mentions 1147 years as the ascertained age of a Linden. Mary Stuart is said to have planted the first sycamore at Holyrood. The fig or banyan tree, the branches of which root themselves, attains a diameter of 30 feet. The Amurahdepura banyan of Ceylon is venerated by the Buddhists, and the Cubbeer-Burr, which has 350 trunks and 3000 rooted branches, is an extraordinary vegetable. Such a tree may go on living indefinitely, by deputy as it were. Equally remarkable are the dragon trees and the baobabs. The dragon tree of Oratava measured by Humboldt in 1799 was 48 feet in circumference, and 16 feet in diameter at "several feet from the ground." Another traveller found it 79 feet nearer the ground, and at ten feet from the ground it was asserted to be 10 feet in diameter. The whole height of the tree is less than 70 feet. The baobabs belong to the same family as the dragon tree. One at the mouth of the Senegal River was estimated by Alvise da Ca da Mosto to have a circumference of 112 feet. Adamson speaks of a diameter of 26 to 29 feet with a height of 70 feet. He is speaking of the same trees; and Perrottet says he saw baobabs 32 feet in diameter. Adamson calculated the age of these giants to be 5000 years! Peters saw the baobab all along the eastern coast of Africa, and spoke of a girth of 60 to 75 feet. There is said to be a forest of them on the Shangani River, in Matabeleland, though, as a rule, they are solitary trees. The monkey bread-fruit tree, as it is called, and the plantain, are the same. The "Lycian" plantain, in which ex-Consul Licinius Mutianus entertained twenty-one guests, was, perhaps (this is only a suggestion), the "Lydian" plantain which Xerxes decorated with ornaments. The broad flat crowns of the baobabs—Adamson's baobab—have a crest measuring 180 feet across—thus giving these trees the appearance of a gigantic half-grown mushroom. The cotton tree occasionally reaches a great size.

The Americas and Australia have added trees to the historical roll whose girth and height make up for the lack of traditional associations. The deciduous cypress of Mexico, the "Ahuahuete" of the Mexicans, is represented at Santa Maria del Tule, Oaxaca, by a tree 40½ feet in diameter, and probably 2000 years old; and Humboldt speaks of two, 36 and 38 feet in circumference, in what had once been Montezuma's garden at Chapoltepec. These trees, if standing, must be not less than 500 years old. But the cypress, like the sequoias, the redwoods, and the canoe cedars of the North-West, taper rapidly. The big trees of California exceed 35 feet in diameter and reach the height of 400 feet: their proportions are very fine, nor do they taper so quickly as the others. A section of one in the South Kensington Museum has 1335 rings. Being coniferæ, a sociable order, several grow close together, but, alas! only a few are standing. The Californian redwoods are second only to the sequoias in size, with a diameter of 20 feet. There is a rapidly diminishing forest of them, for they are the biggest timber-producing trees in the world. Even the sequoias must give way in point of height to the "Giant Gums" of Australia, some of which on the Watts River in Gippsland have measured 470 to 500 feet. A Tasmanian gum measured 70 feet round near the ground, but the gums taper too. I daresay 1500 years is a fair age to assign to the biggest gums. The canoe cedar of the North Pacific coast attains a great size. I have seen trees 12 feet in diameter, and the big war canoes must have been made out of very fine trees. M. C.

The Cannibal's Weapons of War

THE workmanship and skill exhibited by the weapons of savages when considered in relation with the crude tools with which they were made, is such that at first it can scarcely be credited. Sharpened shells or stones

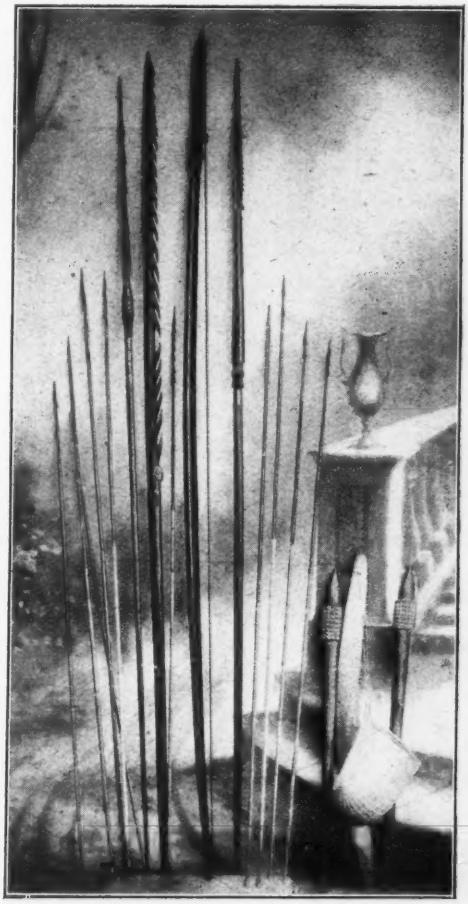
would be difficult tools for even a skilled workman to use, yet the natives of some of the Pacific Islands produce highly finished weapons, beautifully carved, and of wood so hard that it requires strong fingers indeed to make a drawing-pin penetrate it, all with no better tools than adze blades and knives of stone and shell. So carefully can they prepare these tools that oyster-shells eventually become razors and are used by the natives for shaving.

Their weapons being their means of livelihood and protection, it naturally follows that they devote much time and considerable ingenuity—often extremely diabolical ingenuity—in perfecting and finishing these implements.

The photograph illustrates some examples of these weapons from the writer's collection. The large spear with the sharp recurved teeth measures eight and a half feet in length, and is made of a hard black wood beautifully polished, and tapers at the head and butt, some two and a half feet more at the latter than can be seen on the photograph, and in its thickest part near the centre is about one and a half inches in diameter. Such shaped spears are made for holding by this thickened part, being held above the shoulder, and are carefully balanced for use in this position. The pattern of the carved teeth is a favourite one, the butt ends of their canoe paddles often being decorated with the same design.

The other tall spear to the right, from San Cristoval, Solomon Islands, is of a hard brown wood, artistically carved at the head portion, the carving terminating with pretty interlacing black and yellow fibres, and is nine and a half feet in length. That to the left is a shorter spear, but of quite another style, although probably from the same island, being several series of sharpened fish or bird bones bound, and cemented to the spear head as barbs, each circle fitting into the next, and all so arranged to readily penetrate a body, but on no account to be withdrawn.

The bow in the centre is of the same hard black wood as the spear first mentioned, and also, like it and the arrows, are from the Solomon Islands. The string of the bow is interesting on account of its being protected by a thick waxy or resinous covering, also, as the natives wear little or no clothing, and therefore lack pockets, a fresh bow-string is carried wrapped round the bow itself, as can be seen on the photograph. In use the bow



(J. J. Ward, photo)

Some weapons from the Pacific Islands

is set on the ground, being over six feet in height, the end on the ground being firmly held between the large and second toes of the shooter.

The arrows are likewise interesting, their heads being made of hard woods, while the shaft is of a light hollow reed or cane,

answering the purpose of feathers used by other archers. The tips and barbs of these arrows are studies of skilful and diabolical ingenuity, the fish and bird bones are carefully sharpened and fastened to the wood and always arranged to easily penetrate but never to withdraw, and of hard and brittle bones which readily break in the wound in endeavouring to remove the arrow. Sometimes two rows only are arranged down each side of the arrow-head, others are arranged on all sides. Some are perfectly smooth wood, or perhaps carved somewhat, but it by no means follows that these are less dangerous on that account, being often made of a wood which, when moistened in the wound, swells and bursts, so that it is extremely difficult to extract. As if not content with such mischievous and malicious weapons, they are frequently dipped into putrefying flesh or vegetable poisons before shooting. All are beautifully finished with ligaments of bark below the barbs and at the butt to prevent splitting.

The implements to the right on the ground represent two clubs, or "timmy-timmy," of Queensland natives, used both for hunting and in war, each cut from a single piece of wood, while between them is a boomerang or "yaroo-andy," used for throwing at birds; some more curved forms are made to return to their owners after throwing. The basket is also that of a Queensland native, and worn over the head, hanging at the back of the neck, and used for carrying nuts, &c. These natives do not use the bow, but the spear, missle, boomerang, and club instead.

JOHN J. WARD.

An Amusing Coincidence

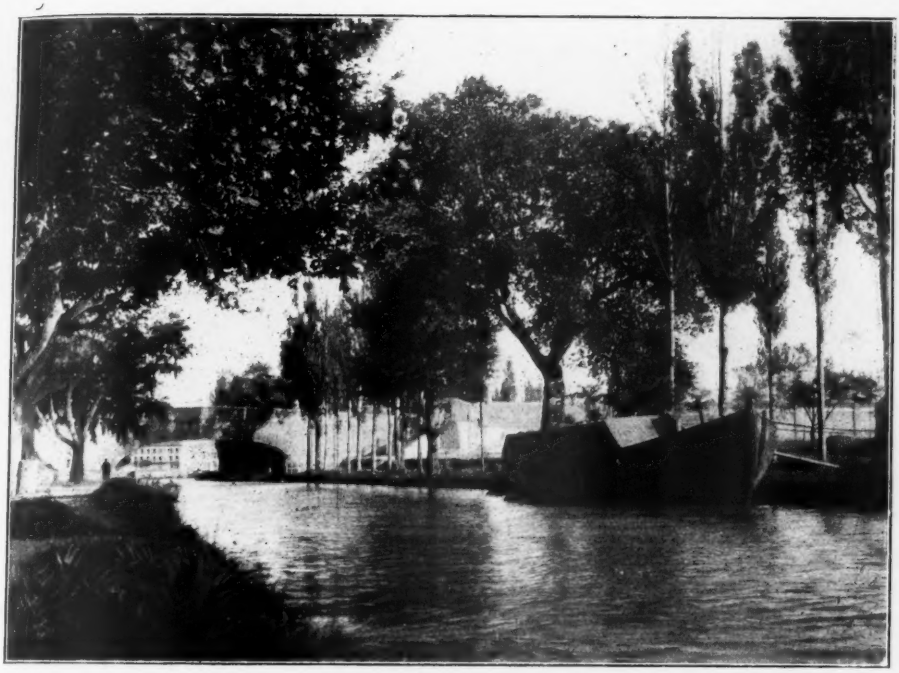
IN the skit on the London *Times* and the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which, published under the title of "Wisdom while you Wait," has made 45,000 people laugh, it has been pointed out that there is no need to be literary to find the "Insidecompletuar" useful. "When a caster is off the piano," the amusingly satirical authors suggest, "a single volume will remedy the defect. Two volumes placed in his chair will make baby higher"—and so on. Never was a fanciful idea worked out more literally (the word is quite the right one here) and in a more matter-of-fact way, says the *Southampton Times* of May 9, than was this one at Southampton last Monday. Just before Lord Avebury opened the new art gallery it was ascertained that his lordship would read the address which he had so kindly promised to give. The platform which had been erected had a small table in the centre, and as it was thought this would not meet the distinguished visitor's requirements, a sort of lectern was improvised by placing a number of books upon the table, with a portable writing-desk on top. Now on the premises there are 30,000 books of all sizes, and—which is where the point of this little yarn comes in—the volumes which the library officials instinctively hit upon for the purpose indicated were part of Southampton's set of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," alias the "Insidecompletuar!" So in a sense we owe it to the London *Times* that Lord Avebury's speech attained to such a level of excellence. It was, indeed, wisdom on the higher-system.

Song the Consoler

SHE keeps the keys of comfort; in her hand
Is many a balsam, many a sovereign charm,
Pain falls asleep on her protecting arm;
Doubt by the whisper of her wings is fanned
With soft airs breathing of her native land;
Grief for awhile forgets to do us harm,
Sin can allure us not, nor strife alarm,
When in the shelter of her peace we stand.

By her we turn aside life's flaming sword,
And walk as in the garden of the Lord.
And find again the world we lost of old,
God gave her for a refuge and a rest,
And Sorrow's self is happy on her breast,
For ever fully, tenderly consoled.

S. GERTRUDE FORD.



The bridge end of Miranda-Aran

The Adventurer in Spain*

By S. R. Crockett

Author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Stickit Minister," "The Men of the Moss Hags," &c.

VII.—"God's Babe"

I TOOK my last look of Miranda-Aran from the verge of the tableland which overlooked the valley. Though my acquaintance with the place and with its impulsive little mistress was hardly more than a matter of hours, it may be confessed that there was a certain tightness about my heart as I looked back. Yonder were the naked pinnacles the fire had blackened—far beneath the white banners of the washerwomen, Amparo, Carmelita, and the rest—row on row along the river bank, while from an upper balcony Zaida herself, escaped from her nurse, waved a frantic handkerchief.

But my crowning perplexity was to form any theory which would connect my sometime friends Don Emmanuel Sebastian and the Bishop of El Seo with the little maid at Miranda-Aran, whose heart had been so easily moved by "one who knew about little girls." As much as I could, I tried to keep my mind from the problem, for, after all, it was no affair of mine. There had been much that was mysterious about the Sebastians of San Severino, and I took credit to myself

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for prying no further than circumstances had compelled me into their secrets. As for the Bishop of El Seo, all my attention had been given to the man of God, his loneliness, his childlike simplicity. Of the man or his family I knew nothing.

The caravan was already some distance on in front, swagging painfully across the plain on the evilly-paven road which leads towards Zaragoza and the north. As usual, the road cut straight and even northward to the horizon. Vast, naked, to the eye featureless, the plain was still not uniformly level, for many *barrancas*, or dry torrent beds, cut across it here and there. However, as no one could distinguish one of these a hundred yards in advance, the first token of their presence was usually afforded to Rodil and myself by a sudden tilting of the blue-covered waggon, and Penique's warning shout to Babieca to be careful. This, however, was superfluous. It was Babieca who should have shouted to Penique.

Right and left the young wheat made all the landscape a marvel of keen emerald and veridian. There was not a tree to be seen. We had not gone a mile before the valley of the Ebro had disappeared entirely, and only the snow in the gashes of Moncayo and one or two peaks of the high Sierras to the north remained to remind us that the world was not as flat as a ball-room floor. Occasionally a shepherd herded his flock carefully along the margins of the fields, or set them nibbling by the roadside. Whether or not the sheep were ever permitted a sly bite at the young wheat I do not know, but when we saw them they were shouldering and pushing each other towards the forbidden ground exactly like mischievous schoolboys. It was hot on the wide plain, and, of course, water was not to be had; for we had left the Castle in too great a hurry to think of replenishing our skins. There was wine indeed, but I was fated to learn again that wine by itself is no Christian, and that it will not quench thirst unless it is first well baptized.

I had made up my mind that I had looked my last upon my small friend Zaida of the Garden, and so, with what philosophy I might, I composed myself to open a new chapter of my wandering Odyssey. All about me the young green of the wheat was shot with silver and opal as the wind swirled and eddied. As for Zaida's garden, it lay back there, sunk out of sight, in the pit of the Ebro valley, with Andrés and Cristina and Amparo and Carmelita, together with several other things which my eyes would see no more, but all as large as life in their own estimations.

This reflection was made with my head bowed on my breast and my feet trudging slackly through the dust. Rodil paced alongside—silent, deep also, to all appearance, in his own thoughts. Suddenly he turned and looked back along the road. We were winding up the weary zigzag of a *barranca*, or dry ravine.

"It seemed that I heard a cry," he said. Then he lifted up his voice and shouted to Penique. But as for Penique, having mounted himself on the little driving shelf of the waggon as soon as Babieca reached the summit, nothing was farther from his mind than crying out.

"Yet I am certain I heard something," Rodil repeated, as we looked around us in all directions. There was no apparent source or cause—not a tree, not a house, not a person, only the deep blue sky above and beneath the rippling emerald sea of the wheat; while in front, amid the swirling dust of the highway, loomed up the huge hump of the waggon, with Babieca and Penique equally lost to sight beyond it.

"*Señores, wait, I pray you!*"

The long Castilian vowels lengthened themselves interminably. There could be no mistake this time. Some one was calling us. But to all appearance the world lay blank as a test-map, in which are outline and colour only. Rodil made a trumpet of his hands and blared into the vague.

"Where are you?" he shouted; "we cannot see!"

"Here—to the right! *A la derecha-a! In the barranca-a-a!*"

Mountainous Spain is a country of magnificent distances, and possesses a magnificent language for shouting across them. Even yet, however, we could see nothing. But presently, shading our eyes from the dust and sun-glare, Rodil and I made out a

shape, small and inconsequent as a flitting butterfly, that approached us from the depths of the gully. The creature came rapidly, springing up the sheer side like a very kid of the goats. And in a moment, lo! breathless, panting, but triumphant, there came running to us across the green braird of the wheat—Zaida herself!

At first I thought that something terrible had happened at the Castle—some sudden-falling destruction out of the clearness of the sky.

I did not know Zaida very well then.

Rodil and I only stood and stared. We gasped, "Why—why?" And we kept on saying that.

Nor did she keep us long in suspense.

"They are come," she said, sitting down among the young wheat that came right to the roadside, and lifting her single skirt informally to wipe her brow, "and they said I was to bide on there alone with Andrés and Cristina — nay, without even Sister Teresa. 'I will not,' said I. And so I have run away to travel all about the world with you. I will stay by the waggon—yes, even with yonder silly boy in it! And, oh, I am dying for a drink of water!"

Meantime, Zaida sat and looked at us

Alas! even when the water was provided out of our scanty store, the situation was more grave than either of us cared to face. I was accustomed to cats and dogs attaching themselves on short acquaintance, but little girls with mysterious protectors—there lay a difference. And in Spain, too, where it is more than usually dangerous to meddle in other men's matters.

Meantime, Zaida sat and looked at us,

uncertain as to what we would do, even forgetting to ask for more water.

Rodil put his fingers to his mouth and produced a long, melancholy call, half whistle, half "coo-ee"!

"Four hundred devils take that boy," he muttered; "he is asleep again. I will tan the lazy hide upon his back when I catch him!"

But at that moment the waggon slewed slowly about, and the head of Penique appeared round the tilt to inquire, a round, black dot looking back to see what was wanted. Rodil signed him to return, and in a little the caravan had tacked and Babieca was heading towards us again. I am sure that at that moment the Copper's thoughts were prayers. For Penique was a gregarious boy, and by nature he loved towns and the swarming bustle of streets. He endured the country for the most part silently, because he had a father who loved it. But he did not rejoice in the business of camping out, and, above all, he hated little farmhouses, where there were no boys to play at ninepins with, to toss for "little dogs," or merely roll at rough-and-tumble with in the dust of the highway.

Penique plays ninepins

But we wasted no time. In five minutes we had Zaida out of the sun and tasting a little wine mixed with some drops of often-boiled water which had been discovered in the bottom of the kettle. But, in spite of our entreaties, she utterly refused to return without conditions made, and we were nonplussed with the resolution of so young a child.

"No," she cried, "I will not go back—at least, not to stay in that place with Andrés and Cristina—people wanting manners. It is not fitting——"

"Come back with me," I said at last, "I will speak with the Count and with his brother. I know them."

"Know them?" Zaida cried, greatly surprised; "surely in this you are mistaken. The Count comes but seldom here, and his brother, the old priest, even I have never seen him before—that is, to remember. How, then, can you, a stranger, know the Count of Miranda-Aran and his brother?"

"Nevertheless, I know them both," I said, "and they would blame me sorely if anything happened to you, little Zaida——"

"Ah! you are afraid!" she said, her voice suddenly changing and her eyes flashing fire. (She stretched out her arm and pointed over the waste.) "Go—I do not want you!" she cried. "*I* am not afraid! I told them I would run away, and I have done so. I will not go back! There is always the Frenchwoman's pool!"

Now was the time to find out how much of influence I possessed. So I went to her and sat on the low seat of the waggon which Penique had vacated.

"Zaida," I whispered, "if the little 'Heart of Gold' in Scotland were to run away, would not my heart be sore?"

"Not if she ran *to* you, it would not!" she answered, beginning to sob softly and continuously, perhaps knowing that I had set out to persuade her.

"But the Count—his brother—they love you, I am sure. At least, I know the priest does——" for I remembered my picture of the little maiden in the snow he had looked at so often in the cloisters of La Delicia.

"They do not!—they do not!" she cried, striking the rough floor of the tilt-cart with her tiny palm, "or they would not speak of leaving me alone there in that burned house—with only Andrés and——"

"But you forget, Zaida," I persisted, "there are your friends also, Amparo and Carmelita——!"

"They are washer-girls—I am a Señorita!" she cried. "If you do not take me with you—if you are afraid, I swear to the saints I will drown myself in the Ebro—I know the place! Where the Frenchwoman drowned

The camping-place on the gravel bar

herself when I was little. Amparo saw them take her out. There was a smile on her face, she says." Doubtless it was a girl's foolish threat, but yet there was a passionate earnestness and an impulsive fire about the maid that I did not like.

"Well, I will go with you, Zaida," I repeated; "we will all go back, and I will speak with Don—with the Count and with his brother. Perhaps there is some other way out of it than that you should remain alone in the Castle with only Andrés."

At this point Rodil whispered in my ear and looked towards the west. We had not long to make up our minds. The sun was dropping fast, and already the valley of the Ebro had become only a trough of blue mist.

"Trust me, Zaida," I said, somewhat desperately, "I will speak with your friends, I promise you. I know they will listen when I speak!"

It was an all too bold assertion, but anything was better than that Zaida should be lost all night from her home. I knew that the Count would never rest until he found her.

"Very well, then," she said, with a slow temperate decision in her speech, "I take your word. I will go back with you. But remember, if it falls out otherwise, what I have said I will do. I will not be left alone again. The day I am left with only Andrés and Cristina, I will—go down there to the Frenchwoman's pool!"

We turned back, Penique speechless in a deep fit of the sulks, his father Rodil with his usual calm philosophy. All places were the same to the man 'whose mind his kingdom is.' I took Zaida on my back and ran races with Babieco, or danced double shuffles in the dusty road till that small and difficult person fairly chinked with laughter, forgetting, when I sneezed with the dust, all the passion and tragedy of five minutes before.

But when we came to the verge of the tableland, and looked down through the first sprinkle of the spring greenery on the fair valley of the Upper Ebro and the ruined buildings of Miranda-Aran, I heard her suddenly catch her breath and sob.

"Set me down," she commanded soberly. "Remember, Señor, I will do what you say because you say it. But—if you leave me alone again in this place, I warn you I have it in me, also to do the other as well!"

We descended into the misty gloom which filled the valley, as water fills a pot, and at the foot, near the little clump of palm-trees, Rodil paused and spoke with decision.

"We will make camp here, Penique and I," he said; "do you go on and come what speed you may with your affairs. We will await your return."

Down by the Ebro-side, or rather in among the wide sands and gravels which it deposits in winter, is a small triangular pitch of green turf, and on one corner, sheltered by great trees, a scrap of ruined wall broke the valley wind. On the lee side of this last were the marks of many fires. It was not the first time that the wandering folk had made their bivouac there, outside the wall of Miranda-Aran.

"Here we will await your return," repeated Rodil; "go thou . . . with God!"

In a general way Rodil did not lavish benedictions, and his grave air as well as his words intimated that he considered the situation a serious one. I had, I thought, my reasons for thinking otherwise. So I took Zaida by the hand and we two turned once more up the brae. There were lights wandering here and there as if a search was in progress, and as we came near the house some one rode furiously down the road towards the bridge. Zaida said nothing, but I could feel her clutch tighten upon my hand. I stooped and lifted her up, and as I did so I could hear quite plainly the jolting beat of her little heart.

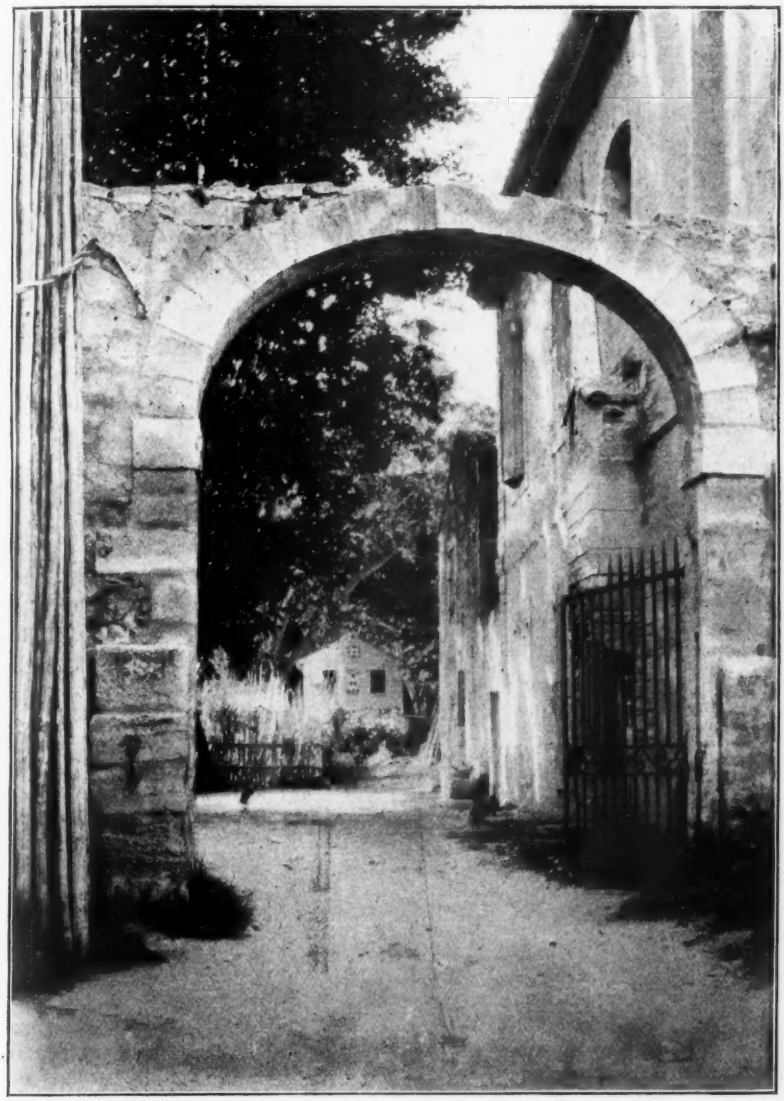
"You are frightened?" I said gently, as I settled her on my shoulder. She was small for her age—slim—indeed a very feather-weight when compared with northern children reared on beef and oatmeal.

"No, I do not think I am frightened," she said, "only the Count has never been angry with me before!"

"He will not be angry now, littlest!" I answered; "take hold of my hair—there, under the cap at the back!"

We came out on the wide green space in front of the house. The gables and broken

pinnacles stood out ink-black against the full orange of the sunset. In front of the great



The gate of Miranda-Aran

doorway two men were walking, deep in conversation. As Zaida and I came forward they turned and looked at us. The taller took a step or two forward hastily and then stopped.

"It is the Englishman!" he said. "What do you here, sir?"

"And with your little maid, you would ask me, Don Emmanuel," I answered steadily. "Indeed you may well inquire."

I set down Zaida, and she flung herself into the arms of Don Emmanuel Sebastian,

she professed that she was Don Alonso's wife—and that he had married her in France, near to Toulouse. But he had left her penniless and with the child yet to be born. So when it came she nursed it awhile, keeping silence and brooding on her purpose. Then suddenly, fleeing by night, she made her way across the mountains, God alone knows how; for it was the depth of the terrible winter when the passes were shut full four months; and on her arrival she found only her husband's grave. He died for treachery, as I told you, and in her poor brain she judged that it must have been his father who had delivered him up. (It was not, though, indeed, it was a near relative who cleared the family dishonour.) And so she waited the enthronement to take her vengeance.

"They took her, still laughing, to the madhouse; but on the seventh day she escaped, and—by some strange knowledge, or profiting by some hint of Don Alonso's, she followed her child, tracking us step by step, even as she had done her husband across the mountains. Then she lurked in the woods and in the caves of the river-bank, waiting for a chance to steal the child back again. And once, when the nurse had been careless, she leaped through a window and carried off the babe from its very cradle. But Andrés, being near, gave chase, and would have caught the poor mad thing without doubt, save that she sprang into the pool on the Ebro, beneath the bridge, the same they call the 'Frenchwoman's pool' to this very day!"

The Frenchwoman's pool

"And she was drowned?" I asked.

"She fought for the child like a wild cat—Andrés bears the marks to this hour. He won the child, however, and as soon as she found that she could not keep that, she caught at the cane-brake roots in the pool bottom and so died, gripping with her elbows

sobbing. "Let me go away," she cried, "I cannot stay here any longer!"

"What is this—what is this?" The Count bent down and lifted her up in his turn. As he did so the other, who was clad in simple priest's dress, drew near, and in the twilight peered somewhat anxiously into my face.

"Ah," he said, "it is *my* Englishman—he who came to me at La Delicia. All is well—he loves children. I know it."

It was the sole virtue upon which they could reckon, but it stood me in good stead. Zaida was already pouring her tale into the ear of Don Emmanuel, and long before she had finished my former host of San Severino held out his hand.

"You must think we are compact of mysteries, we Sebastians: but there need be none about this little maid. You know my brother here is the Bishop of El Seo. Well, he was a soldier once before he was a priest, and he had one only son. *This is that son's daughter.*"

As he spoke Don Emmanuel put down the little girl. The Bisnop laid his hand upon her head, and I think he prayed.

"She calls you the Count of Miranda-Aran," I went on, hardly knowing what to say, "and I have only known you as Don Emmanuel Sebastian?"

"I have a right to both names," said my friend, "but during the war the peasantry and the troops together burned this my house, and, as you know, I have never been reconciled with the Government. So it is best for me to abide near the frontier, where, as you have seen, my sons and I have found means to make ourselves respected. But I come here when it is safe—as now, when the Government at Madrid has its hands full overseas. Also, for the first time in many years, my brother accompanies me."

Don Emmanuel (to call him by the old name) glanced over his shoulder to see where Zaida and the Bishop were walking. Then he added, in a low tone, "and, indeed, I think that it was none other than yourself who sent him hither!"

"*I send him here!*" I stammered, too surprised to say more.

"Yes, with your picture of the little Scottish maid eating her cake in the snow! Nothing else! That, he confessed, set his heart on the vanities of the flesh. So he has come with me to see his 'God's babe.'"

"His son, then, is dead?"

Don Emmanuel nodded.

"Aye, surely," he continued, "or my brother would never have been a Bishop."

I dared not ask more, but all the same I longed to know of that prodigal son's life. I knew at once, by Don Emmanuel's tone, that there was something very tragic behind.

"That son," he went on, "was, as you may judge, no father's comfort. My lads are men, and, I grant you, possess among them pretty much all a strong man's faults. But this Don Alonso had in him all the devils, besides being a boaster and a traitor. He became of the police and—he died not well. Even my brother does not know how. So, when his son was dead, and my brother, thinking himself the last of his family, and his mind lying to holiness, at last permitted them to make him a Bishop—a strange thing happened."

Don Emmanuel was silent awhile, as was his custom when he had something of importance to relate, like a man who arranges his sentence in a foreign tongue before he commits himself to speech.

"It was the high day of the enthronement," he went on, "and all the clergy of the diocese were there to kiss the hand of the new Bishop. You know the cathedral of El Seo—yes, I heard that you spent some time there. I had not thought you so well affected to the religion. At any rate, there are the aisles two on either side, and in the centre the choir. There was also a way kept clear for the processions. And when the Bishop, my brother, was seated in his chair, lo! a woman came swiftly up one of these, turned the corner of the *coro*, and, running past the priests, laid a baby at the Bishop's feet, even upon the skirt of his robes, crying, 'Holy father, behold your son!'

"Yes, doubtless at the time it was great scandal, and had almost broken any man but my brother down to the ground, as a thistle is broken with a stick. But when they took the woman and made her speak,

companionship of Andrés and his wife, the little girl cared not where she went. Even school, being an unknown quantity, had no terrors for her. The French blood in her raced at the thought of gaiety and change. All novelty appealed to her, and after she had been assured that I would often see her in the Ariége, she was prepared to set out instantly—nay, she pressed for an immediate departure that very night.

The next day, very early in the morning, I went down to talk the matter over with Rodil. Long ere the sun showed over the edge of the tableland of Aragon I made my way through the palm-grove to the camp in the little plot behind the bridge. The caravan was at rest in a corner, but a pew of white reek curling lazily up showed that some one was awake. Babieca limped slowly round, his legs tied fore and aft with a rope. Evidently it was Rodil who was on foot, for I could hear Penique snoring within. I had, indeed, good reason to know that snore. It had kept me awake several nights when he slept under the waggon in the berth which belonged of right to *Halte La*, the great Danois.

As I turned the corner of the caravan, I found Rodil sitting on the step, engaged in making the most intimate repairs upon his wardrobe. He merely glanced up and nodded. He was in no way surprised to see me in the middle of the night, dropping upon him over the wall of the Count's palm-grove. Out-of-door-folk take no account of each other's capacity for doing without sleep.

"Well," he said, plying his needle, "the Count did not haft his Albacete knife in you when you took him back his daughter without giving you a chance to explain!"

I looked at Rodil with a certain suspicion in my eye.

"You know who the Count is then," I said; "why did you not tell me?"

"In my time," he said, "I have repeated so many tales that lied, so many true tales that hurt—that (when there is a chance) I have learned how much better it is to be silent."

Whereupon I told him as much as I judged necessary of the Count's story, and asked him if he thought that Marinessia would undertake the care of the girl after she was married. But, as was his way, Rodil disclaimed any responsibility for his offspring.

"She has been well educated," said Marinessia's father, "but as to this I know nothing of what Marinessia will say or do. She thinks and acts for herself. I had resolved that she should have no taint of this wandering life, if I could help it. Besides, there is her uncle to consider!"

"And, Biño," I added, smiling.

Rodil shook his head.

"No," he said gently, as if throwing the words up into the vague to take root where they would; "I judge there will not be Biño to consider. True, there will be a shackle on good Master Biño's foot when he marries my Marinessia, or I am much mistaken."

By this time I had become accustomed to trust much to Rodil's judgment upon such matters as came within his province. I therefore put the matter before him and waited while he filled, lighted, and smoked out two pipes of strong tobacco.

"Well, yes, on the whole, taking things, as it were, by and large, he was inclined to think that it might do. Marinessia was very good with horses. She had 'the way.' And even Penique was no trouble when his sister took him in hand. But what of the Count? Would he permit . . . one connected with his family to associate with a travelling merchant's daughter, even when she came as of ancient a family as his own?"

For my part I was inclined to think that Don Emmanuel would not stand upon trifles.

"So be it, then," said Rodil; "I myself will speak with Marinessia on my return."

It was pleasant to abide with Rodil down in the river-bottom, as the day began to grow and the long slants of sunshine to strike down the side gulleys, drinking up the dew and causing the turquoise valley-haze to ascend and vanish. There were real gipsies in the shelter of the bridge-arches. I could see them lighting their fires and beginning to prepare their morning meal. But, as usual, the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans.

"Accursed horse-coping demons," quoth

interlocked. It took three men to bring the body up out of the water!"

As he spoke, I remembered with a sudden thrill Zaida's threats that she would drown herself. "In the Frenchwoman's pool," she had said—the same from which they had taken her mother out, "with a smile on her face," as Amparo bore witness, who had stood on the bank and watched.

Then I told Don Emmanuel all that had befallen since I had left El Seo—of Rodil and Marinessia and the love of Biño. Like a true Spaniard, he said nothing, but followed my tale with grave attention, ever courteous and patient. That he denied himself even a cigarette was proof incontestable of his interest.

"Yes. You have the strange English itch to find things out," he said at length. "Why not be content? In my life I have found out too much—experienced too many things. Now I am content to sit still and let things happen to me. So will you, Señor, when you come to my age. Of that I make no doubt at all!"

Then, seeing that the Bishop and his little granddaughter were going in by the door, I proceeded to urge Don Emmanuel to take Zaida away from a place where she had no companions and to place her among girls of her age. Suddenly Zaida turned on the threshold and called back a word.

"You will not go away and leave me without warning," she said; "if you do—well, I have told you what will happen."

Then I recounted to Don Emmanuel all, how she had threatened to throw herself in the same pool in which her mother had been drowned. The old man sighed and looked troubled, shaking his head from time to time, but hearing me out.

"It is a terrible thing to guide aright the daughter of such parents," he said. "God only knows what will come of it. My brother is, of course, all for the religious life. But—I have had daughters of my own, and I am sure that in a few years, to be a nun would either kill Zaida or she would run away to a great disgrace!"

For a long time Don Emmanuel and I walked to and fro under the stars, silent mostly, but speaking at times of the strange chances of life, of the heritage of birth, and of what in the end shall be accounted to a man or a woman for good and evil.

"My brother and I," he said presently, "hold the strange heresy that it is better to be of a poor religion than to have none. But I am sure that not every woman is fitted to be shut up for life in a nunnery!"

"Why not take Zaida with you to San Severino," I suggested; "she would have all the liberty there she needs, with abundant companionship."

"Ah, too much—too much," he repeated, as if the thought had not come for the first time. "She would run wild there. And then there is Donna Isadra, my daughter—it is not good that a child should grow up side by side with such sadness—certainly not the child of Alonso my nephew and the Frenchwoman. It is the middle course which is difficult to find."

Then his thoughts took a new direction.

"What was it you told me just now of our excellent Biño?" he asked suddenly.

"He is to be married," I answered, "to Marinessia Alva Rodil, the traveller's daughter—she who across the mountains won the palms and the pension, which is her dowry. They are going to settle on his farm in the Ariége—I think near Les Cabanes."

"Ah," said Don Emmanuel thoughtfully, "there are good schools in France, I have heard. There is at Les Cabanesa a convent of sisters to which she might go as a day boarder. What sort of girl is this Marinessia Alva?"

After I had told him what I knew, he continued deep in meditation. "Concerning this I will speak with my brother," he said at length, "he is a poor man. I also am nowise rich and have many to provide for. But, though it would not be well to bring Zaida up with great expectations, she shall not lack teaching, nor yet a dowry when her time comes. Only I would rather for all our sakes she would marry on the other side of the mountains. If, therefore, we think this to be hopeful, I count on you to persuade Zaida. Let us follow them in."

As to the persuading of Zaida, there was indeed very little question of that. So long as she got away from Miranda-Aran and the

Rodil suddenly, making free of an expletive which I never heard him use before, "'tis a pity the Holy Inquisition had not made cleaner work of such when it was about it—instead of troubling the Moriscoes, who, from all I can hear, were a very honourable people and free with their money."

I asked Rodil if he could speak the crabbed Gitano, and at the word he spat orientally on the ground.

"Can I howl like a dog?" he demanded almost fiercely. He turned about and observed half a dozen little gipsy children, sloe-eyed and tatterdemalion, hanging round the waggon, probably on the chance of something to eat.

"Begone, spawn of the devil!" he cried, with quite unusual vehemence.

Then, taking up his task again he was silent awhile. His brow cleared gradually. The humorous twinkle crept back into his eyes, and finally he laughed outright.

"I have to ask your pardon," he said, "but I can no more help abusing a gipsy than you a mosquito! Each to his own hatreds, as his blood drives him. But I did wrong to curse. For curses come home to roost. Yet, alas! I would not be a true Spaniard if I were not sometimes suddenly angry!"

Which also is a true word. The Spaniard is ever liable to sudden anger over trifles. Then he is most dangerous. For he will strike with a knife, or a stone, or a log of wood as may come handy. I have seen a muleteer almost kill his best beast merely for scraping a valuable load against a rock. Yet an hour afterwards he would share bite and sup with that same animal, all being forgotten, and go to sleep with his arm about the culprit's neck!

Little gipsy children, sloe-eyed and tatterdemalion

But the Spaniard is generally free of the accursed Italian vendettas which slumber on like half-dormant volcanoes from generation to generation, breaking out at intervals into some amazing explosion of blood and treachery.

At about eight o'clock I heard a voice from the palm-grove which I knew. It was Zaida calling me.

I left Rodil still busy among his umbrellas and stepped up the bank. Zaida was running to and fro like a questing dog on a mixed trail.

"Ah, there you are!" she cried; "you have been once more with these merchant

folk—the umbrella-menders. You love them more than you love Zaida! Do you? I bid you tell me at once."

"Certainly," I said, "when Zaida is such a very foolish and wicked little girl as she was yesternight."

"But Zaida is no longer naughty," she said demurely: "there is no need. The Count has promised to take me away—and (her expression became irresistibly witching) the Bishop has been teaching me religion. My heart is changed. I feel it here!"

She laid her hand on her left side, a little above her stomach.

"You mean," said I gravely, "that you have got your own way!"

She dimpled and waved to and fro an imaginary fan, making (as it were) coquettish play over the top of it with her eyes.

"Perhaps," she said; "at any rate, there is a change. I will not now drown myself in the Frenchwoman's pool. I am to go to the Feast of the Children at El Seo. I am to be prepared for my first communion. The Bishop will teach me himself. He began last night and I lay awake—ah, so long!"

But Zaida is no longer naughty

"Thinking over and repeating the holy words he taught you, doubtless?" I demanded, for the persistent dimple showed that there was more lurking behind. Zaida continued to smile, more with her eyes than her mouth.

"Partly—yes," she said, demurely, "but—most of the time I thought about the dress I am to wear in the cathedral. All by myself I have decided upon it. It is to be of silk and *baptiste*—yes, and with much old

lace—yellow (but not too yellow) because of my complexion, you understand. And because I read well, I am to read the lesson, and have an older girl to pull off my glove—such gloves, white and of many buttons. Ah, it is good to go where one can have beautiful things—and be taught religion. Long might I have stayed here without having such given to me. I thank you a thousand times for speaking to the Count, as I bade you. Yes, I will be good and learn my catechism so quickly! Oh, you shall not be ashamed of Zaida!"

She was silent a while after this outburst of religious enthusiasm. Then she came softly up to me and began to pat the sleeve of my coat gently, and with the prettiest assumption of embarrassment.

"Do you think you could?" she palpitated; then she broke off sighing, "Oh, I shall never dare to ask you—*but, if you could?*"

She looked up in this pause.

"If you could . . . what?" I demanded as grimly as possible.

She clapped her hands together with a little cry.

"Oh, I never could ask you if you speak like that—so grave and stern."

Spite of this direct attack, I remained silent and waited.

Full well I knew that I should not have long to wait. Zaida glanced up to see in what frame of mind I might be, discerned inevitably the twinkle in my eye, and instantly set up a triumphant cry.

"Ah, you will—I see you will," she cried with renewed confidence. "It is this that I ask. Not much—so little it is. Will you ask of the Count (he will do anything for you—as I would also) to get me the white dress of silk and *baptiste* at once? For, if it were really made, I could learn my religion so much more quickly; not to put on, you know, for that would be unlucky, but just to lie in a drawer where I could look at it. Oh, I could learn everything so much better, and be a bad girl again—oh, never and never and never!"

And, eager to purchase so much goodness at so cheap a rate, I actually did ask, and, what is more, had the dress made immediately upon our arrival at El Seo, and laid in the drawer, duly to be looked at as a reward of merit or an encouragement to virtue. Afterwards also this same robe of silk and *baptiste* became a most powerful weapon in the hands of Marinessia Alva, though it is too soon to tell about that.

There was really no reason why we should stay longer at Miranda-Aran, save that the weakness of the Bishop prevented his setting out that day. Zaida could hardly restrain her impatience, and set about hastening the departure by every means in her power. If she had been allowed, she would have gone in to inquire as to the Bishop's health every quarter of an hour; and in the meantime she set about collecting all her property of every kind, for distribution among her friends at the washing-bank, or to be packed ready for Andrés to bring to El Seo upon his first visit there.

I do not think that either the overseer or his wife Cristina were very sorry to lose their mercurial charge, and though Cristina actually wept, I judged that her emotion was chiefly *pro formâ*.

Zaida herself made no pretensions to grief of any sort, but danced here and there like a wild thing. I saw her in the washing-grove promising Amparo and Carmelita any number of presents to be sent from El Seo.

"I will get the money to buy them from the Count—or from him!" she said importantly, pointing to me, where I stood above on the bank relieved against the sky. "I have only to ask. Besides, there are shops there where one can buy anything, and my gloves are to have twenty buttons on each, all of the real clouded pearl!"

For Mistress Zaida did not in the least believe in hiding her light under a bushel.

It was the third day when we left behind us the waving kerchiefs of Andrés and Cristina. I watched Zaida well over the bridge, and I was interested to observe that she never so much as cast a look in the direction of the Frenchwoman's pool. It was as much as she could do to wave a hasty adieu to Amparo and Carmelita, who stood at the bridge-corner all beblubbered with crying—the coral necklace and the broad

silver buckle she had bestowed upon them severally displayed to the best advantage.

All life for Zaida lay before her, and so soon as she had passed these two, I question if she looked back even once at the only home she had ever known.

Contrary to the dictum of the poet, the thoughts of youth are sometimes short, short thoughts. Yet, though now she was so eager of this in her heart. At the end of a long vista she saw the streets of El Seo crowded with little children, all dressed in white, and among them—a certain Zaida, in white also, and most exceedingly conscious of the famous gloves of many buttons. She had never played with children all her life, and the only church she had seen was the ruined chapel where once in two months snuffy Father Laurence droned a mass under the booth of

Amparo in sorrow

to escape, I doubt not that the garden, with its perpetual hush of blown leaves, the murmur of the Ebro girding it, the wide, green spaces, the ruined house, even silent Andrés and Cristina his wife, would return to Zaida—the memory of them with a wish of vague regret, now and then all her life. And when her heart was sick of much greater things, she would hear Amparo sobbing in the quiet and the chorus of the washing-women as they greeted her about their pool.

But for the moment there was nothing leaves and tinsel which Andrés put up and Cristina prepared for an altar.

. . . . . .

I did not travel with the Count and his party, for I was trysted to Rodil. I was his guest, and Don Emmanuel and his brother had so much of true courtesy in their hearts that they never expected me to forego my companionship with the umbrella-mender because I had met in with them. Don Emmanuel even offered me a mule to ride on.

"You can make your travel with Rodil

just the same," he said, "but you will get over the ground easier."

It seemed better, however, to make no change. So I explained that I would follow in their train, and, if we met with no accidents, be at El Seo well-nigh as soon as they.

To this Zaida offered no serious objection. Her future was passing before her—golden, vague, far-reaching—and her burst of affection for me, though it had not passed away, was already overlaid with the keen enjoyments of the hour and the still stronger expectations of adventurous youth. I was still, perhaps, "a little better than her dog, a little dearer than her horse," but (privately) I think that I had become a bad second to the white *baptiste* and the many-buttoned gloves.

And, indeed, I counted it well that it should be so, for Zaida's preference, had it remained of its first strength, might, however flattering, have in time proved also somewhat embarrassing.

So that, on the whole, I took Mistress Zaida's inconstancies with considerable philosophy. Still, as I was really anxious that Marinessia and Biño should have the care of the little girl, I did what I could to prompt Rodil to lose no time. Whereupon, prompted by his father, Penique made Babieca show his paces, and Rodil guided us through an intricate maze of paths and pavemented roads, on the average about as fit for traffic as a home street that is up for repair. For whereas in France you can take your dinner without platter off the average highway, in Spain there is no real difference between a country road and the hillside, except that the road has more stones upon it.

And if you ask a philosopher like Rodil why this is so, he will answer that it is to teach people to stay at home and be content. Travellers must expect inconveniences wherever they go, the world not being organised for them, but for the people who live on the spot and attend to their honest businesses.

At this point I had a further taste of my excellent host's quality in a confession which he made with the greatest frankness in the world. I had asked him how he could go and leave his business in El Seo so long, for I knew that he had rented a couple of rooms there, and possessed a large stock of cloth and ribbons, which he had rooted out of the caravan in order to make room for me and my *impedimenta*.

"Ah," he said, "my wife Concepcion is three times as good a man of affairs as I. It would nowise surprise me if she had disposed of the whole roomful with which I left her. Who but Concepcion could go the round of the merchants—in the town men would not dare to deal directly with your friends the Sebastians? Then, whatever remained, she would carry round the villages and towns in the vicinity, hiring a donkey if need were, and no man would molest her, knowing that she was the wife of Rodil y Alva!"

"Ah, such a wife as I have," he continued, "a wife worth having, indeed! She is not beautiful—no—also Marinessia is her true daughter. But, then, no wise man chooses a wife for her looks. With a sweetheart it is different. When I was in the police and stationed at Vittoria (which is a great place for fair women, and a place also where a uniform on a well-looking man is appreciated), it chanced that I had three *amigas*—that is, sweethearts who thought somewhat better than well of me. At the time I was well used to that—being a young man and filled to the throat with folly and the hot blood of youth. So I must perforce take them out one at a time, each in her turn, on Sundays and feasts of the Church, to dances and merrymakings—in all innocence, of course!"

"Of course," said I.

Rodil laughed the little chuckling laugh which goes with old memories, and sucked at his pipe.

"Ah," he went on, "also I did more church-going then, and heard more masses than I ever did before or since. Most women are unhaltered colts when it comes to church-going. They can never have enough of it."

"And did none of the three find out about the others?" I demanded in the interests of science.

"They might hear," said Rodil grimly, "but they did not trouble me about the matter. I was a well-enough-looking young

fellow in these days. So none of the three wished to quarrel with me. For when they went with me in their turn to the booths and fairs, I had the habit of the open hand in the matter of ribbons and sweetmeats."

"And one of those sweethearts—was Concepcion?" I asked him, willing to shorten the digression. Rodil nodded.

"Indeed, yes," he said; "the other two were more pretty; indeed, one was a beautiful girl. But then, being both young, I had the devil's own trouble to keep them in good humour with presents and soft speeches—not once or twice, but all the time. And you know with what difficulty sweet talk comes to me—about as easily as knitting hose to an ox of the team. So I said to myself when the day came for me to leave the *Carabineros*—'Rodil,' I said, 'it is time for you to marry. Whom shall you choose? Each of these three in Vittoria will wed you for the asking. Be cautious, therefore, Rodil! But Maria, the daughter of Martin, has been accustomed to be waited on hand and foot, while little Concha cannot help for her life making eyes at the officers as they pass. Both must be tended and guarded, made much of and babyfied, else they will sulk for days together. Now, in addition, consider, Rodil, that ten years hence their beauty will be past. It is true that Concepcion is older and of a plainer countenance. But then she will tend me, work for me, help me in my business, and when I am an old man—behold, I shall sit and warm my hands on the lee side of life, listening the while to the olla bubbling in the pot. I will marry Concepcion,' said I. *And so I did, and unto this present, without regret!*"

Rodil looked at me a little triumphantly.

"Such, in brief, is my philosophy of marriage—that of love is somewhat different."

But Rodil y Alva had no time to develop the second thesis. For even as he spoke we topped the rise and saw before us, beneath the towers of the cathedral of El Seo, the scattered white roofs of the city. And lo! there was Marinessia herself coming up towards us, a letter in her hand.

She kissed her father on both cheeks with her usual calm gravity, and as they walked apart to talk I tore the letter open. It was from my friend Don Mark, and he wrote briefly and to the point.

"*Would you like to see a Carlist partida on the mountains? If so, meet me on Monday outside the citadel gate of El Seo. Greetings and salutation.*"

When I came to where Marinessia and her father were talking together I heard the girl say, "Let her be brought to my uncle's farm and left awhile with me. In a week we shall see whether the little girl will be happy. No, you need not consult with Biño!"

Whereat Rodil turned upon me an eye which said unmistakably:

"Did not I tell you so? The day of Biño is over!"

Stories of Some Authors' Loves

I.—The Brownings: The Most Ideal of Love-Stories

By Clara E. Laughlin

ONCE in a while it seems as if God set out to demonstrate to human-kind what love can mean. Once He became Incarnate Love, and many times since He has seemed to become incarnate in some lesser way in order to make newly clear to us the possibilities of certain phases of Love. He knows that we are children, and he gives us examples, patterns, standards by which to measure, wistfully, our own content.

He has given many wonderful demonstrations of what love between a man and a woman may mean, but He has given none that has touched a higher plane of spiritual exaltation, none that has seemed to take more hold on Heaven itself, than the famous love-story of the Brownings. For the rest of time all aspiring mortals will regard the story of that love wistfully and many will strain strenuously towards its standard, and, so straining, find Love's best guerdon. For love is saving only when it makes us strain and reach, nor lets us bide from it until Heaven be ours—and perhaps not even then.

In "the most ideal of love-stories," God chose the most unusual of heroines. He frequently puts the strongest souls into the frailest bodies, but this time He put a soul which has been called "second only to Shakespeare's in clearness and delicacy of spiritual perception," into a body so frail that 'twas said never before "was seen a human frame which seemed so nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit."

And this body was chained to a darkened room, and was racked with suffering, and kept so through long, long years in the shadow of crushing mental anguish; "and so," in the words of Elizabeth Barrett herself, written to Robert Browning when she was nearly forty years of age:—"Time passed, and passed—and . . . I seemed to stand at the edge of the world with all done, and no prospect (as appeared at one time) of ever passing the threshold of one room again; then I turned to thinking (after the greatest sorrow of my life had given me time and room to breathe) that I had stood blind in this temple that I was about to leave—that I had seen no human nature, that my brothers and sisters of the earth were names to me, that I had beheld no great mountain or river—nothing, in fact. I was as a man dying who had not read Shakespeare, and it was too late!"

For thirty-nine years she had lived in isolation, she who loved humankind so passionately and had such marvellously sympathetic appreciation of all its woes; for thirty-nine years she had lived almost

Robert Browning in 1835

(From an engraving by J. C. Armytage)

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1859)

From the Crayon Drawing made in Rome by FIELD TALFOURD

(Now in the National Portrait Gallery)

wholly apart from such rare companionship as she was pre-eminently fitted to enjoy. She loved the sunshine, and with all her soul yearned for sunny Italy, but the will of an obdurate father kept her chained to bleak England, whose damp, cold air from September to June was torture to her. She was a poet, and shut away from the country, in smoky London; and, more than all, she was a woman capable, as she afterwards proved, of the most exalted love imaginable, but for nine and thirty years, till the bloom of her youth had all worn off, she knew not the touch of Love. She knew not Love, and yet tried to find poetic expression for her soul, whose very essence was Love! Well might she have felt, as her fortieth year loomed in near prospect, that she was "as a man dying who had not read Shakespeare, and it was too late!"

Living in the wilderness, she sang the songs of the wilderness,—wistful songs, full of heart-hunger and the taste of tears and the echo of long, sleepless nights alone with Pain. They were brave songs, noble songs, and many of them sounded as high and clear a note of splendid resignation as one may find in poesy. But they were the songs of the wilderness, notwithstanding. Among them, included in the exquisite sonnets of her volume of 1844—the volume to which she owed her acquaintance with Robert Browning—was this one, called

PAST AND FUTURE.

My future will not copy fair my past
On any leaf but Heaven's. Be fully done,
Supernal Will! I would not fain be one
Who, satisfying thirst and breaking fast
Upon the fulness of the heart, at last
Says no grace after meat. My wine has run
Indeed out of my cup, and there is none
To gather up the bread of my repast
Scattered and trampled; yet I find some good
In earth's green herbs, and streams that bubble up
Clear from the darkling ground,—content until
I sit with angels before better food:
Dear Christ! When Thy new vintage fills my cup,
This hand shall shake no more, nor that wine spill.

50 Wimpole Street, London. Elizabeth Barrett lived here from 1836 until the time of her marriage with Robert Browning

Heaven opened, in January 1845, for Elizabeth Barrett. Early in that month Robert Browning first read her poems and wrote her a letter of delighted appreciation. He knew something of Miss Barrett through a mutual friend—Mr. John Kenyon—but had never read any of her writings until that time. Once, years before, Mr. Kenyon had asked the young poet if he would not like to meet Miss Barrett, who was also a poet, and Mr. Browning had replied, of course, that he would. But Miss Barrett was too ill to be seen, and nothing came of the proposition. Years passed, and the two poets went their separate ways; it was not yet time, evidently, for glory to descend upon them; not yet were they meet for it. Miss Barrett, in her darkened, quiet room, read the works of the young man Browning; read "Paracelsus" and "Sordello" and "Bells and Pomegranates," and

"Strafford" and "Pippa Passes," and all the dramas of those early, unrecognised years, and marvelled at their fire and power, though wishing, as she confessed in her second letter to him that he "would give the public a poem unassociated directly or indirectly with the stage, for a trial on the popular heart."

His letter to her, therefore, was scarcely from the hand of a stranger, and he knew that he was not strange to her, for when he read her "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" he came upon these lines:

> There, obedient to her praying, did I read aloud the poems
> Made to Tuscan flutes, or instruments more various of her own;
> Read the pastoral parts of Spenser, or the subtle interflowings
> Found in Petrarch's sonnets—here's the book, the leaf is folded down!
> Or at times a modern volume, Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl,
> Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie,—
> Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which, if cut deep down the middle,
> Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.

Indeed, two years before she ever had intercourse of any kind with the author of "Pomegranates," she wrote to an American editor of Browning:

"I do assure you I never saw him in my life—do not even know him by correspondence—and yet whether through fellow feeling for Eleusinian mysteries, or whether through the more generous motive of appreciation of his powers, I am very sensitive to the thousand and one stripes with which the assembly of critics doth expound its vocation over him."

But this, of course, Robert Browning did not know,—that in a sick-room, in Wimpole Street, a woman, a poet, had resented his chastisement and yearned over him, and followed his career with eager interest while yet he pursued his way oblivious of her existence.

Probably it was that reference to his "Pomegranates" that emboldened him to write to her as to one who knew something of his struggling, and could publicly say a good word for him when recognition of his work was cold and scant.

At any rate, Elizabeth Barrett was delighted to get that letter. It mattered not to her that neither the critics nor the reading public approved Robert Browning; she hailed him as a great mind and a great artist, and his appreciation of her work was exceeding sweet to her. He said, in that first letter, "I love these works with all my heart—and I love you, too." He was attracted to the woman who wrote such poems; and when he remembered how near, once, he had come to seeing her and knowing her face to face, he felt, he said:

"As at some untoward passage in my travels, as if I had been close, so close, to some world's wonder in chapel or crypt, only a screen to push and I might have entered, but there was some slight, so it now seems, slight and just efficient bar to admission, and the half-opened door shut and I went home many thousands of miles and the sight was never to be!"

To which Elizabeth Barrett answered, with her characteristic humility:

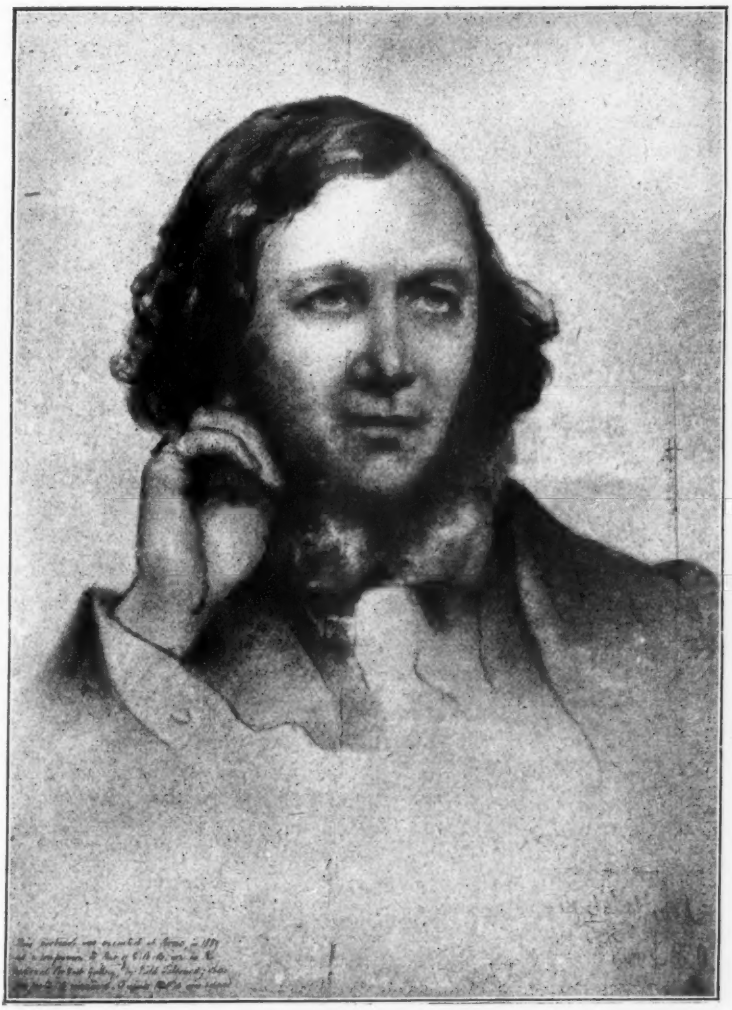
"You know, if you had entered the 'crypt,' you might have caught cold, or been tired to death, and wished yourself 'a thousand miles off'; which would have been worse than travelling them. It is not my interest, however, to put such thoughts in your head about its being 'all for the best,' and I would rather hope (as I do) that what I lost by one chance I may recover by some future one. Winters shut me up as they do dormice's eyes; in the Spring, we shall see."

And he replied that he would "joyfully wait for the delight of your friendship, and the Spring, and my chapel-sight after all!"

In the meantime, it was long to Spring, and letters fairly flew between the two poets who had so surely "found each other," though they had never met face to face.

It was May 21 before she was well enough to receive him for a little time,

and in the few months of their correspondence something like seven and twenty letters had passed between them, or about



Robert Brown'ng, by Field Talfourd
This portrait was executed at Rome in 1859 as a companion to the portrait of Mrs. Browning, now in the National Portrait Gallery

one a week each,—letters which developed a wonderful community of interests, and which made Robert Browning mad with impatience to see and hold converse with the woman who so thralled and satisfied his highest longings after companionship. But she? She dreaded seeing him, even while she yearned for it. She was so little and frail and plain of face, and such a victim of draughts, so at the mercy of every evil wind that blows. He was so

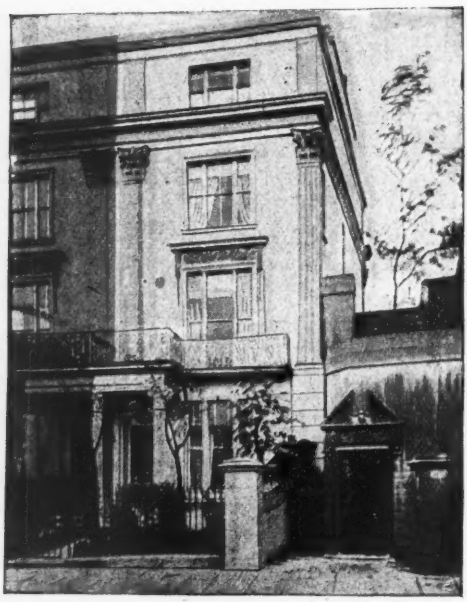
vigorous, so alive, so full of energy, so unused to suffering. How would he bear with her? And if he had admired her mind, in her poems and letters, wouldn't it shock him terribly to find her body so poor and unattractive? Ah, surely, the delights of companionship were for happier women, whose cheeks were not furrowed by tears and blanched by pain, and past the bloom of youth, withal!

She told him so, giving it as her "now honest impression" that no "least straw of pleasure" could go to him from knowing her "otherwise than on paper."

"There is nothing to see in me," she said, "nor to hear in me—I never learnt to talk as you do in London; although I can admire that brightness of carved speech in Mr. Kenyon and others. If my poetry is worth anything to any eye, it is the flower of me. I have lived most and been most happy in it, and so it has all my colours; the rest of me is nothing but a root, fit for the ground and the dark."

And Mr. Browning retorted in fine pretence of indignation, that he felt her mistrust of him no less "because she don't fear I shall make mainprise of the stray cloaks and umbrellas downstairs, or turn an article for Colburn's on her sayings and doings upstairs," but only mistrusted his "common sense—nay, uncommon and dramatic-poet's sense, if I am put on asserting it!" Whereunto Miss Barrett, ashamed of her shyness, replied that the mistrust she felt was of herself, and not of him, and begged that he would be so good as to overlook it, whatever it was, and come to see her on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock.

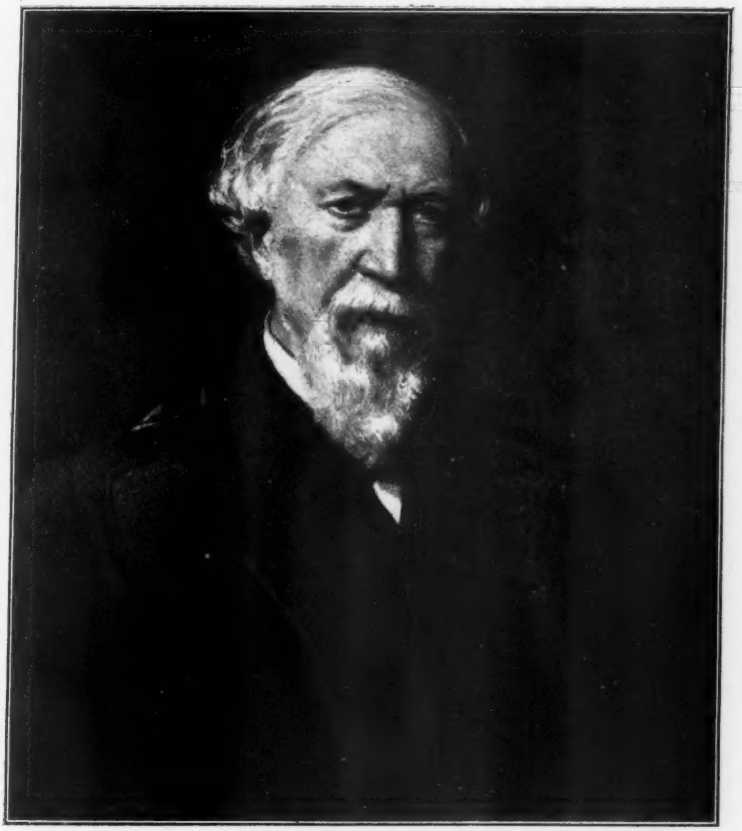
29 De Vere Gardens, Kensington, Browning's last home in London



19 Warwick Crescent, London, where Browning lived from 1866 to 1887

In all the months of expectancy, when he looked forward so eagerly to "Spring, and my chapel-sight, after all," he had been punctiliously careful never to inquire anything about her. What she chose to tell him, in her letters, he received with reverent thankfulness, but never a question would he ask of another, except the courteous query of Mr. Kenyon, when mention was made of her, "Is she well?" With the delicacy which characterised him in all his bearing towards her,

he refused to know anything about her which she did not grant him to know; he refused even to walk down her street, past her house, until the day she gave him permission to call on her. This she knew there was everything right" about his visit, and repetitions of it must ever be a delight to her. Whereupon——! Robert Browning, the vigorous, the active, the travelled, the petted young man of London



Robert Browning in 1884, by Felix Moscheles

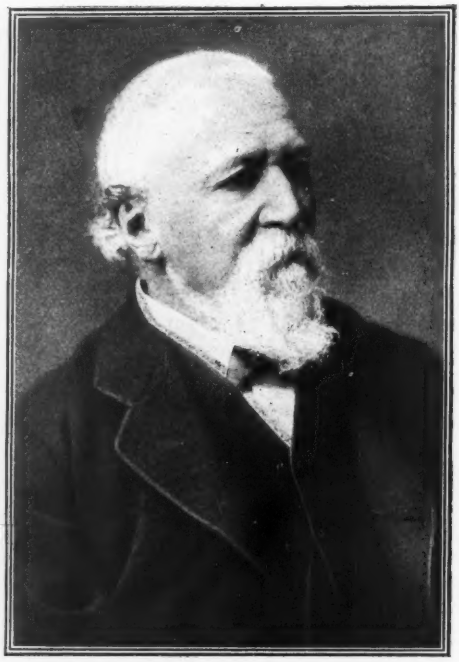
(From the original in the Armour Institute, Chicago. Reproduced by permission of the artist)

by his own admission, and it rather frightened than assured her. Had he any idea what to expect? Howbeit, one could not be silly; let him come and see.

So he came, and stayed an hour and a half, and went home and wrote her a little note, asking if he tired her or talked too loud, or in any way jeopardised his chances for further visits. And she wrote that there was "nothing wrong . . . and society, sat down and poured out his soul to the lonely little woman in the darkened sick-room, and told her that he had no other wish than that he might always be near her, in all her frailty and all her strength.

At least, we suppose that is what he wrote, judging by her reply and his subsequent letters, but that letter itself was destroyed, by common consent, and is the

only one missing in all that passed between them. Whatever he said in it, we know it was a declaration of love, and doubtless a very ardent one, because nearly six months afterwards, when matters had at last been settled between



(Elliott & Fry, photo, London)

Robert Browning

them, he spoke of another letter of that one returned to him and by him burned. "Poor letter!" he said, "yet I should have been vexed and offended then to be told I could love you better than I did already. 'Live and learn!' Live and love you—dearest."

To the "poor letter," which she very humbly took for an outpouring of sweet sympathy which the chivalrous poet, in his haste, mistook for love, she replied gently but very firmly that he did not know what pain he gave her "in speaking so wildly," and that he must "forget at once, and for ever" having said such things at all.

She saw in him a rarely chivalrous soul, prone vastly to overestimate her, she believed, and to be over-tender with her, perhaps, "for pity's sake." And with her whole soul she shrank from the idea of his falling in love with her, under the impulse of this tenderness, and so taking, as it seemed to her, a very millstone of frailty on his hands and heart, to be a burden to him throughout life. She had no mind to be so loved, and in this protest of heart she wrote that one of her famous Portuguese sonnets which has been called the most peerless of them all, unexcelled by any in the language.

> If thou must love me, let it be for nought
> Except for love's sake only. Do not say
> "I love her for her smile—her look—her way
> Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
> That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
> A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
> For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
> Be changed, or change for thee,—and love so wrought
> May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
> Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
> A creature might forget to weep, who bore
> Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
> But love me for love's sake, that evermore
> Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

That he could see in her a creature so adorable, a spirit so radiant as to inspire his profoundest reverence, his most ecstatic love, she could not realise. Always her greater age, her frail, frail health, her timid manner, her unwisdom of many things that she esteemed highly because she had them not, semed to her to make any acceptance of his proffered love mere selfishness in her of a kind not to be excused. And so she withdrew and withdrew from him in her conviction that to yield to him would be to do him harm, until finally he convinced her, finally he won her.

It was September when he gained her consent, not to marry him, but to hope to marry him if ever she got any better in health. They threshed over the whole question of her weakness and melancholy, he clinching the argument in such manner as this—from one of his letters:

"I desire in this life (with very little fluctuation for a man and too weak a one) to live and just write out certain things which are in me, and so save my soul. I would endeavour to do this if I were forced to 'live among lions' as you once said—but I should best do this if I lived quietly with myself and with you. That you cannot dance like Cerito does not materially disarrange this plan—so that I might (beside the perpetual incentive and sustainment and consolation) get, over and above the main reward, the incidental, particular, and unexpected happiness of being allowed when not working to rather occupy myself with watching you, than with certain other pursuits I might be otherwise addicted to—this, also, does not constitute an obstacle, as I see obstacles."

Nor did he see, in their comparative lack of means, any obstacle. True, he would have to give up the luxury of perfect leisure to do as he liked, to write as he felt need and so "save his soul," and would have, probably, to devote no little time to work as a literary "hack," but that he counted no hardship—in fact, he counted nothing a hardship which could be shared with her—and finally, after much impassioned pleading, which is so wonderful in the quality of love it expresses that one is sorely tempted to quote page after page of the two bulky printed volumes of it, he won from her a promise "that none, except God and your will, shall interpose between you and me . . . I mean, that if He should free me within a moderate time from the trailing chain of this weakness, I will then be to you whatever at that hour you shall choose . . . whether friend or more than friend . . . a friend to the last in any case. So it rests with God and you."

In gratitude for that promise he wrote, years after, begging her recollection of the time they plighted their troth, and saying:

I am named and known by that moment's feat;
There took my station and degree;
So grew my own small life complete,
As nature obtained her best of me—
One born to love you, sweet!

Meanwhile, there was another obstacle which even Browning had to acknowledge, but by which he refused to be worsted. There was Miss Barrett's tyrannical father, whose petty, violent jealousy of his own supremacy in the lives of his children had made it necessary for all Elizabeth's friendship with Mr. Browning to be carried on under the strictest secrecy, and which made any possibility of gaining his consent to her marriage utterly out of the question. For a year after her plighting of troth to Browning, Elizabeth Barrett and her poet-lover lived in ever-increasing intimacy of thought and communication, biding the day when it should seem the will of Heaven that they openly cast in their lots together. During this year of waiting she wrote the matchless sonnets which are, not forgetting Shakespeare's, nor Michael Angelo's, nor Dante Gabriel Rossetti's, nor any others, as transcendently pure and splendid an expression of romantic love as ever was penned. She never intended that they should meet other eyes than his. Indeed, she was never very certain she could show them even to him. She wrote them because she

Monument to Mrs. Browning in the Cemetery, Florence

had to, because both her art and her love were so dear to her that she could not keep them apart; the most transfiguring experience of her life had to voice itself through the medium most sacred to her and most perfectly obedient to her com-

(*Fradelle & Young, photo, London*)

Robert Browning

mand. During this year, when she remembered the sonnet of a year ago, "Past and Future," she wrote that other:

Beloved, my Beloved, when I think
That thou wast in the world a year ago,
What time I sat alone here in the snow
And saw no footprint, heard the silence sink
No moment at thy voice, but, link by link,
Went counting all my chains as if that so
They never could fall off at any blow
Struck by thy possible hand,—why, thus I drink
Of life's great cup of wonder! Wonderful,
Never to feel thee thrill the day or night
With personal act or speech,—nor even cull
Some prescience of thee with the blossoms white
Thou sawest growing! Atheists are as dull,
Who cannot guess God's presence out of sight.

Saturday, September 12, 1846, the members of her family being absent at a picnic at Richmond, Elizabeth Barrett accompanied by her maid, Wilson, took a cab and was driven to Marylebone Church, where, between the hours of 10.45 and 11.15 A.M., she was married to Robert Browning in the presence of his cousin, who acted as witness. Then the lovers separated, and the guilty, tottering bride of forty years, sick with fear of the wrath to come, went to her home. It was their ninety-first meeting, according to Browning's carefully kept record, that hurried morning ceremony in the quiet church. After it was over, they did not see each other again for a week, during which time they exchanged no less than eighteen letters and notes; and then they stole away to Italy, she escaping from the house while her family were at dinner. They were never separated again for more than a few hours. In the fifteen years of their wedded life he ate but one meal away from her. Her father never forgave her, never saw her again, never opened any of her letters to him. But neither severed family ties, nor frail health, nor "height, nor depth, nor any other creature" was able to mar the bliss of their perfect union.

For a wedding-gift she gave him, some few months after their marriage, the "Sonnets from the Portuguese,"—so called when published to cover their personal nature,—surely the most magnificent wedding-gift ever offered to bridegroom. Nothing equal to them has ever been written out of a woman's heart on fire with love. And for love's gifts to her, he laid at her feet, through the fifteen years of their life together, just such poems as she had expressed a hope that he might write

"for a trial on the popular heart." In the years that he lived with her Browning wrote nearly all of the great, throbbing poems by which he is endeared to humanity. His tremendous dramas of psychic subtleties belong for the most part to earlier and later periods. But the shorter poems by which he is best known and most passionately loved were written, nearly all, under the spell of her constant companionship. His dedication to her of his "Men and Women" is one of the most magnificent poems in the language, or in the world. In it he reminds her that Raphael, who painted Madonnas for the world, wrote sonnets for his lady, and Dante, who wrote poems for the world, tried to paint an angel which should please his Beatrice—so, all men, he reminds her, would fain do something absolutely unique for the woman who is all and in all. But for himself, he says, he cannot:

I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me;
So it seems: I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing:
All the gifts from all the heights, your own Love!

But even with his one talent a man may do divinely once, for love, what other times he does but half so well for art or self.

He who blows through bronze may breathe through silver,
* * * * *
He who writes may write for once as I do.

For her he could write as he could not for the world, and so he wrote for her, and the world might like or leave him—so he pleased her, he felt his crown was won. And it was his reward of Love that the world loved him best, got greatest good from him, when he wrote with no eye on it, but only on the woman who knew the passionate greatness of his heart and was determined to make him express it for humanity.

Under the tender power of his love her genius flared into its most angelic expression, and even her health was better than ever before, especially after maternity came to add the last drop to her brimming cup of ecstasy.

And as the golden years slipped by,

To an age so blest that, by its side,
Youth seems the waste instead,

and these two souls grew more and more closely knit, their joy in each other grew more and more supreme. And by-and-by, on a certain heavenly evening in June 1861, when they were alone together, the thin veil of flesh dropped from the spirit, and she, lying in his arms, laid her head on his breast and said, of the New Life, "It is beautiful," and was of it for evermore.

He lived here nearly thirty years after her, and though he missed her actual presence sorely, he lived with her in spirit as only he himself could express it in his apostrophe to her in "The Ring and the Book":

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their blue,
And bared them of the glory—to drop down,
To toil for man, to suffer or to die,—
This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?
Hail then, and harken from the realms of help!
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction, anciently they smile:
—Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
Their utmost up and on,—so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven, thy home
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall!

And in this spirit he waited and worked until the time should come for his complete reunion with her. In this spirit he

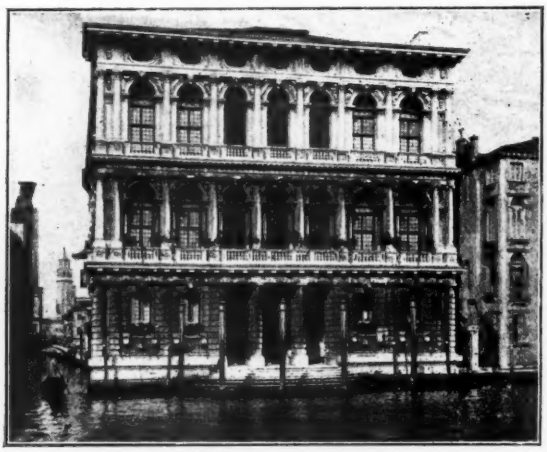
wrote, of Death and the Beyond, his great poem "Prospice":

Fear death? to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past,
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the element's rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

He said once to Mr. William Sharp:

"Death! Death! It is this harping on death I despise so much; this idle and often cowardly as well as ignorant harping. Why should we not change like everything else? Death is life. . . . Without death, which is our crape-like, church-yardy word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. For myself, I deny death as an end of anything. Never say of me that I am dead."

On December 12, 1889, Browning's last volume of poems, "Asolando," was published in London. On that day the great poet lay dying in Venice. As the day waned a telegram came from the publishers in London telling how great was the demand for the new book. "How gratifying," said the poet, smiling. And as he smiled the great bell of St. Mark's tolled ten o'clock, and while it tolled out the departing day the smile deepened on the face of the poet, and he passed from this life to another where that lady lives of whom his soul was enamoured. And there was realised for him that joy that he wished when he wrote to her, after seven years of their blissful union upon earth, these lines, looking towards their anticipated union in Heaven, which is the



The Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice, where Robert Browning died, December 12, 1889

real union of which marriage on earth is but a symbol:

Think, when our one soul understands
The great Word which makes all things new,
When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
How will the change strike me and you
In the house not made with hands?

Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
Your heart anticipate my heart,
You must be just before, in fine,
See, and make me see, for your part,
New depths of the divine!

Yes, love is unto each of us according to our capacity for the divine. Well might Browning say to her, as they felt their love bearing them ever aloft to higher and higher planes, until at last only Heaven itself could comprehend it:

Who could have expected this
When we two drew together first
Just for the obvious human bliss,
To satisfy life's daily thirst
With a thing seldom men miss?

Trades and Tricks in Ireland

I.—The Jarvey

By Seumas MacManus

Author of "Donegal Fairy Stories," "A Lad of the O'Friels"

THE jarvey, or driver of the Irish jaunting-car, is as indolent as any prince, light-hearted as a lark, devil-may-care, and a professional wit.

From the "dickie" of his car he looks down upon the world and its inhabitants with half-shut vision; and so sees everything in a light peculiarly his own; and then, from long practice, he is well fitted to give pointed expression to the quaint ideas of people and things that rise up in his mind.

There are few better than he at recounting a legend or a witty story, and none better at inventing a tale and relating it with all that circumstantiality which is ordinarily supposed to be the sign-manual of veracity.

For when our jarvey drives out the English tourist, or the Yankee tourist, he knows well what is expected of him. He knows that these people believe our legends to be thick as thorns on the hedge row, and that to please them he must hang a story on every bush he drives past, and crack a joke oftener than he cracks his whip—and he seldom disappoints his fares. In his own words, "I never let the poor divils go off with a broken heart."

To one in the know it is entertaining to observe the jaunting-car tourist, note-book in hand, writing furiously, as the blarney flows free and fast from the naïve jarvey—the tourist's face overspread with the self-satisfied smirk of one who feels that, by his own adroit management, he is quietly getting double value for his money—and the face of the jarvey impassive.

"When ye get one of these smart Yankees or cliver Englishmen to *dhraw* ye," Hughie Mulrine, the jarvey, confided to me, "it's a big savin' entirely on the mare, as well as meanin' double or thrubble the fare. And if he's one of these chaps that's fond of whippin' out the book and pencil, so much the better. So long as you're spinnin' him a yarn (that ye make up as ye go), the mare needn't be doin' more nor just puttin' one foot past another—and the lad never knows it. Ye've got to keep inventin' and tellin' all the time; for if ye once stop, he'll get time to see that the mare's schemin'. 'Sir,' I say, when I tell him one, 'don't ye think that would be a good one for your note-book?' 'By dad,' he'll say, 'yes.' And then I bring the baste to a dead stop, so as to give him an opportunity of writing. Oh, they're great lads are the towrists."

Hughie had a neat method of hinting to his fares to walk up a hill, that the mare might go light. "Sir," he would say, when he reached the foot of the hill, "will ye be plaised to mind yer foot comin' off, for that's an awk'ard step—I must get Andy Lyttle to repair it the morra." And thereupon the poor tourist apologetically does what he had had no mind to—jumps off.

Hughie was always pretty difficult to satisfy with whip-money—that is, the tip given to the jarvey (which is his own payment) over and above the stipulated fare (which goes to the owner of the car). Two travellers, one of whom knew Hughie and Hughie's weakness well, were travelling on his car. And he who knew Hughie bet with his friend that he could not satisfy their jarvey with any tip—and make him declare that he was perfectly satisfied. "I'll do it," said the friend. And when they came to the end of their little journey the latter paid Hughie the regular fare, and then, taking a golden sovereign, placed it in Hughie's hand, saying, "That's for yourself, to buy a drink." Then he paused. And Hughie remained looking wistfully at the gold piece in his outstretched hand. "Isn't that enough, Hughie?" the traveller then said. "Enough!" said Hughie, "Why, sir, only ye're a gentleman, and the son of a gentleman, I wouldn't have got one-quarter such a handsome present. But," and here Hughie looked from his patron to his patron's tip—"but," he said, "don't ye think, sir, wouldn't it be the shame for me to br'ak upon that bonny piece for the price of a dhrink? Maybe ye have as many coppers about ye as 'll pay for a glass for me?"

A very witty jarvey with us was Dan Maloney, who was never once known to be at a loss for the retort caustic or the retort comical. Whenever the bishop of the diocese paid a visit to the parish it was always Dan who drove him round. But once, when Dan drove to the railway-station to take his lordship off, Father Paul (who had just come into possession of a queer old phaeton) had his boy and carriage there before Dan; and when the bishop stepped off the train he found it necessary to apologise to Dan. He said, "Dan, my good fellow, I'm so sorry not to be able to employ you this time—but Father Paul has sent his phaeton, and would be mortally offended if I didn't go in it." "No apologies, me lord, no apologies whatsomever," said Dan, with hauteur. "But at the same time, me lord," he continued, "ye might kindly mention to Father Paul, from me, when ye see him, that he'd be a long time praichin' on the althar afore I'd have the meanness to step up and take the words out of his mouth."

And at another time, Dan, having drove the bishop to Father Gilmartin's, was forgotten in the excitement consequent upon his lordship's visit; and though he, Dan, had remained for several hours waiting to convey his lordship further, he was not, as he himself put it, "asked once if he had a mouth on him." When the visit had at length ended, and Father Gilmartin was seeing his lordship safely upon the car, his lordship's foot slipped as he attempted to step up. Dan, from his seat on the dickie, said over his shoulder, "Take care, me lord, take care! for it's aisier breakin' one's neck than one's fast in this country."

Terry Keevin, a famous jarvey of Donegal town, was a drier humorist than Dan even. His name and fame had travelled far.

On one occasion Terry had the misfortune to drive over Conal O'Friel's pig, which loved to meander on the highway. Charlie was driving out a tourist in this instance to see the famous Pullens of Brownhall. As Terry returned, Conal, prepared to claim compensation, was before him on the road, and raised his hand to Terry in signal to halt. Terry courteously drew rein, and then looked at Conal inquiringly. "It's about this little pig of mine," said Conal. "Ah!" said Terry. "Ye know ye dhrove over it this mornin'?" Conal said. "So I believe," Terry said. "And kilt it dead," Conal added. "Indeed!" Terry said. "And I now want to know," Conal said, "what I'm going to do about it?" "Why," said Terry, grave as an undertaker, "if the little animal is in good condition, I should advise ye to eat it,"—thereupon touching up the mare he drove away, while poor Conal was left dumfounded, scratching his head, upon the road.

In the days of the Fenian scare, when the police were seizing and searching for arms, some wag circulated the rumour that Terry had a sword in his house—circulated this with the intention of its coming to the ears of the police. Sergeant Brannigan, who bore Terry an old grudge—because of many bitter jokes cracked at his expense by Terry—was rejoiced when the intelligence came to his ears. With a posse of his men he sallied forth to make the seizure. He hadn't gone far from the barrack when he fell in with Terry. "Keevin," the sergeant said, "I arrest you on the charge of having concealed arms in your house." "What do ye mean, sergeant, darlin'?" Terry queried. "Haven't ye a sword in yer house now? Come, confess it, sir!" Terry looked at him steadily for a minute, before he replied, "I have, sergeant, and a purty sharp one, as you'd find if its edge came on ye." "Ha! ye villain!" said the sergeant. "Come along, and let me see this weapon." When the party reached Terry's, Terry called upon his wife, who, by-the-way, was a bit of a Tartar. "Molly," he cried, "Molly, come here! Sergeant Brannigan wants ye!" "What I want, sir, is to see this sword, and to get it." "Aisy, sergeant, ye'll be granted both requests." Molly had now appeared. And Terry said, staidly and deferentially, "Molly darlin', would ye kindly show this gentleman yer tongue—and then give it to him."

Sergeant Brannigan got it.

Terry fell upon evil days—when his mare was old and fares scarce. Then he condescended to carry bread for the baker's country customers. "Arrah, Terry," he was greeted, "it's a low-come-down day with you, when you that used to be such a gentleman dhrivin' gentlemen, has now come to dhrive bread!"

"Sir," Terry replied loftily, "I was then a born gentleman—now I'm a bread gentleman."

Possession

When all my thoughts, far-ranging though they be,
Are gathered up in one great thought of rest,
And in my eyes you see
Such light as wanes each evening from the west;

When, calm with age, I hear a winter fill
The trees with sighing ere their leaves are sere,
And my hair whitens o'er, as darkness will,
Touched by dim glimmerings of a Day that's near:

I shall not wish that God would give me back
The past with all its days of sun and rain,
That I, in the old track,
Might toil and live the long years through again.

I shall go on, content, nor fret my heart
With any thought of all I leave undone,
Nor, having worked till night and played my part,
Shall stoop to counting what is lost or won.

What can we win or lose but Life? No powers,
No pride, nor pomp, that wealth or birth can lend,
Nothing of all is ours
That we must lose for ever at the end.

This that is *me;* these made by Love alone
Mine in that inner life which cannot die—
Since this and these are all that is my own,
I have lost nothing still while I am I.

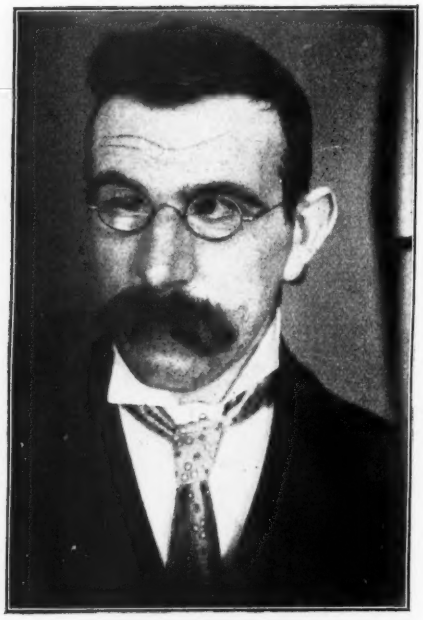
A. St. John Adcock.

any regular education, but he possessed in a remarkable degree that keenness of perception which blindness so often stimulates, and which, when accompanied by a quick intelligence and good memory, enables the sightless to accomplish with safety and accuracy things that we, judging *à priori*, might well deem impossible.

His blindness was complete except that he could distinguish night and day. He was dimly conscious of the change when a strong light was held before his eyes, otherwise, like Samson in Handel's oratorio, he could say, "Dark, dark—no sun, no moon." Yet his power of observation was so keen and his reasoning so correct that he fulfilled many duties with accuracy which we might deem impossible for such a man. He could walk without faltering through the little town, because his quick ear distinguished the varying sound of his own footsteps when he was passing houses, because of the resonance from the walls. In this way he counted the number of houses he passed in the street and knew when to turn a corner. He seemed instinctively to know the approach of any opposing body in his way, and could, therefore, pass people with impunity. He could take his full share of work in the harvest field, make stooks, and build the sheaves on the cart when the harvest was being taken home. Armed with a sharp knife, he could cut the tops from the field turnips, and by the quickness of his sense of sound he was able without hesitation to feed the cows in the byre. He was frequently employed as a gardener, and from studying the scent of the various flowers and learning carefully the colours and how to harmonise them, he made up bouquets for the market that were quite tasteful.

I am permitted to give the following extract from a shop-keeper doing a large business at Bridge of Weir: "At different intervals during the past six years I have had occasion to employ Mr. John Carruth and prior to his undergoing the operation he was engaged regularly for nearly eighteen months going with the van, delivering messages and doing what was necessary about the shop in a manner that would put to shame those who have the use of all their faculties, more especially that of sight. I have given him a basket with about thirty different articles in it to be delivered at four or five houses; this he could do without a mistake and to my entire satisfaction."

These facts are interesting as indicating his natural intelligence and power of observation, and so giving additional value to his testimony regarding his experiences when he got sight. "Did no one ever recommend you to consult an oculist before?" I asked. "Oh yes, our doctor sometimes told me I should do so, but somehow I never did it." At last when he was thirty years old he came, on the recommendation of a student, to Glasgow for consultation. The surgeon, perceiving it to be congenital cataract that affected him, determined to operate. The cataract was first successfully removed from one eye, and some days afterwards the other was similarly operated upon. For some days after the operation he is described as being apparently "quite dazed," unable to realise that he was seeing, the size of everything appearing exaggerated, and unable to interpret what he saw. This at once recalls what is said of the blind man in Scripture who at first saw "men as trees walking." But from his determination to learn, he made rapid progress, as he was ceaselessly putting questions and seeking the solution of the difficulties which his newly acquired power suggested. The first time that he really knew what he was gazing at was when the house-surgeon, seated in a position where a strong light fell on his face, asked Carruth to look down upon him. He betrayed the difficulty which still affects him of securing the muscular obedience of the eye-balls to his will, but he was able to locate the position of the surgeon by the voice, and he for the first time realised that what he saw was a human face, because he was able to reason from the connection between his own voice and his mouth, that it was the mouth belonging to another man he was seeing. From that time he began to identify objects. Still more interesting must it have been when his mother came, and he saw her face for the first time. Some of his experiences were very curious. While he could find his way without difficulty, walking



Mr. John Carruth, who was born blind, and received his sight when thirty years of age

Sight Given to a Man Born Blind

By the Editor

I HAD the pleasure recently of visiting a man in Glasgow named John Carruth, who had been born blind, is now thirty years of age, and who after an operation received sight. It brought vividly to mind the cases recorded in Scripture, not only because of the marvellousness of the change, but also from the similarity of some of the experiences described. There is no resemblance between the miraculous work of the Lord and the operation performed by the modern surgeon. Sometimes we read how Christ gave sight without employing any medium. Again, He touched the eyes or anointed them with spittle or put clay on them, and commanded, as in St. John's Gospel, the man to wash in the pool of Siloam. But in all these instances the cure was effected by Divine Power. It was supernatural. But in this case the surgeon performed nothing more than the well-known operation for cataract—skilfully performed, doubtless, yet the interest is awakened not so much by the operation as that its subject was a man who had been blind from his birth. Our curiosity is aroused by the strange psychological effects, and the fresh experiences of one who for the first time beheld the world in which he had lived for so many years.

Carruth is himself an interesting man, full of intelligence, and able to describe with great clearness what he felt, and continues to feel, as he becomes able to interpret with increasing accuracy the wonders of the world which has become his through the gift of vision.

He was brought up at the Bridge of Weir, a village not far from Glasgow. He was never sent to the Blind Asylum nor received

A Little False God

By Ellen Ada Smith

Illustrated by Arthur Twidle

THEY had merely given it the respect due to old age without knowing that it was a god, until the vicar's harum-scarum son dropped in to have a cup of tea with his old friends before going to sea.

As a vicar's son he was something of a failure; his father would willingly have had a tamer variety of the son species, for instead of toning up the village youth to a higher pitch, Jack Wyndham was one with them when they rebelled as youth will against the dulness of existence.

There was no vice about Jack and he played his pranks like a gentleman, but pure love of life and extravagant animal spirits made him kick like a young colt; the villagers—who were his violent partisans to a man, and a woman—could better have spared the vicar's second son who bid fair to rival his father in all well-ordered virtues. It was whispered that Jack's mother took the same view of the matter, and that when she parted with this scapegrace son her hair began to whiten fast, and there was a look of loss and surrender in her fine dark eyes that appealed to the silent sympathy of those amongst whom her life was spent.

After the last cricket match that he was ever to play, and with the love of change and adventure singing its song in his heart, young Wyndham looked in upon Thomas Watts and his wife to wish them good-bye, for they had always been friends, and rumour had it that although Thomas would keep a straight stern face because he had sons of his own, there were quiet times when his plump face would wrinkle into exquisite delight over the amazing doings of such a sperrity lad.

The homely tea was spread, and Hetty Watts was painfully aware that so solemn an occasion should at least have been graced by the best teapot, and she glanced with wistful regret at that article of Britannia metal standing at ease amongst a perfect wilderness of coloured glass and china on the dresser.

But the tea was already brewed in a teapot which bore marks of long and honourable service, so the hostess could only apologise volubly for the absence of the more aristocratic article. She was so distressed that partly through real kindness of heart and partly through boyish mischief, Jack began to fall into raptures over the broken-nosed long-suffering article of crockery which ministered to their wants.

Now he knew no more about the merits of china than a bull who visits the shop where it is sold, but he spoke with the apparent erudition of an expert, and Watts and his wife listened with growing and respectful astonishment. Indeed, when Jack requested the presence of the teapot for nearer inspection, Hetty raised it with quite a new veneration and Thomas assisted its passage with both hands.

"Why Mrs. Watts, you could do me no greater honour; I believe it is unique; do you understand the curious markings?"

"Theuve always minded me of a pickling cabbage," remarked Thomas stolidly, for he desired to keep his head amid the dazzlement of revelation, "and the knob on the lid is most like a Brussels-sprout. My grannie did used to think that no tea tasted so good out of another pot."

With a roguish twinkle in his eye Jack handled the relic with the terrified respect he might have shown to a living baby, "Ah! I knew it was old; such things are not made now—more's the pity."

His tone was so meaning that Hetty gave up all attempts at eating; Thomas who was made of firmer material still pegged away at his bread and butter, although the gradual deification of that for which he had long entertained the contempt which familiarity breeds, began to have its powerful effect upon him. But he had still a fund of dogged common sense upon which to draw,

among the beds or out at the door, yet he seemed to fail in measuring size and distance. Thus, for example, in going upstairs, while he saw the steps, yet he lifted his foot so high that at first he would take two steps when he intended only one. In like manner when he looked out on the street from the window on the first floor, he thought the pavement was so near him that he could reach it with his stick. When he watched the people passing he turned his head, as if trying to see round them. One interesting phenomenon was that as he acquired the power of sight, he seemed to lose the power of guiding himself he formerly had when blind. Before he was operated on he had no difficulty in moving about the ward and in passing safely among the beds, but when he got sight he entirely lost this confidence, and became helpless in the dark. His first knowledge of colour arose from seeing a red blanket on his bed, and ever afterwards he had no difficulty in distinguishing red, and now he is quite able to select the elementary hues. Every hour brings to him some new discovery so that his interests are kept continually awake. He was able himself to learn the hours on a watch, and he is now acquiring the power of counting from figures, and is beginning to learn to read. I have already spoken of the difficulty he has in managing the muscular movements of the eye-balls, which form a contrast to the activity of the optic nerves. The surgical explanation, I believe, is that the measure of light which he formerly possessed was sufficient to stimulate the optic nerve, while the absence of use deprived the brain centre of the stimulus required for development; hence the difficulty of voluntary control.

As an evidence of the rapid increase of his power of vision and of his capacity to distinguish objects, I have learned that on the recent visit of the King to Glasgow, a good seat having been procured for Carruth to witness the procession, he was greatly delighted, and seemed to concentrate his whole attention on the King and Queen. When asked what he thought of it all, he said, "The Queen is a most beautiful woman." This may be taken as proof of his not only having seen her but of his having already formed some idea of what female beauty ought to be.

What I have described may well appear a parable of higher things. The contrast between the man living in a world circumscribed by the things near at hand, what he could handle, and hear, and taste, and smell, may be to us a picture of the animal life that is blind to the things of God. By the opening of the eye Bartimæus was at once put in possession of a new world of glory of mountain and sky, of the splendour of day, and of the midnight heavens with the host of stars. Is it otherwise with the opening of the inward eye when the man perceives "the things that are afar off," the infinitude of God, and the riches of the kingdom which has been prepared for them that love Him? In this case, as in the other, the gift of sight bestows the possession of a new world.

as with simulated calmness he took a bit of cheese.

"There's a mort of cracks in it," he remarked, "and the spout do pour shameful."

"But cracks are priceless in old china; people wont believe it is old unless they see them. You might as well try to take the scars from a veteran soldier. You ought to be proud people owning such a teapot as this."

A flush of gratified excitement spread under Hetty's sun-bonnet, but Thomas still strove to be judicial and calm.

"And what do you think might be the present value of it master Jack?"

"But you would never think of selling it, Thomas—your grannie's old teapot?"

"I've never thought of such a thing," he answered with the most indignant truth; "the teapot shall go down to the children same as it came to me—saving the spout as Hetty broke. I hold there's respect due to our forbears and justice to them as comes after."

Relieved of his fear that he might cause them any disappointment, Jack made such a generous if vague statement concerning the value of the heirloom, that Thomas quite forgot the respect due to forbears and became severely censuring.

"And to think that my father's mother did not know better than to put a thing worth pounds to such common usage; many's the time I've seen it scorchin' on the hob. She was always an extravagant wasteful woman, and she was catched once making firewood of the very bellowses; a woman as ud do that un do anything to my mind."

And Mrs. Watts' pride in her ancestral possession outstripped her husband's, for she declared that the next time they went into Fordington they would bring back a glass dome so that the intricacies of the cabbage pattern should have its delicacy no longer marred by homely dust and smuts.

Thomas agreed to this, and then for a few moments they forgot everything in the pain of parting. Hetty's eyes grew moist under her sun-bonnet, and Jack kissed her in his boyish, careless way, a little sorry, too, now that it had come to the last.

So he went away, and the next Sunday the vicar's voice was unsteady as he read the prayer for those who travel by land or sea, and with a delicate sympathy the villagers averted their eyes from the mother's face so shaken out of its gentle repose.

But the apotheosis of the teapot grew with passing years, for the ship foundered that should have brought Jack home again, and the old couple would almost as soon have thought of parting with the old family Bible as with the heirloom now so endeared to them.

Such an idea might naturally have occurred to them, for Hetty grew feeble and ailing, while Thomas could no longer do a full day's work. Still, they had enough of a sort, and were patient and content as the poor often are, enjoying to the full that peace which only comes after the burden and heat of the day.

One evening, however, in September, Watts was working rather later than the rest in the allotment grounds; he was slow, for digging potatoes made his back ache, and when the task was done his willing feet turned gladly homeward. As was natural enough he did not pass his neighbours' plots without keen scrutiny or outspoken censure.

"If they mangold had been thirded when I spoke of it to Tompkins, they'd have been less of a disgrace. I niver see such lines; the seed might have been shook out of a pepper-pot; there ain't such another cobbler in the parish, but out of his trade he's a dumbledore."

Then he found fault with the cabbage stumps that were wasting valuable ground, and holding their clubbed fists in the air as though menacing passers by.

"You did ought to have been grubbed up and burnt to make room for your betters; I've no patience with cabbage stumps after the cabbages have been all ate."

And now he made a dead stop opposite an apparent heap of rubbish, consisting of withered potato stocks and other garden waste which is fit for nothing. He shook his head at this heap, and then looked slowly round the horizon, sniffing the breeze like an experienced hound on scent.

"The wind's got back and the clouds be

ready to drop. That hipe of weeds be dry as tinder; if the rain do come t'will be soaked through."

Now Watts was nothing if not neighbourly, what don't flathoe once a wik as 'lows 'em to come to this!"

So he set light to the heap and came home content with himself. The next day being

Me gone and burnt Gillet's potatoes; why they was nort but weeds

and although the weeds were not his, he decided that they must not stay to get wet, so he fumbled after his matches with all the zeal that a good intention brings with it.

"I niver see such a hipe; wheer do the weeds all come from? 'Tis they lazy folks

Sunday he put on his clean smock and went milking; just as he was returning with the last bucket of milk he met Brunt, the constable, who was in the old man's eyes not much more than a "boy-chap."

"Marnen Brunt, the wind's round again, and the rain do zim passin' over. Your'n

about early; I suppose you are going over hill to meet the super?"

But for some reason Brunt was not so responsive as usual; there was an officiality about him which seemed averse to gossip. Watts, unconscious of having wronged any man, took no heed of this until asked a plain question.

"Did you light a fire in the allotment ground last evenen when the others had gone?"

Poor old Watts looked quite proud of himself.

"Eess that I did. The folks as lets weeds grow zim too lazy to set 'em alight. It was so much for rain last night that I did it for them."

"I said you had made a mistake, but you had better have let them bide. You've been and burnt up Gillet's main crop of potatoes; he'd just hiped them up with the stocks over them until he could make a grave to put 'em in."

It was impossible that Watts could take this in at once; the first shock was so great that the milk pail became an intolerable burden, and a trembling at his knees warned him to sit down on an unoccupied rick staddle. From this lowly seat he turned a white face of incredulity towards the pitying constable.

"Me gone and burnt Gillet's potatoes; why they was nort but weeds; I see 'em with my own eyes!"

"He'd just throwed up the rubbish cos he thought the same as you that it threatened for storms. You did it right enough."

And then, remembering the size of the heap that had puzzled him at the time, conviction sank so heavily into Thomas' heart that his eyes filled with the weak tears of old age.

"Did the whole hipe catch?" he quavered.

The constable nodded, "Can't you smell of them now?"

For the second time in twenty-four hours, Thomas snuffed the breeze and then he looked hopelessly at Brunt.

"He thinks you done it a purpose, but I knowed better and so I told him."

At any other time Watts would have been terribly indignant at being so misjudged but he was spiritless from shock.

"He says there was up two sovereigns-worth or better; and he means to have the law on you or the money."

Watts nearly collapsed off the staddle and put up a trembling hand to wipe the moisture off his brow.

"Better nor two sovereigns-worth," he repeated with an attempt at incredulity which was soon lost in despair as an invincible honesty which was part of the man, asserted itself, "and eet I mind 'twas a mortial big hipe. When I try to think they was potatoes and not weeds, my head do go all whizzy-like."

"You go your ways home and talk it over with the missus. She'll see a way out right enough; the wimmens' eyes is like cats, they see best when 'tis dark."

So Thomas left his milking pail at the dairy house and made his trembling way home. But when Hetty produced some fried potatoes as a special Sunday treat they made his head more whizzy-like than ever and he couldn't bear the sight of them.

"Hetty, we be ruined volk; 'twasn't weeds as I set a light to last night, but Gillet's potatoes what was waiting to be graved. He says they was worth up two sovereigns."

Hetty knew her husband far too well not to believe what he said, but although the bad news turned her face white, she had the stronger spirit of the two and a firmer faith. With womanly tact she put the fried potatoes out of sight and poured out some hot tea for Thomas who was shivering but not with cold. She raked over the wood ashes until they glowed red and made some toast and he watched her like a sick child.

She comforted him with food and drink before entering into details, but for all her tender sympathy she did not lose sight of the main point which was that the damage must be made good if it took them years to do it.

"But it's got to be paid down on the nail, or Gillet will have the law on us and we could just as easy pay two hundert poun'. I'm backward with the club money as 'tis and if we was sold up to-marrer, there medn't be forty shillen and upwards."

For the moment he had forgotten the heirloom, but suddenly it was in both their

thoughts and they looked simultaneously at the treasure with the broken spout under the glass shade. Their sorrow for Jack's untimely death hung round it like a halo, and for a time the silence lay heavy between them.

"It do zim hard Thomas—but it's worth everything to live honest in the sight of all."

But Watts shook his head obstinately, "I've known bad luck come to a house with such things sold out of it. I 'low 'twould be better to borry."

"No borryin' for us, Thomas. We niver didn't when the childer was growin' and 'twas a hard matter to feed them. I'd rather go straight into the House."

This was in the nature of a clincher and Watts moved restlessly about.

"Well there is time to think upon it; we can't do nothen to-day."

"We can do a plenty," answered Hetty cheerfully, "there's church to go to. You'd best be goin' for the bells is chimin' already."

"I baint able for it thease marnen, Hetty. I be shook turr'ble."

"Do 'ee go, there's a good man. It's only evil doers as should be shamed to go there, and you've no call to be ashamed."

So she sorted him carefully tying his Sunday bow for him, and when he came back she was thankful to see the peace of good-resolve upon his face although he said nothing until the bells were chiming again for evening church; perhaps he waited for it to be a little dark.

"Wife, you'm in the right of it. Theer was they words read in church about wronging of any man and returning fourfold. They come home to me powerful—they words did—and I zeed it must go."

"That's my dear man! there idn't a straighter in the parish. I wur a proud maid the day I married 'ee, but I'm prouder this day."

She put her weak toilworn hand in his and they sat together by the hearth, talking hopefully about that other world where some of the children were waiting for them. They spoke softly about those smiling angel faces, and on their own was that light which only shines upon the hill-top and from the dawning.

"And there's others, Thomas! To think of him—the dear lamb—never coming back to his poor mother. I love un dearly to this day."

"God bless you, Hetty. It comforts Jack's mother to find that his old friends remember him lovingly still."

They turned to find Mrs. Wyndham standing at the door with tears in her beautiful eyes. The news had come to her that the Watts were in trouble and so she had not waited for the morrow.

Sure of sympathy, they told her everything down to the parting with the heirloom, and she listened with her eyes upon the teapot. For, as a forgotten dream sometimes shapes itself again in the memory, it came back to her that on Jack's last evening, he had laughed to her merrily enough about the apotheosis of the old teapot at which he had so ably assisted. It cut her to the heart to hear what mischief he had so unwittingly done, and her one thought was to put matters right without betraying the bit of boyish folly to his old friends.

She was so touched too by their affection for him that she went as though to examine the work of art, but they knew it was to hide her tears, so they were respectfully silent.

"It seems a pity to part with it; is there nothing—" she paused, looking round, and then quite suddenly she reached up her hand and unhung a blue mug from its hook on the dresser. "I believe this would make just as much money; if you could make up your mind to part with it?"

Now, it was well known that Mrs. Wyndham was really a judge having authority concerning those marks which puzzle the ignorant, and possessed a fine collection of her own. In an instant that plebeian looking mug became as a brilliant bow of hope to the Watts.

"Madam! my dear! you don't niver mean to say that mug has money in it! We bought it to a sale among some oddsies which be all abroke. Thomas he did say that the mug were too ugly to come to harm, so it's there yet. Do ee really mean it's worth a few shillen?"

Mrs. Wyndham's hands tightened over the

mug, and her kind voice rang out clear and distinct.

"I am certain of it. I know some one at this present moment who would gladly give you two pounds for it."

Hetty clapped her withered hands like a happy child.

"My dear days! and it's been nort to us but an eyesore. A wik back and we'd ha' gived it to any for the asking. And do ee really think we can get the worth of the mug?"

"I am sure of it; I know she would rather have that blue mug than anything in her collection. If you will let me carry it away with me—for fear of accidents—I will send the money in the morning."

They blessed her thankfully, and she left sweet peace behind her as she went away cherishing the mug, which was worth at a generous computation about threepence—or under; she smiled at it through her tears.

"My darling dead son! you never meant to harm a living soul, but you were heedless—you made many hearts ache—and it is the old hearts that ache worst of all."

People sometimes wonder at that plebeian mug amongst Mrs. Wyndham's treasures, but she tells the story of it to none.

"My Father's Business"

Our blessed Master, when on earth He dwelt,
Called to His side poor toilers of the sea,
Who straightway came.
Their labour henceforth was to fish for men,
And lead them on with cords of love to bless
His Holy Name.

Even so ye hardy toilers of the soil
Who plough and sow for daily bread to feed
Children and wife,
If you, these fisher men would emulate,
Go, sow the gospel seed that all may eat
The Bread of Life.

And ye, who in the city's busy throng
Are eager in the rush for stores of wealth,
And world's renown;
Another race with patience you must run,
Casting aside the weight that doth beset,
To win the crown.

J. Porteous Arnold.

Sunday Readings for July

By the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham

FIRST SUNDAY

THE WELL OF SYCHAR (i.)

Joh. iv. 26. "Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am He."

IT was the Samaritan woman to whom thus the Master spoke, sitting at the well of Sychar, tired in limb, untired in patience and in love.

A singular and beautiful interest attaches to that well. It is very nearly, if not quite, the only spot in the Holy Land where the pilgrim can say to himself, with reasonable certainty, that *here*, in a narrow and precise application of the word *here*, within the square of these few measured yards, once stood, once sate the Lord. Of a score of localities we can be certain that He was *there*, in a sense less restricted. At Nazareth I have looked round the horizon of hills, and pondered the certainty that His eyes were familiar with the same contour. Upon the beautiful Lake, upon the top of Olivet, in the streets of Bethlehem, the like thought lies with its weight of wonder on the disciple's heart. But at Sychar we know that the well of to-day is the well of that immortal yesterday, so that there, just there, almost within the compass of a man's extended arms, Jesus our Lord was bodily present once.

The thought is not indeed all-important, however it may be impressive. Our certainties about Him who is our eternal Life, and our "good Hope through grace," transcend the curiosities of topography to an infinite degree. Yet the contemplation of the narrow, memorable spot has a spiritual use. It can aid the soul, however little, yet in reality, to concentrate, and to define, and to carry home to the imagination, so as to be made more concrete there for thought and faith, our spiritual certainty.

May it somehow thus serve us now, by His grace, and for His glory. Listening to the colloquy by the side of that old well at Sychar, may we the better recollect and embrace the sameness, yesterday, and to-day into the long for-ever of the heart, the will, the love, the LORD, who once said, beside it, "I that speak unto thee am He."

That was a very wonderful utterance, in the clear depth of its simplicity, the monosyllabic simplicity which it wears in our English Bible. And it was the climax of a very wonderful conversation, wonderful in itself, wonderful in the parties to it. There, on *this* side, sate the Son of God, the Word made flesh, the blessed Christ. "Formed in fashion as man," as true man, as tired man, as thirsty man, He sate there; only the more gracious and the more great because of the fact, which in Him and in Him alone was so marvellous, that He was Man. Holy, harmless, awfully undefiled, infinitely separate from the sinfulness of us sinners, higher than the heavens, He was yet, quite as really, the fatigued wayfarer, fain to rest just as He was,* on that rude seat, in a humiliation as mysterious and as sacred as His glory. There, on the other side, stood the poor Samaritan, setting down her heavy cruse, to look Him cheerlessly and aimlessly in the face. Her lot, her character, her heart, what was it all? She was a damaged and broken instance of our fallen humanity; a provincial, a common woman, sinned against and sinning, discontented and embittered, vexed with circumstances, at discord with herself, and so far hardened by the sad forces of a life lived away from God and tolerant of its own sin, that she would fain fence and parry with all her power when the thirsty Stranger turned

* He "sate *thus* on the well." The Greek οὕτως seems to indicate the unstudied attitude of sheer fatigue.

from the request for water to speak about her God and about her life.

Deep and moving is this contrast, Jesus and the Woman. And, as we reflect upon it, we remember that it is, in its essence, permanent, immortal. It is as enduring as is the Saviour of man upon the one side and as is the human heart, with which He comes to deal, upon the other. Let us seek our message of this Lord's day from that fact.

The Samaritan is not a person only, but a type. She is—may I not confidently say it?—the very picture of the soul aloof from God, in its debasement, its pollution, its unrest, its spiritual dulness and *ennui*. Do we see nothing of ourselves, in the days of our ignorance and alienation, in this poor peasant of Sychar? Indifferent, yet ill at ease, averse to true knowledge either of self or of God, soiled with many a stain—some of them external stains, some of them hidden deeper, too deep perhaps in the heart to look out on the surface of the life—is there nothing in all this to which conscience and consciousness respond from within? Does not our personality stand, in hers, confronting the Lord, and confronted by Him, in a contrast to Him which cannot be measured? Are not we, in her, searched, and rebuked, and shown something of our own inbred alienation and isolation from Him? "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord, and Thou knowest it too well. Do not look upon me so, do not look through me so. I must be repellent to Thee; for I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God."

SECOND SUNDAY

THE WELL OF SYCHAR (ii.)

Joh. iv. 26. "Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am He."

We listened and looked, at the well of Sychar, in our last Sunday's meditations. The interview spoke to us, perhaps in an unexpected way and measure, of ourselves. It placed before us a Jesus Christ whose juxtaposition with us cannot but force the soul to pause upon itself and ask what to Him it looks like, and whether He can be otherwise than repelled by what we are.

It is certainly thus, not seldom, with many hearts, and hearts which are by no means extreme examples, on human standards, of human sinning. Let *the average heart* be brought to any measure of real spiritual consciousness by the awful beauty of the moral face of Christ; it will do nothing less than writhe under the tremendous difference; I use the word tremendous with deliberate intention. "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Mine eye seeth Thee; therefore I abhor myself." There is nothing like that sight to engender that abhorrence, which, taken by itself, would be the beginning of the final despair.

But now turn again to the interview of Sychar. What is the Lord, the Christ, the Holy One, actually doing with this poor, weary, dreary, uninteresting, unhallowed human being? He is offering her, upon the spot, the life eternal. He is expounding and unfolding to her Himself. "If thou wouldst have asked of me, I would have given thee living water." "I that speak unto thee am He."

There are few scenes, even in the blessed Gospels, which throw into such supreme relief as this the willingness of our Lord Jesus Christ to save a soul, to save it from itself, by Himself, and to do it then and there. I know not where else to go for a lovelier and more loving illustration of that willingness, that promptitude of a love which is its own eternal origin, to come and pour its inmost blessings out upon what we should call the most unpromising, the most unalluring of hearts. Poor Samaritan, who can care for her? No one—but the Son of God. And *how* will He care for her? Will it be by giving her a long preliminary discipline? Will it be by putting her to school on low levels of truth? Will it be by consigning her to His apostles till she is educated up to a capacity for Him? No; it will be by unveiling to her His own loving glory, "nothing between." It will be by the gift to her, without one shadow of intermediation, of His own eternal life. It will be by transforming her into a spiritual

worshipper of Him who is a Spirit, in letting her see her Saviour in the Christ of God.

Just as she is, poor, wretched, blind,

He lays His heart open to her unhappy heart. And, lo, the miracle is wrought upon the spot. She speeds away to the town, a messenger, a witness, an evangelist for Jesus.

The lesson, the type, the truth, is everlasting; it is up to this moment's date, and it is for us. What the soul needs, in precisely its low and broken estate, is nothing short of the *Summum Bonum*, which is Jesus Christ Himself. *A Te principium, Tibi desinet;* "From Thee begins, to Thee shall end the strain." We shall indeed find, to the limitless ages, that to Him will for ever gravitate and issue out the highest and the utmost of our wonder and our worship, as we know the Father in Him, and Him in the Father, in the heavenly life. But oh, we must begin also with nothing less than Him at the very bottom of the process. Nothing can ever really save us but His personal gift of the eternal water, as the soul meets Him alone at the well, and even Apostles are not there to step between. Nothing can really show us either ourselves or our redemption but his own utterance to us, by His Spirit to our spirit, "I that speak unto Thee am He."

Long ago the Moravian saints, in their Greenland Mission in 1740, had besieged for years the half-bestial tribes (so they seemed) with the teaching of elementary moral principles; and they were scoffed at for their pains by the savages, who replied that they knew all that already! At last they told them of the Crucified Lord, and kept back nothing from them of His love and glory. Then did Kainaek, the medicine-man, the ringleader of all the pagan devilry, step forward, saying, "Speak that again, for I would also fain be saved." And salvation came indeed to him and his fellows, and made a moral Eden in the wild.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find.

His secondary blessings are precious indeed, with a glory shed from the hand which gives them. The society of the Christian Church; the hallowed and hallowing Sacraments, sealing all the promises of the blessed Book with the imperial seals of heaven—these things indeed are great. But their greatest function is to point onward, inward, upward, away even from themselves, to Him, the Personal Christ, the Lord, the Lamb, the King, the Priest, the everlasting Friend, who liveth, and was dead, and is alive for evermore, the same for ever, everywhere accessible, face to face, spirit to spirit, heart to heart. Sinful soul, thou mayest be a weariness to thyself, but thou art nevertheless dear to Him. Here, wherever thou art in need of Him, is the well, and He is seated by it, at leisure now, to-day, to bless thee with Himself. "I will give thee living water. I that speak unto thee am He."

THIRD SUNDAY

A LIMB OF CHRIST (i.)

Eph. v. 30. "We are members of His body."

For the word "members" here let us read "limbs." This rendering will bring us a gain in life and force, while equally true to the original. "Member" is indeed but a longer word for "limb"; the two are synonymous, one of Latin origin, the other of English; a limb means a member, and a member means a limb. Only there is this practical difference, that we have come in the course of time to use "member" in a large, vague, general sense, in which we do not use "limb." We speak of a "member" of Parliament, or of a committee, or of a club, but never of a "limb" of such companies of people. The word "limb" is much more restricted than is its parallel word to denote connections deep, organic, vital, between part and whole.

To describe the Christian, then, as a limb of the Lord Jesus Christ brings home to us in a special way the thought of a connection with Him mysteriously close and strong. It reminds us that the bond between follower and Master is far more than one of spiritual regard, however reverent and tender; far different from one which depends even upon His being the sublime Object of

our worship and of our gratitude, as our divine Saviour from condemnation and our gracious Shepherd and Friend. It leads us deep into that wonderful secret of His love and power, our living union with Him. It points us to that gracious desire and purpose of His heart, that we, sinners of the dust, ruined and wrecked by the fall, "stained and dyed" by our own transgressions, should be not only mercifully rescued by His atoning work, but brought inconceivably close to Him in His holy and all-powerful life, and knit up with Him in it by living bonds, even as our hands and fingers are part and parcel with us, always close to us, always instinctively protected by us, as dear parts of our very being.

Can we dwell too much upon this side of the truth that "we are limbs of His body"? As I grow older, it seems always more wonderful and beautiful to me that the Lord should love us in precisely this way, with this deep desire for living union with us. His love might be conceived of as great and beautiful, while yet far short of this. We might well think it a great thing to be told that He cared so much for us as to plan and provide for our happiness somewhat as a great philanthropist might provide for objects of his beneficent efforts, whom he had found in the slums, and transplanted to some wholesome, cheerful training school, and there equipped them for prosperous life, and so transformed them into other beings. On these his *protégés* from time to time he would look in, and visit them, and talk to them, and greatly encourage them, and attach them to himself in personal affection. But the Lord's "philanthropy" is of an order infinitely above even that high level. He has indeed rescued us, and brought us under training for an eternal prosperity. But His heart is not satisfied with only that. He must have our very being joined to His. He must see us one with Him, and Himself with us. He must live, in His exalted life, so that He never lives apart from us. For He claims us to be "limbs of His body."

A few Sundays ago we briefly touched upon this aspect of truth, from another text; "joined unto the Lord, one spirit." But it will bear reconsideration, from many sides and from many texts. Deliberately I trace over again from this great word of the Apostle the lines of this inexhaustible treasure of truth, and press the happy, holy inferences upon my own and my reader's heart.

For the time, put other views of it away, and rest upon this, the insight which we get through this window of heavenly light into "the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." For me, a sinner, the Prince of Glory thus cares. To Him, in all His majesty, "at the right hand of God, angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto Him," I am dear to this degree and in this sense. "He *hath a desire* to the work of His hands," though that work is my poor, broken, sin-spoiled self. And the desire is so tender, and so strong, that it cannot stop short of the will that I shall be His "limb." Ah, He does not merely condescend to touch my personality with His holy finger! That would be wonderful, far more wonderful than even His willingness to touch of old the corroded body of the leper. But it is not enough for Him to stretch out His finger and touch my fallen being. He must transfigure my being into a oneness with His which makes it, as it were, His finger; a "limb of His body."

So, indeed, I may be sure that He greatly cares for me, if He thus so greatly provides for a ceaseless closeness to me and union with me. This is love indeed. Let us adore it by taking it at the word, and let us repose in the wonder of our being indeed, by His power and grace, "limbs of His body."

FOURTH SUNDAY

A LIMB OF CHRIST (ii.)

Eph. v. 30. "We are members of His body."

LAST Sunday we took up this sentence and weighed some of its heavenly gold; remembering how the word "member," used by our translators here, is only a longer equivalent for the word "limb." We dwelt upon that word, with all its vivid, homely, powerful associations. We let it, above all, instil into our attentive and quiet hearts just that

thought, that He who claims us to be His limbs must indeed greatly love us; for our limbs are our companions, everywhere and always; we and they are one thing, one interest, one life; their condition is of untold importance to us; their very appearance is of consequence. Union can no nearer go than it goes between limbs and man.

Are we, we His unworthy disciples, limbs indeed of our all-glorious Lord? Will the King take the peasant, nay, the mendicant, with damaged character, to be part and lot with Himself? Even so. "His desire is to the work of His hands," for whose redemption He has given Himself. He has come forth to be not only all-in-all to us, but one with us. He has "joined us unto Himself, one spirit," even as we remembered a while ago. "We are very members incorporate," "we are limbs of His body." "Behold, what manner of love!"

To-day let us take one step farther in thinking out this treasure of the truth of God. Let us consider the light which it sheds upon *the Lord's use* of His believing disciple.

Our bodily limbs, in the order of Nature, are dear to us. We take a keen instinctive interest in them; we often consciously, oftener unconsciously, take care of them, "nourishing and cherishing." We clothe them, warm them, exercise them, heal them. Their well-being, even their well-looking, is a pleasure to us, at least so as to make their discomfort or defacement a pain.

But our thoughts of them do not terminate in this thought. The supreme interest to us of our lips, hands, feet, lies in our use of them. All day long we are, through them, carrying out our purposes, carrying on our intercourse, getting our duties done, enjoying our pleasures.

It is, indeed, all-important to my hand that, for its life and health, it should be in fullest living union with me. It is important to my comfort that it should, in such union, be alive and healthy, giving me no trouble by ill conditions. But it is above all things important to me that I should have always the freest and most instant use of it. Its own well-being is much. But my use of it in that well-being is more; it is the ultimate object of its existence as part of my system.

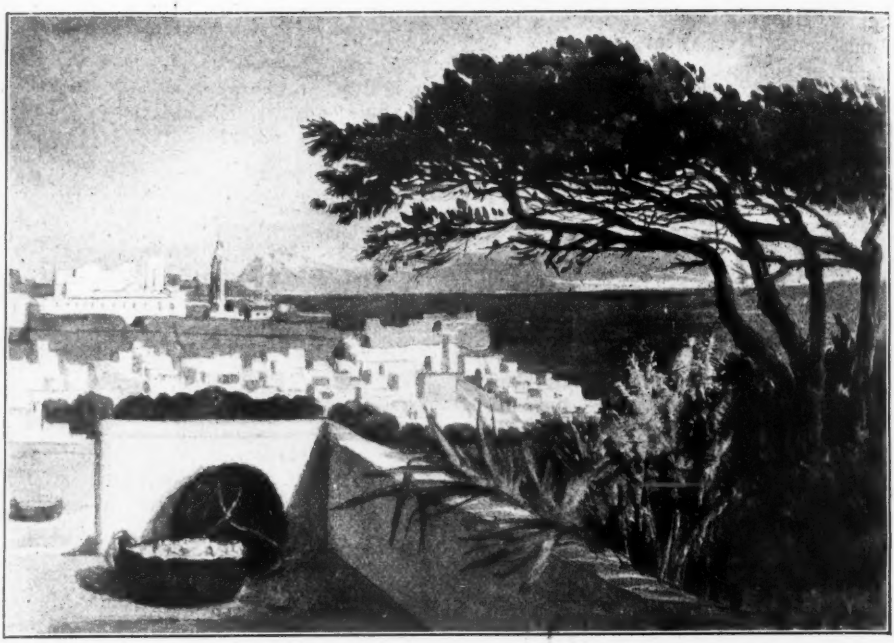
The moral is manifest. If we are indeed "limbs of His body," we are such, in the supreme and most noble respect of "membership," on purpose that our blessed Head may do with us, and through us, "the good pleasure of His will," everywhere and always; speaking His messages, accomplishing His works, travelling on His errands, by us His "limbs."

In the order of His actual plan and method, He has been pleased that it should be so. We may conceive of conditions under which His love might work by direct personal acts of volition only, dispensing with all intermediary channels. And never let us forget that He not only might but does so act in the inmost secrets of His intercourse with human souls. Ultimately, whatever messengers He uses, it is He who touches, He who reaches, the soul of man.

But granting all this, none the less does the Lord actually, in the vast field of intercourse in our human life, need and use us as His limbs. All through the story of Redemption it is so. In the Old Testament days He walked by Joseph, as His feet, to prepare deliverance in Egypt, and by Moses, as His feet, to lead up His people in triumph out of it. By Nathan, as His lips, He wakened David from his death-sleep, and by Isaiah, as His lips, He promised Himself to be the Lamb of God. In New Testament times He "*began* to do and to teach" (Acts i. 1) in His own person; but these words plainly imply that He went on to do, and went on to teach, through Peter, and John, and Paul, and Aquila, and Luke.

Even so to this hour. You, Christian disciple, are the Lord's limb not only for the sake of your life but for the sake of His work. By you He has action to do in this world of sin, and grief, and need. Through you He has to speak to human ears, or to succour human lives; through you to seek the lost, to support the weak, to visit the forgotten, to lead the blind.

Wherefore, thou limb of Christ, who art also His loving and believing brother, "yield thyself (Rom. vi. 13) unto Him, as one that is alive from the dead, and thy limbs as implements of righteousness unto God."



Tangier

(From a sketch by Lady Verney)

Morocco Bound

By Lady Verney

ON a raw, dark, January morning, with grey clouds above and grey seas around us, we steamed out of the Mersey, bound for Morocco.

The gay enthusiasm with which we started was quenched in weary rolling and ignoble discomfort, and after an eternity, six days long, of stolid endurance—

> Neither pride
> Nor hope rekindled at the end descried
> So much as gladness that some end should be.

But the dullest person could hardly be disappointed with Tangier. The dawn of the seventh morning found us in the blue waters of the bay; a mist suddenly rolled up and disclosed a white town, with the pearly iridescence of a shell, a stretch of golden sand, and distant mountain peaks. Our decks were invaded by a motley crew of Moors and negroes in white draperies and many-coloured garments swarming up out of the boats, screaming and scolding in unknown tongues.

A majestic figure emerged from the hurly-burly, Absalom, "guide and friend of the English," sent by the hotel to receive us. His appearance carried one back two or three centuries, he had on a waistcoat just such as we had left in the museum at home, worn at the Coronation of Charles I. by Sir Edmund Verney. The landing at the Custom House is picturesque beyond words. The narrow strip of beach is piled up with wooden cases, barrels, baskets, sacks, jars, and travellers' luggage, which strong brown sinewy arms are clutching and dragging, and loading on to the patient backs of

men, mules and asses. The sun pours down on warm whites and browns, with dashes of vermilion and orange.

In a cavernous recess of the rocky wall the Custom House Officers sit turbaned and cross-legged, unmoved and unhurried by the impatient voices asking for permission to enter under the narrow gateway. When this has been granted, we throw ourselves into the crowd with the laden beasts and porters, struggling to pass upwards into the city, and are met by another such crowd of men and creatures, making their difficult way downwards to the port. In a country without wheels, and in narrow, tortuous streets built for defence, for shade, for any and every purpose except for circulation, there must needs be some courtesy shown by the wayfarers to each other. So we thread our way safely under Absalom's guidance over the cobbles of the steep street. We dodge the sharp corners of open egg-boxes, swinging from a pole between two runners, and the dripping goatskins of the water-carriers; we duck under sticky sweet-meats, hanging like snakes from a rod, and horrid red lumps of minced meat; past little dark hutches in the wall, filled with bright stuffs and lemon-coloured slippers, till we emerge through the horseshoe arch of a pink gate into the Soko or market-place.

During the whole of our stay that Soko was our joy and delight. A bare hillside covered with brown mud or dust, according to weather, it swarms with figures also brown, standing, squatting or lying on the ground, as innocent of chairs, tables or booths as so many rabbits. Their animals are all about them, well used to human comradeship, and too weary to stray. Strings of camels from the vast unknown South kneel to discharge their loads, and

The Great Soko (Market-place), Tangier

(From a photo by Sir Edmund Verney)

stretch long weary necks upon the ground. There are innumerable donkeys, a few gaunt horses, flocks of plump little sheep and frisky goats, and the interstices between the bigger creatures are filled with cramped hens tied down in various forms of wretchedness. Men are sitting beside handfuls of charcoal, and women have bundles of brushwood, whose size denotes the poverty of the buyers. Golden oranges are in heaps by the wayside, with sheaths of bright green young barley, beside great open baskets of sparkling white salt, and flat brown loaves of excellent Moorish bread.

In one corner thirty or forty men sitting in a half-circle would be eagerly listening to a story-teller. The fighting which has since become so serious was even then beginning, troops were marched through the Soko to headquarters at Fez: the previous day a letter from the Sultan had been received with flags waving, and guns firing, announcing a victory over the Pretender. But such matters are too recent for the story-teller, and, with the issues of this civil war still in the balance, he recites an old, old tale from the "Arabian Nights," tossing up skinny arms, and dramatically re-adjusting the folds of his brown garment. Within hearing of the group there is wailing round a grave which is being dug, amongst rank weeds in unfenced ground, just outside the market. A little further on some black tumblers are performing, and if a tourist on his mule pauses to look over the heads of the crowd he will probably be addressed in Cockney English, as the tambourine is passed round, for the acrobats are on their way from a London music hall to their homes in the far interior. Or a snake charmer is the centre of interest, his dark repulsive face set off by a large white turban. He lets the snakes coil round his neck and hang from his scarred tongue; he puts a bundle of wet straw into his mouth which first smokes and then in a truly diabolic fashion bursts into flame.

Through the crowd of the market-people other figures are continually passing — a dignified Moor on a prancing Arab horse or on a mule with red trappings and silver stirrups; an artist with his easel; a gorgeous native servant from one of the legations bringing up the mail; a couple of smart, young *attachés* riding out for the morrow's pig-sticking; and a sweet, fair child, unmistakably English, sitting her well-appointed donkey with great majesty, her lap full of flowers. The little lady is well known in the Soko; the old saint with the wisp of green round his turban and the black beggar with his head-dress of cowries look kindly after her. We realise how the East and the West rub shoulders here with mutual good feeling, though without any real contact. Before the sun goes down one white-veiled figure after another starts on her homeward

Snake Charmer

(From a photo by Sir Edmund Verney)

way; there are sandhills to toil over, streams to ford, and heavy burdens to bear. We watch a woman on all-fours vainly struggling to rise under the faggots piled on her back. Some men standing by steady the load, and at last with large feet, deformed and flattened, set far apart, she gains her balance, and shuffles off with pathetic patience. God's sunshine seems the only one of His good gifts that these poor creatures have leave to enjoy, and conversation their last human attribute. Yet the working classes have more of what we mean by home in a mud hovel than the unhappy

rich. Married to an unseen child-wife, a rich man turns his house into a prison, and high-born ladies, cut off from all reasonable human interests, have become unfit to be trusted with any freedom. As elsewhere, idle women can do less and less, till the care even of their persons and their clothes becomes too great a trouble in the aimless lives, varied only by gossip and intrigue and very sweet green tea. It is said that in the mountain districts of Morocco the traditions of an earlier time have withstood the blight of Mahommedanism, and that a race of athletic and intelligent women are their husbands' companions in and out of doors.

While Othello is conspicuous, Shylock and Tubal are not to be overlooked. Morocco swarms with Jews. Their black caps and cringing manners testify to past centuries of oppression. But, hated as they are, the trade of the country is in their hands, and they have an intelligence department of their own, which stretches right across unknown Morocco. The Alliance Juive, so unpopular in France, is promoting education everywhere, and the Jew boys, standing at the street corners on Saturday, speak two or three languages, criticise one's sketches, and are wonderfully keen and well mannered. We visited a Jewish house and were kindly welcomed. It contained a strange jumble of objects. Maple's worst chairs stood against a dado of old lustre tiles, with inlaid Spanish cabinets and Fez needlework. The lowest depths were reached by large-framed prints of Moses and Aaron that would not have tempted the managers of the most destitute Voluntary school. While the father showed his great folios of the Talmud, the daughters brought us some delicious oranges of their own preserving, having first covered our laps with embroidered napkins. No plate or knife was produced, but an orange was held out at the end of a fork by a black-eyed maiden. To attack it was to send down a shower of syrup on the expectant napkin, while Moses and Aaron glared disapproval.

We had come provided with books on Morocco, past and present, with sketching and photographic tools, robust powers of enjoyment, and a proper thirst for information. But as tourists in Tangier we had expected to leave the great clothes question behind us. In a land where a man is royally clothed in a blanket, and a woman produces gown, petticoat, and bonnet by rolling herself up in rough towelling, Paris fashions seem acutely irrelevant. But we had not reckoned on the quite incalculable hospitality of the English residents, and, when invitations to dances and parties poured in, the question of what to wear was again thrust upon us.

Under kindly escort we ransacked the one shop, grandly styled the Petit Louvre, and then with the Spanish youth from behind the counter carrying white gauze and satin in the slenderest wrappings, we elbowed our way down the much-encumbered street, through a gate to the shore, round a corner where the wind swept in sudden gusts, up a steep lane outside the walls and a long flight of steps to the attic retreat of a Spanish dressmaker. These steps led to a snuff factory to be smelt all down the street, and were often piled up with sacks, when we had to push through the snuff-laden mules and jump from sack to sack with the young man and the parcels—an unusual mode of approaching one's dressmaker.

In shabby clothes, with a worn face and thin, grey hair—"Anna la Costureda" received us with the manners of a queen, and her business was idealised by her own respect for it, and by her sympathy with those who resorted to her.

We became firm friends. A daughter, said to be mad but knowing some French, was routed out of bed to translate for us; and the feeble young man, who was quite ready with advice, was provided with occupation for the whole afternoon, as he had brought neither scissors nor yard-measure, and he went up and down with his goods through the donkeys, round the windy corner, by the shore, to the shop and back again. Shopping, like much else, is a slow business in Morocco. "To walk is better than to run," say the Moors; "but sitting is best of all." Nevertheless a more cheerful proverb adds, "Little by little the camel goes into the stew-pan." Dressmakers provide nothing,

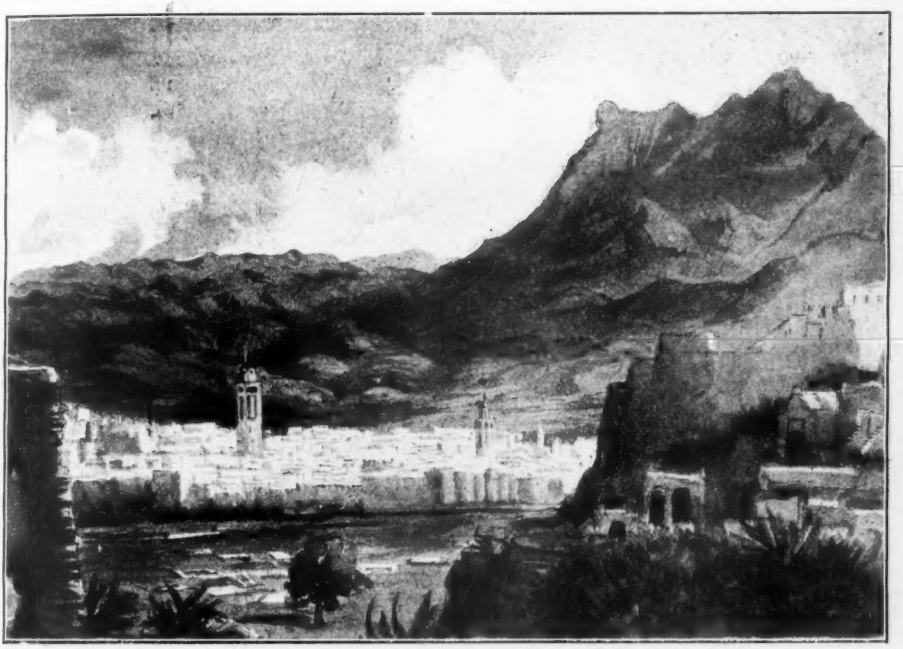
and in our search for the endless trifles which at home come by nature, we found the Moor who sold hooks closed on Friday for his Sabbath; the Jew who sold eyes closed on Saturday; when both offered to deal with us on Sunday we had to decline, and so three days went by. But when by dint of great perseverance our gowns were at last completed, it was startling to find that there was no way of going out at night, even to a ball, except on a donkey. Rumour told of an old sedan-chair, but dear, slow and not to be depended upon, so satin and tulle were tucked away under waterproofs; we mounted in wind and darkness, and started down the steep lane. A stumbling ass brought one young lady to the ground, and so startled my black donkey-man that he dropped and smashed a precious lantern. We arrived at last at the Marshan, an open green hill-top fringed with houses; our host's garden carpeted with blue violets and white Freezias, with hanging garlands of pink geraniums, was a fairy-land of coloured lights; and after a delightful evening, it was a weird experience to ride home by starlight, trusting entirely to our Arab boys. Our lantern gave furtive glimpses of brown bundles asleep in dark corners; the town-guards were comfortably snoring on their mats, and had to be roused to open the heavy door, and the Soko was abandoned to the rats.

Tangier is the diplomatic capital, but the present Sultan has never visited it. Fez is difficult of access to Europeans, other inland towns can only be explored at great risk; the Atlas range is inaccessible, and the chief part of Morocco is practically unknown. So great is the dread of foreign interference that exports are taxed and discouraged, railways absolutely excluded, and the country is rapidly falling from its own former standard of civilisation.

Happily for us the way to Tetuan was still open, and we started thither with a little cavalcade. We had each a mule; a simple, kindly negro strode beside mine; a soldier unarmed but in gorgeous attire, with an absurd and persistent likeness to Mr. Jesse Collings, acted as our escort, and the guide, Mohammed, on the baggage mule brought up the rear. We first crossed a wide plain, jewelled with flowers more abundant than corn in the corn-fields; great storks were assembling for their summer migration, and dainty white ibises followed the plough. As we approached the mountains the slopes were silvery with fragrant white heath among rocks and boulders; and oleanders, not yet in bloom, marked the water-courses. In all the day's journey not a wayside house was to be seen; the timid villages were hidden away in the hollows of the hills, and the first building we came to was a *Fondak*, or Caravanserai, built on the top of a pass, and surrounded by a high wall. Here we encamped, guarded by four splendid persons, who if refused their fee of about $3\frac{3}{4}d.$ each, seemed likely to show us their skill in another capacity, as the contents of the little tent were well within the sweep of long brown arms.

It is the charm of the country that one seems to be wandering about in an old picture Bible. As the morning broke, a line of white figures appeared winding along a ridge above us, like Jephthah's daughter with her maidens, their barbaric wailing music echoing from the hills. Tetuan is entirely enclosed within high walls, and gates locked at sunset, with streets even narrower and more tortuous than those of Tangier, spanned by low arches which scarcely admit a horseman. The chief trade is in leather; yellow and crimson slippers are made in thousands, and picturesque bags that are carried over the shoulder. The women wear immense straw hats on the top of their thick white draperies. We rode towards the great wall of mountains encircling Tetuan, through fragrant orange gardens that have since been burnt by the troops, catching a glimpse at times of the Mediterranean Sea. A vignette remains in my memory of a fine bridge across the river, modern, but in ruins, and of two men sitting on the broken pier playing draughts in the sunshine. Starting before daybreak we accomplished the ride back of forty-six miles in one day; the beasts, as Mohammed assured us, having had "plenty too much barley." A Jew, on a big roan mule, asked leave to join us. He was an unpleasant object, in greasy broad-

cloth, but he had an endless flow of talk wherewith "to cheat the toil and cheer the way." Where space and time are so ample that one subject may fill a long hot day, favoured the company with them. My black man came third, like Zophar the Naamathite; though heard with less tolerance, he too had his turn, and never walked so briskly as when



Tetuan, from the Cemetery

(*From a sketch by Lady Verney*)

men do not snap out their sentences with *yes* or *no* for an answer, but they "take up their parable," like Job and his friends, and talk through several chapters with a proper preface and conclusion. "Howbeit, Job, I pray thee hear my speech, and hearken to all my words. Behold now I have opened my mouth, my tongue hath spoken in my mouth." This, one felt, was as appropriate as the twists and turns in the gold braid that adorned the escort's scarlet waistcoat, and thus each man discoursed. The Jew opened in a serious political vein; the Boer War, the English fleet, the German Emperor, and the affairs of Venezuela, France, Spain, Italy and Tunis were each touched upon; and the soldier, whose fifteen years' service at the Italian Legation had given him views on diplomacy, if only from the door-mat, he was throwing his words back to the end of the file, with all the strength of his powerful lungs.

We reached Tangier again in time for the Mutton Feast, one of the great events in a Mussulman's year. During many days flocks of rams were driven in, others carried singly in panniers, or round men's necks, were butting, kicking, and showing all the sport possible. On the eve of the feast, men were sharpening long knives on their door-steps, and those who were not already provided with new clothes were completing their purchases. The meeting-place was a saint's tomb with its high-walled enclosure, on the top of the hill above the Soko, and opposite the British Legation. From early morning the worshippers were coming to "the praying-house," mounted or on foot, prostrating

In the old town, Tangier

(From a photo by Sir Edmund Verney)

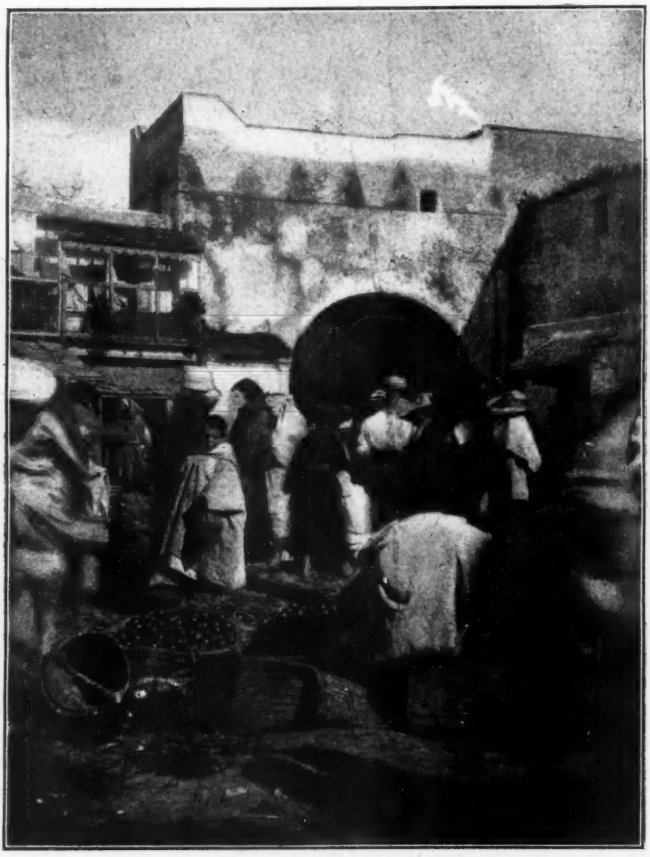
pour in from the surrounding country centres on this disgusting race. Men with rods rush forward screaming to clear the way, the wretched ram tumbles out of the basket, and is dragged and jostled about while his blood streams down upon the runners, to die on the steps of the Mosque, where Bishop Ken used to preach.

The town becomes a shambles, every man kills a ram and every boy a kid, dark stains defile the ground, and in the little blacksmiths' shops off the Soko, heads scarcely cold are being battered in, and beautiful horns wrenched off. This is traditionally to do honour to God and to the memory of Abraham and Ishmael, who has displaced Isaac in the Moslem version of the story. The old prophet's protest, "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams?" came forcibly to mind. The best part of the *fête* was the dinner that every family, however poor, enjoyed in all good fellowship and sobriety. Our guide, Mohammed, and the black man, strutting about in new finery, and airing their English, called out to me, "I say, missus," in the most cordial tones.

After the feast the country seemed to become more and more disturbed, parties of men with long guns would come in from the villages to complain to the Basha, getting some Englishman whom they trusted to see that they had fair play. A native in the employ of a European was shot while working in the garden. Mr. Harris, the well-known *Times* correspondent, a good friend to the Moors, received a sudden visit from fifty men of a tribe not previously known to him. It was very striking to see their perfect confidence. These warlike gentlemen lay about in his garden as tired children, or retired for prayer into a large unfurnished room, which he gave up to them entirely. Mr. Harris' cook is one of the local notables. By birth a landowner, he sold the site of the house and garden to his present patron; by profession a Government official with authority in the Custom House and the police, he is an amateur of cooking, and only responds to the Basha's appeals when the kitchen allows of his temporary absence. In concert with this distinguished *chef* and patriot, Mr. Harris ordered in plentiful supplies of mutton and kous-kous, pipes and music, and he and his friend, Mr. Cunninghame Graham, made a night of it with their guests.

The well at the bottom of which Truth dwells is many fathoms deep in Morocco. It is the business of the newspaper correspondents to foster and circulate alarmist reports, it is the business of the Legations to contradict them and to keep calm. Europeans accustomed to devoted Moorish servants are slow to distrust them, though they allow that the groom who has cared so faithfully for his young ladies and their ponies, or the guardian

themselves in the matted court, and then remaining silent and motionless in devotional attitudes. Muley Ali and Muley Achmet, the young Shereefs of Wazan, came early, as befitted the saintly traditions of their house. On the opposite hill-side a procession issued from the gate of the Kasbah, the citadel and heart of the old town. First a long train of priests in white, impressive in their simplicity and equality, then the garrison with their Commander; the Basha, the Caliph, and the various officials, on fine mules, in crimson or purple and fine linen. They disappeared under the gate, wound up through the Soko, passed the beautiful English church, and joined the ranks of the bowed white figures. Up to this point one felt in full sympathy with the reverent attitude of the people, and the great national act of worship; but all was suddenly changed when a ram was produced within the sacred enclosure; its throat was cut, and it was delivered to a couple of fleet runners, to be carried down the hill, through the Soko and the main street to the Mosque; which, if it reached alive, a good harvest would be secured. The excitement was intense, the attention of the crowds who



Market-place, Tetuan

(From a photo by Sir Edmund Verney)

ten hundred thousand men, and they all go marching along"—but we were mistaken. "The Marshan," writes a friend in April, "is a town of canvas. The Sultan's troops are quartered here, such a ragged, dirty lot, with starvation marked strongly on their faces. The Pretender sends his letters broadcast, the wording points to their being written by a man of high attainments. Practically the whole of the surrounding tribes acknowledge him. The Sultan has again decided not to head the army, and remains at Fez, much to the dissatisfaction of the Moors. What little prestige remains to him will diminish perceptibly. Muley Ali has been decorated in Algeria."

A month later we are told that the men ordered "to go marching along" abide in their tents and claim the protection of the Shereefa. If Balak cannot lead, they appeal to Deborah. But the days are gone by when State affairs were settled by wise judgments given under a palm-tree—and the end of these things who can foresee?

MARGARET M. VERNEY.

The Bazaar Party Outflanked

By Harry Davies

WE were all agog in our country chapel when Eliezer Foulkes, the leader of the progressive party, actually had the temerity to propose that we should hold a bazaar in aid of the funds, just as they did in Manchester. Now Eliezer was the only person in the church, saving the minister, who had ever been to Manchester; and since that proud event, Eliezer's brain, to put it in the words of John Haggins, "had got Manchester written inside it." It was all Manchester. Why couldn't we do as they did in Manchester? Now in Manchester it was so-and-so. If he might say a few words on this subject, he would like to tell them how they managed the thing in Manchester. And so on until the very existence of Manchester became a personal grievance to everybody of the old party. I verily believe that had it been possible, and had they not been men who for the most part could not have hurt a fly, I verily believe there were times when they would have wiped Manchester off the face of the earth.

"What I want to know is this!" said the pompous and assertive Caleb Diggle, thumping his right fist into the palm of his left hand, as was his wont, "What I want to know is this—what has Manchester got to do with us? Be *we* livin' in Manchester?"

He looked round him with the triumphant air of a man who has put a tremendous poser, and swelled with gratification to find that no answer was forthcoming. Caleb always grew more aggressive if he was allowed to have the field, and he proceeded to declaim, his voice getting shriller and shriller with the exultant pleasure of hearing himself speak.

"That's what I says about it!" he repeated, fearful lest any one else should take up the conversation. "That's the way to talk to 'em. An' that's what I shall say when the matter comes up. What has Manchester got to do with us? Be *we* livin' in Manchester? That's what I shall ask them, an' let 'em answer that ef they can. What I says is this——"

"Nonsense, Caleb!" said Aaron Lees, testily. "There's no point at all in what you are sayin'. Once you start to talk you never know where you are goin' to end, and the consequence is that you nearly always get off the lines. What good d'you think you'll do by askin' ef we be livin' in Manchester! P'raps we've got a few good things to learn from Manchester, an' p'raps they've got a few good things to learn from us. Anyways, what we says is, as we don't want to learn anything about bazaars from Manchester or any other place. They may be suitable to Manchester, but they en't suitable here, and what's more we don't hold with sech things.

of the gate who starts off noiselessly with the long stride of a camel if Jean-Gaston or François are toddling into danger—would cut every Christian throat cheerfully at the outbreak of a Holy War.

The Moors, while prizing their personal independence, submit to tyranny that would drive the most stolid English labourers into rebellion. Brave in enduring pain, they are callous about inflicting it, and seem unable to combine against authority however grossly abused. "When a cur has money," they say with cynical fatalism, "call him my Lord the Hound," and the traditions of oppression on the one side and of servility on the other are not readily to be broken through. The Sultan, Abd-el-Aziz, has many warm friends among Englishmen at Tangier, and he is said to confide in the English on his official staff. Bu Hamara, the Pretender, appears to be brave, popular, and learned. He travels with quite a library of Arabic MSS., one of which we saw, which had been lately captured with his baggage.

The French are credited with yet another candidate for Empire, in Muley Ali, the accomplished and enlightened son of an heroic English woman, the Shereefa of Wazan. She has reconciled all the opposites, and, while regarded as a Saint and Prophetess by the Moors, she has retained her own religion and customs, and is the most remarkable figure in the society of Tangier.

Her son, Muley Ali, is a blood descendant of the Prophet's, and represents a saintly House without whose support no Sultan can rule; but he is not the reigning Shereef of Wazan, and his half-brother, the head of the family, is much less educated and tolerant; so the situation is a complicated one.

We used confidently to declare in the nursery that—"The Emperor of Morocco has

The Sultan's highway, Morocco

(From a sketch by Lady Verney)

Our forefathers supported the church, and supported it well, without bazaars, an' we can do the same! No, I guess you'd better hold your tongue ef you en't got anything better nor that to contribute to the discussion."

Caleb looked foolish, as he always did when he was taken down in this way. He was a most amusing man, irritating in his aggressiveness, utterly crestfallen when he was rated for his quarrelsome ways by any one who had influence over him, and as perky and bombastic and interfering as ever again in the course of a few days.

It is always a pleasant thing to me to remember that the controversies in connection with our country church were rarely tinged by any feeling of personal bitterness. If any little flames of anger or resentment sometimes blazed up, they were soon swept away by the healthy atmosphere of kindliness and good fellowship which existed among us all. This was no doubt due in part to the fact that hearts are ever warmer and simpler upon the bosom of old Mother Nature than anywhere else, but chiefly it was due to the influence of the minister, whose personality kept the church together in a wonderful way. They might be divided in their opinions, but they were as one man in their love and respect for him. Thus, although they were often sharp and even acrid in their attack and parry, there was no real animus behind it at all. One drop of oil upon the troubled waters from the ever-tactful cruse which the minister always appeared to have at hand, and all was right again.

Some of the most animated discussions anent the bazaar question took place as the members wended their way home across the fields from the week-night service or choir practice. Many were the quiet lanes and field paths which echoed on such nights with the excited voices of the disputants.

"Will you tell me, Eliezer," said William Phipps, who was one of the most formidable debaters the conservative party possessed, "will you tell me, Eliezer, what your main argument in favour of a bazaar may be?"

"We are in need of the money," replied Eliezer. "The schoolroom must be paid for—that's my main argument."

"An' now let us have the other arguments," said William, with an air of judicial impartiality.

"A bazaar would be something new," Eliezer replied, "at least for these parts. It would be a novelty and would attract people. I reckon, for that reason alone, as it'd be a big success. You see William," he added, persuasively, "we really *must* keep up with the times a bit."

William looked inscrutable, his eyes fixed upon an oak tree that was standing out against the after-glow of the sun.

"Any other arguments?" he asked, judicially.

"Yes, a bazaar'd pay better than any other form of church effort."

"That, I take it, is all the arguments you've got to offer," said William.

Eliezer did not relish being followed up in this close way. "Well, there's other arguments," he said somewhat sharply, "but those are all I need dwell on now."

"Let's have the others; let's have 'em all," said William.

"Well, one of them is, as a bazaar unites the people together in effort. Everybody's got something to do."

"You know that's rubbish, Eliezer," said William. "A bazaar en't the only form of church effort in which the people can be united in work. I could name half a dozen. Come, now, let's have any more sound arguments as you've got to offer."

"Well—a—a—for one thing a—a bazaar gives the best return for the trouble taken," said Eliezer, somewhat feebly.

"You've already given that," said William, pouncing on him. "That's covered by your argument that a bazaar'd pay better than any other form of church effort!"

"It en't quite the same thing," said Eliezer, lamely.

"No, it's only a different way of putting it," retorted William, with a bland smile. "But anyways, those are all your arguments?"

"Well, those are the *main* arguments," admitted Eliezer, reluctantly.

"If you'd any more sound ones you'd give 'em," said William, with bluntness.

Eliezer could not very well give his one remaining reason. He was a young and

a prosperous man, and had great ideas about doing things grandly and being in the fashion. He thought a bazaar would be a stylish affair to have, and that, did he but know it, was probably the Alpha and Omega of his hankering for it. But he could not very well advance such an argument to a hard-headed, unimaginative individual like William Phipps, and so he had nothing more to say.

"Very well, then, Eliezer," said William, turning round on him suddenly and coming to a standstill. "You've practically got three arguments. We want to do something to pay off the schoolroom debt. That's number one. A bazaar would be a novelty. That's number two. A bazaar would pay better than anything else. That's number three. Now, then," he went on slily, "suppose we have a scheme to pay off the debt which would be certain to raise the money, which is entirely free from the objectionable features of a bazaar, and which would be much less trouble and risk, where's your arguments gone in favour of the bazaar?"

William concluded the sentence with a triumphant snap of his jaw, as though it were a mouse-trap which had just caught a mouse.

Eliezer was for the moment entirely disconcerted. He endeavoured to cover his confusion by coughing violently, while he racked his brains for an answer.

"Will you give me any good reason why, under those circumstances, we should give ourselves all the trouble and anxiety of a bazaar, with far less certain results?" asked William, following up his advantage.

"He's got you, Eliezer!" exclaimed old Samuel Tibbs delightedly. "He's cornered you fair!"

"He hasn't cornered me at all," Eliezer said tartly. "I still think as a bazaar would be the best plan for many reasons, and I shall do my best to carry the resolution."

"Name one of your many reasons," said William.

"It creates more interest among outsiders," returned Eliezer, with sudden inspiration.

"Where's the outsiders to come from in a district where nearly all the people for five miles round belong to our own congregation?" asked William.

"Oh, I can't stand here talkin' all night," said Eliezer, with petulance. "My supper's waitin' for me!"

"Ah, Eliezer," said William, shaking his head sagely, "it's a funny way to make a proposition first of all, an' then cast about for reason to support it. That's gettin' the furniture afore you've got the house, that is."

Eliezer was glad to take the opportunity that the cross lanes afforded him of escaping from his persistent antagonist. He was defeated, but not convinced. A bazaar would be the up-to-date and stylish thing, and he meant to have it if he could get the majority of the church round to his way of thinking. Eliezer was as faithful and generous a member as any man—but he had a great idea of appearances, and he would dearly like to be able to say to some of the farmers on market-day: "We are having a bazaar at our place," meeting their surprise in a casual, off-hand way which implied, "Oh, that is nothing! We are go-ahead in our church, you know! Not like you old-fashioned people!"

As the days went by it became evident that despite all the arguments and rhetoric of the old party, the bazaar idea was slowly but surely gaining ground. Eliezer, you must know, was a man of pleasant manners, and no one knew better than he how to carry on a campaign of this sort. He completely won Hephzibah Blunt by saying: "Oh, but you ought to be more in favour of a bazaar than I am, Mrs. Blunt. Your talents all lie in that direction. You are such a splendid business woman! An' think what a stall you could get up with those wonderful antimacassars as you make. Why, there's nobody can touch you in the whole country round for good taste!"

Henceforward Hephzibah was an enthusiastic supporter of Eliezer!

When the night arrived for taking the vote of the church on the bazaar question, it seemed to many people as though victory must assuredly be within Eliezer's grasp. The tide had latterly been running very strongly in his favour, and the complacent attitude with which he settled back in his seat was sufficient in itself to show that he was pluming himself on a coming triumph.

It seemed, I say, to many as though he must certainly win. But that just shows how little they knew of the resource, the strategy, the dogged determination of the old party! You do not suppose, do you, that they had been letting the grass grow under their feet, that they had come to the meeting without first of all putting their sage heads together in a plan of campaign! He laughs best who laughs last. Eliezer and his party certainly seemed to have the upper hand at present—but just wait! It was not the way of our old tacticians to show their whole hand at once. They sat like sphinxes the while Eliezer and his party, flushed with the expectation of victory, were unable to suppress triumphant looks at each other. Aaron Lees fingered his goatee-beard as coolly and unconcernedly as though he were sitting by the fire-side thinking what he should have for supper. John Haggins imperturbably fixed his eyes on the wall above the pulpit. Griffith Gaunt, the choleric-tempered and quickly over, the gruff-mannered and good-hearted, plunged back into the corner of the seat and looked around him with a calm if pugnacious stare. Did not Eliezer and his party take warning by this cool confidence of bearing? No, intoxicated by the hope of a rare victory they were oblivious to everything, and rushed like blind men into the ambush. Never shall I forget the consummate generalship of the old party that night! First of all, enveloping tactics and then the sudden surprise! A strong speech from Griffith Gaunt led the way—a speech in which he drove his points home like a hammer true on the nail.

"You want to make our church a trading shop," he said with hot scorn—"a place for buyin' and sellin,' and dishonest profits."

"I protest against the word dishonest," said Eliezer impetuously.

"I said dishonest, and I repeat it," retorted Griffith, bringing his fist down on the seat-ledge. "Everybody knows as it is the common practice in bazaars to put an inflated value on things under the plea that it is for a religious cause. That is how some churches set an example to the world, and in the same breath they would denounce men who manage their business in the same dishonest way. I ask you what has the Church of God to do with buyin' and sellin', with raffles and side-shows and flirtin,' with shoutin' and chafferin' over wares in the market-place? When I see and read of such things I ask myself, 'Is this the Church that Christ came to establish on earth?' What did Christ do with those who were turning the Temple into a shop? He drove them all out, and poured out the changers' money and overthrew the tables; and then He said, *Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.* You may tell me until you are black in the face that the case don't apply, because you propose holding it in the schoolroom. That's a mere quibble. The House of God should hold itself above the chafferin' of wares whether in the chapel or the schoolroom or anywhere else. There's the words for you as clear and straight as they can be—*Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.* An' I say as if this church has anything to do with sech a thing as a bazaar it is deliberately actin' contrary to Christ's commands."

And thus the speeches went on, hard-hitting and strenuous, until suddenly there came the surprise which put the finishing stroke to the attack, and threw Eliezer's party into absolute confusion.

William Phipps arose, cool and resolute.

"I have already had some talk with Eliezer Foulkes on this subject," he said, "an' I perfectly understand his arguments in favour of a bazaar. I want, now, to ask him just two or three questions. How much do you suppose we'd make by a bazaar, Eliezer?"

"I reckon we'd be likely to make the whole £60 we want," said Eliezer, warily—"that is if the whole church threw themselves into it in a genuine and earnest way."

"But you en't certain!" said William.

"Nobody can be quite certain of anything," replied Eliezer. "You wouldn't be quite certain whatever plan you adopted."

"Oh, shouldn't we!" retorted William, drily. "Well, let that be for the minute. Supposing as we do consent for the church to become a shopping concern, we have heard of shopkeepers failing to sell their goods!"

"That en't likely," said Eliezer uneasily. "There's no risk any way. We shouldn't have to lay out much in buyin'."

"But there's all the trouble," said William.

"It en't likely to happen," repeated Eliezer.

"But it *might* happen," persisted William, in a wheedling voice.

"Well, it might!—anything *might!*" snapped Eliezer. "We are likely to make the greater part of the money, anyhow."

"*But you don't know!*" replied William, triumphantly. "Well, *we've* got a plan by which we do know. No trouble, no risk, no uncertainty, no strife or discussion in the church. We want £60. Very well. Griffith Gaunt has written a cheque for £10, and here it is in my hand. Aaron Lees has promised £5, John Haggins £5, and I shall give £5. That's £25, and leaves £35 to be made up. There are 150 *male* members in the church above the age of twenty-one. That's something short of five shillings each. If your side refuse to contribute, then there are some sixty-five of us who are prepared to hold ourselves responsible for it and to undertake as it shall be in the treasurer's hands in one week from this date. There's all the money for you in one stroke without any fuss or risk whatever, and if the members of this church reject a plan so simple just in order that they may have all the trouble and risk of a bazaar, I can only say as they must have taken leave of their senses!"

Eliezer and his supporters were utterly and completely nonplussed, while the applause around them made the rafters ring. Yet what could they say to a proposal which not only shamed them as an example of generous giving, but entirely removed the necessity for a bazaar or any other form of effort? They were hopelessly discomfited and checkmated, and that in such a neat manner that they could not utter a syllable in opposition. So they tried to smile, as though William Phipps's proposal pleased them; and if ever you have tried to smile under such circumstances, you will understand what that smile was like.

You must know this, however, in honour of Eliezer and his party. When their chagrin had subsided, they accepted the position like men, ay, and put their hands in their pockets, too!

COMPARED with the remains of the earliest fish-hooks our modern hooks have changed but little in general shape; the millions of hooks made in many centuries have not improved upon the original idea.

With an invention of so remote an age, wrapt in the obscurity of antiquity, it is now only possible to surmise that we probably owe the idea of the hook to the men who fished in the Neolithic Age. Long before hooks were thought of, no doubt many fish were caught by hand, snared, or speared. The natives of the South Pacific Islands are skilful with the fish spear at the present day; they also shoot fish with an arrow projected from a bow; with us what may be a survival of a very early custom, requiring craft and skill, still practised, is trout tickling.

The present endeavour, by no means complete, is to deal with some examples of early and strangely formed hooks, in some cases in use at the present day; others being relics left by fishermen of the Stone and Bronze Ages, the days of the true hunters and fishers of the old world.

Although the fish-hook is a well-known contrivance, there are yet savages to whom it is unknown. The Fuegians, of the "Iles del Fuego," use a line without a hook. The bait is tied to the end of a line; this is dangled before the fish and attracts it to the surface; here the fish is allowed to bite it, and before it can release its hold it is jerked from the water and knocked into the canoe, by the left hand of the Fuegian. Sea otters and seals are also taken by means of spears and arrows.

As far as we know, fly-fishing seems to have been unknown to early fishermen. Apart from this method, it is remarkable how little we have advanced from the methods of the early men. It is doubtful if the simple contrivance of a gorge bait was thought of before the bent hook. Gorges have been found with remains belonging to the early Bronze Age; they may have been well known. On the other hand, a barbed

Bronze hook from a cave in Gibraltar

hook would have been preferred, in being more efficacious for securing the fish, by the aid of striking, there being less chance of losing a fish when nibbling.

In one of the caves on the Rock of Gibraltar was found a well-shaped bronze hook; it was discovered with other objects of bone, stone implements, and ornamented pottery, all of which belonged to the Neolithic Age. Although these objects were of a primitive civilisation, the bronze hook was in shape quite similar to hooks used in the present time.

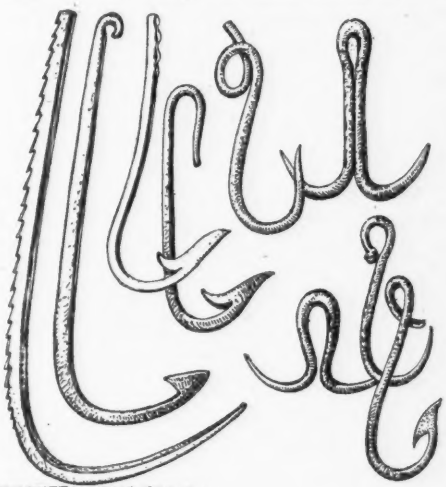
During the excavation of the Swiss lake dwellings many fish-hooks were found, with bronze tools, weapons, and objects of stone and clay. The hooks were of many varieties, some types of which are shown in the illustrations.

Primitive forms of hooks seem to have had no barb, being but a piece of wire bent round and pointed; both curved and straight shanks are to be seen; in one instance a large hook has the back of the shank serrated or notched, which may have been intended to give a better grip for the binding. A section of the bronze wire from which these hooks were made is in many cases quadrangular. When a round wire was employed it was in no case uniformly round. A number of double hooks were among those found, some with, and others without, barbs.

In a lake dwelling at Estavager, of the Bronze Age, at a distance of four hundred feet from the shore, was found a dwelling seven thousand seven hundred square feet in area. The remains of piles were standing in six or seven feet of water. With other objects was found a small double bronze hook, without barbs, to be seen in the illustration.

Of the numerous hooks recovered during these excavations, perhaps one of the most interesting examples was a fish hook made from the tusk of a wild boar; this was found in the Lake of Mosseedorf, near Berne.

From the primitive make of this barbless tusk hook, and the absence of metal among the remains, it may well have belonged to a



BRONZE-HOOKS FROM SWISS LAKE-DWELLINGS

fisherman of the Neolithic Age. In the mud under these dwellings numerous fish scales and bones were found; there were those of perch and bleak, the vertebræ of other fish, and the lower jaw of a colossal pike.

Small bone objects, presumably gorges,

were also found. They consisted of a bone shank, pointed at both ends; a depression was made in the middle, round which the line was attached; the gorge covered with bait was swallowed by the fish; any pulling on the line had the effect of driving one, if not both, points more firmly into the throat or inside of the fish. At the present time ducks are caught with gorges in this manner on the Untersee.

A group of Greek and Roman bronze hooks are among the illustrations; little is known about them. The largest specimen, a well made hook, was obtained at Corfu.

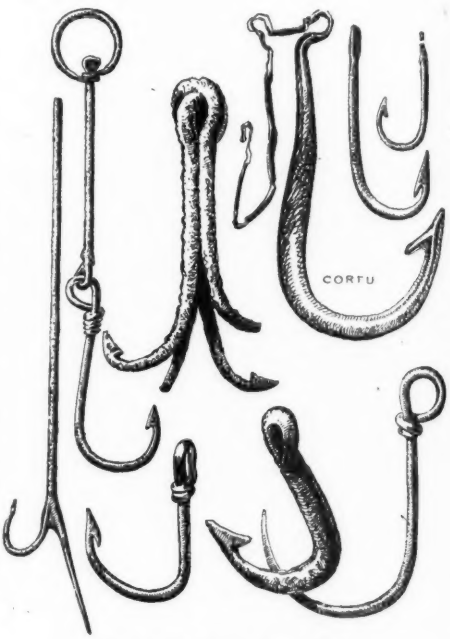
The strange looking hook with a spike came from the Island of Calymnos; it is so unusual in shape that it is doubtful if it was used for fishing; it has been suggested that its use was for trimming the wick of a small lamp. The other examples are all more or less ordinary type; the one with swivel is unusual.

A most interesting find of hooks was recently made in Cyprus during the excavation of a grave, when a hoard of bronze hooks was found. The owner must have been an ardent fisherman, who angled some five or six hundred years before Christ. One lot of small hooks, some eight or ten in number, formed a corroded mass; when in good condition they were very similar to the small hooks used by roach fishermen of the present day. With these small hooks there were seven large hooks of various sizes. The owner had an outfit for general fishing which he hoped to use in the next world.

The Egyptians indulged in fishing in the River Nile and its numerous sluices. Private fish-ponds were made in the grounds of the wealthy for storing fish; also providing recreation to the owner, who amused himself by angling.

In Egyptian sculptures a person of rank, and of a certain age, is to be seen fishing from the bank of a canal or lake, with a rod and line, or spearing the fish as they glided past the bank. These ancient fisherman evidently believed in being comfortable when fishing; they are shown seated on a mat, which was spread on the ground in the shade of a tree; others are to be seen sitting on a chair, a notion of comfort not despised by fishermen in punts on the Thames.

The rod of the early Egyptian was short, generally furnished with a single line and a bronze hook; occasionally two lines, each with a bronze hook, are to be seen on the one rod.



Greek and Roman bronze hooks

The clumsy-looking hooks used by the Indians of the north-west coast of America are said to possess advantages over hooks of modern make; they still prefer hooks of their own making. One of the good points in their large halibut hooks is, that they are less apt to foul the bottom.

Although they have our large iron hooks they adapt them to a curious use; by binding two hooks inverted to the end of a long rod they make a good fish spear.

There is little we can teach these Indians in fishing; they are a strange mixture of crafty fishermen, with strong superstitious beliefs in the fitness of certain forms of tackle.

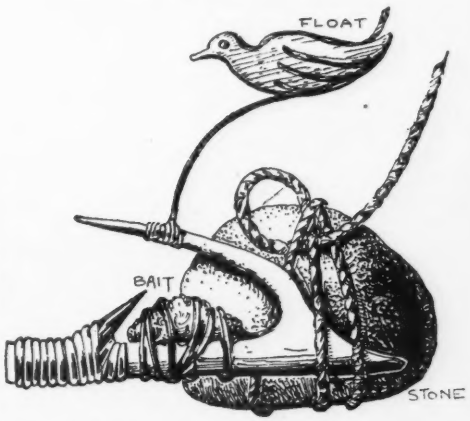
Where fish went in shoals a double hook

Hooks taken from a tomb in Cyprus

or snag was used for snatching, or foul-hooking. The Makah Indians, of Nea Bay, Washington, use a double hook of this kind; it is made by lashing two bone points to a strip of whalebone snood. A similar hook with a single point is more common; it could be used as a snag or baited hook.

Halibut hooks were generally made in two pieces, lashed together at the joint with cedar bark. The shanks of the old hooks were often elaborately carved; figures of medicine men, gods, and birds were favourite themes, which were intended to charm the fish and bring luck to the fisher. The barbs in early days were made of shell or bone, but in later times iron was employed. The forked branches of a tree of tough wood were often used to form the body of a hook, the barb being lashed on; strong and neatly made, such hooks often landed a halibut weighing from fifty to one hundred and twenty pounds.

The bait was tied to the shank, just under the barb, and the hook loosely fastened to a stone sinker; to the line was attached a wooden float, carved to represent a sea bird.



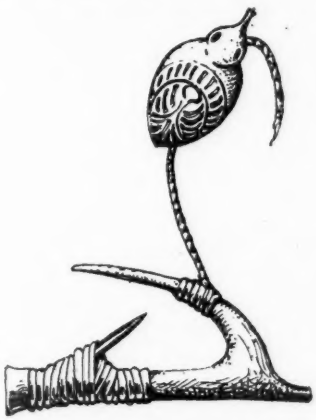
Halibut hook, baited and set with float and stone sinker

Such a hook, baited and set, is shown in the illustration.

Another ingenious hook for halibut was made by bending a tough limb of yew with steam; a barb was fixed on the point. When the hook was not in use it was tightly tied with a small line, which prevented the yew from spreading. When fishing this line was used for securing the bait.

A similar hook made from the stem of a yew was used for catching black cod. When the hook was in use, being very elastic, the two parts were separated by means of a short peg, which the fish knocked out when he took the bait; the two ends of the hook snapped together and held him fast; the peg floated to the top of the water, showing the Indian that a fish had taken the bait.

The Eskimo tribes of the north-east coast



Halibut hook used by Indians of the N.W. coast of America

of America use strange tackle for their fishing. In early spring salmon are caught through holes cut in the ice of the lakes. In the old days hooks were made of deer antlers, whalebone, and walrus ivory. In later times a good hook was made of a nail, pointed and crooked, which was fastened into a piece of bone or walrus ivory, shaped like a small fish. The line, made of deer sinews, was fastened to a small rod about two feet in length.

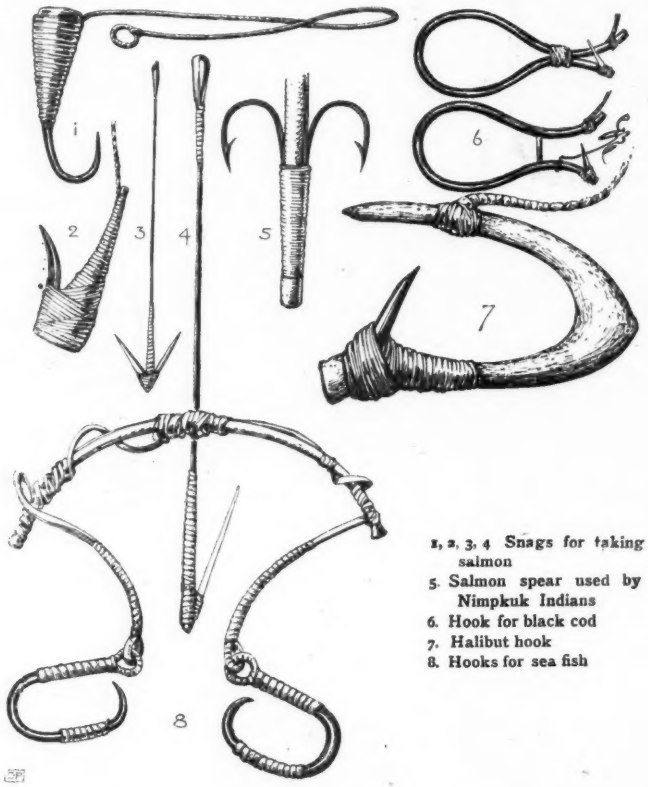
An odd hook was made by the Eskimo of Hudson Bay. The barb was steel or iron; it was fastened into a portion of a rib bone from a large trout, which formed the shank.

The simplest natural form of hook was used by the aborigines of Australia, simply a hawk's claw tied to the end of a line. They also made a hook cut out from the shell of a hawk's-bill turtle; it was flat and roughly made, without a barb, the point being turned very much inward to prevent the fish from slipping off. A similarly-shaped hook was used by the New Zealanders.

The lines used by the Australians were made by chewing reeds and stripping them into fibres; two strings were twisted together by rolling them on the thighs. Another line was made by severing rattan fibres; this work was generally done by women. The lines were long and had a hook at each end.

The hooks used by the New Zealanders are remarkable for their simplicity and ingenuity, and are altogether an admirable contrivance.

The body of the hook is made of a curved piece of wood, the convex surface lined with pawa shell; to this is fixed the barb, in many cases made from a bone of a slain enemy. Sometimes this bone portion was made in



1, 2, 3, 4 Snags for taking salmon
5. Salmon spear used by Nimpkuk Indians
6. Hook for black cod
7. Halibut hook
8. Hooks for sea fish

two pieces, neatly bound together; they were not only trophies of war, but were thought to possess a charm to kill fish. The use of an enemy's bone as a fish barb was a studied insult and defiance to a hostile tribe; they were as ready to offer insults as to take offence themselves. A tuft of fibre, representing a tail, was tied to the end of the hook, which, when trailed astern of the canoe, spun much in the same way as our own spoon bait, the pawa shell flashing in the water like the belly of a small fish, and the tuft of fibre looking like the tail.

In New Guinea hooks of European make are greatly in demand, and are preferred to almost any other article of trade, except tomahawks.

The late Rev. J. Chalmers, in his book "Pioneering in New Guinea," says:

"I wished to get a fine carved pipe and offered a knife, but was refused. My boy Friday got it for three fish-hooks."

The New Guinea ladies often wear a pair of turtle shell hooks as ornaments; each hook is tied to the end of a sinnet string, and hung down the back. Many of these ornaments would be useless as fish-hooks, owing to their extravagantly ornamental shapes.

Two enormous wooden hooks are figured such as were used for catching palu. The larger specimen came from New Guinea, and is twenty-two inches long, made in one solid piece from a forked stick, shaped into a hook; the loop and bindings are of rattan, which are tightened by driving in pegs or wedges. The second palu hook is nearly as large, being nineteen and a quarter inches in length; in this one the barb is much longer and made from a separate piece. This example was obtained from the Ellice group of islands, Micronesia.

In Tahiti they have hooks made from mother-of-pearl; each fisherman makes his own. The shell is cut up with another shell used as a cutting implement. The first operation is to cut out a square piece of shell, from which the hook is fashioned into shape with rough pieces of coral, which by nature are rough enough to serve as primitive files. A sharp-pointed stone, fitted into the end of a bamboo, and revolved between the hands, drills the necessary holes for the bindings. Such a hook takes only a quarter of an hour to make.

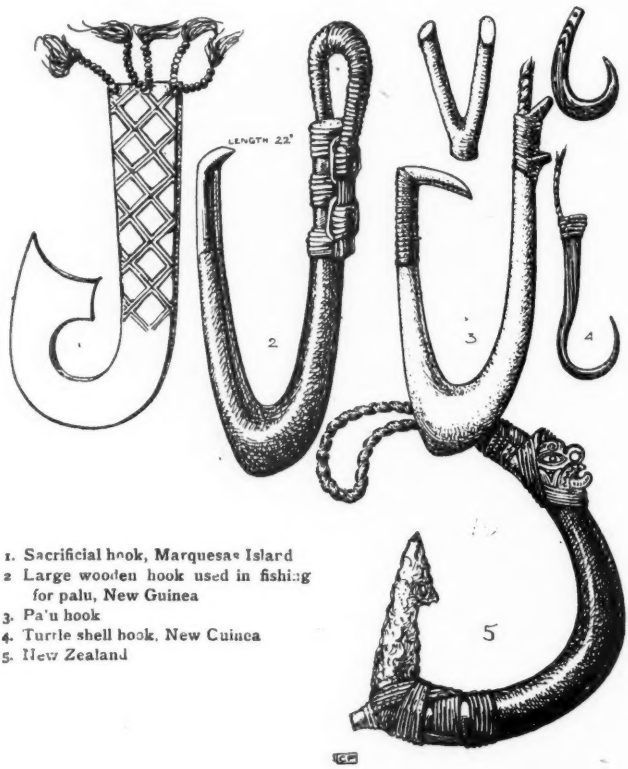
Their lines and nets they make from the

bark of the Peron, a kind of Hibiscus. So skilful are they in the manufacture of these lines that many are as fine as our own.

The Samoans also make good hooks from mother-of-pearl shell, but of a different pattern to those of Tahiti. A strip of shell is cut in the shape of a small fish; under the tail is lashed a barb made from turtle shell (or, if obtainable, a European steel hook). The drilling and lashing of the body and barb are very neatly done. Along the sides of the shell, and over the point of the hook, small white feathers are tied; on a line some twenty feet long the hooks are trailed behind the canoes. Depending largely on fish for food, these people still prefer to fish with hooks of their own make.

It is remarkable how well prehistoric men made, and the modern savages make, their fishing gear. With the most primitive means early man made hooks, which, compared with modern ones, were equally well made, and in some cases had a much longer life.

The bronze hooks are practically never worn out, the material being almost everlasting. Hooks of walrus ivory, deer horn, and shell were also lasting.



1. Sacrificial hook, Marquesas Island
2. Large wooden hook used in fishing for palu, New Guinea
3. Pa'u hook
4. Turtle shell hook, New Guinea
5. New Zealand

With many savage people, it is interesting to notice how, in some instances, hooks were made in several pieces, being lashed together with skill equal to sailors' knotting. Some of their methods of whipping, lashing, and overlaying are quite intricate, and difficult to imitate.

Fishing appears to be one of the occupations (or rather sports) practised by man from very early ages. The Neolithic man fished from his pile dwelling in the lake beneath; and to-day, savages in the South Pacific islands fish in a similar manner.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key.—Browning's Poems

THE Browning paper produced some masterly analysis and much excellent work, though one or two of our regular competitors were, most unnecessarily, deterred by the supposed difficulty of the subject. We shall be much disappointed if "Jane Austen" does not bring them back.

We give our key this time with more than usual diffidence. The words of genius are apt to carry beyond their original intention, and Browning, like all really great writers, is often susceptible of interpretations which may not have occurred to himself when he wrote.

Marks for Browning papers:

Dubric, 100; Connla, 91; Crescent, 91; Leo, 89; Waring, 88; Bab, 87; Nydia, 86; Deirdre, 84; Ion, 83; Devenick, 82; Penwort, 81; Tamerton, 80; Penumbra, 80; Acadia, 79; Bell, 78; M. Kenwigs, 76; Lotus, 75; Komaba, 74; Sphinx, 72; Logan, 71; Arete, 69; Kilbaron, 69; Elpis, 69; Wirral, 68; An Owl, 67; J. Strong, 67; Carlyon, 66; Lucerne, 65; Peg, 65; Llentrad, 65; Agnesa, 64; Jeudi, 63; Iseult, 63; Cambridge, 62; Cartus, 62; Firefly, 62; Aedh, 62; Wuzzums, 62; Croydon, 62; Eclipse, 61; Cinders, 61; Banda, 61; Emilia, 61; Tangier, 59; Xantippe, 59; Samoa, 59; Ned Gus, 58; Spero, 57; Trothan, 55; Stedige, 55; Averil, 55; Patricia, 54; Swift, 54; Ozone, 54; Sirius, 53; Cotswold, 53; Rover, 52; Regnats, 49; Tucks, 49; The Abbot, 48; Wales, 46; Blix, 46; Myra, 46; Duppy, 45; Isla, 44; Déjà, 44; League, 44; Cynthia, 42; Hamel, 42; Wosbird, 42; Veritas, 42; Gaerloch, 41; Cleon, 41; Southern, 40; Topsy, 38; Herries, 36; Linkaduk, 36; San Toy, 36; Coral, 35; Melba, 34; Josephine, 27; Mercury, 27; Margaret, 25; Ivan, 25; Pippa, 24; Gnut, 22; Montrose, 19; Kia Ora, 15.

1. i. "Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat."

The Lost Leader. Browning himself admitted that in hasty youth he presumed to use the great and venerable personality of Wordsworth, who had abandoned the popular cause, "as a painter's model," but with "no personal reference."

ii. "God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul-sides—one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her."

One Word More, to E. B. B. (his wife).

The moon shows one face to all the world but if the moon could love a mortal, she would turn a new side to that mortal. The poet especially does not wear his heart upon his sleeve. The same lesson is repeated later in *At the Mermaid.*

iii. "Fee-Faw-Fum! bubble and squeak!
Blessedest Thursday's the fat of the week."

See note to the poem itself. It may be remarked, for those curious on such subjects, that September 14, 1600, did fall on a Thursday.

iv. "Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts and prayed!
So *I* was afraid."

Instans Tyrannus—a difficult passage. Does the tyrant yield to spiritual pressure or is he overawed by a convulsion of nature? There is nothing in his character to make the one seem likely, and the words of the poem do not clearly indicate the other.

v. "There I hope
By this time he has tested his first plough
And studied his last chapter of St. John."

Bishop Blougram's Apology. The writer (not the bishop) hopes that Gigadibs has abandoned controversy and adopted the Gospel of Work.

vi. "If you get simple beauty and nought else
You get about the best thing God invents."

Fra Lippo Lippi. As pioneer of the Renaissance in Art, Fra Lippo Lippi pleads that the whole field of human life is worthy

of representation, and that it is not sense to attempt to paint the soul merely by painting the body ill.

vii. "Who stood beside the naked Swift-footed,
Who bound my forehead with Proserpine's hair."

Pauline. Browning never went to a Public School, and the gods and heroes of Greece were as real to him in boyhood as "Leather Stocking" or the "Last of the Mohicans." He could imagine himself the comrade of Achilles (Hermes?) or assume the personality of Proserpine herself.

viii. "I knew you once; but in Paradise
If we meet, I will pass nor turn my face."

The Worst of it. A most beautiful poem. The bond between man and wife is broken by her sin. Tennyson's "King Arthur" anticipated a reunion in another world, but the self-sacrificing renunciation of Browning's husband is more complete, and truer, "for no man may deliver his brother or make agreement unto God for him."

ix. "Undoubtedly
The cutting of my hair concerns me more."

Sludge the Medium—the "reductio ad absurdum" of the doctrine of "special providences."

x. "For he 'gins to guess the purpose of the garden,
With the sly mute thing, beside there for a warden."

Before. Another difficult passage. Obviously the culprit is to be dogged by the remembrance of his crime, but the meaning of the imagery is not equally clear.

xi. "Here had been, mark, the general-in-chief,
Thro' a whole campaign of the world's life and death,
Doing the King's work all the dim day long."

How it strikes a contemporary. The poet, though the world does not recognise it, is "God's spy," as Shakespeare calls it, a seer. (It is interesting to remember that Christopher Columbus, after doing *his* "King's work all the dim day long," died in poverty in this same Valladolid.)

xii. "What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?" *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister.* "The Latin name for parsley," *apium*, suggests *aper*, "a boar"; even the walls of a cloister do not exclude human passions.

2. Aprile, the poet, whether he was a creature of flesh and blood or a spirit summoned from the unknown by the art of the Greek conjurer, represents the emotional side of the Renaissance as Paracelsus the intellectual. He "would love infinitely and be loved"; but he has failed in his mighty aim, and the cause of his failure is threefold. Like Paracelsus, he is incomplete, but in a different way. He has aimed at love and rejected knowledge; he has, like Paracelsus, aimed at the ideal and neglected the real which was within his grasp; he has confused æstheticism with the love of humanity. But, great as has been his failure, it serves to reveal the truth, and his dying eyes are lit with the vision that has not been vouchsafed to him during life, God the perfect poet.

Jules, the sculptor, in the eyes of his companions, is a mere prig. To himself he is an enthusiast who has found his heaven in copying the perfection of Greek art. The real Jules is yet to seek. The living love of a woman steals in and disturbs his contentment. He cannot study the ideal in the presence of the real. But he discovers that Phene has no soul, and that he has failed in both art and love. In his despair the accidental words of Pippa's song inspire him with a higher aim. He will create a soul for his bride, and in his pity and self-forgetfulness he rises to a new conception of both Love and Art. He has lost himself to save himself!

3. i. "For I say this is death, and the sole death,
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain. . . ."

A Death in the Desert.

According to Browning's theory of life, man is doomed by a kind of original sin to be always aspiring higher and always failing. Out of this failure, however, comes success, which culminates in a future life. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" The one condition which is fatal is when he becomes contented with the

height to which he has attained and ceases to grow.

ii. "The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay,
Now stab and end the creature—to the heft." *Childe Roland.*

Nature existed before Man, and looks upon him as a *parvenu*, for whom she has neither liking nor sympathy.

iii. "'Tis a life-long task till our lump be leaven,
The better! What's come to perfection perishes. . . ."

Old Pictures in Florence, the "theory of life" applied to Art. Greek art, having attained to perfection of form, reached its goal, grew contented and lifeless. Christian art, with its ideals in heaven, is always approaching the unattainable; it is imperfect but growing.

4. A few examples will show that the *dénouement* of the most dramatic situations in Browning's poems is frequently left to the imagination of the reader.

i. In *Pippa Passes* do Sebald and Ottima both commit suicide, or either of them? Does Luigi accomplish his purpose, and how does he profit by the unconscious influence of Pippa?

ii. What happened when Childe Roland sounded the slug-horn?

iii. In *Before* and *After*, which fell in the duel? The story can obviously be told in two ways.

iv. The conclusion of *Instans Tyrannus* has been commented on above.

Another excellent instance occurs in *Forgiveness* but that is a later poem, also in many poems which are not dramatic, and, of course, in the dramas themselves.

5. *Bohemian Glass.*

"Glasses they'll blow you, crystal-clear,
Where just a faint cloud of rose shall appear,
As if in pure water you dropped and let die
A bruised black-blooded mulberry; . . .
The Flight of the Duchess, xiii.

The Song of the Thrush.

"That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture."
Home-Thoughts from Abroad.

Star-fish.

Let the mere star-fish in his vault
Crawl in a wash of weed, indeed,
Rose-Jacynth to the finger-tips:
He, whole in body and soul, outstrips
Man found with either in default.
Dis aliter visum.

Cricket.

On the turf, sprang gay
With his films of blue,
No cricket, I'll say,
But a war-horse, barded and chanfroned too,
The gift of a quixote-mage to his knight,
Real fairy, with wings all right.
James Lee's Wife, v. 3.

The Moth's Kiss.

"The moth's-kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me and wide ope I burst."
In a Gondola.

Fisherman's Basket.

"All trembling alive
With pink and grey jellies, your sea fruit; you touch the strange lumps,
And mouths gape there, eyes open, all manner of horns and of humps.
The Englishman in Italy.

6. i. *Calverley*, in "The Cock and the Bull." (Fly Leaves.) The parody, of course, refers to the *Ring and the Book*, but the peculiarity alluded to will be found much earlier in Browning's writings — *e.g.*, *Fra Lippo Lippi.* "I' the house that caps the corner," "Flower o' the broom," "Flower o' the quince," "They want a cast o' my office," "and then i' the front, of course, a saint or two."

ii. *Gilead P. Beck*, in "The Golden Butterfly." (Douglas Jerrold is said to have had a similar experience.) The charge of obscurity is very generally brought against Browning by those who do not read him. As a matter of fact, though often difficult, he is seldom

obscure, and what obscurity there is does not come from confusion of ideas. He is a rapid thinker and delights in exploring unexpected bypaths. Writing as he mainly did for an unappreciative public, he does not always care to remember that it is not easy for an unaccustomed reader to follow his deviations from the main track without a more liberal use of finger-posts than he condescends to supply.

iii. The story is told of Tennyson by Grant Duff.

The question is not so absurd as it seems. One of the first functions of Poetry is to give pleasure by the form apart from all consideration of the matter, and Browning's warmest admirers must admit that of this he was, if the humour took him, unduly neglectful.

Examination Paper No. 7

Miss Austen's Novels: "Pride and Prejudice," "Emma," "Mansfield Park."

1. Quote Miss Austen's estimate of her own abilities. Is it possible to trace in her later works any sign of influence from the outer world?

2. What degree of expectation might fairly be raised in a young lady's breast by (i) "a partiality," (ii) "a promising inclination," (iii) "attentions too marked to be mistaken," (iv) "objectionable particularity"?

3. Arrange alphabetically, as if for a commonplace book, any valuable suggestions gathered from the conversation of (1) Mr. Woodhouse, on cookery; (ii) Mr. Collins, on the duties of a country rector; (iii) Mrs. Norris, on vicarious charity; (iv) Mr. Bennet, on domestic philosophy.

4. Enumerate the various games of cards mentioned in these novels, and throw some light on the nature of "lottery-tickets."

5. Mention any little habits, peculiarities, or points of etiquette, in which the age of Miss Austen differed from our own.

6. Define, if possible, "Gentleman-like English." "A look of true sensibility." "Little zig-zags of embarrassment." "An amplifying style."

7. Illustrate by a few judicious observations—or explain if necessary—

(i) "That independence of spirit which prevails so much in modern days, even in young women, and which in young women is offensive and disgusting beyond all common offence."

(ii) "Is not general incivility the very essence of love?"

(iii) "My liveliness and your solidity would produce perfection."

(iv) "Wickedness is always wickedness, but folly is not always folly."

(v) "Is there not something wanting in our language—a something between compliments and—and love—to suit the kind of friendly acquaintance we have had together?"

(vi) "Your mother is quite anxious about it, but cannot well spare the time to sit down herself, because of her fringe."

The next Examination Paper will be on "Don Quixote."

Our Literary Examination Papers

These papers are set by Mr. H. R. Heatley. They will be marked to scale as in an ordinary school or University examination. Prizes will be awarded to those obtaining the highest marks in each individual paper and also for the best aggregate marks for given terms as follows:

MONTHLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.

HALF-YEARLY PRIZES.—First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

ANNUAL PRIZE.—First prize, £5; second prize, £2; third prize, £1.

In accordance with the markings as given above the first prize of £1 is this month won by

"DUBRIC."

The second prize of 10s. is divided between

"CONNLA" and "CRESCENT."

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and

address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Editor.

The marks will be published monthly, the total for the month, quarter, half-year, and year, to date. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given: for the present the real names and addresses of the prize-winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to

The Literary Editor, "GOOD WORDS," 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Papers which arrive after the 20th of the month will not be adjudicated upon.

The marks for the July paper will be published in the September number of the magazine—and so on.

Wesley's knowledge of our highways

ONE of the most interesting aspects of John Wesley's fascinating "Journal" is the knowledge of the main roads and the great highways of the United Kingdom which Wesley displays.

When Wesley wanted to pass from one end of the country to the other he could not be whisked thither in an express train. He had to go every inch of the way on horseback, And as Wesley was always on horseback crossing and recrossing England like a weaver's shuttle, it is not at all surprising that he knew the roads of England as no man did before or has done since.

The stablemen at the inns and the cottagers everywhere would exclaim, as they saw the spare little figure of the great preacher riding along the road, "Here comes John Wesley again!"

None of them could fail to be interested in him. He was a good judge of horseflesh, and was obviously on good terms with most of the people who kept the inns he visited. But he did not fail to deal faithfully with those who needed rebuke, and he recalls many striking instances of the results which followed his rebukes.

Busy as he was Wesley always tried to find time to visit any great country-house or gardens, or buildings of interest which he passed on his way. And it is extremely informing to read his comparisons of different places he visited. As he paced the cathedrals he would count his steps and so measure their length. In these ways he got to know the chief objects of interest in all parts of the country.

This aspect of the "Journal" is of especial value to-day, when the bicycle and motor car are once more making the people of this country familiar with their native highways. The first effect of the coming of railways was in some cases to do away with that detailed knowledge of one's own neighbourhood which prevailed before railway days, when every one had to walk or drive. Now, by means of bicycle and motor cars, we are again getting to know and love the by-ways and highways, and no companion could be more congenial than the great evangelist John Wesley.

He does not always preach as he goes along the road. He is often reading some interesting book. He is fond of chatting with fellow travellers on horseback. But as he always rides a good horse, he does not let them ride away from him when they see that he has got the best of the argument. He keeps up with them till they arrive at the next town.

Another time he will stop his horse to view a lovely landscape or an old ruin, and will point out the beauties of the scene. He sees something to interest and instruct at every turn of the road. And no one who travels over our great roads should fail to acquaint themselves with Wesley's journeys along them, for such knowledge will add greatly to the interest of all their rides.

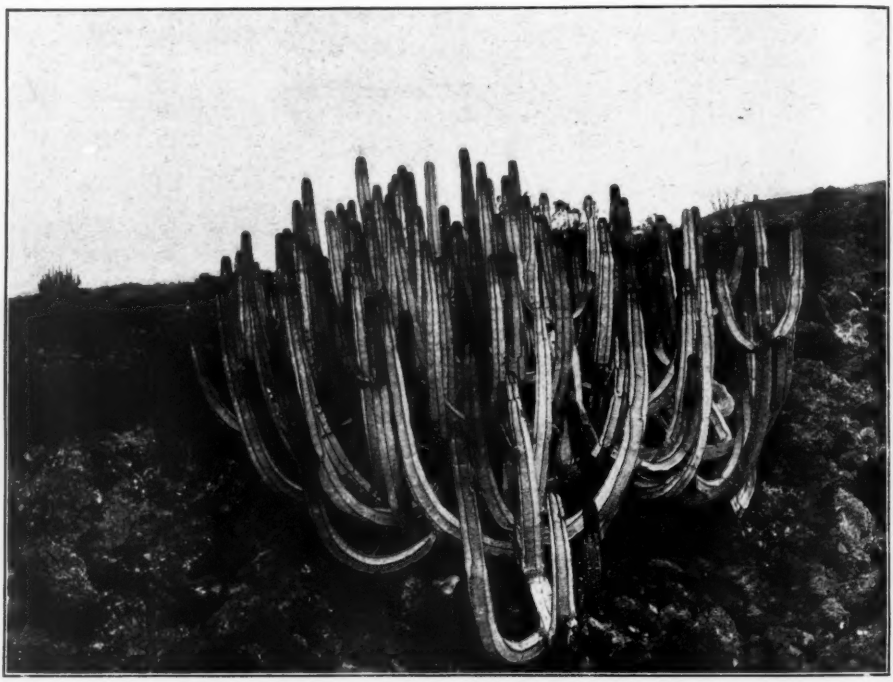
There are still existing numerous trees, fields, horseblocks, and hillsides where Wesley preached, and where huge congregations gathered to listen to him at all times, from four o'clock in the morning till dark night was far spent. In these places, in snow and rain, in heat and cold, by sun and moonlight, he proclaimed his great message.

And though his voice has long been silent, the echoes of his voice and words still live in the hearts of men, because he was obedient to the heavenly vision and followed the gleam which leads to the Eternal City.

P. L. P.

Canarian Curiosities

GRAND CANARY, the largest of the Canary Islands, displays an extraordinary variety of scenery, and a remarkable range of vegetable products. It is just a little north of the tropics; close enough to Africa to share in certain characteristics of that burning continent, but placed well within the sweep of the cool trade-winds, so that the temperature is remarkably equable. As a result, north and south seem to join hands in showering upon the island every possible variety of tree, fruit, and flower. It is the last southward point where English kitchen vegetables, such as lettuce, cabbage, peas, and cauliflower grow in perfection; it is also one of the first northward points where sugar-cane, bananas, and guavas flourish. On the mountain slopes the vine grows in perfection; lower down, heliotrope runs riot in hedges, and datura flowers in large trees. Among the curious tropical products of this Swiss-Family-Robinson sort of land, about the oddest is the candelabrum cactus (*Euphorbia Canariensis*). It grows to a height of six or eight feet, and is only found on old lava streams. In shape it is exactly like an immense chandelier, and the resemblance is still further increased in spring, when every "candle" is tipped with a scarlet blossom remarkably suggestive of a flame. The candelabrum cactus, interesting though it is, must be handled with care; for its juice is a powerful caustic, and one drop, exuding from a chance wound, and falling upon some rash investigator's hand, will burn the flesh painfully. If any of the juice should enter an



The Candelabrum Cactus (Euphorbia Canariensis) growing on a lava stream

eye, serious injury may result. Fortunately, Nature has provided an antidote in the shape of a large-leafed dock, which very commonly grows almost among the roots of the *Euphorbia*, and which relieves the pain of a chance burn at once, if well rubbed into the skin, or squeezed over the eye.

The cochineal cactus, found all over the Canaries, once made the fortunes of the islanders; but since the discovery of aniline dyes, the industry of cochineal growing has almost died out. Our photograph is taken from a plant on one of the very few farms still surviving. The insect—a flattish, whitish grey creature, about the size of a grain of rice—lives a parasitic life on the cactus leaves, to which it is transferred from the hatching-box early in the year. When mature, the insects are scraped off and dried for export. Each pale, powdery little creature is simply a living bag of dye; if crushed, it makes a large, vivid crimson stain of exquisite colour. It is worth noting that the fruit of the cactus—a small pink pear—displays exactly the same shades in a less concentrated form, staining red the lips and fingers of any one who eats it without due precaution.

Cochineal insects on Prickly Pear Cactus

Cochineal is still used for a very few special purposes—artists' colours, rouge, colouring-matter for confectionery, &c.—but exports are now extremely small, and there is hardly any money to be made at the business. BEATRICE GRIMSHAW.

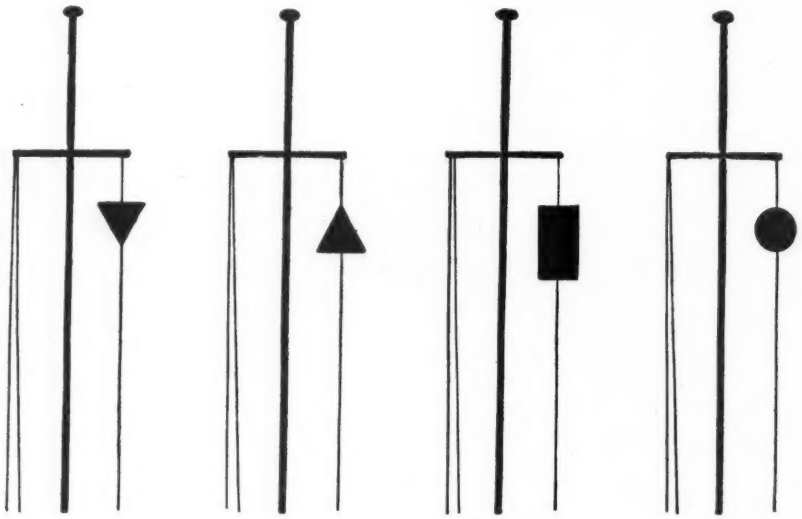
Signalling the Approach of a Typhoon at Hong Kong

"A DEPRESSION is reported east of Luzon, moving in a N.W. direction." These words appear at intervals in the local papers during the hot season at Hong Kong. To a new-comer they mean nothing, but the old resident knows that this innocent looking paragraph is the first warning of a typhoon that may cause fearful destruction, and he watches the papers carefully for news of its progress. Nobody, however, says much at this early stage.

Next day the depression is reported to be still moving North-West, and people now say to each other that another typhoon is crossing from the Philippines. The atmosphere gets oppressively hot and sultry, the breeze dies away, and it is evident that the disturbance is affecting the weather. Soon the sky becomes rapidly overcast, rain falls, and a red south cone is hoisted on the harbour signal flagstaffs. This is the first of the signals, and it means that a typhoon exists to the south of the colony, but at present is more than 300 miles away. The fact that "the red cone is up" now becomes a universal topic of conversation, and everybody asks will the typhoon really come this time, or will it end in nothing as so many do?

The junks and sampans (small boats) in the harbour now show great vigilance, and the more cautious retire at once to the typhoon shelter provided for them by a special breakwater. Under their own sails and oars they go down the harbour in a regular procession, and the passage of this mosquito fleet is quite a pretty sight.

Soon the weather looks stormier, the hills become hidden in fog, the clouds grow darker, and the wind freshens. All eyes are on the signals, and when the red cone is displaced by a black one—showing that the typhoon is now *within* 300 miles—preparations to meet it begin in earnest. The junks and sampans without exception seek shelter, many of the large ones go over to the north side of the harbour and anchor in the bays there, while the smaller all make for the "shelter" until the enclosed piece of water there becomes a closely packed mass of boats. Many still find their own way down—creeping along the shore—but, as time is now precious and the wind and sea rising, most of them engage the services of steam launches to take them down. This is a most curious and interesting sight, for each launch takes as many boats as it possibly can, all so closely fastened together that often the launch itself is lost to sight in the crowd, and it looks as if an immense raft were moving along. So large is the raft that the launch can barely move, and the whole affair proceeds down the harbour at a snail's pace. Sometimes a second launch has to assist, and it also gets quickly lost in the mass of boats. Several of these "rafts," in all stages of growth, move in one direction, while disengaged launches steam eagerly back for fresh engagements. When the boat-people think that the raft is large enough—and that is only when it can just keep moving—they resent fresh additions, and any sampan trying to join on is driven off by boat-hooks and missiles, and regular little naval actions sometimes take place.



Hong Kong Typhoon Signals—hurricane on the
South North East West
Black signals—within 300 miles; red signals—more than 300 miles away

Gradually all the small craft reach shelter, or—if they delay too long—are capsized, so that of the hundreds of boats that usually dot the harbour not one is to be seen; they are all either packed tight behind the breakwater, or lying in little fleets in the bays

of the north side. The ferry boats and other launches are still at work, but as time goes on matters get too bad for them, and when eventually the Observatory fires the typhoon gun *sauve qui peut* is the word, and they in turn vanish from the face of the waters.

The large craft are now in sole possession of the harbour, and they have not been idle all this time. The sailing ships strike their topmasts, put out extra anchors and hope for the best. Some of the steamers run for the bays, but most of them prepare to ride it out where they are. Awnings are taken in, boats lashed down, topmasts lowered, and steam got up. It is very striking to see steamer after steamer giving out smoke in preparation for the struggle—it is like serving out ammunition before a battle. The men-of-war disdain to seek shelter, but they get up steam, have extra anchors handy, and make all necessary preparations. The sea-going ships are now ready —they have not fled like the small craft, but purpose fighting the typhoon hand to hand.

All this time the wind has been increasing in force, and great gusts blow over with torrents of drenching rain, the clouds get blacker and blacker, and move ever faster, the sea foams and heaves, the waves rise higher and higher, and it is evident that the colony is in the grip of the typhoon. Between the blinding squalls of rain the big ships can be seen plunging and straining at their anchors. They are all "stripped," but the storm is now blowing fiercely, the wind is whistling and howling as if it were alive, the sea is running very high and the ships writhe and plunge and jerk at their cables so furiously that it looks as if something must give. Although the engines are going full speed ahead, several of them drag their anchors, while one or two evidently think that they are outmatched by the elements and take advantage of the last few gleams of daylight to run into one of the more sheltered bays. This is no easy task, because for several days ships have been constantly coming in to harbour and none going out, so that it needs skill and seamanship to avoid collision in a hurricane like this. But they slowly stagger along, rolling and pitching and picking their way till they cast anchor in greater security.

There is usually no lightning or thunder, but the booming of the wind and the crash of the seas make quite noise enough. For several hours the storm rages, though when plenty of warning has been given as a rule no great damage is done at sea; but in November 1900, a most disastrous typhoon passed over the colony. It was not the proper season for these visitations, so that the warnings were rather disregarded, and many boats neglected to shelter in time. The centre of the typhoon passed over the colony, so that the wind completely changed its direction, and all the small craft that had run to the bays suddenly found themselves on a lee shore. The destruction that ensued was terrible—junks and sampans went down in scores or were dashed to pieces on the sea walls, and for miles the shore was strewn with wreckage. Many large junks that sank became dangers to navigation, and had to be afterwards removed. Steam launches shared in the general disaster, and even H.M.S. *Sandpiper* went to the bottom. Her minute guns—strange sound in a harbour!—brought the torpedo-boat destroyer *Otter* to her aid, and by masterly seamanship all the crew, save one who was crushed, were rescued. The bows of the *Otter* were crumpled up by striking wreckage, and the risk of her sinking in the wreck-strewn water was great. Another daring deed was the rescue of the crew of the capsized dredger by blue-jackets of the *Tamar*, who risked their lives in an open rowing boat in a terrific sea. It will be many years before this typhoon is forgotten in Hong Kong.

The people who live on shore must also make their preparations for meeting the emergency. Shutters are shut and securely bolted, the typhoon bars are placed over the windows, and all doors carefully fastened. A supply of food is laid in, and artificial light is everywhere made use of. All traffic stops, and the wind runs riot like a conqueror through the empty streets of the captured city. Every here and there a house collapses with loss of life, roofs and tiles are lifted off, windows blown in, and in bad cases the inhabitants have to take shelter in the cellars.

Trees are blown down or stripped of their leaves, telephone wires fall across the streets, and sometimes even the strong iron posts that support them are bent by the wind.

Gradually the barometer, which has fallen rapidly, begins to rise again, the gusts get less frequent, and in a few hours the wind has gone, and things gradually resume their usual condition. The mosquito fleet sallies out from shelter, and the interrupted business of the colony once more gets into full swing. S. F. CLARK, R.A.M.C.

My Lady's Kiss

I wondered if my lady fair
Would take it very much amiss
If I should steal from lips so rare
One kiss!

Stealing was sin I had been taught,
The base temptation I would shun;
So, humbly kneeling, I besought
"Just one!"

She stooped—I hardly dare the rest
To tell, or write with modest pen—
Her dainty curls my cheek caressed,
And then

She whispered "*more* than *one!*" You must
Not think her bold, because, you see,
My lady-love is only just
Turned three!

MARY FARRAH.

Historical Trees

To the Editor of GOOD WORDS.

SIR,—IN this month's issue of GOOD WORDS there is a description of several historical trees, one of which, "The Dragon Tree" of Orotava, is mentioned. Having just returned from a visit to Teneriffe, and having been to see this wonderful tree, which is considered one of the sights of the place, I took a snap-shot, which I enclose, as it may be of interest to those who study such things. A party of tourists standing under its spreading branches look quite small.

Glasgow. R.A BARRAS.

The dragon tree of Orotava

(*The property of the Executors of the late Hugh Pollock, Esq.*)

HOME SHADOWS

By John Burr

Haymakers in the valley

The Adventurer in Spain*

By S. R. Crockett

Author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Stickit Minister," "The Men of the Moss Hags," &c.

VIII.—In a Carlist Camp

MUCH and sore did I desire to see a Carlist camp. I had heard that such things existed. The *Imparcial* and the *Liberal* and the *Diario* had informed me, in badly-leaded and worse-printed columns, that there were these rebel encampments. A state of war, so I was assured, existed in all the northern provinces. The government of Madrid were "taking steps!" Troops were under order to proceed to all the disaffected territories.

In England, on the strength of telegrams, alarmist in their nature (and with all the proper names misspelt), that small part of the world which took heed of such things, believed that Spain, the most distressful country of the continent, was once more on the verge of civil war.

But I, on the spot, had my doubts, and —my reasons for doubting. First of all, I knew that all, or practically all, Spanish news comes to England from Paris. Much of it, being retranslated, is fitted to astonish the intelligent Spaniard. It is a product of the Stock Exchange, and represents in the chill of type only the roaring of the bulls and

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the growling of the bears upon the Paris Bourse.

But for once there was something more in this. Spaniards in Barcelona and Madrid believed the report. The Prime Minister proclaimed martial law in province after province. Groups beneath the Hotel de Inglaterra in Bilbao scuffled for late editions of the daily paper, and the voice of the newsboy hoarsely proclaimed terror and slaughters down the whole length of the Rambla of Barcelona.

True, in Madrid things were quieter. For, sole of all the cities of Spain, Madrid has cosmopolitan claims. The days are gone by, when a thousand *pesetas*, adroitly manipulated, would engineer a revolution in the capital, when even the judicious expenditure of a paltry hundred might be counted on to produce a quite respectable riot in the Puerta del Sol.

But in El Seo nothing whatever had been heard of all this. Don Emmanuel Sebastian had been silent. Quietly as ever the Bishop read his Breviary and walked in his garden. Even such specialists in Carlism (or in any other plot which promised excitement and a free fight) as Don Mark and Don John had said no word—that is, not till now. Then suddenly there came to me this message. Well, of course I would go and gladly—in a day or two, that is—if the adherents of the Absolute King would wait so long. But for the moment I was pledged up to the eyes to see the little Zaida into her new life. That done, I was heartily at Don Mark's disposal.

It was curious to find oneself again in the City of Dream after so long a wandering. Then came the curious rediscovery which one makes that cities have streets, pavements, and cobble-stones which hurt the foot by their uniformity and absolute lack of sympathy! The world also seems to contain a great superfluity of boys and girls—particularly boys. There are also (wonder to tell) shops where things are sold. And instantly, one becomes conscious of an infinite number of wants—not one of which had presented itself out on the open *campo!*

The affair Marinessia-Biño had certainly made progress. Biño was seated in the little custom-house outside the city, as it were, somewhat ostentatiously passing the time of day with the officers. As soon as he saw us he rushed impetuously out and embraced me. But while he did it he looked over my shoulder at Marinessia. Rodil only smiled quietly, and having sent on Penique with the caravan, the four of us, Rodil, Marinessia, Biño, and myself, walked towards the town house of Marinessia's uncle. Rodil continued to smile quietly, while (perhaps to divert attention) Biño talked in one continuous stream. He had been very busy, it appeared, since we had left El Seo. But when asked for particulars, it came out that he had been helping Marinessia's uncle with his commerce in the town and his agriculture outside it.

"He has been paying you a wage?" inquired Rodil, innocently. Biño glanced at his father-in-law in prospect, took the twinkle, and answered with a face like a wall, "Yes, a large wage!"

Whereupon Marinessia looked a little reproachfully at her lover.

"My uncle," she began to explain, "has been a good deal away, and, as there is much to be done at this season, Biño has been good enough to assist me! He understands such things!"

"Ah?" said Rodil, quietly, "yes, when I was in the police, before I was married, I also had time to be of a good deal of assistance to various uncles. Sometimes, indeed, I included fathers—though that, perhaps, has now gone out of fashion!"

To this Marinessia said nothing, but Biño, passing between Rodil and his daughter, shamelessly took the girl's hand before us all.

"You are still sharp-set on marriage?" inquired Rodil, bending his brows upon the pair.

"Aye, certes, I believe you!" said Biño, "and as soon as may be."

"Oho!" said Rodil, "things have progressed indeed! I thought it was agreed that you were only to company with us a little, in order to see if the girl was sage."

Biño darted a quick look of suspicion at me. Had I given him away? In his reply he was not quite so fluent as usual.

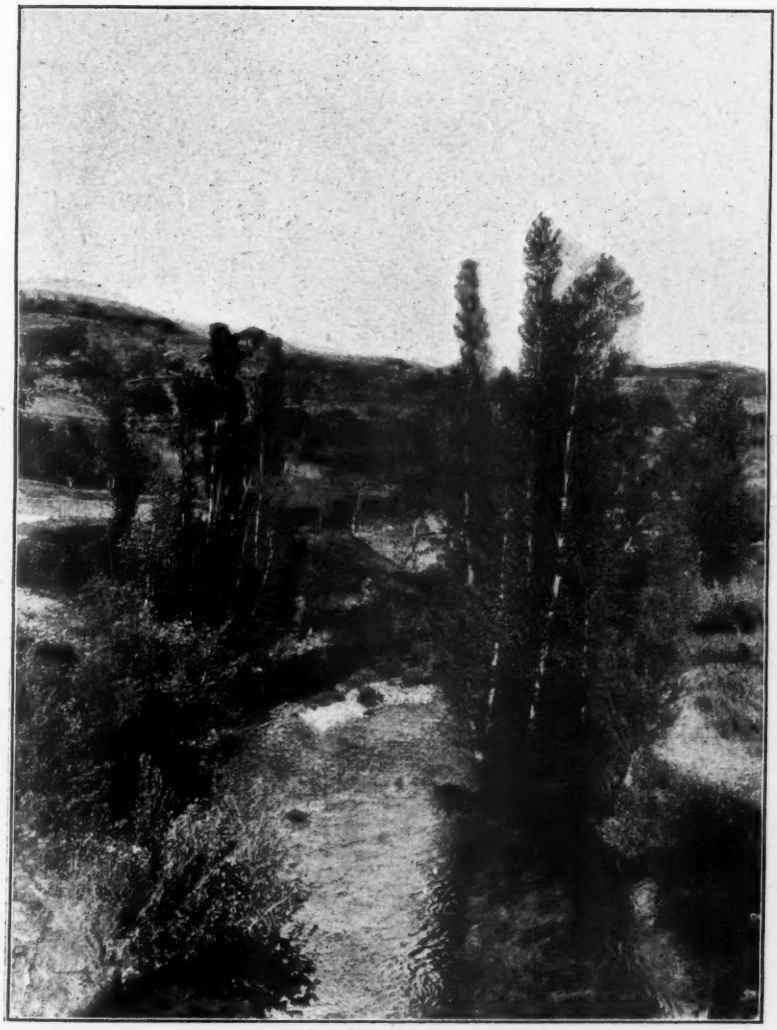
"Marinessia thinks——" he began, stam-

meringly, "that—ah—that we might be married almost at once!"

"Ah," said her father with philosophy, filling his pipe, "Marinessia thinks—does she? And so this is your method of consulting her father? I congratulate you both."

"Her uncle is satisfied," said Biño, calmly, "he is to give Marinessia a dowry. And—we are to be married by the end of the week—that is, if we are so fortunate as to obtain your consent!"

"Ah," said Rodil, ironically, "it is indeed well thought on. Better late than never!"



"Selvages of white poplar"

"You see," said Biño meekly, "Marinessia said that you would do just what she wished! And she wishes this!"

"Oh, most certainly!" retorted Rodil, "did ever any one do aught else than what

Marinessia wished? And in a month or two you also will find yourself falling into step, my gay Frenchman! Marinessia has not a mouth like that for nothing!"

"It is a lovely—a charming mouth," said Biño, with evident reminiscence, as well as some indignation.

"Ah," said Rodil, irrelevantly, "I have no doubt whatever, that you have been helping her to some purpose!"

"So I was! It is indeed true!" said Biño, suddenly and unaccountably red to the gills. "Ask her uncle if it is not!"

Whereat Rodil chuckled.

. . . . .

Then it was that Marinessia came forward and informed her *fiancé* that she had undertaken the care of little Zaida. It would be a great help to the *menage* in its early stages. But I think the young man sighed. He had foreseen a monopoly of his sweetheart. The duet had suddenly become a trio. But the magic was working and very obediently he replied that all should be as Marinessia wished. Her father nudged me as much as to say, "What did I tell you?"

I had of course supposed that there would be no chance of carrying a bridegroom with me to a Carlist camp in the very first week of his nuptials. But as soon as the thing was mooted, Marinessia declared her will.

"Certainly, he shall go. It is a very excellent arrangement," she said, "I go to set the house in order, near to Cabannes in the Ariége—Biño's place which the Señor knows. Men are in the way at such times. Biño shall go with you, and gladly. He will also conduct and protect you. You shall see all that is to be seen, and then descend at your leisure into the kindly valleys which I love. By which time you will find our house very much otherwise than you have left it! I know a man's way of leaving things!"

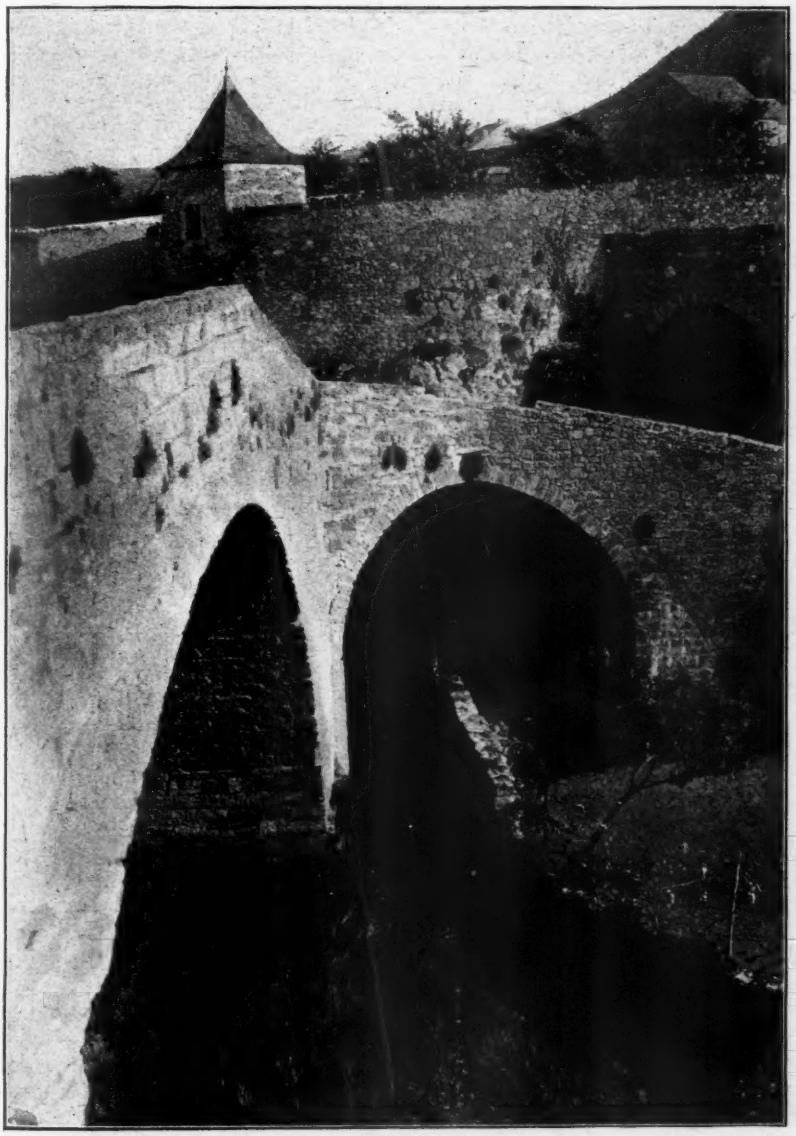
And as she spoke *La Dompteuse* looked very strong and indomitable and determined—handsome too, and a little contemptuous, so that I could see there was no real chance for Biño. Liberty, equality, and fraternity were no more for him than words printed over his town hall doors. However, I did not pity him. He was of those who are content to hug their chains.

. . . . .

So Biño, the stout, and Marinessia Alva, the gentle of face and brave of heart, were wed. Long had the ceremonial been spun out, even for Spain. But it was over now. Biño had chosen well. Every one said so. Marinessia was by no means of the "cow" species of womanhood common in Spain. She had all a Frenchwoman's practicality, together with the active benevolence and goodness which looks out from beneath many a Scot's "mutch," and takes in the cash behind many a Parisian *comptoir*. There is to this day a lack of this particular quality in the peninsula, where the Spaniard often treats his womenkind almost as if he still wore a turban. That is, in the centre and south. In Castile and the north it is different, of course. For, as has been pointed out, the north is a land by itself. Now since the days of Ford and Don Jorge only two great unknown names have contributed to our knowledge of the heart of Spain—Luffman, my brother vagabond, and Hugh James Rose. Only these, that I am aware of, have known the Spaniards in poverty (and every true Spaniard is poor—comparatively, that is). But these two wrote truth, straight from the seeing eye and the understanding heart. Also they found out the great secret, that to know Spain you must take it "across country," and live as the Spaniard lives. The few hundred other books on the peninsula which I have laboriously collected, give one an astonishing impression of the dulness of the race. Still, after all, there is no need to read them, though most of them might be recommended in persistent cases of insomnia. One comes, of course, upon one or two delightful books on sport—above all, that of Mr. Abel Chapman. There are entertaining and delightful (but often superficial) chronicles of travel, like those of Gautier, Jaccaci, De Amicis, and Hans Christian Andersen. But, except Rose and Luffman, as aforesaid, no one has got beneath the armour-plate of the Iberian. And of these two, Rose is perhaps more of a cataloguer than a writer, while Luffman is ofttimes tantalisingly brief.

For the rest, the dull tourist round is chiefly composed of bull-fights and disem-

study the architecture far more at your ease in Street and Lomas. Who would imagine

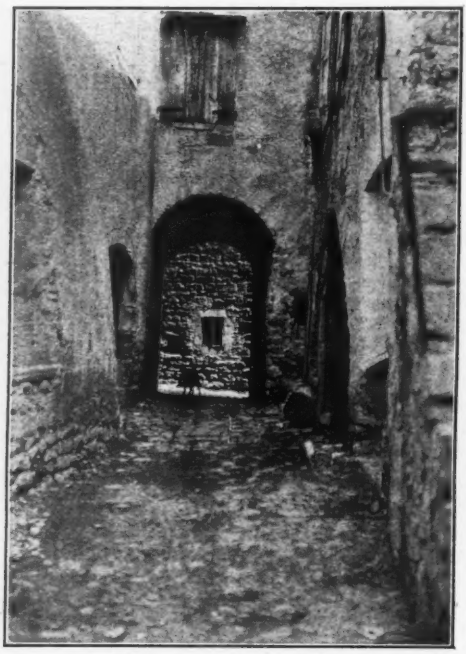


A triangular bridge

bowelled steeds, paid Grenadan gipsies, the Alhambra and the Alcazar—together with innumerable cathedrals, of which you can

from my dreary collection of hackneyed set-pieces that Madrid is not a Spanish town at all, Barcelona hardly more so (and daily

becoming more and more drowned in cosmopolitan money-getting), that real bull-fighting is confined to half a dozen of the greater cities. Or who would not be surprised to learn from a practical observer like Mr. Chapman that wild camels are to be found on the *marismas* of the Guadalquiver, or that there are salt-workers scaled like fishes in the Mediterranean marshes, or that the great aristocratic under-world of Spain



Dogs barked at us from out of dusky archways

consists of sheep-masters and their servants, of tunny-fishers, of brown-burnt vintagers, of soaked malarious rice-growers, of stalwart Castilian harvesters, of rook-scarers black as the crows at which they sling the Scriptural "smooth stone of the brook," naked too themselves and slim as a black lead pencil?

But all this by the way!

Don John and Don Mark were to take me to a genuine camp of the Carlists. And in doing so, we were to venture our lives among the rifles of the soldiers of the Regency. Thus, at least, the affair was represented to me. But those who might be supposed to be "in the know" remained strangely calm. Rodil was coming if he could satisfactorily dispose of his mule, Babieca, in such a manner that that noble animal would not eat his head off. Marinessia was willing, even eager, for her newly married and still unhoneymooned husband to accompany us. The *guardias civiles*, who in Spain really are civil, smiled upon us good-humouredly. There seemed to be a secret somewhere about. But as yet I was kept in the dark! The five of us met on the outskirts of the City of Dream. Rodil, at the last moment, managed to rid himself of Babieca, of Penique, and even of his wife. I have never seen that grave man in such good spirits. Though no great church-lover he doffed his cap to a very commercial-looking Monk of the Brown, who was carrying under his arm an advertisement of American vines—with which, it appears, the wine-growers are replanting the district, in a very natural fear of the dread phylloxera from across the mountains. I think the convent must have been making a specialty of the agency. For as he is being made uncomfortable in France, the commercial monk is appearing in gross and detail to the south of the Pyrenees.

"*Hrrrumph!*" snorted Rodil, like a rogue elephant, when he was out of sight, I think he felt that the next thing might be an ecclesiastical inroad upon his own trade.

Down in the river-bottoms men were working at the coarse hay. There was a pleasant dreamy haze lying close along the water. Beside the branch of a fine canal, disused like most useful things in Spain, and along all the meadow-flats and on the outskirts of the little steepled villages, men were tossing the hay from fore-and-aft carts up to the summits of shapeless haystacks, such as any Galloway farm lass would turn up her nose at. They did it lazily, as if all time was before them. The horses munched lazily whenever they could pick up a lazy mouthful. Thus was it on the levels of the river where the air was heavy.

But it is impossible at any time to remain long in a valley in Spain—that is, and keep moving. Up the hill you must go—or, on the contrary—down, down, down! We, of

course, went up. And on the slopes above us, picturesque in the sweet southern light of afternoon, we saw the silhouettes of men and women raking the swathed hay which, a little later, the men would be tossing into fragrant heaps beneath.

Up and up—by roads easy and paths perilous! We passed along the verges of kindly brooks, which, being full, suggested Devonshire—except, that is, for their selvages of white poplar and the olives grey on the slopes above. The waters dimpled and the leaves tossed with the sough of the wind. Save for the dry heat in the air, this part of the experience might have been Scotland—with your eyes shut.

The Village of Dreams

Many bridges, too, there were—wonderful in a country where, as in Spain, there are neither roads to travel upon, nor waters to cross—nor even, it may be added, travellers to cross them. Yet in our first hour we had passed, we five apprentice Carlists, at least as many admirable bridges—clean-shaped, practical, suited to the place and to the landscape as a becoming dress fits a pretty woman. This is a rare thing in bridges, and one which is almost never to be found in new countries, where a bridge is invariably an outrage upon the surrounding scenery.

Queer bridges we found—triangular bridges, unnecessary bridges, of wood and stone and straw and stubble—but never ugly bridges. I would like to write a book—copiously illustrated—upon Spanish bridges alone. That is, if I thought anybody could be found to buy it. But instead, I am paid to write adventures, and I must endeavour to earn my money.

Dogs barked at us from out of dusky archways as we passed through tumble-down villages. Don John, who was the chief *farceur* of our little company, put these ignominiously to flight by bending down his head and baying at them in most uncanny fashion, his face reversed between his legs—a thing which no dog can stand, at least in the south. I suspect that Spanish dogs must have preserved some kind of folk-lore (or dog-lore)

about monsters with heads which grow upside down between their legs—for, one and all, they beat an ignominious retreat at the sight of Don John.

And then, the villages on that mountain route! If El Seo be the City of Dream, of a verity these are the Villages of Dream. Their wooden balconies are timber-strutted and overhang the rush of the water. For up there the water actually does rush. It is as much as your life is worth (if you turn the scale at anything over thirteen stone) to venture out upon one of them. The very family washing seems to endanger their frail picturesqueness as it flaps in the wind. The swallow's nest seems to be the popular style of architecture in this part of the country—or rather was two or three hundred years ago. For such gables, such semi-round beetle-browed houses and built-out *patios*, I never saw in any burgs of living man. And never do I expect to see them again, till I adventure forth from the city of El Seo in search of that elusive Carlist camp.

For all that you could see everywhere that we were in a land in which religion was still something worth fighting for—or, at least, that the respect for it kept up a certain tradition in the hearts of the people.

At the gable of every house of any pretension was a crucifix, or perhaps less frequently the statue of some saint. The crucifixes were of two kinds, old and new. The old were gigantic and framed of wood. They were set up on a great basework of crossed beams, all deeply embrowned with age. The modern were erect on stone pillars, and generally of hammered iron. It rather took one's breath away, however, when, interwoven in the ironwork of one of the newest-looking of these, I found the date 1689—the date of our own glorious Revolution, when Dutch William came from Holland to set up all that is most solid and stolid, most respectable and permanent, in the British Constitution.

But presently we drew away, cutting across the spurs of the hills—where we left the wind behind (and, speaking for myself, I hope also some small portion of adipose)—till we saw again the fine free untravelled road beneath us, with its array of telegraph poles posting away northward towards France and another world, while the River of Dream, become a torrent now, went thundering and foaming among the stunted pines at our feet!

I began as I thought to smell Carlism in the air. In such places lived the men who, counting not their own lives dear to them, took up arms, and in the closing years of the nineteenth century fought for an Idea. So at that time I believed of Carlism among the mountains. It is my duty to tell of Carlism as I found it.

The brief, one-sided, Spanish-American war was just over. Spain was a country without colonies, without a navy, almost without an army. Moreover, Spanish pride was deeply hurt. The Government staggered, and well it might. The Spanish have all noble qualities, but in matters of sentiment they are not a practical people. They did not know that the loss of their colonies and the confining of their energies within the square of the peninsula, was the best that ever happened to their land—the mother-in-law of all colonies and the mother of none. It was too early days for that idea to take root. The people could not understand it. All that they knew was that the Government had been put down, with hardly a struggle, by the hated "Yankees." And so it seemed the duty of every Spaniard, for the time being, to put down the Government. But, at the head of affairs, it chanced that there was a very wise farseeing man, who, above all other men, understood his countrymen.

Now there is in Spain one thing which touches to the quick the average man of the towns, the man of the larger villages, the householder of the populous pueblas of the centre, the great swarming masses of the south, the man of the north-west with his mines and quarries and innumerable ports, the white-breeched cultivator of the orange-spangled *huertas* of Valencia and the corn-lands of Orihuela. That which they hate, with an unbounded hatred, is the spectre of a fourth Carlist civil war. They have had enough of it. Colonies lost—well, it is a pity! Navies sunk! Well, again, let us build more. Our prestige abated for a generation! That to a Spaniard is hardest

of all—but, at least, let us have no more Carlism! At the very name we will levy in mass! We would certainly like to overthrow this halting half-hearted Government—one which first deceived us and then brought such shame upon the nation. But if the Government is all that stands between us and another Carlist war—why then, *Viva!* For the Government of Madrid, *Viva!* For Señor Sagasta, *Viva!* For anybody and everybody who will give us peace foreign, and especially peace domestic, *Viva!* And *Viva*, and three times *Viva!*

Very well, then, said that very wise head at Madrid, let the country be saved—and, incidentally, with it the Government! If a Carlist rising will save us, by all means let a Carlist rising be provided. See ye to it! The word flashed down by secret ways. Indeed, most ways are of the secretest in Spain, where no man speaks his thought to his dearest friend lest a bird of the air carry the matter.

And now I was going to see this most opportune insurrection—see it at its source. There is a new school of Carlists—and an old! Don Emmanuel and the Bishop were of the old—men who had fought in a score of the old fights, and seen men standing up with their backs to a wall and the cigarette alight in their mouths—in the day when, in the war of brethren, quarter was neither given nor taken.

But of the new school were most decidedly Don John and Don Mark. The nearer they got to the "seat of war"—the large word describes the large thing—the more riotously joyous they became. Indeed, they were like schoolboys on the first day of the holidays with their journey-money safe in their breeches' pocket. They sang. They shouted. They embraced each other—all, that is, except Rodil, who watched their ambles and gambols, all the while smoking his pipe with his humorous gravity.

By this time we were getting high up. The river lay far below—towns, sands, vineyards, desert places, together with bridges to cross the links of the River of Dream at unexpected narrows. The high air was like an intoxicant to Don John and Don Mark—even to Biño. I mentioned Don Carlos of Spain—Don Jaime of Bourbon! They laughed in my face. That is not what we have come out to see, they said. Their fathers would not have spoken so, I retorted. At this they laughed still louder, till I thought that of a truth they must have become "fey" (or fated), as we say in Scotland, of those whose excessive gaiety seems to presage an impending doom.

The household crucifix

"Carlists—oh, of course, we are Carlists!" cried Don John, "but what has that to do with the very respectable 'whiskerado' who abides at the big hotel in Lucerne—which is, I believe, a town in Switzerland? Is it not so, señor? The Duke of Madrid? Hum—well, let him take his breakfast in peace, good man. It is not for him or his like that any young Spaniard will fight to-day. No, I do not mean my father (he tapped his frontal bone)—the old are different. They have seen the real, of which we have scarce seen the shadow!"

But these gay young scamps got their

lesson ere they slept. It is not good to laugh at that which the fathers reverence. For just then at the entering in of the little village where we were to rest we came upon a crucifix casting a vast shadow upon a whitewashed wall, intense in the light of the setting sun. It was exceedingly impressive.

We stood gazing, all I think, even the three merrymakers, not a little awed. I pointed up at it and said, "There! You

The shadow of the cross

see! Sometimes the shadow may touch the heart—even as the reality!"

But Don Mark, ever ready with words, had his answer pat.

"Ah," he said, "that may be true enough. But—HE *is the crucified.* HE *died for others.* But, so far as I have heard, the Bourbons of Spain have always let others fight for them—and die for them. And then in the nick of time—*they ran away!*"

And that, I venture to say, is what young Spain thinks about Carlism and its prospects to-day.

We stood awhile, simply looking. The great wooden crucifix dominating the little square turned in the setting sun to crimson before our eyes. The shadow on the wall grew black, and then began to dissolve, eaten up from below as the sun sank rapidly. The night came with a stride, and through the already silent alleys we paced soberly to our inn. I cannot tell what was in the thoughts of the others. Mine within me were tinged with Eternity, yet they were not sad. I had seen the greatest sight left on earth—the Ideal of Man suffering for Man—and men believing in that Ideal. Now I looked up where the stars were already sparkling—keen, set in regular perspective, blue, red, green, Sirius leading them on, like a chieftain among his hosts. Well, had THAT UP THERE ever spoken, save by the Man who had died for men? I did not know. And truth to tell, I did not greatly care. The warm humanity of the Man of Nazareth abode with me. Even the shadow on the whitewashed wall somehow filled my heart A carpenter had made that cross, and He—was a carpenter's son.

. . . . .

After that, Rodil, who, as I have said, was a man of thought, and I had no difficulty in keeping the boys quiet. They smoked, it is true; but there was no singing, no tinkling guitars, no *jota.* And the last words of our host as he sent us up to bed above the stable, with a lantern among the four of us, sounded almost like a benediction: *Vaya usted con Dios!*—"Go ye with God!" he said.

Long after the rest were asleep, through the glassless windows of our loft I looked out, and there, erect upon the great cross of wood, the lonely figure cut a blank among the stars. I remembered the two lines of Pippa's song:

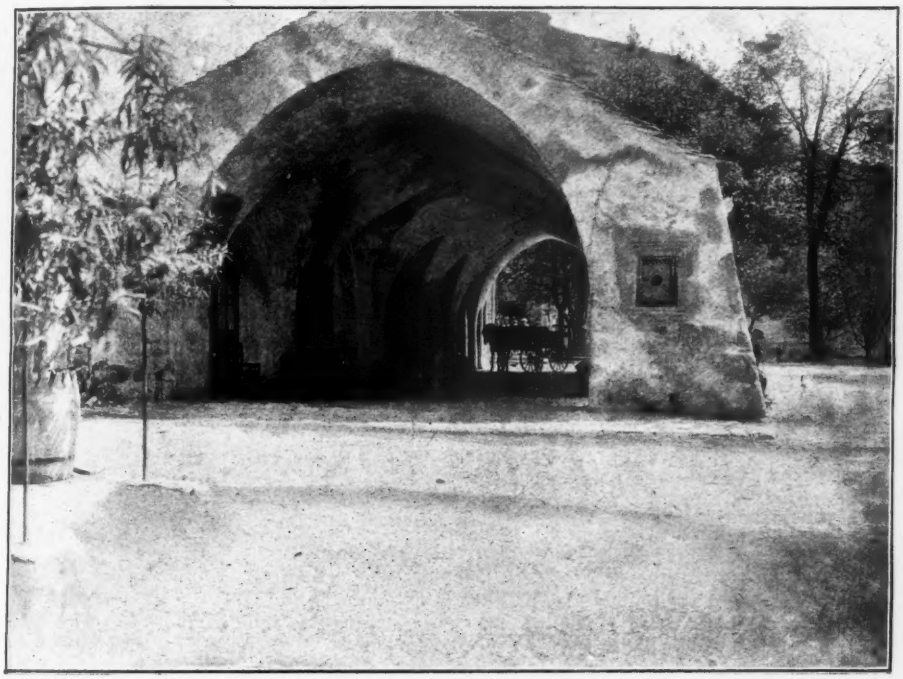
"*God's in his heaven. All's right with the world.*"

. . . . .

I thought that this long détour had brought me no nearer the long sought camp of the Carlists, but I was wrong. The house in the little village where we had slept was garnished with a long arcaded gallery giving upon the street, like a bridge for which at last

they had found a use. Under this there were doors and the entrances to houses.

I was told that the Carlists, when they sent down for provisions, stabled their horses under these very arcades! This was something like. I was, at least, upon the track.



It felt just like going to bed in a flying buttress

Our sleeping-room was a long gallery in the outer flange of these very *archaux*. In effect it felt just like going to bed in a flying buttress. The corridor was so narrow that the couches had to be placed lengthways, and so close together were they that in the dead time of the night Rodil grasped one of my ankles, which had gone exploring on its own account over the end of his bed. He was just about to stick a knife into it, taking it for a robber—or, at least, for something which had no right to be interfering with his nose.

It was yet grey morning when we settled our modest bill and went. Bills are always modest in Spain—still more so if a Spaniard does the settling. But what we found was a great change from yesterday's sun-drowned haymakers, our long tramp by the hazy riverside, and the loops of hot roadway blinking in the sun. To-day the grey of earliest twilight had the snell grip in it which told of snow. There was snow in the air too. One's teeth chattered as we dressed—not that we had removed so much of our clothing that they had very long time in which to chatter!

The next moment we were out on the hillside with a lump of bread and some chocolate inside of us, and a well-founded belief in our hearts that it would be many hours before we saw more food. I had my half-plate camera under arm. Now this camera is quite a light thing when a friend only picks it up and sets it down. He remarks upon its wonderful lightness. But after a few hours over the sierras, changing hands every half-mile and looking to see if the other fellows are inclined to help, it seems to be

made of solid lead. Then, again, I could trust it with Biño, but by no means with *farceurs* like Don John and Don Mark. It was too precious for that.

We cowered in a little shelter from a storm-flurry, and whilst it was clearing up I hurried out and took a couple of pictures of two lonely unnamed towers which dominated a quite modern-looking farm, but seemed much more in keeping with the grim hillside on which they were set. The snow began to lie thinly on all the slopes, and these rough towers, built of chance-found stones like a Scottish stone-dyke, seemed perfectly in unison with the desolate surroundings.

Up and up the road wound—rocks and wayside plants all thinly sprinkled with snow. The leggy, unhappy, spindling pines we passed were dusted with it to their topmost twig. It mixed like salt with the dust of the highway. Evidently Carlism had to be sought for very high. However, that was but natural. Virtue lay on the heights.

A carriage was returning in our direction and Don Mark hailed it. The answer of the conductor was unintelligible, but plainly insulting. Then it was that the two Sebastian boys showed the blood that was in them.

"He may be a governmental *arriero*, if he likes," they said; "he may be the devil himself; but, by Saint Vincent, he has no right to 'sauce' a Sebastian. Even now we will convince him of the error of his ways. Pray lend us your revolver!"

But I declined to be mixed up with the coercing of a respectable coachman upon a turnpike road. Smuggling was well enough, but I had no idea of emulating the late Mr. Richard Turpin or Mr. Claude Duval. So the Sebastians, nothing daunted, borrowed from their countryman Rodil, who was either not so squeamish or better informed.

"They will only fright him!" he said. "Likely he is a miserable hostler of the *fonda* which calls itself a 'hotel' down at El Seo, and in that case it will be enough if the Sebastians tell him their names!"

So with no more said, Don Mark and Don John went off to interview the driver of the carriage. They returned in a trice with the news that the owner would be charmed to have our company. He *did* come from El Seo. At which I blushed. For I had visited a bishop there. But so, for the matter of that, had the Sebastians, with whom the driver seemed to be on excellent terms. They had let him see their own pistols, together with Rodil's revolver, also a couple of knives from Albacete, about as long as the owner's leg from the knee down. They said that they thought he might possibly feel interested in the names of the makers.

He was, to the extent of being astonishingly polite to all of us, offering wine and black bread all round. Rodil and I went inside the coach, but the two Sebastians sat one each side of him on the box and helped him to drive.

"Confidence?" said Don Mark, afterwards, "oh, yes, of course we had confidence in him! *But there is no confidence like making sure yourself!*"

Which dictum might be added to the Proverbs of Solomon without spoiling the set, for the amount of truth which it simply and unobtrusively expresses.

Our driver had, it appeared, just taken down an important governmental official from the nearest point to the rebel camp. This commissionaire had been empowered to treat with the Carlists. So at least the driver declared. But he could give no exact information, because his fare had slept the whole time after he had picked him up on the roadside. Also he had complained of headache, both which symptoms we understood later.

"It is at this bridge I must stop, gentlemen," he said. "I cannot possibly cross it, or follow the road to Elisonda further with my waggon—which, indeed, is just new from the coachbuilder's yard. I shall, therefore, be obliged to take reluctant leave of you here!"

"Well, we bet you two duros that you won't!" cried the Sebastians. "We can get you and your old equipage too over a bridge ten times worse than that. And as for the road on the other side—why, it was made, laid, and levelled specially for Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, whom God preserve! (Here they piously lifted their caps.) Now

The two Sebastians sat one each side of him on the box and helped him to drive

we are good soldiers of that unfortunate monarch, and we will show you that what is good enough for a Don Carlos is good enough for a shark-souled, greedy-toothed 'cretin' of a hired shilling-a-league driver, from a heaven-forsaken *venta* which has the impudence to call itself a 'hotel'!"

This was the sense, if not the exact words, of the allocution addressed by the Sebastians to the driver of the hotel turnout.

And sure enough the conveyance went over the bridge careering, a man at each wheel and the owner anxiously moderating his steed, which, naturally enough, objected to the reverberation.

"It is wonderful what can be done in this world with a little goodwill — properly applied!" said Don John. "Now between us, without the least trouble, we have frightened that fellow more than ever he will be frightened till the little black imps with the tridents shake his miserable carcass over the pit of Hades!"

Fine, decided, all-there politicians were my young friends, the Sebastians! No wonder they were powers in the land. Generally also, I am bound to add, powers for good.

"He is not doing this for nothing," explained Don Mark in an undertone, "the rascal owes my father money, which he will never pay. And if the old rattletrap does fall into the ravine it won't matter a dollar to anybody."

Luckily, however, it did not. In fact the road actually became better on the camp side of the Segre. For this is the rule in Spain. Where there are millions of people and a great traffic the ways are those which the Moors left behind them, and you wade waist deep in the ruts. But when there are perhaps a dozen of possible passengers in a year, the roads are—well, as good as those of France or of Utopia, which is pretty much saying the same thing. The road upon which we now found ourselves, a little boulder-strewn because of a few contributions to road-mending brought down by the spring avalanches (which, of course, no one had ever thought of removing), led slowly upwards through the snow-dusted trees.

"We are coming near the camp now," said Don Mark, and he went off into one of his laughs.

"I cannot go there," cried the coachman in despair. "They will have my blood."

"And small loss!" remarked Don John, unsympathetically.

"Let me go! Let me go!" The jehu's plaint became acute and he referred more than once to his wife and children.

So, after making him sign a receipt that he had come so far out of his way by his own freewill, we let him go. The Sebastians considered all this a fine joke, and laughed abundantly. But having been brought up to railway officials and the science of tipping I managed to convey a piece of money to the unfortunate driver, without the knowledge of either Don John or Don Mark. I think if they had known, they would have sent me back with him in the conveyance as wholly unworthy of confidence.

The carriage once departed we stood in the roadway stamping our feet and getting warm as best we could. For the chill of the high mountains cut into our bones, coming as we had done directly from the steaming ditch of the Ebro and the dusty plains of Aragon upon which the sun lies all day like a load.

Don Mark was right. We were indeed near our goal. Turning a corner there beneath us lay the little collection of houses which I shall call Elisonda, though, of course, according to agreement, that is not its name.

It was little more to all appearance than a Scottish "farm-town." What we looked upon was hardly more than the long-roofed collection of "office-houses" which surrounds the dwelling of a thrifty "big farmer" in the old country. Yet this was the famous Elisonda, the head and front of the Carlist "rising!" It did not look very terrible, and I was momentarily disappointed. What I wanted to see was a regular encampment out on the plain, or upon the mountain side! I think a score of tents of black camel's hair, like those of the Bedu, might have satisfied me. But this range of comfortable farm-buildings—all eligible property, too—that is, to look at. Could that be the dreaded Elisonda about which the forces of

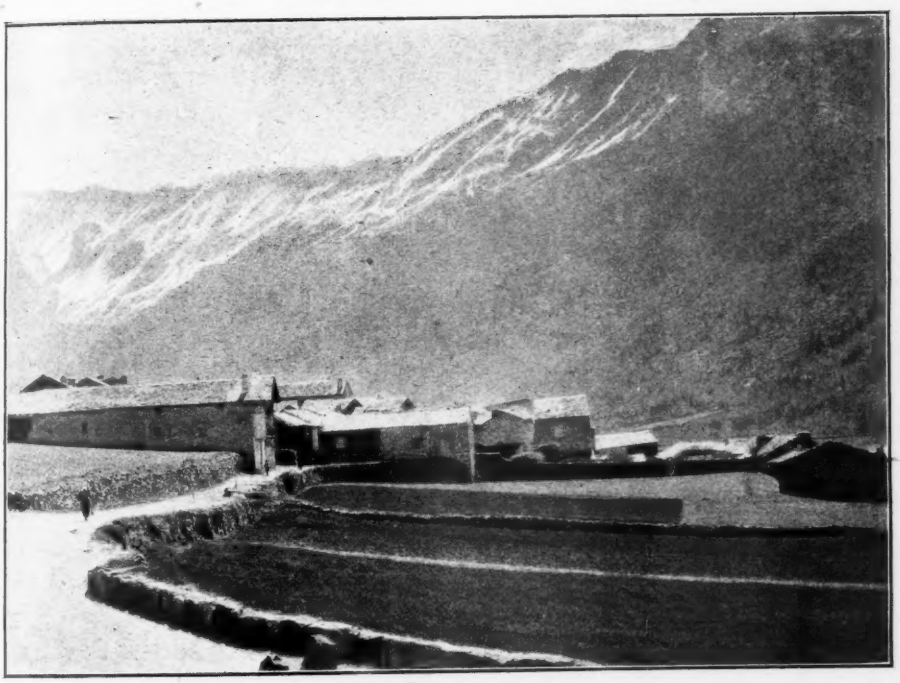
the Government had been concentrating for weeks? Could this be the place whose name was shouted nightly along the Rambla at Barcelona, in the Plaza de la Independencia of Zaragoza, and down the Puerta del Sol at Madrid?

Where were the grinning black muzzles of the guns—"quick-firers" smuggled over the frontier from France—so they said in the papers—old mortars wide enough of mouth to fire an iron bedstead, mattress and all. The Carlists, even, where were they?

At least I was not to be disappointed in these last! Here they came, a whole advance guard of them, spurring their best along the road, yelling and shouting, as if they had been forewarned of our approach. Some of them rode horses, but the majority mules. Shades of General De Lacy Evans and Cabrera, had it come to this? Yes, even worse! Far in the rear, as merry as any, rode a man upon a donkey!

These were the bloodthirsty Carlists of Elisonda. These were the enemies of the city fathers. These were the fierce hill-fighters, who gave no quarter to man, woman, or child.

And in a minute we had fraternised with this dreadful enemy—these semi-brigands of the Madrid papers, unrecognised by any powers, fighters each for his own hand. In appearance they were exactly like a lot of jovial farmers' sons out for a merry-making. They did not slay us on the spot. Contrariwise they embraced us even too warmly. They demanded not our money or our lives—but only if we were thirsty. We were. We were also cold.



The Carlist headquarters at Elisonda

We went back with them to Elisonda, and had soon made ourselves at home with the whole jovial crew.

They had a camp-fire. But I think that camp-fire must have been a stage property, for I never saw any one sitting by it. The wide kitchen or house-place and the straw-filled barn suited their habits better. There

were guards, but they were mostly four-footed and barked. One of these, called General Prim, a meek animal, lay permanently on a wall and was ready to betray his trust at any time for a bone. I used to carry one in my pocket for the express purpose of bribing the general. I wrapped it in a copy of the *Correspondencia* which told of the bloody doing of the rebels of Elisonda. General Prim did not mind, specially if the bone had been left "in the rough."

Spurring their best along the road

That night there was in Elisonda the sound of the pipe and the tabor. Don John surpassed himself. Don Mark recounted (and embellished) our adventures in the smuggling line. All present were experts, and I received many compliments. Rodil listened and smoked, smiling quietly the while. The amount of white spirit which was drunk had better be referred to in round numbers. Its quality was not strained —its quantity quite unrestrained. There were headaches abroad in the morning, but General Prim and I were at our posts. He and I went the rounds of the rebel camp together "at the good hour."

On the way we fell in with Don Mark, who asked me if I had any bicarbonate of soda about me. He said he wanted it for a chemical experiment. Going back I gave him what I possessed, and he proceeded to see what the effect would be of dissolving the powder in water and drinking it. General Prim and I left him to his experiment and set forth again on our round of discoveries.

A meek animal was General Prim. He snuffed at each snoring sleeper, and when he came upon any one to whom he had been introduced he courteously acknowledged the acquaintance before passing on.

Finally at the far side of Elisonda, where are certain steep precipices, called colloquially "Too-Bad-For-a-Dog," the general and I came upon a young man moodily surveying the scene. He was differently dressed from the young farmers and countrymen who had spurred out to meet us the night before. He had not the dare-devil look of the smuggling Sebastians, nor yet was he of the city—a quiet, rather melancholy, dark-eyed fellow he seemed, with, however, unmistakable marks of breeding and education about him.

I spoke to him, a mere polite inquiry as to whether we were doing any harm. To my astonishment he answered in French, readily and fluently.

"Is there ever any real fighting at Elisonda?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," he answered, smiling, "*quite regularly!*"

I noticed that he pronounced the last words with a certain emphasis. He also pointed with his hands to the loop-holed barns and cow-sheds beneath us.

"When is the governmental attack supposed to commence?" I asked.

"Usually about three," he said, "that is, when it is warm and the snow has melted off the roofs and rocks. Then it is more comfortable for every one concerned. But if you are pressed for time I can send out word and have it begun earlier!"

I stared at the young man in astonishment, as well I might.

"You—can—send—out—and—have—it—begun—earlier?" I said, slowly.

"Certainly," he answered, serenely, "that is precisely what I am here for!"

For a moment it occurred to me that I was in the presence of a spy, but a glance at the young man's face reassured me. Whatever he was, this youth with the sombre eyes was no spy. But he discerned my thought.

"Oh, no," he said smiling quietly, "I am not betraying the confidence of our good friends down there, who are still snoring on the straw. But all the same, I am here to conduct matters generally. You understand, the situation is this—if you will be good enough to listen!"

General Prim doing sentry duty

Almost automatically we had walked to a little knoll whence we could look down upon the snow-covered roofs of Elisonda. Low hills were all around us (perhaps from about a mile to a mile and a half distant). My friend lifted his arm and pointed with a mock theatrical gesture.

"All those are held by the enemy—or we are the enemy ourselves," he said, "just as you happen to look at it! At any rate, there is a fierce engagement each afternoon in time for the results to be telegraphed to the Madrid and Paris papers. Nothing like it has been seen in the Peninsula since 'El Gran Lor' (Wellington) said *Buenas noches*

to his old friend Soult at Vittoria. Wait till three o'clock and you shall see!"

While he was speaking I had been examining the ground and the out-buildings. Not a rut, nor a broken stick on a tree, nor so much as a pockmark on a wall.

"Yes," he continued, smiling, "you have come out to see war and you will see it on a truly magnificent scale, from Mauser pistols and revolvers up to siege guns!"

"And this goes on every day?" I queried, looking, I suppose, no little incredulous.

He nodded, his somewhat saturnine face lighting up with the pleasure of persiflage.

"But," said I, marvelling, "where are the bullet-holes, the marks made by the explosion of the shells, the pits of the round shot—all that I have read about so often in the papers?"

And I pulled out as much of the *Correspondencia* as my friend General Prim had left when I took him his last chop. I never saw such a dog for tearing up paper and chewing it. He would eat anything in which meat had been wrapped. But, I think, if he had a preference, it was for the *Correspondencia*. It might be called his favourite journal.

I did not ask any more questions. It seemed somehow undignified. Instead I

Came upon a young man moodily surveying the scene

only looked at the young man, and after a little he lifted up his voice and spoke. His explanation was remarkably clear and precise, for one so young.

"This, mark you, is an insurrection!" he said. "These people in the house-place snoring on the straw are Carlists, at ninepence a day and the fun! It is a godsend to them in the off season. In vintage it would cost the Government at least three times as much!"

"It would cost the Government?" I cried, in astonishment. "What has the Government to do with it?"

He stooped and picked up a cartridge which lay at his feet. Its clear, clean, white-composition metal shone like silver in the light of the morning sun.

"The careless dogs!" he said, "to take the pay of the Government and not even to be at the trouble to fire off the powder. For, observe, it is of Government mark!"

I looked. So it was, and apparently unexpended. The little yellow cap was unindented. I knew the mark of the needle.

But there was a peculiarity. The cartridge felt curiously light in the hand. The young man smiled and nodded.

"It has not been fired," he said. "Now find me the bullet, if you please! Explore with your knife. There is no danger!"

There was none! The cartridge was blank as Mordred's shield.

The young man nodded encouragingly at me.

"Exactly," he said, "it is like the answer of a riddle, which one sees all at once and then cries out how stupid one has been! Or like the figures cut out in white in the wood-engraving, which you cannot help seeing after once your eyes have traced it out. *Now*, do you understand?"

It was undoubtedly stupid of me, but I did not yet understand—at least, not fully, though I began to have an inkling.

"Well," he said, "I suppose being a stranger you must have the riddle explained. At three of the clock in the afternoon all these sleepers will be awake. By that time they will have had their breakfast of good Government provisions. Some of the tins have made the voyage to Cuba and back, but are no worse the whit for that. Then the brave Carlists will demand their day's pay, which will be given them in good Government silver. I am not a soldier myself. I am a political in the secret service—only there is no particular secrecy about this. You can't keep a secret among three hundred men all picked up here, there, and everywhere—each one with a sweetheart at home to buy something pretty for at the next fair. Well, the troops and the Carlists fall on—horse, foot, and guns—at noon, or at three, or at six, just as I send them word! And all the correspondents of the papers are back there among the hills, and all the writers—only *you* must not write about this till all is over. But there will be a merry time and enough noise to wake the sainted dead!

"Only there won't be any dead, nor any wounded, unless a man is careless when his gun kicks. For there is never a bullet, nor a shell, nor a revolver pea the size of a sugar-coated pill out of a new-fangled pharmacy. All is noise, and fury, and smoke—very terrible! And you will also have the privilege of beholding me sitting on this very knoll directing things with a stick. I have with me, of course, a man to work the heliograph, a proper soldier, not a stable-smelling Carlist.

"And so—why, necessarily, there is plenty to write about, and certainly plenty to hear, and not a little to see! So everybody is content! And the people say, 'It is necessary to have a Government which will take strong measures to put down these rascally Carlists! And what if the expense be great, what must be, must be! (They are quite right there! The expense *is* great. Tinned meats and ninepence a day!) And all the while down in Madrid, in a certain bureau, a very old man with a white beard sits among many portfolios, while his secretaries come and go, and they read him the telegrams as they come in from the Seat of War. And he says, 'Well done! Oh, well done!' And one day, perhaps, he will take me apart and give me the Order of the Golden Fleece, or make me a grandee of the kingdom, or an ambassador or something. That is," con-

cluded the young man, with a sudden drop into habitual melancholy, "if he does not die or forget all about me, which is by far the most likely of all!"

. . . . . .

Of course we stayed for the fight. It was all that the young man in the secret service had promised—and more withal. I wished I had found out that young man's name, not that I would have dared to print it. But he was of marked ability, and I hope that the old man of the portfolios, before he died (reconciled to Mother Church, and going to his own place to the sound of wailing chaunts) remembered that young man, whose name I do not know, and made him a grandee, or an ambassador, or anything else his heart craved after.

. . . . . .

Crackle—crackle from the hills! It was (do not tremble) the fierce onslaught of the troops of the line. How brave their officers were, cheering them on! All colours of the rainbow were represented, specially pale blue and scarlet trousers, also hard kepis with stout bobs in front. Not a man there would have dreamed of condescending to the degrading concealment of *khaki*. For, say what you will, it is concealment. The artillery, too, set out its guns in plain view on all the hills. No earthworks there! Who's afraid? Not a man of them. *Rattle! Bang! Thunder! R—r-r-r-r! Rack—tack-tack-tack!* All the sounds of modern warfare, as it were, in a nutshell.

And the courage of these poor lads who had lain among the straw — these few hundreds of rude Carlists of the North, each fighting for his legitimate monarch! Ought we not to be put to shame—aye, every man of us?

Which of us is there, who would think nothing of lying out on the plain ground—with only a sack or a bundle of hay beneath us to keep the cold from striking through, sheltered by a stone no bigger than a sugar-loaf, enfiladed from every side by modern artillery and long-range guns, all for an Ideal—plus ninepence a day, and as much tinned meat and raw white spirit as can be stowed away comfortably at Government charges.

Ah, brave fellows! Not one of them flinched—except, perhaps, to light a cigarette or to scratch. They had slept, you see, most of them, in the stable. So it is small wonder if they itched for battle. But there they were, the cavalry scouting valiantly after nothing at all, waving their guns, and charging (as often as their horses and mules could be brought into something like line) into the thickest of the fray! Never was anything so reckless seen in this world.

And all the time across the hills the telegraph wires were humming. And in Madrid, and in Barcelona, and in Paris the special editions were coming out, treading on each other's heels, reeking from the press. Stocks were going up and down. Exchange was "pumping" like a barometer before a storm. Leathern-lunged louts were crying the terrible news along the Strand before midnight, and in the quiet streets about the British Museum, where people sit up late, they were sending out good brown pennies to pay for halfpenny papers! The news from Elisonda was buzzing all over the earth.

And on the knoll above the long roofs, from which the snow had either been melted or had been blown away, sat the young man with the rueful countenance, who wanted to be an ambassador or a grandee. He too was smoking a cigarette, and when I went up to him he offered me a nip of cognac.

When I declined with thanks he only said, "It is French, and of good mark! See the stars!"

Then he yawned.

"If you have had enough of this," he added, rising, "I have!"

Whereupon he turned to the heliograph man, who stood behind—grave, attentive, also a little melancholy, having seen the vanity of things human.

"Tell them to stop, will you!" said the young man, briefly.

Then we went away. But as we were going down the slope, the sad-faced political youth in the secret service turned once more to the manipulator:

"Have you finished your message?" he demanded.

"Yes."

Then add, "THE COUNTRY IS SAVED!"

And the country was saved!

Trades and Tricks in Ireland

II.—The Riddler

By Seumas MacManus

Author of "Donegal Fairy Stories," "A Lad of the O'Friels"

OF the many ways in which the youngsters are entertained around the hearth on winter nights, one of the most popular with them is riddling—or, as we more generally call it, "guessing."

The *bacach* (beggarman) is usually the riddler, for he mostly has a varied store of odd ones to propound. But very often the *bhean-an-tighe* (housewife) is still better.

The youngsters crowd in from all the neighbourhood, and in a great circle around the big open hearth, sit two or three on a stool, and one upon another's knee, or squat (still more comfortably) on the floor.

There was a chap was four weeks old
When Adam was no more,
And still this chap was four weeks old
When Adam was four score?

On all of the little wondering faces around the fire incredulity is pictured; and it is amusing to watch the sudden change of expression when the riddler asks them if they ever knew a moon more than a month old.

And this one on the moon neither so clever nor so scientifically correct:

What's as flat as a pancake, as plump as a ball;
Taller than church, church-steeple and all?

All the youngsters, even the very youngest, crow with vanity when they hear this riddle coming—for they can distinguish themselves by an instantaneous solving:

As I was going through Barnes Gap
I met a man wearing a red cap,
A stick in his hand and a stone in his belly—
Come riddle me that and I'll give you a penny.

"A haw! A haw! A haw!" they reply in a boisterous chorus.

"Very well," says the *bacach*, "I'll give ye one now ye'll not guess till Tibb's Eve—which is neither afore Christmas nor after it:

"The bright white bird flew from Paradise,
Out came Lord Landless, took it up handless,
And rode away horseless, just before my eyes."

It is only a very few of the cutest youngsters who guess that the bright white bird was a snowflake, and Lord Landless the sun.

It is the snow, too, that "goes through the wood, and through the wood, and leaves a white rag on every bush."

"Here's another for yous lads and *girseachs* girls):

"Though ye think my old mother
Has neither wealth nor gear,
She owns a shining castle
With a window for every day in the year."

Which, though seemingly astounding, proved to be quite true (the youngsters acknowledged), for his mother owned a well-worn thimble.

What's always flying in the sky, with the tallest houses in under,
But if you climb and pull its tail, it roars like thunder?

There is very much hearty laughter when some unsophisticated child redes this to be a *prachán* (crow), instead of what it really is, a church-bell.

"Yesterday morning I thravelled away between two woods, and I come back the very same road, but between two waters," was a fair riddle in the days (now past) when we carried home the water in wooden buckets.

One that the youngsters are glad to hear—for they know it well—is, "She's marauding in the garden without, and in the morning she'll fetch home the priest's breakfast." "The hen's scraping the tattie-ridges," the youngest can reply, "and she'll lay an egg the morrow."

"What is it goes round three sides of the house every day and doesn't leave a mouse-

hole that it doesn't look in of?" This is, of course, sunshine.

"What is it thravels on its head all day and sits by my bedside all night?" This riddle is hardly fair from the *bacach*, seeing that there is no hobnail in his shoes—for he goes barefooted.

> I met a mare on Corry hill,
> She neighed as I passed by her,
> She spit destruction from her mouth,
> And her nostrils filled with fire—

is a very good description of a gun.

"Here's one for yous boys—a good one: 'The man that made it didn't want it, the man that wanted it didn't wear it, and the man that wore it never seen it.'" But very many of them know that it is a coffin.

> There was a man that had no eyes,
> Who went to the wood to view the skies.
> He saw a tree with apples on it,
> He took no apples off it and he left no apples on it.

And when at length the riddler explains that a man with one eye went to the wood where, from a tree that bore two apples, he took one apple and left one apple—a round-eyed innocent asks why he didn't pull both apples; and a fellow-innocent suggests that "maybe the tree grew on a wall too high up."

"Who of yous is good at countin' kindred?" the riddler asks. And a score answer, "I am!"

"Then, will any of yous plaise tell me, 'If Taig's father is Donal's grandfather, what is Donal to Taig?'"

And the clever one who answers that can usually tell "Whether is it the white goose or the grey goose is the gandher?" And may also explain the grounds on which a child said, with truth, "That man there is my father, yet I'm not his son."

And, talking of relationship, "Look round ye, can ye see my grey grandfather—he stands up through the roof, and he has gold shoes to his feet?" His grey grandfather is the grey peat-smoke, and the red coals are his grandfather's golden shoes.

The smoke is also read from—

> Chip, chip, cherry!
> All the men in Derry
> Couldn't climb chip, chip, cherry!

"What is it that I have and would like to deny; yet if I lost it, there would be sore trouble on me?" This one was generally not literally applicable to the *bacach*—for I never yet saw one of his tribe with the article in question—a bald head, to wit.

Another that was equally inapplicable to the *bacach*—but which he always propounded notwithstanding—was, "Two black dogs hid under my bed, waiting to swallow their bellyful of bones and raw meat in the morning." No dogs could lie under *his* bed, for he slept on the floor. And, moreover, no black dogs ever waited for him in the morning—for he travelled barefoot.

A terrible riddle he seldom failed to give was:

> What's as round as the moon,
> And deeper than hell,
> With blood and bones filled—
> I pray ye come tell?

But, not nearly so awful as it seems in description is a tailor's thimble.

A very mysterious one seemed this:

> When I wasn't looking for it I found it;
> And when I found it I sat down to look f . it;
> And when I looked for it I couldn't get it;
> And because I couldn't get it I carried it home with me.

Yet it was simply a thorn in his foot.

> Look at this hand: then plainly see
> What never was and never will be,

viz., that the first and second fingers are not of equal length.

Although it looked absurdly impossible that "What I found a hundred times, and can find again any day, God never did find, and never will find;" yet the seeming impossibility vanished when they were told that the thing in question was—an equal.

"I was at an inn last night where the landlord was putting twelve travellers in every bed, and no one of them next the stock," was quite true, though undoubtedly wonderful—for the inn referred to was a wheelwright's shop, and the travellers were spokes.

> As I went over yonder stile
> I met a thing that carried me a mile:
> The cow calved it, the goose laid it,
> It grew in a wood, and the smith made it,

For, in the days when this riddle was first propounded, there went four things to the making of a saddle—viz., leather, feathers, wood, and iron.

"That's all my riddles for this night. And now, childre, I'll do a thing that God couldn't do—get up, and let a better man take my place."

Brothers in Love

By the Rev. Victor L. Whitechurch

A GREATER contrast between two brothers could scarcely have been found than that between Samuel and James Middleton. Of independent means, and both of them through the turnstile of life marked "forty," they lived together in a villa in the suburbs of the sleepy old City of Redminster. They were known to their circle of intimate friends as "Mr. Samuel" and "Mr. James" respectively, and the said intimate friends would, somehow, never have dreamed either of dropping the "Mr." or of addressing either of them as plain "Middleton."

Mr. Samuel was the pink of elegance and suavity; Mr. James was the essence of untidiness and uncouthness. Whenever Mr. Samuel took his walks abroad, which he did at precise and immovable intervals, he looked exactly as if he had stepped out of a bandbox. Not a crease in his well-fitting trousers, not a spot of dust to mar the serenity of his invariable dark blue cut-away coat, not a stain on his collar nor a single fray on his cuffs, his hat carefully brushed and his malacca cane with the agate handle held at a fixed angle in his hand. Not a dandy, but an exquisitely neat little man was Mr. Samuel.

When Mr. James fared forth, which he did at equally exact intervals, he was precisely different. His trousers were old and worn and frightfully baggy at the knees; his closely buttoned coat (always closely buttoned, even in the hottest weather), was green with age and shabby in the extreme; his collar was a blotch to surrounding art and nature, while words fail to describe the shapelessness of his hat and the frayed condition of his shirt cuffs. He always walked with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, he looked snarly about the face and had a moustache resembling a tooth brush, quite unlike the delicate silky one of Mr. Samuel. The only time he ever looked respectable was on Sundays, when both brothers went regularly to church, wearing top-hats and carrying enormous prayer-books. And this was about the only time they were seen walking together.

Mr. Samuel was quite a "society man" in a small way. He could talk well on many subjects, was a good man at a dinner-table, had a musical little voice and a singularly clear style of conversation. Also, he was a great favourite with the gentler sex, though evidently a confirmed bachelor.

Mr. James, on the contrary, was rough and snappy in his speech, almost unto rudeness. He had a harsh, grating voice, and was quite a horror to ladies on account of his uncultured cynicism.

Both men were comfortably off. They had never done a stroke of work towards earning a penny, but, nevertheless, they were generally actively employed, for each had his hobby. Mr. Samuel was an enthusiastic entomologist. He was in constant correspondence with brother enthusiasts and he wrote articles on the subject. During the summer he was to be seen with net by day and sugaring apparatus by eve, or he would spend hours in his study with its massive cabinets full of specimens, setting insects, examining them under the microscope, or making voluminous notes anent them. The odour of camphor pervaded the study.

Mr. James was equally enthusiastic in practical gardening, and spent hours daily in the large garden at the back of the house. His vegetables and fruit were the finest in Redminster, and as for his conservatory and out-door flower beds, they were a sacred marvel, and not to admire them would have been to make him an enemy for ever, while if he bestowed upon you a flower, it was a token that you had won his heart—a very rare occurrence. He had his garden and the weather constantly on the brain; a weed was a horror at which he nearly fainted, and if Mr. Samuel, who was fond of children, ever took any of his young friends round the garden, Mr. James would follow in agonised fear lest a bed should be trampled upon or a flower plucked.

In the semi-detached villa next door lived Mrs. Bond, the widow of a Redminster clergyman, an eccentric old lady who continually invented new diseases for herself, and who was in a state of chronic collapse except when she forgot herself and was cheerful. She had a habit of calling in all the local doctors in succession, while regularly once a quarter she went up to town and consulted a fresh specialist—which comforted her greatly for a subsequent limited period. She listened to all—quacks included—and invariably took the last medicine about which she had read or been told. The doctors told one another in confidence that she had an iron constitution to stand it all, gave her harmless physic, and listened to her quietly.

The brothers were on very neighbourly terms with her. Every morning she walked round her garden for a constitutional, and Mr. James would leave his work for a few moments and lean over the dividing wall to listen to the account of her latest ailment, while on Sundays he generally presented her with a little bouquet of flowers. And on most evenings, Mr. Samuel would go into the old lady's house to play a game of bezique with her, or now and again another friend would drop in, and Mr. James be sent for to make up a hand at whist. Occasionally she would give a dinner-party and invite them both. Mr. Samuel liked this, because it meant music afterwards, while Mr. James loathed it because it entailed getting into a dress suit; but, for Mrs. Bond's sake, he suffered it.

The brothers were as regularly as clockwork in their habits. They sat down to meals at exactly the same moment every day, they both shaved at exactly half-past ten every morning, and it was impossible to get at them till eleven. Mr. James grumbled daily over his paper and Mr. Samuel chuckled weekly over his *Punch*. And next door Mrs. Bond groaned with liver complaint and indigestion, tried new potions, brightened up over her game of cards, and saw her doctors regularly.

But one day something happened to disturb the serenity of the trio, and it came about in this way.

Mr. Samuel was playing bezique with Mrs. Bond, when the latter exclaimed:

"I'm getting old and lonely, Mr. Samuel and I shan't be here long to trouble you."

"Four kings, eighty!" replied Mr. Samuel, knowing that this was the usual prelude to a dirge in the minor key of indigestion.

"I'm afraid I'm a doomed woman, I am."

Mrs. Bond had a curious habit of repeating her verbs. Mr. Samuel scored his eighty complacently.

"I told Dr. Bristow this morning that I had gout in the brain, and he shook his head over it, he did. I know he doesn't understand me. Yes, Mr. Samuel, I feel sure I have gout in the brain, I have, and where's that going to stop? Any moment it might touch on a vital nerve, it might, and I should be a corpse."

"Oh, Mrs. Bond, don't you think you're alarming yourself unnecessarily?"

"No, I'm not. I read up all the symptoms in an advertisement of a new medicine. (I've sent for that medicine, I have.) It says the liver and the brain are all connected by a lot of fibres, and when one goes wrong the other follows. I was always subject to gout, I was, and I believe the brain is the seat of all that's

the matter with me. That would account for indigestion, too, you see."

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Samuel, who had a suspicion that the brain *was* the centre of her troubles.

"Ah, me!" sighed Mrs. Bond, "I feel I've got one foot in the grave, and I haven't any one to take care of me, I haven't."

"There's Eliza, and——"

"Eliza! I heard her tell Sally I was an old fidget. They'd both see me die in agony before they'd move hand or foot."

"Well, Mrs. Bond, why don't you have a companion?"

"Eh? What, Mr. Samuel?"

"Seriously, why don't you get some nice lady to come and live with you and see to you?"

And then they fell to talking it over, and she forgot her gout in the brain. Next morning she consulted Mr. James over the wall.

"Mr. James, your brother told me last night I ought to have a companion."

"Umph! What for?"

"To see after me."

"And herself too! Don't believe in 'em."

"Well, I've made up my mind to advertise this very day."

"You'll be sorry. Don't know who you'll get. Rob you, very likely. Murder you, perhaps."

"Nonsense, Mr. James, I mean to have some one cheerful and young; some one who can play the piano and——"

"Hope she'll practise while I'm out. Walls are thin. Wish you luck, Mrs. Bond, but I'm afraid you'll repent it."

"Well, we shall see. Anyhow there'll be some one always ready to see me die, there will, and that's a consolation."

"You won't die yet. Far too great a loss," replied Mr. James, with an attempt at a compliment.

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"Good morning, Miss Oliver: yes, got a lot to do to-day."

"Your garden is looking lovely."

"Umph. Would look a bit nice if it got a drop of rain on it. Too dry."

"Oh, I think it's charming. What a beautiful rose this is! Do give it to me for a buttonhole. . . . No, don't trouble. I can reach it."

And she did!

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"Like another rose, Miss Oliver?"

Mr. James was equally enthusiastic in practical gardening, and spent hours daily in the large garden at the back of the house. His vegetables and fruit were the finest in Redminster, and as for his conservatory and out-door flower beds, they were a sacred marvel, and not to admire them would have been to make him an enemy for ever, while if he bestowed upon you a flower, it was a token that you had won his heart—a very rare occurrence. He had his garden and the weather constantly on the brain; a weed was a horror at which he nearly fainted, and if Mr. Samuel, who was fond of children, ever took any of his young friends round the garden, Mr. James would follow in agonised fear lest a bed should be trampled upon or a flower plucked.

In the semi-detached villa next door lived Mrs. Bond, the widow of a Redminster clergyman, an eccentric old lady who continually invented new diseases for herself, and who was in a state of chronic collapse except when she forgot herself and was cheerful. She had a habit of calling in all the local doctors in succession, while regularly once a quarter she went up to town and consulted a fresh specialist—which comforted her greatly for a subsequent limited period. She listened to all—quacks included—and invariably took the last medicine about which she had read or been told. The doctors told one another in confidence that she had an iron constitution to stand it all, gave her harmless physic, and listened to her quietly.

The brothers were on very neighbourly terms with her. Every morning she walked round her garden for a constitutional, and Mr. James would leave his work for a few moments and lean over the dividing wall to listen to the account of her latest ailment, while on Sundays he generally presented her with a little bouquet of flowers. And on most evenings, Mr. Samuel would go into the old lady's house to play a game of bezique with her, or now and again another friend would drop in, and Mr. James be sent for to make up a hand at whist. Occasionally she would give a dinner-party and invite them both. Mr. Samuel liked this, because it meant music afterwards, while Mr. James loathed it because it entailed getting into a dress suit; but, for Mrs. Bond's sake, he suffered it.

The brothers were as regularly as clockwork in their habits. They sat down to meals at exactly the same moment every day, they both shaved at exactly half-past ten every morning, and it was impossible to get at them till eleven. Mr. James grumbled daily over his paper and Mr. Samuel chuckled weekly over his *Punch*. And next door Mrs. Bond groaned with liver complaint and indigestion, tried new potions, brightened up over her game of cards, and saw her doctors regularly.

But one day something happened to disturb the serenity of the trio, and it came about in this way.

Mr. Samuel was playing bezique with Mrs. Bond, when the latter exclaimed:

"I'm getting old and lonely, Mr. Samuel and I shan't be here long to trouble you."

"Four kings, eighty!" replied Mr. Samuel, knowing that this was the usual prelude to a dirge in the minor key of indigestion.

"I'm afraid I'm a doomed woman, I am."

Mrs. Bond had a curious habit of repeating her verbs. Mr. Samuel scored his eighty complacently.

"I told Dr. Bristow this morning that I had gout in the brain, and he shook his head over it, he did. I know he doesn't understand me. Yes, Mr. Samuel, I feel sure I have gout in the brain, I have, and where's that going to stop? Any moment it might touch on a vital nerve, it might, and I should be a corpse."

"Oh, Mrs. Bond, don't you think you're alarming yourself unnecessarily?"

"No, I'm not. I read up all the symptoms in an advertisement of a new medicine. (I've sent for that medicine, I have.) It says the liver and the brain are all connected by a lot of fibres, and when one goes wrong the other follows. I was always subject to gout, I was, and I believe the brain is the seat of all that's

the matter with me. That would account for indigestion, too, you see."

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Samuel, who had a suspicion that the brain *was* the centre of her troubles.

"Ah, me!" sighed Mrs. Bond, "I feel I've got one foot in the grave, and I haven't any one to take care of me, I haven't."

"There's Eliza, and——"

"Eliza! I heard her tell Sally I was an old fidget. They'd both see me die in agony before they'd move hand or foot."

"Well, Mrs. Bond, why don't you have a companion?"

"Eh? What, Mr. Samuel?"

"Seriously, why don't you get some nice lady to come and live with you and see to you?"

And then they fell to talking it over, and she forgot her gout in the brain. Next morning she consulted Mr. James over the wall.

"Mr. James, your brother told me last night I ought to have a companion."

"Umph! What for?"

"To see after me."

"And herself too! Don't believe in 'em."

"Well, I've made up my mind to advertise this very day."

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"Like another rose, Miss Oliver?"

And to the astonishment of his brother, who was standing near, he proceeded to cut the very best and to hand it over the wall. Mr. Samuel remarked upon it at luncheon.

"Miss Oliver seems to have worked herself into your good graces, James?"

"Umph! Thought I'd better give her a flower lest she should help herself. She had the cheek to yesterday. Don't want the garden robbed."

"Mrs. Bond has asked us both to go in and have a hand at whist to-night. You'll come, won't you?"

"Dunno. . . . Well, don't mind if I do. Needn't dress, eh?"

"No, there's no one else coming."

"Umph!"

When they went in that evening it was noticeable that Mr. James had done two things over and above his usual toilet. He had carefully brushed his coat and snipped his frayed cuff edges with his garden shears. Moreover he carried another rose in his hand which he proceeded to present to Miss Oliver with the gracious remark:

"Brought 'nother rose. Could spare it easily. Faded if I hadn't cut it."

They had the rubber, Mr. Samuel being Miss Oliver's partner. Mrs. Bond was in a very cheery humour, having entirely forgotten to take her medicine in the flow of conversation. Miss Oliver divided her attention impartially between her partner and Mr. James. When the game was over she went to the piano, at the express request of Mr. Samuel who hung over her while she played, and turned the leaves of the music. Mr. James retired to a corner of the room and squirmed and stopped his ears when no one was looking. Mrs. Bond fell asleep, as she generally did under the influence of music.

In a very short time after this, both brothers addressed Miss Oliver as "Miss Jessie," and a remarkable change came over them. Mr. Samuel was always asking the young lady to come and see some new "specimen," and as often as she entered the study Mr. James would come and demand to see the said specimen too, which his brother thought peculiar, as he had never before displayed the slightest interest in entomology. And every day Mr. James cut sundry roses, and wondered why on earth his brother always came into the garden when he happened to be bidding good morning to Miss Jessie. And Mr. Samuel on two occasions completely astonished the local Natural History Society. The first was when he was heard to murmur in a discussion that the specimen of Hymenoptera in question had a slender waist and blue eyes, after which he suddenly blushed and looked foolish; and the other time was when he sent word to say that he could not attend an important meeting at which he was to have read a paper "owing to a very urgent engagement," and it was discovered the next day that he had been dining at Mrs. Bond's. Moreover sundry townsfolk were much exercised in mind on seeing Mr. James enter the leading tailor's establishment, and were still more astonished a week afterwards when he appeared walking out in a decent suit. Also his brother could by no means understand his sudden predilection for music, while Mr. James was equally puzzled why Mr. Samuel on several occasions when he was Miss Oliver's partner at whist, made a misdeal and afterwards revoked.

Now, although the brothers were beginning to acknowledge to themselves that there were sundry disadvantages in a bachelor's life after all said and done, and that "Miss Jessie" was certainly a very charming young lady, neither of them had the slightest suspicion of the other. For neither of them had ever dreamed of his brother falling in love, and the thought of rivalry never entered their minds. Mr. James had never interfered with Mr. Samuel's entomological hobby, while the latter had for ever kept aloof from the mysteries of his brother's gardening; and somehow both men associated "Miss Jessie" with his own peculiar hobby, the one looking upon her as a sort of heavenly butterfly, and the other regarding her as a choice flower to be gazed upon with proper admiration.

One evening Mr. Samuel was playing bezique with Mrs. Bond, while her companion was strolling in the garden in the fading light. Suddenly the old lady exclaimed, without a word of warning:

"I do believe you're in love with that girl, I do, Mr. Samuel."

"Oh, Mrs. Bond—double bezique to me—what on earth makes you imagine such a thing?"

It is to be observed that he did not ask what girl Mrs. Bond alluded to—also he coloured violently.

"Now, Mr. Samuel; do you always mean to live a bachelor?"

"I've never thought about it—I——"

"Because I'll give you a word of advice. If you don't make up to Jessie your brother will. There, I've said it!"

"What! James!"

"Yes. Haven't you got eyes?"

"He! Why, he's a confirmed bachelor."

"Never you mind. I tell you he's just as much in love with Jessie as you are, so if you want to go in and win, you'd better take time by the forelock."

"Really, Mrs. Bond, you astonish me . . . I hadn't thought about it."

"Well, I've noticed you, I have. I like that girl and I should like to see her married to a good man like yourself, I should."

"But I haven't made up my mind—I——"

"Don't be all your life about it, then. You've been blind for a good many years, you have, and by-and-by you'll want some one to look after you when it's too late. Poor, dear Mr. Bond was exactly like you, but he'd never have proposed if I hadn't pulled him up to the mark, he wouldn't."

Meanwhile Mr. James had seen Miss Jessie walking in her garden, so he went into his, and, as usual, cut a flower and handed it over the wall.

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed, demurely enough, "but you really mustn't show me so much attention. You'll make your brother jealous."

"Sam jealous? Why?"

"Oh, I was only joking."

"What's he got to be jealous about?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," she replied, fixing the flower in her blouse.

"Well, why did you say so?"

Then, a sudden thought striking him for the first time, he blurted out:

"He hasn't made love to you, has he?"

"Why no, of course not," she said smiling.

"That's all right. Thought he wasn't such a fool."

"I must say you're complimentary, Mr. James. So you think a man would be a fool if he made love to me!"

"Sam would. Never did make love to any one. Couldn't do it."

"A remarkable similarity between you two in that respect, eh?"

"What?—" but she was off with a merry "good night."

"What's the meaning of this?" said Mr. James to himself, "if Sam were gone on her I should have seen it. Don't believe he is. She can't tell—joking, that's all. Girls never have insight to a man's character. At least, I don't know any that have. Come to think of it, don't know many women, though. . . . Wonder what she thinks of me. . . . Wonder whether Sam suspects I fancy her. . . . Poor Sam! He'd never get on without me. . . . Should have to let him live with us. . . . I know. I'll ask Sam's advice about it to-morrow: that's the best thing."

Meanwhile Mr. Samuel soliloquised in much the same manner. The more he thought it over, the more he felt convinced that his brother was above all suspicion of falling in love. It was an impossibility, such a thing had never and never could happen. And so, in the end, he came to exactly the same conclusion as Mr. James, and determined to take his brother into his confidence on the morrow.

At breakfast the two eyed one another anxiously, and each began several times to open his heart to the other, but got no further than clearing his throat. At luncheon it was just the same. At tea-time they were desperate, and at length Mr. James blurted out:

"Got something particular to say to you, Sam. You'll think me a fool, I know, but——"

"Oh, Mr. Samuel, Mr. James, please come into the garden at once! Oh, lor, I never should have thought of such a thing, and I've got palpitation so badly, I have Eliza, Eliza! bring me my smelling salts and eau de Cologne. I'm completely overcome, I am."

It was Mrs. Bond calling from her garden. The window was open and she knew the brothers were at tea. They rushed out at once and climbed the intervening wall by the little steps that had been arranged for the purpose. She was sitting on the garden seat with an open letter in her hand, while the servant was holding the eau de Cologne to her nose and emptying the smelling-salts on her head.

"Why, what's the matter, Mrs. Bond?"

"She's gone, she has—gone right away and left me."

"Who's gone?"

"Jessie—Miss Oliver. Read this."

And she handed the letter to Mr. Samuel who read it mechanically to his brother.

"My dear Mrs. Bond,—Will you ever forgive me for running away and leaving you at a moment's notice? I could not bear to say good-bye, so I have taken a mean advantage to go while you are out paying visits. Please let me try and make an excuse for what I am afraid you will call my ingratitude and deception.

"I told you that I entered upon the engagement because I did not wish to be a burden to my step-mother, but I did not tell you there was a painful quarrel in the case. The truth is my father, owing to his wife's influence, was strongly against my marriage with a man of whom my mother, when alive, thoroughly approved. I was offered the choice of breaking the engagement or of leaving home, and I chose the latter, intending to support myself until Mr. Atleigh—that is his name—should be in a position to marry me. I had just made up my mind to tell you all about it when, this morning, I had a letter from George. He has been suddenly offered a splendid appointment in Canada, and has to start immediately. He wants me to go with him, and begged me to come without delay to his sister's where he is staying—and—well, he says he has obtained the licence, and we are to be married on Saturday.

"Please, dear Mrs. Bond, forgive me, for in my happiness I cannot bear to think of grieving you. Good-bye. I hope you will write to the address I have left.

"Thanking you over and over again for all your kindness,

"Yours affectionately,

"Jessie Oliver."

"P.S.—Please say good-bye from me to Mr. Samuel and Mr. James, and I hope some day they will both be very happy—as I hope to be!"

"Oh dear," exclaimed Mrs. Bond, "just as she was beginning to be a daughter to me, she was, to think she should leave me like this! It's regularly upset my system, and I know I shan't digest anything for a week. There! I'm a lonesome old widow, and nobody cares for me, and I shall soon join my beloved husband, I shall. This shock's too much for me. You must go for Dr. Webster, Eliza."

As for the brothers, they said nothing to each other, but each was glad that he had not opened his heart, and each said within himself, "Well, I'm glad *he* doesn't know about it."

Then Mr. Samuel went into his study and commenced setting some choice butterflies, and for the first time in his life tore their wings and wondered why his hand trembled so; while the ammonia must have been particularly strong that evening, for his eyes were quite moist when he opened his "killing" bottle.

And Mr. James went upstairs and took off his new suit and put on his old coat and went into his garden and took his hoe and very viciously rooted up two choice carnations, and flung them into the dust-bin, exclaiming, "Confound the weeds!"

Ruskin's Jewels

By W. G. Collingwood

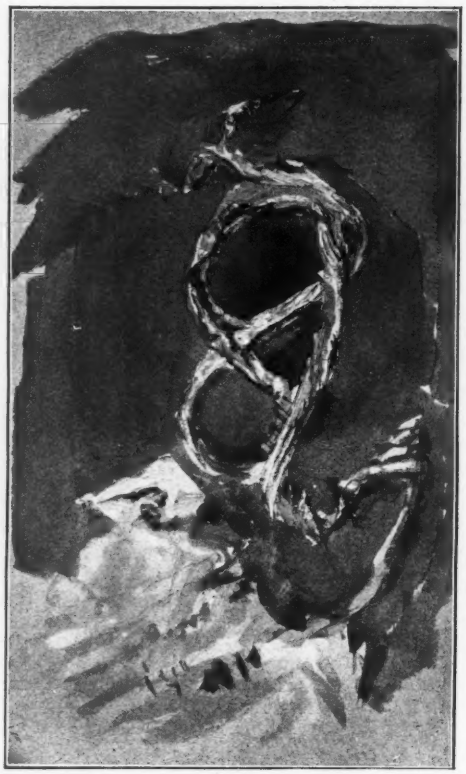
A STANDING treat for Ruskin's visitors was to look at minerals. Some people, it was known, did not appreciate Turners, but everybody was sure to show emotion over the diamonds and nuggets. It was not an ordinary collection, with a bit of this and a bit of that, samples of all the ores in the handbook; there were only certain sorts, but each specimen was the pick of the market and of many years' selection, and every sort was a type of beauty.

Ruskin was not a "scientific" mineralogist, though he was an F.G.S. from an early age, and used the word "science" pretty freely in his writings. He really knew a great deal about minerals, too; but his knowledge was that of the artist and collector, taking little notice of the mathematics and chemistry which you read about, but finding deep and keen interest in the forms and colours, the development, the "Life of Stones," "Ethics of the Dust," as he put it, about which science, up to his time, had nothing to say. And yet, as he showed his collection, you could not but feel that this was a kind of Nature-study not only fascinating, but of real importance.

A standard work, under the heading, "Native Gold," tells us: "The octahedron and dodecahedron are the most common forms. Crystals sometimes acicular . . . also passing into filiform, reticulated, and arborescent shapes; and occasionally spongiform," &c. But it does not show you, as Ruskin could—pulling out drawer after drawer of his plush-lined cabinets, and letting you handle and peer into the dainty things with a lens—what gold, as Nature makes it, actually is. The scientific book never asks why some gold is born in the shape of tiny, solid, squarish crystals, as truly crystals as the uncut diamonds lying beside them, or the quartz in which they nestle; or why other samples are spun into hair, or woven into wisps, or ravelled into knots of natural gold lace; or again, why these have grown into the shape of exquisitely finished moss, and those into seaweed leaves, flat and curly, and powdered with dust of gold crystals, springing from the rough brown stone, or semi-transparent spar, inside of which you can see them like flower-stalks in water. Here is quite a new world of wonder and mystery, and that is the kind of "science" he puzzled over. Some more solid masses, not water-worn nuggets, are like a tiny *netsuke;* he had a miniature cobra, chased with its scales —all by the art of Nature; and others so like early Greek coins that one might fancy they had given suggestions to primitive mint-masters, who like all good artists modelled their work on Nature. What a happy world, he used to say, if all the gold were in its native fronds; and even for jewellery how much prettier these leaves of gold as it grew, than anything the manufacturing goldsmith sells you. I have drawn a group of eight such fronds, arranged as a cross, the centre piece with two tiny crystals of quartz naturally set into it, a gift from his collection to a friend, as an instance of what Ruskin called a jewel: and from his own rapid sketch in colour here is a knot of natural silver wire, for silver, too, has its "arborescent and filiform" shapes.

Eight fronds of native gold arranged as a cross. From Ruskin's collection

After gold and silver and diamonds you



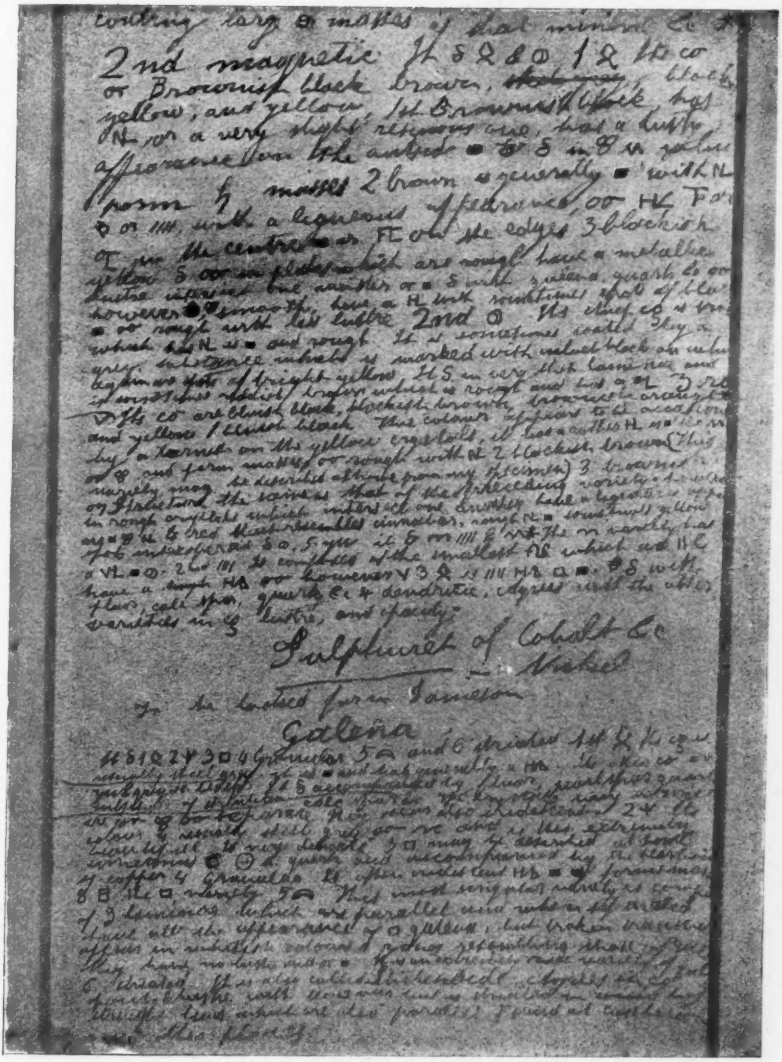
A coil of native silver, on quartz. By John Ruskin

might think the interest of the mineral-drawers would begin to wane. But no! we come to richer colours and still more striking forms. This big pebble, rosy pink, with hazy streaks inside which catch the light as you turn it about and reveal mysterious inner architecture—that is a ruby; and this also, a bit of frozen raspberry jam engraved with mystic triangles, one inside another like a dwarf-wrought seal of a fairy king. Then hold up this slab of talc to the light; the dark patch in it glows like a red lamp with the intense colour of the garnet. Lower down the cabinet there are bunches of beryls, angelica stalks Queen Thyri would not have scorned; or trimmed by Nature into quaint likeness to those six-sided Austrian pencils, point and all: emeralds in short and snapped-off sticks of mossy green; pale pink rods of tourmaline; clippings of a baby's hair, but crimson, and so fragile you must not breathe on them—that is ruby copper, chalcotrichite; black needles of rutile piercing through and through the solid, glassy quartz-crystals; amianthus, plush on a stone, tow on a distaff, waving seaweed in a motionless aquarium of hard spar. Why were these dainty things created, or how did they grow, hidden away from all possible light for their colours to develop or sight of man to enjoy them, until mining folk dug them up from their lurking-places? And then there are those which even when found show little of their beauty until they are polished; agates, and Labrador spar, and malachites, and fire opals; what theory of Nature accounts for this latent loveliness? he would say; how little this kind of beauty is known and enjoyed by people who are satisfied with jewellery from the price-list! One of his plans was to form a jewel-museum in which the curator should exhibit, with lens and leisurely explanations, such treasures to admiring groups of visitors. The place, indeed, was fixed, at Keswick; the curator named. But the curator designate shirked the too responsible honour.

Less for pure beauty but still wonderful were all the many forms of chalcedony and kindred minerals toward the end of his entertainment. Of one specimen of hyalite—a sort of ropy, waxy glass-bubble holding water inside—he would tell how he wanted to know why the water was in it, and what sort of mysterious liquid was so sealed up and treasured by the powers that be; so he had it carefully sawn asunder and the sacred ichor collected and analysed. It turned out to be just like Thames water.

The page photographed from one of his earliest writings—the mineral dictionary he made at nine or ten in a shorthand which, later on, he could not read himself—is now in the Coniston Museum. It shows his very early interest and diligence, at the time when he cared nothing for pictures or political economy, but loved Nature in all her ways. This page begins his juvenile account of Galena, a word which in later days often brought out a smile and a story. For years, he said, he was wretched because his great

and glorious specimen of this same Lead Glance had a flaw in it, an angular notch, another specimen. His galena had not been damaged; it was Nature's work, all the more



A page from Ruskin's juvenile Dictionary of Minerals

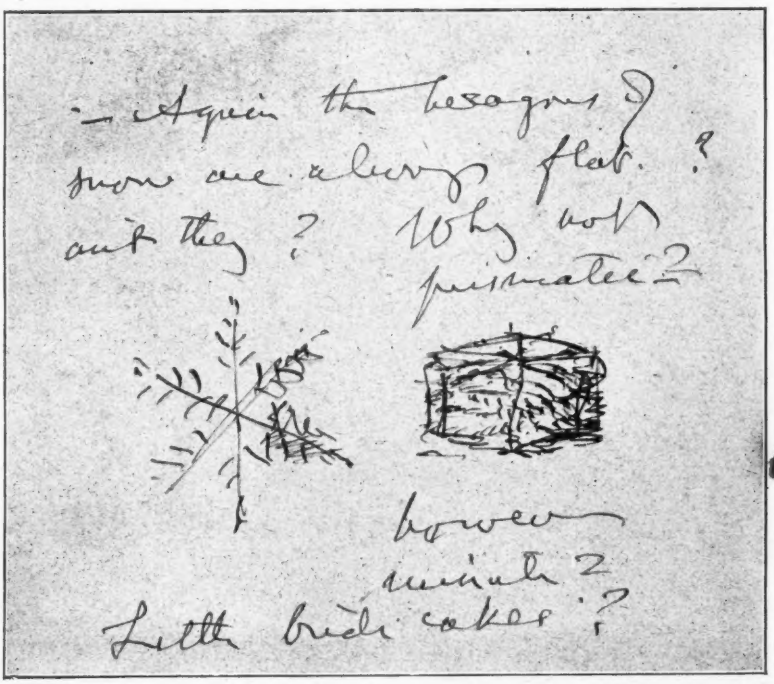
breaking the dainty exactitude of the big, black, shining crystal, otherwise as regular as the most consummate art could plane and polish it. One day, with the lens, he noticed that the form of the notch corresponded with the shape of a crystal of calcite embedded in wonderful now; and life was still worth living.

Few Ruskin readers know his papers on Agates in back numbers of the *Geological Magazine*, with their fine coloured plates illustrating some of the best in his grand

series; but this was one of his pet studies, and it was a great regret of his declining age that he had never carried it through. By careful drawing he learned, as any one must, far more of the secrets of agate-structure than can be found by merely looking and talking, and he thought that the usual explanation was quite insufficient; agates were not made in layers poured one after another into the hollows of the rock, but by some kind of "segregation," the withdrawal of different materials from a mixed mass. This is not the place to discuss his theory; but only to note that duplicates of his own set, in illustration of his papers, are now in the Coniston Museum. To many schools and institutions he gave valuable sets of minerals, and he went on buying and giving almost to the last, eager to share his interests with boys and girls, working men, and the big public who must surely, he thought, love the highest when they know it.

After the illness of 1878 which set him aside from Oxford work, he took to stones of all sorts with ardour. Even at Oxford he had not quite forgotten them: the lecture called "The Iris of the Earth" (given in London, February 1876) is a poetical miscellany of jewel-lore. While he was at work on this at Oxford he sent the college messenger round with a pressing note for one of his pupils to come at once. "I want to know what *gules* means. Run to Professor —— and Professor —— and find out. The books say it means *gueule*, the red of a wild beast's throat, but that is too nasty." "Why not *gul?* I think that is Persian for *rose*," said the pupil. "Wonderful!" said he; "*In the gardens of Gul!* Of course!" And down it went in the lecture.

At Brantwood in the early eighties there was a busy time with minerals. He was trying to get deeper into the secret, and to look up the more scientific side of the question. He even got a microscope, and his secretary had to make drawings of diamond anatomy, which I am afraid only confirmed him in his distrust of microscopes. He



The question about snow crystals. By John Ruskin

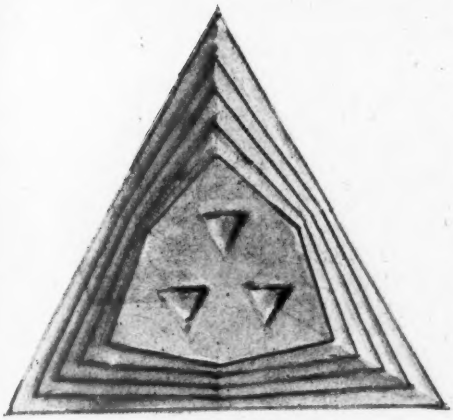


Diagram of diamond structure. By John Ruskin

pored over crystallography, and tried to rub up his mathematics, only to find that nothing of the sort explained why gold made itself into fronds, and snow into stars, and diamonds into marvellous domes built up of shield within shield, round-sided triangles—not round-sided after all, but mysteriously straight lines, simulating curves, and so blended and harmonised and perfected that a good uncut diamond is perhaps the most bewilderingly beautiful thing in Nature. Here is one of his sketches giving a diagram of the big "St. George's" diamond he bought for £1000, and studied, and made his secretary study, for weeks together. I cannot reproduce the best drawing made at the time, too elaborate in its attempt at transparency and detail; "That style of drawing was too utter by far," he said; but his diagram may give some hint of the reason why he preached "uncut diamonds" as well as the jewellery of native gold.

A rough diamond. By John Ruskin

He put his theory into practice more than once; especially in a fine pendant he gave to Mrs. Severn, who designed the setting. It is about two and three-quarter inches long, not including the clasp. Two large moonstones *en cabochon* but irregular in outline are set in an arrangement of gold leaves and twigs: among them are nine spikes of uncut sapphire each about half an inch long, radiating from the moonstones, which are joined by two uncut diamonds, one round and one triangular; a quantity of small rubies are dotted about the group to give contrast of colour. The effect is most picturesque, but of course it has not the glitter—the vulgar glitter, Ruskin called it—of ordinary jewellery. To see the special charm you have to look close.

A much more entertaining and to him satisfactory line of research was in finding illustrations of crystal form and banded structure among the stones of the neighbourhood, with which his porch became encumbered, or in sugar and salt and coloured pastry, or tracing the diffusion of cream in fruit-juice, which makes a temporary agate. It was more fun for the secretary too, than working problems in the kitchen after bedtime, the only chance for a smoke; and who can tackle geometry of three dimensions without a pipe? If Ruskin had smoked he might have mastered his Miller and Cloiseaux; but it was better that he should satisfy himself that their ways were not his ways.

Those pie-crust experiments were everybody's delight. They are partly told in "Deucalion," illustrated with drawings by Laurence Hilliard, who became expert at bogus mineralogy on his own account. After displays of Nature's wonders and Ruskin's eloquence, the visitor at luncheon or tea (tea was at the dining-room table) often did not know whether to laugh or look shocked when Laurie made minerals of bread and jam, or anything handy, irresistibly like; and described them gravely in the very accents of the Professor, who found it "entirely lovely," and sometimes even suggestive. He was always looking out for analogies, and could make bogus minerals too. One day showing his jewels to a very young lady he brought out of its purple plush nook in the glittering drawer a wonderful specimen, ropy, arborescent, semi-transparent, lustrous; descanting the while on stalactitic growth, chalcedony, chrysoprase, hyalite. "And what is this called?" she asked. "Wax, my dear; I got it at the candle myself."

The Forum looking east—the Arch of Titus in the distance

The Recent Excavations in the Forum

By Mary Stewart

THOSE who are acquainted with the prints of Piranesi's pictures of Rome published towards the end of the eighteenth century will be familiar with the sketch of the Campo Vaccino, one of the most picturesque spots in the city. It was a narrow, grassy valley between the Palatine and Capitoline Hills, and the level of the turf was broken here and there by groups of pillars half sunk in the earth, and by huge blocks of masonry overgrown with ferns and creepers. In the shade of a long row of trees peasants in the quaint dress of the Campagna tended herds of the long-horned cattle, from whom the place was popularly called the Campo Vaccino (the Field of Cows), and few but scholars ever gave it its classic name, the Forum Romanum; yet here lay buried and half forgotten that famous theatre of all the most dramatic scenes of Roman history. Ruined by fire and sword, plundered by foreign invaders, still more ruthlessly pillaged by Roman pontiffs and princes, it at last sank into merciful oblivion beneath the grassy surface of the Campo Vaccino.

At the opening of the nineteenth century a revival of classical taste and learning prompted archæologists and scholars to attempt the recovery of some of the lost treasures of antiquity. There was at that time resident in Rome, Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, a lady of note and fashion in her day, to whom public attention has again been attracted by the recovery of her portrait, so mysteriously lost. To her credit be

it said, that when a suggestion was made to begin excavating the Forum, the English Duchess was one of the most liberal supporters of the scheme.

The work thus begun is not even yet within measurable distance of completion. It has proved extremely costly, and has often been interrupted by the lack of funds. Four years ago, however, a fresh effort was made to explore the remainder of the Forum and to get down to the level of the Republic and of the Early Kings. The results have been of surpassing interest, for the romance of history has never been more vividly illustrated than by these discoveries, which have restored a "local habitation and a name" to many a discredited legend. For example, the excavations which led to the discovery of the Church of Sta Maria Antiqua were undertaken, at the instance of Professor Lanciani, on the authority of descriptions given by pilgrims of the ninth and tenth centuries, whose veracity, discredited by many learned authorities, was thus vindicated. Again, the story of the Heroon of Romulus was already in the time of Horace merely a popular superstition, while the Fountain of Juturna, and the spring that supplied the sacred water to the Vestals, had so long been lost to sight that they had come to be regarded less as facts than fables. To-day they all again take their place among the historical monuments of Rome, silent but eloquent witnesses to the mysterious workings of an irrevocable purpose that shapes all things to its own ends, linking the lives of men by an unbroken chain of cause and effect, bridging the gulf between far-sundered centuries and making a thousand years as one day.

There is no trace now of the beautiful Campo Vaccino; in its stead there lies a long, narrow valley filled with an apparently chaotic collection of meaningless heaps of stone, crumbling walls, and shattered columns, with here and there the fragment of a sculptured frieze or a half-effaced inscription. Among these scattered ruins there is barely room to pick our way, for the buildings of the Forum were set so thick and close that it is a perpetual marvel how the swarming population of ancient Rome found room to move along its narrow highways.

The length of the Forum, as we see it now from the foot of the Capitol to the Arch of Titus, corresponds very nearly to its original extent; but its ancient breadth, at the western end, was greater than it appeared three years ago. In starting the fresh excavations, therefore, special attention was given to the northern side (*i.e.*, the left looking from the Capitol), the site of the Comitium, Curia, Basilica Æmilia, and other important buildings, and it was here, in June 1899, that the most sensational of the new discoveries was made by Signor Boni, who was in charge of the work. To appreciate its importance we must understand something of the history of the spot on which we stand. When the city of Romulus was founded, the Palatine Hill was all the territory that the Romans possessed, while the Sabines who held both the Quirinal and the Capitoline Hills were their nearest neighbours, and collisions between the two were inevitable. At the conclusion of the war occasioned by the rape of the Sabine women, the rival leaders, Romulus and Tatius, held a friendly conference on the field of battle; and a close alliance having been formed between the Romans and Quirites, their representatives continued to meet on this convenient spot, which became known as the Comitium or place of assembly, and here in course of time the Curia or Senate House was erected.

The Comitium, lying thus half way between the fortresses of the Palatine and the Capitol became the centre of the new town of Rome (which soon absorbed its less powerful Sabine neighbour); and it retained its position even when the city stretched away for many miles on every side. Now among Pelasgic tribes, from whom the Romans take their descent, the central spot of the town was considered sacred to the memory of the founder, and was usually marked by his tomb. True to this custom, the grave of Romulus was, according to ancient tradition, to be found in the Comitium, a legend which obtained credence none the less because it was also popularly believed that Romulus had not died the death of mortal men, but

had been caught up to heaven in a flash of lightning.*

At all events the place was connected with the memory of the now deified founder of the city, to whom an altar was set up, and propitiatory sacrifices offered. The reputed tomb is mentioned by several

The three remaining columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux

reliable Roman writers, who describe it as covered by a black stone and guarded by two lions. When therefore, Signor Boni came upon a large slab of black marble in front of the Church of St. Andriano, which stands on the site of the Curia, he at once connected it with the famous "Niger Lapis" which according to the old legend marked the Heroon of Romulus. Without removing the slab, a tunnel was made on one side of it, and gave access to a deep enclosure, some twelve feet square, containing a group of monuments so remarkable in themselves, and agreeing so closely with the description given by ancient writers, as to leave no doubt of their identity. First there were two oblong pedestals, facing north and south, on which once stood the guardian lions; next between them, over the actual grave, was a square stone for sacrificial purposes; while the principal altar, almost as wide as the entire monument, lay beyond it on the southern side. To the west stood a round column and a pyramidal stone or stele; on this latter was cut in deep clear characters an inscription which has so far only been partially deciphered. It is surmised, however, that it is a dialect of Latin, written in Archaic Greek letters, such as were in use in the sixth or seventh century B.C., and that it relates to the ritual of the sacrifices offered at the tomb. Numa Pompilius is credited with having drawn up a code of religious laws, which continued in force long after the language in which they were couched had died out of popular use, though still understood by the priests who regulated the ceremonies of public worship. If this is true the sole surviving remnant of that ancient speech is probably preserved in this inscription.

Both the stele and the pillar are broken, and the damage done, and the destruction of the lions, shows that the tomb has been disturbed by violent and profane hands. The whole group was imbedded in a deposit of sacrificial remains, containing the bones of animals, cows, pigs and sheep, mingled with ashes and cinders, bits of broken pottery, and, most curious of all, small figures in clay, bronze, or carved bone. These figures carry a grim significance, showing that the idea of human sacrifice was present in the minds of worshippers, though at what date these figures were allowed to take the place of the actual shedding of human blood is still uncertain. An analysis of these remains shows them to be in varying stages of decomposition, and to be the accumulation of several centuries. They were in all likelihood originally deposited in wells or pits provided for the purpose in the vicinity of the altar, these pits having apparently been emptied,

* We have an exactly similar superstition in "The Passing of Arthur," whose grave is at Glastonbury, where it is asserted Henry II. on opening the tomb found the body of the hero in perfect preservation.

The altar found in the Fountain of Juturna, showing the figure of Leda with the swan

and the contents spread all round the tomb, when, for greater protection, it was finally hidden from view and sealed with the great black stone.* When this happened is not as yet known. There are many records of repairs and alteration to the Comitium and Curia (on several occasions after destructive fires), and the ruins of this corner of the Forum, as we see them now, cannot be older than the end of the third century of our era. But whenever, or by whomsoever the work was done, it was by reverent and careful hands that these last honours were paid to the National Hero, hiding the traces of violence and destruction and securing the sacred spot from future profanation.

Other discoveries of great interest have been made in this oldest and most important part of the Forum; we can, however, only mention in passing the Basilica Æmilia, which occupies more than half the newly excavated area.

The Basilica was the style adopted for public buildings towards the end of the Republic. They were large one-storied halls of oblong shape, supported on a double row of pillars, and were used indiscriminately as law courts, money markets, and offices for transacting public and private business.

The Basilica Æmilia formed a pendant to the Basilica Julia on the opposite side of the Forum, and was a magnificent specimen of buildings of this class. It was originally called the Basilica Fulvia, from the name of its founder (179 B.C.), but having been restored and added to by several of the members of the Æmilian family, it was afterwards known as the Basilica Æmilia. It shared the fate of so many of the Forum buildings in being ruined by fire and plundered by papal architects, and if any of the art treasures for which it was famous have survived, they remain buried in the half of the Basilica which has not yet been excavated. So sudden and resistless was the fire that finally destroyed it, that the tradespeople in the little booth-like shops attached to it had to flee in hot haste, leaving the contents of their tills scattered on the floor, where the marks of the melting coins still remain upon the marble.

Let us now cross the Sacra Via, which runs along the front of the Basilica Æmilia, to the opposite side of the Forum, and pause below a group of three fluted pillars with magnificently carved capitals, bearing the remnant of an ornate frieze, a conspicuous and beautiful object, standing out against the blue background of the brilliant sky. They belong to a temple of Castor and Pollux, built, or rather restored, by the Emperor Caligula, who connected it by a secret passage with his own palace, on the angle of the Palatine that overlooks this part of the Forum.

This later temple marks the site of one of the most venerable of Roman shrines, dating from the early dawn of history, when fact and fable, prose and poetry, melt and mingle in the uncertain light.

It commemorates the famous day when,

* See Lanciani's "New Tales of Old Rome," where a full description of the recent discoveries is given.

on the shores of Lake Regillus, Rome threw off the yoke of the Tarquins; and it is dedicated to the great Twin Brethren who fought on the side of freedom, and who carried the news of victory to the waiting city.

> When they drew nigh to Vesta
> They vaulted down amain,
> And washed their horses in the well
> That springs from Vesta's fane.
> And straight again they mounted
> And rode to Vesta's door;
> Then like a blast they passed away
> And no man saw them more.

The site chosen for the Temple of Castor and Pollux was close to Vesta's Well, known also as the Fountain of Juturna, and celebrated for its pure and never failing waters. It was indeed the presence of this spring that led Numa Pompilius to fix upon this spot for the temple which he dedicated to the Goddess Vesta, since a supply of pure water was necessary to the ceremonial of her worship. Most ancient and most revered of Roman shrines, it was here the holy flame was kept burning night and day, tended by the Virgins who were consecrated to the service of the goddess. These Vestals, first formed into a sisterhood by the decree of Numa, remained for a thousand years after his death the guardians of all the religious treasures of Rome. Their dwelling-place was close beside the temple, and the simple straw hut, where they were lodged by Numa, was by degrees transformed into the sumptuous palace which was their home in the days of the Empire. The remains of this latest Atrium Vestæ, first discovered in 1883, prove it to have been one of the largest and finest of the Forum buildings, covering a much greater extent of ground than any of its predecessors. At its western end (that nearest to the Temple of Vesta) there came to light, in 1901, a number of rooms so small as to be more like cells and, as was plain from the fashion of the brickwork, dating from early Republican times. There must have been some strong reason for preserving these insignificant rooms, and incorporating them with the new house with the style and magnificence of which they were so little in keeping. Expert authorities have come to the conclusion that they represent the famous "Penetralia," the innermost sanctuary of the Atrium Vestæ, in which were preserved the Palladium, said to have been brought by Æneas from Troy, and other relics, supposed to have been seven in number, on which no profane eye might gaze, and on whose safety the welfare of the State depended.

The situation of the Penetralia gives us the position of a very early House of the Vestals, nearer to the temple of their goddess, and opposite that raised to Castor and Pollux after the Battle of Lake Regillus. Somewhere in the vicinity, therefore, the Fountain of Juturna must have stood, and not far from it, presumably, was the well supplied by the same spring, and kept exclusively for the use of the Vestals, since they could not be allowed to draw from the public fountain.

Small hope, however, was entertained of the recovery of either well or fountain, for it seemed impossible they could have escaped the ruin which overwhelmed the splendid buildings that surrounded them. But once again it was the unexpected that happened,

The Shrine of Juturna with the figures of the Goddess and her brother Turnus

and a little to the south of both the Atrium Vestæ and the Temple of Castor and Pollux, the Fountain of Juturna was discovered in the excavations of 1900. It had been wan-

The Shrine of Juturna and the Vestals' Well

tonly wrecked, and its spring choked with earth and rubbish, but when this was removed the square basin, lined with shining white marble, was found intact, and the pure waters returned once more to their ancient channel. An altar, overturned but uninjured, was found within the basin, carved on each of the four sides with graceful figures, representing Leda and her swan, Jupiter holding the thunderbolts, Hygeia with a torch, and the great Twin Deities. A few steps beyond the fountain was another small altar, probably also dedicated to Juturna, for on its front are carved two figures, believed by Signor Boni to represent the parting between the Goddess and her brother Turnus.* Side by side with this graceful little shrine stands a marble well-head, consecrated, as we learn from the inscription it bears, by Marcus Barbatius Pollio to the Goddess Juturna. When we consider that the spring that supplies the fountain feeds this well, that these limpid waters have since time immemorial been consecrated to the service of Vesta, and to the use of the virgin guardians of the sacred elements, and that the well is adjacent to the very early Atrium Vestæ, there seems no reasonable doubt that this beautiful monument marks the veritable site of "Vesta's Holy Well," and one more airy legend emerges from the shadowy realm of mythical history to take form and substance before our astonished eyes.

Four years ago the ground on which we now stand beside the Vestals' Well and the Fountain of Juturna, marked the extreme limit of the Forum to the south. Here a bank of apparently solid earth rose to the height of some thirty feet, and on its summit the Church of Sta Maria Liberatrice overlooked the valley. This comparatively modern and uninteresting building has dis-

* The Roman Forum. L. Borsari.

appeared, and in place of the wall of earth stands the arched entrance to the wide portico of the ancient church of Sta Maria Antiqua.

From the Temple of Vesta we can now pass to the Shrine of the Virgin, a far cry on the upward road of spiritual development, but they are not so far apart as a matter of chronology. For eleven hundred years the worship of Vesta was carried on in Rome, and it was not till A.D. 394 that the temple was closed and the Vestals banished from their home in the Forum. This was the date of the final triumph of Christianity over paganism; henceforth, by the decree of Theodosius, all heathen services and sacrifices were made illegal. The struggle between the two religions had lasted for two centuries and a half; now, however, the ancient gods were dethroned, and their shrines, abandoned by their priests and emptied of worshippers, were confiscated by the State and given over to the service of the victorious Faith.

By degrees this practice spread still further, and public offices, no longer required for the business of the State, were converted into Christian churches. Thus, in the Forum itself the Temple of Romulus was dedicated to SS. Cosmo and Damian, the Curia became the Church of St. Adriano, and a disused Basilica, adjoining the Palatine, was consecrated by the title of Sta Maria Antiqua. This Basilica, or hall of audience, had been designed specially for the Imperial convenience, as being situated within the Forum and yet forming part of the palace with which it was connected by a covered passage. In the later days of the Empire the Curia or Pontifical Court had its residence on the Palatine, and it has been suggested that Sta Maria Antiqua was used as the Capella Palatina, or Papal Chapel.

That the church was held in high esteem among the Roman Christians is evident from the magnificence with which it was furnished; and from the fact that it was enlarged and redecorated under the personal supervision of two Popes—John VII. (705–707) and Paul I. (757–767).

Santa Francesca Romana from the Palatine

Stories of Authors' Loves

II.—When Love Came to Michael Angelo

By Clara E. Laughlin

A LITTLE, beauty-loving boy, playing in the streets of Urbino, must have had many a thrill of delight in the golden spring days of 1489, for then came Fabrizio Colonna, head of the greatest princely house in all Italy, to wed the young daughter of the Duke d'Urbino. Pageant succeeded pageant in honour of the event, until at last the bridegroom with his glittering retinue bore away the sweet young bride with her rich dower-chests and her train of personal attendants, to one of his many, many castles near Rome, and Urbino settled into quiet again and the reaction that follows on festivity. The great castle of the duke began to look once more like the stronghold of a warrior, and the minds of his feudal subjects turned again to thoughts of arms. Only a little boy, called Raphael, stood and strained his eyes in the direction where the last glint of sun on steel and gold had marked the disappearance of the glittering cavalcade towards the Eternal City.

Arrived at his castle of Marino, crowning a hill-crest about twelve miles from Rome, Fabrizio Colonna and his bride prepared to pass there, in sweet peace and seclusion, so long a honeymoon as the shifting fortunes of war might allow the young husband, already on the high road to that eminence in military command which he soon attained. And there, in 1490, while the honeymoon was not yet waned, came a tiny daughter to the great house of Colonna, a beautiful baby born to a wonderful inheritance of love and dignity and all the graces of person, mind, and heart. This little Vittoria, coming of a race of great princes who were also great soldiers, and great ladies who were also great women, was nurtured from her cradle in a pride the greatest the world has ever known.

When Vittoria was a wee little lady of four, holding her own tiny court of beauty and love in the castle where she was born, one of the ever-recurring crises in the troubled affairs of poor Italy called Fabrizio Colonna from the peace of his own halls to camp and battle at the head of his army. In those days poor Italy was but a bone of contention for hungry neighbours, and her dukes and princes took what side, now this, now that, best suited their own purposes. As between France and Spain, in 1494, Fabrizio Colonna took sides with Spain, placing himself under the command of the King of Naples, which then belonged to Spain. This king, Ferdinand, delighted with his powerful new adherent, made him grand constable of Naples, and to further cement the alliance, proposed a marriage between Vittoria Colonna and Francesco d'Avalos, son of that most powerful Neapolitan noble, Alphonso, Marchese di Pescara. The little boy was six, the little girl was five, when the fortunes of war joined their destinies, and the custom of the times sent the little Colonna maiden to the family of her betrothed to be educated.

The father of Francesco having been murdered by one of his slaves shortly before the consummation of the betrothal plans, the position of head of the house devolved on Costanza, the elder sister of Francesco, and Duchessa di Francavilla. Their home was on the island of Ischia, twenty miles from Naples, and regarded, strategically, as the key to that important city. Here, in a magnificent palace, Costanza the wise and good held her court, receiving great dignitaries of state and art, and disseminating love of culture and reverence of valour to the utmost of her power. She was a great chatelaine, this wise and good Costanza, whom poets and princes delighted to honour, and to her exquisite guardianship the two children committed to her care owed much of what made them, in future years, celebrated, not for their gifts alone, but for their graces; not for their power to command only, but for their power to BE.

On the beautiful island, looking from its rock-ribbed heights far seaward and from its low-lying shores inward towards the opalescent

Naples bay, the two betrothed children passed an idyllic youth. Deeply devoted to one another, holding nearly every interest in common, now running wild and free on the shore or in the woods of their beautiful island, now coming, like the little knight and lady they were, into their gracious duchessa's court to do their dignified duty by her great guests, they grew to man's and woman's estate, favoured by every gentle Providence and blessed by an unbounded love.

When Vittoria was sixteen, or thereabouts, she returned to her father's house, where, although her betrothal to Francesco was well understood, many great nobles and princes offered themselves for her hand, the fame of her beauty and brilliance having travelled far. But Vittoria would hear none who came to woo. As she herself expressed it, years later, in one of her exquisite sonnets:

"Hardly had my spirit entered into life when my heart proscribed every other object! And nothing found favour in my eyes but the heavenly aspect of him in whose light I was always nourished."

In 1509, therefore, when the bridegroom was twenty and his bride nineteen, Vittoria set out from her father's house for Ischia, in great state, attended by a grand escort of Roman nobility and a small army of servants of high and low degree bearing the more than princely dower portion and gifts of Vittoria to the ducal palace of D'Avalos, where, with all the pomp and splendour that only great nobles of those mediæval times could devise, these two fond, true young hearts were united in marriage, than which, it is safe to say, no marriage ever was a more perfect union.

At first the young couple lent themselves to a very gay and splendid existence, taking up graciously the social duties demanded of their exalted station, and only occasionally slipping away from the magnificence and pageantries at Naples to a quiet country-seat, or home to their beloved Ischia, where, however, their life was anything but quiet, for the palace was ever the gathering-place of distinguished companies, calling for distinguished hospitality.

So passed three golden years, without a shadow, much less a cloud, save only that no baby came as the supreme gift of God to those lovers, to stay with Vittoria and comfort her when finally, in 1512, Francesco, Marchese di Pescara, her husband, was called upon to serve the King of Naples in another war against France. What a knell this sounded in the heart of the lovely Vittoria only other women who have given up their beloved for their country can know. But she uttered no syllable of complaint, for she had learned early and well, this regal young princess with the dazzling, sun-crowned head and the heart of pure, pure gold, that whoso loveth his life—or his beloved's—shall lose it; for not by hoarding but by risking do great gains come.

So to the wars Pescara went, on his shield this motto: "*With this or on this*," and "there is no doubt," saith one of his chroniclers, "that he was a brave man, a great soldier, and a chivalrous gentleman." And Vittoria kissed him bravely and watched him ride away. God only knows what this has cost women since time began!—enough, if sorrow of ours could expiate sin, to wipe out all the sins of womankind from the First Mother down. And that day the gate of earthly paradise closed on Vittoria d'Avalos; an idyllic youth, a halcyon maidenhood were passed; womanhood was come, and sorrow. Love had brought her its ecstacy, henceforth she must pay the price therefor, which is exceeding great pain, for much treasure causeth much apprehension, and no more uneasy lieth the head of the Lord's anointed crowned with the kingdom's crown than that head of the Lord's anointed crowned with the crown of Love.

Vittoria, however, when called upon to lend her treasure at Fortune's risk, turned neither hard nor craven, but was stood in good stead by the princely blood of the Colonna, by the teachings of the wise and good Costanza, by the hero-tales of brave men of war and the love-songs of the great troubadours; the pride of race was strong in her, and the pride of sex, and the pride of love. She had high honour in her keeping, her husband's honour and that of his cause, brave womankind's honour, and the honour of love. Therefore, although her heart was sore for her boy-husband, she set herself to

noble tasks in study, to great exertions in social graciousness, nor faltered thereat when word came that Pescara, wounded in many places at the battle of Ravenna and left for dead on the battlefield, had been taken prisoner, together with her father, the grand constable. To Pescara, in a fortress prison at Milan, Vittoria addressed a wonderful lament in a poem of thirty-seven stanzas, in which she tells him of the strong presentiment she had of his danger before ever the messenger arrived with the news of it; whereunto Pescara replied, from his durance, in a long "Dialogue of Love," fervent with affection for her and grief in their separation.

He was soon released, on payment of a large ransom, and at once hastened to his beloved Vittoria, but was soon called again from her side, nor ever thereafter was left long in the enjoyment of a quiet life on lovely Ischia, the camp becoming his home and his absences therefrom in the nature of furloughs.

On the throne of France was young Francis I., a reckless fighter and a wily statesman; on the throne of England was young Henry VIII., advised by the scheming, unscrupulous Wolsey; on the thrones of Germany and Spain, with other important dominions in Europe and incalculable rich provinces in the New World, was young Charles V., mightiest monarch of modern times, with a territory not so great but that he was willing to do almost anything to extend it. There was not likely to be much peace, with the major part of Christendom under the rule of these three most hot-headed youths who ever sat on mighty thrones. And Pescara had the good, or evil, fortune to be a favourite with the Imperial Charles, who kept him by his side whenever possible not only in war but in long journeys of state.

Vittoria, left so much to herself, relaxed not at all in her rigorous classic studies nor in the chaste outpourings of her heart in elegant Italian verse. In 1515, the maternal yearning strong within her, she proposed to her husband to take his young cousin, the Marchese del Vasto, to educate and make their heir. The boy was wild and rude, a veritable young savage for lack of proper training, and the heart of Vittoria incline towards him with great tenderness, whereunto the little lad responded nobly. Thereafter Vittoria had him to direct and exhort and inspire, and to love, as well as her own labours of learning to pursue, and many a social dignity to uphold, many a stately beneficence to foster.

So the years went on, marked now by horrible war, now by *fête* or journey of greatest magnificence, when emperors, popes, kings, princes, were part of Vittoria's world, and her dazzling, pure beauty was the talk of her day, her loveliness and her learning alike the theme of enraptured chroniclers. Beautiful women were not rare in those days, when the most extravagant monarchs of modern times vied with one another no less in the splendour and gaiety of their courts than in the strength of their armies and the strategy of their generals. But beautiful women who were good also, and learned, were not many, although a great revival of learning was in progress, among the noble women of Italy in particular. The fame of Vittoria, however, shone bright and lovely beyond that of any woman of her day, and men of learning, in all kinds and degrees of power, sought her society, even as celebrants of royal feasts and pageants sought the honour of her distinguished presence, for her beauty and her great ladyship. But ever the heart of Vittoria remained bound in passionate devotion to Pescara, the comrade of her childish play, the sharer of her girlish dreams, the brave knight of her young womanhood.

In 1520 Vittoria's father died, and the year following she was called upon to give up her young adopted son to the army. This latter parting Pescara would fain have spared her yet awhile, but she would not have it so, not even although Del Vasto was the last of the D'Avalos, for she pleaded with her husband that it were better the family should become extinct than that it should be preserved at craven cost. So Vittoria sent her boy to war with her husband, presenting him with a superb tent for field use, and a little cabinet for his few luxuries, bearing the motto: "He is never less idle than when idle," her exhortation to beware the temptations of leisure in a camp.

The following year Vittoria's mother, the

gentle Agnese, died, and in 1525 Pescara fell ill at Pavia. Vittoria had not seen him since he came home to her for a flying three-days' visit when her mother died, and absence from him, at all times hard, must have been excruciating agony in the months preceding Pavia, when a league of Italian nobles in revolt against Charles V. were trying to seduce Pescara from allegiance by offering him the Neapolitan throne for himself if success crowned their efforts. Whatever temptation this offer might have had in it for Pescara, Vittoria, to whom he confided it, had no mind to be a queen at any such cost, and owing to her strenuous opposition Pescara declined to join the league and went once more into battle under Charles's banners, for the last time. In the battle of Pavia he was wounded three times. Lying ill of his wounds and of fever, he despatched a message for Vittoria, who hastened to him on the wings of anxiety, but was met in the way by another messenger bearing tidings of Pescara's death. He was only thirty-six years of age, in the prime of his youth and glory.

Vittoria's grief was so supreme that she declared she could not live after him, and it was feared she might take her life; but not even supreme grief can contradict the habits of a lifetime. Vittoria had been trained to a princely endurance.

At her brother's solicitation she repaired to the castle at Marino where her early childhood had been spent, and there, by the still waters of the little lake embosomed in the crater of an extinct volcano—lake and mountains round about the theatre of the Æneid, and loved by poets ever since—she poured out her heart in impassioned poetry which, after the first bitterness of loss wore off, took on a note of profound piety, ever thereafter the dominant quality of Vittoria's verse. After a time she left Marino and returned to Ischia, more dear to her than any other spot on earth, because of its association with her beloved dead. There she lived in the greatest seclusion, employing herself with the writing of those sonnets of lamentation which raised to the memory of Pescara, as well as built for herself, an enduring monument of fame.

For seven years Vittoria mourned as in sackcloth and ashes; then, emerging a little from her conventual seclusion, she devoted herself actively to the society of those persons most earnestly interested in the higher life, becoming especially a great friend, adviser, and encourager of many of the most eminent divines of that day when the beginning of the Reformation, sweeping over Europe, was waking it from its mediæval lethargy to a general renascence, spiritual, artistic, and political.

In 1538 Vittoria was in the zenith of her fame and the early, autumnal splendour of her beauty. She was forty-eight, but the wonderful, gold-crowned head, with its majestic pose, was unstreaked with silver, the great blue eyes were only the more beautiful when life's afternoon had begun to throw its long, lovely shadows into them than when they sparkled, undimmed, in youth's noonday, and all the exceeding dignity of great love and the repose of spiritual conquest was about her like a mantle. "All looks are turned upon her," wrote one of her contemporaries; "she is full of a sweet and amiable expression; and she leads all men to desire her good opinion by emulating each other in high and elegant works."

In that year Vittoria came to Rome, escorted by her adopted son, Del Vasto. And in that year there was at work, in Rome, on the fresco in the Sistine Chapel, a sad old man of sixty-four years, the greatest man in all Italy, but the loneliest—for if ever genius isolated a man from his kind, in terrible grandeur, that man was Michael Angelo, whose supreme eminence in a multiplicity of gifts it makes one dizzy to contemplate, even from afar off. Just previous to that year, 1538, the year Providence had singled out for Michael Angelo's great blessing, he had buried his dear old father, aged ninety-two, and nearly at the same time his brother, who died of the plague in his arms. These deaths, that of his father in particular, left the mighty Angelo pathetically bereft; the storm of sorrow which shook him in this affliction he has voiced in his poems, calling himself "alone before heaven," and wailing, plaintively, "I have no friends; I need none; I wish for none." At this juncture in his life heaven sent him such a friend as not only befitted mighty Angelo,

whom all the great of earth strove to claim friendship with, but such a friend as brought a tender glory to even his splendid supremacy.

All Rome, at this time, was intensely interested in *The Last Judgment*, which he was executing for the Sistine Chapel. Every one, from the Pope himself to the commonest of the art-worshipping Romans, came to view his progress, and to wonder: and there, one day, as he laboured, his heart sore with loneliness and unsatisfied loving, he turned from his gigantic work and beheld Vittoria Colonna, come to worship where he pointed sublimity—like all the rest of the world. One longs with a great longing for a picture of that scene—the gaunt, grizzled artist, exalted as probably no other man has been in his own time, but not warmed or fed thereby; the grim, grey man, with the awful majesty of soul and brain and the pitiful hunger of heart, into whose life no ray of unfiltered brightness such as daily blesses common men had ever come; and the golden-haired and golden-hearted Vittoria, who had come out of great tribulation into great peace; the woman whom nigh on fifty years of pure living, on, always, the loftiest plane accessible, had prepared, as it were, for this hour, bringing her, in all her ripe beauty of soul and body, all her warmth and glow of fervent living, to light the remaining years of this man's life with a light which fadeth not, but is from everlasting to everlasting.

Predestined to greatness, and allowed, at a very early age, to make his calling and election sure (he was only fifteen when the great Lorenzo de' Medici, the "Magnificent," took him into his own palace and almost into his own family circle, to foster, and benefit by, his marvellous gifts), Angelo had been all his life an incredibly hard worker; driven by the terrific impetus of his manifold genius, he had toiled and toiled, day and night, youth slipping by while he laboured, then manhood's prime, and age came creeping on before ever life became sweet to Michael Angelo, before ever he had turned from toiling at his Titans to find the very glory of God in a woman's eyes. Only *think* of the lonely giant! Had he not been the world's greatest sculptor, he would still have been pre-eminent in all times as one of its supremely great painters; and, apart from either of these things, he is the most sublime architect of modern times at least, and a poet so great, so deep-delving in his vision, so mighty in his spiritual conceptions, so grand in his use of language that even Wordsworth confessed himself unable to grasp his sonnets sufficiently to render them in English rhyme. The force of any one of these powers would have been sufficient to drive the possessor remorselessly along the steep and thorny way of the greatly gifted, but the fourfold supremacy was too much for any one man; it crowded his life too full of awful majesty, and left it far too empty of blessed commonplaceness and healthful reaction; left it, too, without that just amount of leisure which the soul demands. Labour brings its own reward, but unrelenting labour ceases to have any reward.

Michael Angelo's industry had come to be characterised by his contemporaries as "terrible"; and for all that he had really a simple nature, almost childish in some of its leanings, he was not a man with whom any creature could claim intimacy; he stood too far off, austere and awful, for any to approach. Popes and emperors wriggled as uneasily in his presence as the meanest commoner, perhaps more so. Gaunt, and grey, and grim, the poor old Titan worked away at his creations, which were overpoweringly grand, but never tender; sublime, but never lovely; Godlike, as God would be to us all if we approached Him direct, instead of through the gentle Saviour; unspeakably awesome, but never winsome.

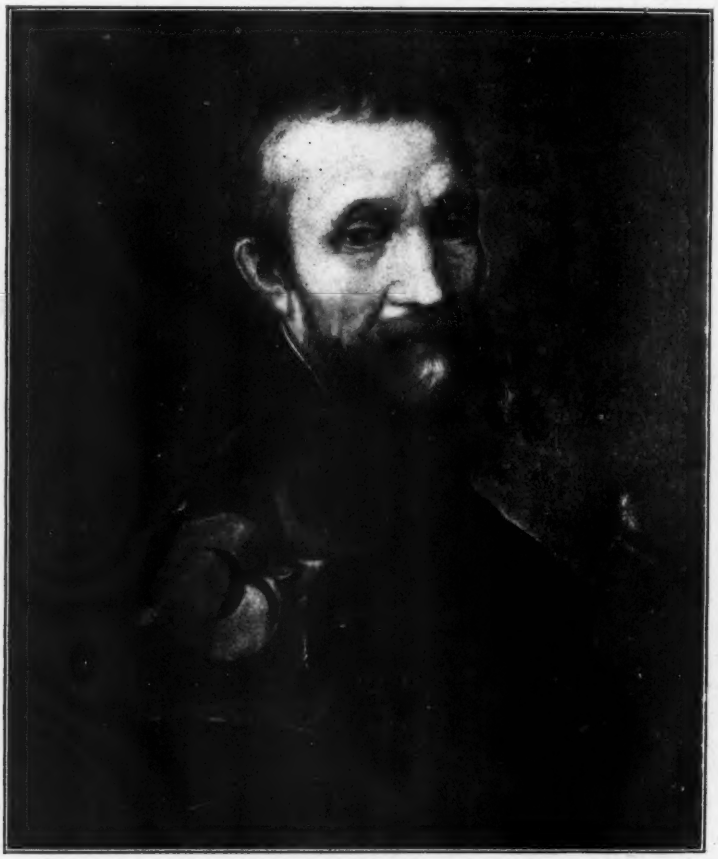
Athwart this personality, of whom, at this time in his life, his chief biographer says, "he was proud and passionate, sensitive, and suspicious, and had grown old in his ways," came Vittoria, whom sorrow had crowned, not stricken; whom Love had broadened, not confined; whom shade and shine and summer rains had made ripe, not weather-beaten; whom power of place and beauty and grace and intellect, had made tender, not tyrannical; and it became Indian summer in the life of Michael Angelo. The harvest moon was past, the first frost had rimed his head, the best fruits of his busy life had been

garnered, when suddenly nature, settling to winter sleep, was enveloped in the golden haze of August, there was balm again in the air's caress, and the sap that had begun to seek the roots in earth leaped in the veins of the grand old tree, the south-fleeing birds halted in their flight, and the earth, that the chill had blighted, was astir with life, astir with a thousand soft voices whispering, "It is summer! It is summer! It is summer!"

"I was born a rough model," he said to her, "and it was for thee to reform and remake me."

Says Grimm:

"What a man would Michael Angelo have become had fate led him to know Vittoria in his younger years, and had she met with him then, when she was herself less wearied by years and experience! Such as they now found each other, she could give him nothing but that kindly gentleness with which she softened him, and he ventured to desire nothing but what she could bestow."



Michael Angelo
Painted by himself. Museum of the Capitol, Rome

There is much, in record, to tell us unmistakably what Michael Angelo thought of Vittoria; but little, except what we know of Vittoria herself, to tell us what she thought of him. We know that her heart never

swerved for an instant from its complete devotion to her husband; that she regarded the great sculptor very highly for his gifts and for his graces of soul; but that she wrote him begging him to write to her less often, and that if she ever addressed him in any tone other than that of a great lady addressing a friend who was also an eminent artist, we have no record of such a letter or poem. We know that he came to see her in her villa on the outskirts of Rome: that they exchanged their poetical works for each other's delight and criticism; that they used to sit together of a Sunday afternoon and listen to some celebrated divine expound the gospel for their private delectation and earnest discussion; and that not only the lady herself, to whom he addressed most exquisite sonnets avowing his love, but his friends and contemporaries knew that, as one of them says, "he deeply loved the Marchesana di Pescara, of whose divine mind he was enamoured." If he ever hoped anything of this love beyond an exquisite quality of friendship, we do not know, although there is one of his sonnets in which he says:

"I believe that nature is asking back thy charms and commanding them gradually to leave thee, that thy beauty may tarry upon earth, but in the possession of a woman more gracious and less severe than thou art. With thy divine countenance she is adorning a lovely form in the sky, and the God of Love endeavours to give her a compassionate heart; and He receives all *my* sighs, and gathers up *my* tears, and gives them to him who will love her, as I love thee! And, happier than I, he will touch her heart perhaps with my sorrows, and she will afford him the favour which is denied me."

He wrote her, too, we know, the following:

Yes, hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if, of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then wherefore had God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have than that in loving thee.

Had he been a different type of man, love, coming to him so late in life—*too* late, some would say—might have been his undoing, might have embittered him and made him frightful in his despair. But true love ever works miracles, and always it turns water into wine—never the other way. And one of its supreme miracles is its strengthening of our feeble hold of immortality. If a man have a faint hope of immortality, Love makes that hope flame into passionate desire, for this little life is all too brief for Love. And if he have been without hope, perhaps because without particular desire, Love kindles that desire and keeps it burning, for Love's tenacity far outruns the grave; indeed, great Love can only find the consummation of its hopes There, where

There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any pain there, nor any dying.

Michael Angelo had always a hope of the life everlasting—a grand, prophetic hope of individual salvation, of forgiveness of sins and just reward of toil; perhaps a hope of rest from his heavy labours; possibly some anticipation of the glories of the New Jerusalem. Ah, but none of these things make Heaven!

When he came to know and love Vittoria, he had a new hope: he knew, then, what immortality is for; that it is not just to perpetuate a poor personality of which we get all too tired here; that it is not just to rest an aching head and weary limbs, for the grave would do that; that it is not just the dispensation of rewards, for that would not leave the best of us much to hope for. But that it is for Love, just for Love; unto every man according to his need!

That was what Vittoria came to teach him. It was Indian summer with him while she stayed, but Indian summer stays only a day or two; then winter's chill comes on again, and nature is stripped for winter's tomb, and "the requiem of the snows," after which cometh the Resurrection! When he met Vittoria, too much of life was behind for her glory to reach back any considerable distance over the toilsome path, and ahead there was but a little way to go. Not for that brief stretch, surely, could she have come into his life. His hope must reach beyond or he must despair. In this spirit we find him writing to Vittoria:

No mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of thine,
And my soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold.
Heaven-born, the soul a heavenward course must hold.
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal form the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes ; nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul. Love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

In 1547 Vittoria died. One of her biographers writes :

"We have seen her as a child, hand in hand with her Francesco, climbing the hills of their beloved Ischia like their own mountain-goats. We have followed the pair in their happy studies under their accomplished sister. We have seen her as the beautiful, youthful bride, admired and honoured by all beholders ; and as the prudent and virtuous wife, worthy of the respect of emperors, princes, and popes. We have followed her through great affliction, as the angel of peace in her family, giving up all her own property during the losses of her house; meekly seeking shelter in those retreats which were always open to the poor and pious, yet never losing the *prestige* and influence due to her family and her talents ; and dedicating her muse without affectation or self-conceit, according as her powers could direct, to the glory of God and the love of virtue ; and at length, having passed through manifold sorrows, the last picture which she presents to us is that touching scene when her true and faithful friend, Michael Angelo, found himself beside her bed of death ; and when she looked so meek and saint-like, there was such a nobility upon her head, that though he pressed his lips upon her dying hand, he felt for her such an intensity of respect that he did not dare to kiss that cheek and brow for which he felt such a devoted adoration."

He hung over that death couch in such an agony of grief that he almost lost his senses; only the majesty of the dying lady kept him calm, for her sake, so that when the last evening was come, and Vittoria whispered to him, "I die. Help me to repeat my last prayer ; I cannot now remember the words," he was able to command himself, and to murmur with her :

"Grant, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that I may ever worship Thee with such humility of mind as becometh my lowliness, and with such elevation of mind as Thy loftiness demandeth ; that I may continually dwell in that fear which Thy justice requireth, and in that hope also which Thy mercy affordeth. May I humble myself before Thee as the All Powerful, and yield myself to Thee as the All Wise, and be turned to Thee as the best and All Perfect One. I entreat, O most Holy Father, that Thy most living flame may so urge me forward that, not being hindered by any mortal imperfections, I may happily and safely again return to Thee."

Vittoria's voice, which had started with a whisper, faded ere the prayer was done, but her lips kept moving to the last, as the sonorous murmur of the other's voice soothed her into her last sleep. All at once she turned to him as he knelt, holding her cold hand, and a smile trembled on her lips while she murmured some words that he could not distinguish. So passed from earth the spirit of Vittoria Colonna.

He who loved her so well survived her nineteen years, during which her spirit was always with him, moving him "to gain a fourth crown," as one saith of him, "by the verses that he wrote to her." And always he had but one lament—that he had never kissed her, save on the hand. Then, at the hoary age of ninety-two, Death made way for the new beginning, and it was Spring again with Michael Angelo, Eternal Spring!

From Source to Fall

The Tale of a Famous Trout Stream—The River Kennet

By Gertrude Bacon

THAT much of the beauty of our beautiful England is due to her river scenery is a fact that none will dispute. Mountains she has, glassy lakes, rolling moors, forest glades and bounteous vales, but it is among her rivers—whether rock-strewn, brawling and impetuous in the north; sluggish, wide and majestic in the east; or placid, willow-bordered and sinuous in the south—that many, very many, of the most exquisite peeps and fairest scenes that grace our beloved island are to be found.

Among the lesser streams of England dear to the artist for their picture-making capabilities, the Kennet can take high place.

The source of the Kennet

For many years scarce an Academy has been without at least one view along its picturesque course, while most seasons there are three or four. True, it lacks the wild grandeur, the craggy shores, and fiery rush of the Tees, the stately width and noble flood of the Alde or Deben, the romantic variety and calm loveliness of the Wye; yet, wending its peaceful way along the rich valley, between groves of alder and willow, through lush water meadows and golden corn fields, by the stately houses and well-wooded parks of many a fine estate, under the narrow bridges of old-world towns and villages; past busy mills and rustic cottages, well-stocked farms and grey church towers, the Kennet possesses a beauty and an attraction of its own that alike fascinates the stranger and endears it day by day the more to those whose homes are upon its fertile banks.

And if the artist counts it high in his list of well-loved streams, the fisherman places it higher. Who has not heard of Kennet trout? The third best trout stream in England, as it is sometimes described by anglers from a distance, though opinions differ as to which the two first may be. But ask a Berkshireman, and he will tell you that, as a trout river, the Kennet is second to none, while for general fishing it will take a deal of beating. And if you require proof he will proudly discourse to you of the 20-lb. trout caught at Hampstead Mill not so long since, of that other enormous fish, surely its twin-brother, that used to be fed from a butcher's shop on the bridge at Newbury, while crowds would collect to see it eat its daily dinner; of frequent catches of pike of 24 lbs., barbel of 11 lbs., chub of 6¼ lbs., roach and perch of 3 lbs., and eels of over 6 lbs. One hundred and fifty years ago Pope sang of

The Kennet slow, for silver eels renowned.

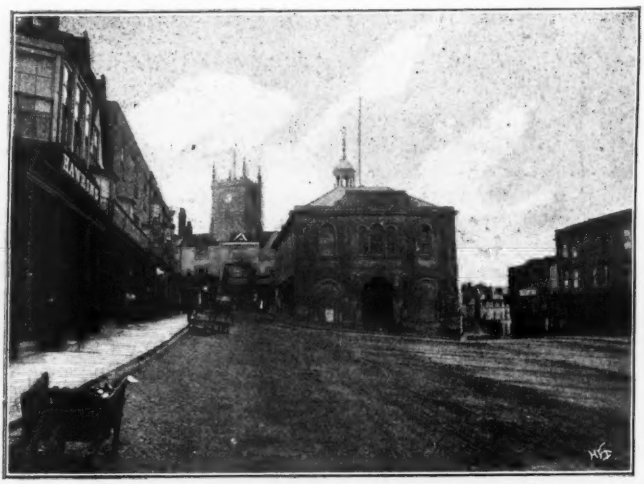
The Silver-tongued Sylvester, a much eulogised poet of the sixteenth century, grew eloquent over

> Our neer Kennet, whose trout famous drift
> From Marleborough by Hungerford doth hasten,

while it was on the eve of one of his many excursions to this, his best-loved stream, that Charles Kingsley wrote in boyish glee:

> Oh blessed drums of Aldershot,
> Oh blessed South-west train,
> Oh blessed, blessed Speakers' clock
> All prophesying rain!
> . . . . .
> Oh bless'd South wind that toots his horn
> Through every hole and crack,
> I'm off at eight to-morrow morn
> To bring *such* fishes back!

The source of a river is proverbially hard to find. Of the many brooklets and springs that go to the making of what will presently become a mighty flood, it is ofttimes impossible to fix on any particular one and say, "Here it rises." And this I found when I endeavoured recently to trace the beginnings of the Kennet. Gazetteers and guide-books spoke vaguely of the downs behind Marlborough, while the maps were hardly more explicit. Being resolved to hunt it down if possible, I wrote to the Vicar of Broad Hinton, in whose parish I judged the source to be, asking for information, and in response I received a most courteous letter telling me that in Avebury was the spot I was in search of. A letter to the Vicar of Avebury elicited another courteous note to the effect that it was the village of Kennet which claimed the honour of giving birth to the stream called after it. The name seemed almost to settle the matter, but when I wrote to the incumbent there a third courteous letter informed me that Broad Hinton was the place to apply to! So here were three gentlemen, living in contiguous parishes, right upon the source itself, and yet neither able to indicate it!



Marlborough. The High Street

Subsequently I paid a visit to this neighbourhood myself, and then was able to understand how the difficulty arises, and how each of my informants was really right. When I was there the source was undoubtedly in Kennet itself, a pretty straggling village lying along the great Bath road, a short distance west of Marlborough, where, among beds of water-cress and clumps of willow, the baby river first sees light.

But this was in the height of a drought, when no rain had fallen for many weeks, and everywhere could be traced the dry and dusty beds of streams, stretching back into Avebury and Broad Hinton, that at other seasons of the year would be considerable brooks and rivulets, draining a large district, and prolonging the river's course for many a mile over the downs.

And what a glorious country these same Wiltshire downs are! Fresh and pure the breeze blows over them, with the smack of the sea-salt in its healthful breath; while around, free and boundless, stretches to the horizon the undulating grassy slopes, bearing on their billowy surfaces relics of a mighty race and an ancient civilisation, old almost as the hills themselves, and lost in the mists of time that shroud the birth of human history.

On all sides can be distinguished the traces of a nation whose very name has been forgotten these thousand years. Barrows and cromlechs are thickly strewn over the plain. Silbury Hill, the largest artificial mound in Great Britain, rears its round head 170 feet above the general level, proudly defying the world to say when or for what purpose it was built; while here and there a giant monolith stands grim and grey among the fields, a silent sentinel who has held his post through every vicissitude of our Island since before the coming of the Romans. Two long avenues of these huge blocks lead to the great Druid circle of Avebury, sadly ruined and lost now, but once a temple of colossal proportions, and in comparison with Stonehenge as a cathedral to a parish church. The few gigantic unhewn slabs yet standing in a wayside field, and the deep vallum or ditch that surrounds them, bear witness to its departed glory.

It is among such romantic surroundings that the Kennet begins its life. In the few miles it traverses before reaching Marlborough it has already assumed the dimensions of a considerable stream. Marlborough is a household word nowadays, by reason of that great institution, the College, which has raised it to an importance it would never have occupied on its own merits. The story of this famous school is a curious and instructive one, and combines many historic associations. In bygone days Marlborough possessed a lordly castle, a royal residence much patronised by the early Plantagenets, who held high court there and talked a peculiarly barbarous species of Anglo-French,

Druid Circle, Avebury

the badness of which dialect they attributed to the properties of the Marlborough water! Henry III. added considerably to the building, borrowing a hundred pounds from the Bishop of Salisbury for the purpose, which history does not state to have been repaid. But its fortunes subsequently declined, and by the time the fifteenth century was reached it had fallen entirely into decay.

Presently the property fell into the hands of the Seymours, that family of whom came the Duke of Somerset, the Lord Protector, and for many generations it was held by his descendants. They built themselves a fine new house on the site of the old castle, and entertained royalty and statesmen and poets, and made fish-ponds and bowling-greens, and spurious ruins and grottos, as the fashion then was; but about the middle of the eighteenth century the estate passed into other hands, and the great house was turned into an inn. This was a sad come-down for it, but in its new position it flourished exceedingly, for Marlborough was on the high road to Bath, and many were the grandees who tasted of the hospitality of the "Castle." The great Earl Chatham was once laid up here for a fortnight with the gout, and the Duke of Wellington was snowed-up one winter's day, when his carriage got fixed in a wheat-field, and had to be extricated by a body of labourers. That was in the good old days when forty-two coaches rattled through the town daily, and the journey from London to Bath was done at the rate of ten miles an hour, including stoppages. But in 1839, when the Great Western ran to Twyford, the death-blow had been struck to coaching and its adjuncts, and three years later, when the new line had reached Swindon, the now deserted Castle Inn came to the hammer, and was immediately purchased by a committee of county gentlemen then looking out for some convenient place in which to establish a cheap school for the sons of the clergy. Henceforward the history of the old inn is the history of Marlborough College, and all trace of its former employ is swept away; though, according to local legend, a Phantom Coach yet, on dark nights, drives up to the door of the ancient hostelry.

Chilton

The town itself is chiefly remarkable for its abnormally broad street, its quaint old buildings, antiquated appearance and general sleepiness. Through it the Kennet pursues its even course eastward, and some five miles farther runs by the little village of Axford.

Some of our readers may perhaps recall how in the winter of 1854–55, the famous Crimean winter, the good people of a large part of Devonshire were much perturbed in their minds by reason of a strange visitation. On rising from their beds one morning they found that the freshly fallen snow was marked in many places by the imprint of a hoof. The hoof-marks followed each other at regular intervals, but in single line, and pursued a straight and undeviating course over walls, fences, and whatever obstacles might come in their way. Great was the general interest and excitement, and a hot controversy raged for several weeks in the *Illustrated London News*. Many theories were broached. Professor Owen endeavoured to settle the business at the outset by saying "Badgers," though he did not attempt to explain how the animals managed to clear houses and haystacks in their course. Others suggested birds with broken wings, rats, kangaroos, and even toads, but the majority were convinced that the marks were of a supernatural origin, and firmly believed that the Old Gentleman himself had been abroad and among them that night. The snow melted and the matter remained unsettled, but, curiously enough, those very same marks occurred at Axford at the same time, where the unsophisticated inhabitants to a man attributed them to "Auld Hornie."

A little beyond Ramsbury, the next village

Hungerford

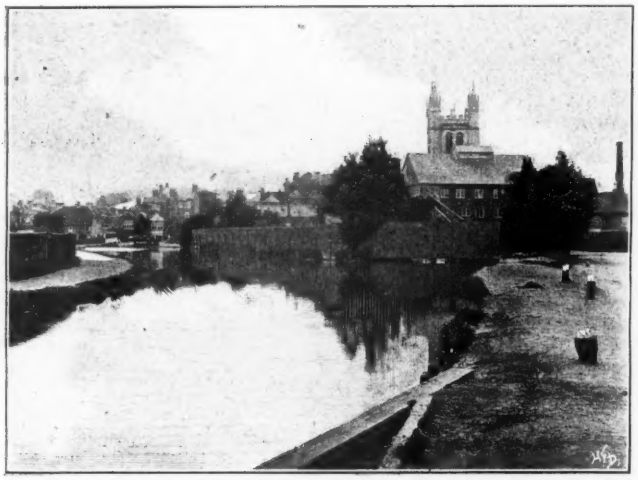
in its course, the broadening stream flows under the walls of Littlecote Hall. A beautiful mansion of Elizabethan times, in fine preservation and full of relics of the highest interest, but chiefly renowned for its well-known tragedy, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in "Rokeby," and related in full in his note to the same.

Briefly told the story is as follows: In the days of Queen Bess, Littlecote Hall was owned by a knight who, for his wicked, licentious life, was known throughout the country as "Wild Darrell." One dark and rainy November night an old nurse was sitting over her cottage fire in a neighbouring village, when she was suddenly aroused

by loud knocking at her door. On opening it she found a horseman outside, who told her that her services were immediately required by a person of rank, that she would be amply rewarded, but that she must consent to being kept in ignorance of the name of her employer, and to be conveyed to the spot blindfold. After some hesitation she consented, her eyes were then bandaged and she was placed on a pillion behind the horseman, who, after a ride of many miles, brought her to a house, which, though she could not see it, she gathered to be large and grandly furnished.

She was conducted to a room, where, the bandage being removed, she found a lady in bed and a man of "haughty and ferocious aspect." Shortly after a boy was born, and the man, seizing it out of the nurse's arms, in spite of her protestations and the mother's piteous entreaties, threw it on the back of the fire blazing on the hearth, and held it there till it was dead.

The nurse was then handsomely rewarded and conducted back blindfold to her house. But the deed weighed heavy on her mind, and she eventually laid the facts of the case before a magistrate. She was, of course, unable to indicate the locality or appearance of the house, but she stated that while she sat at the bedside she had cut a piece out of the bed-curtain and sewn it in again, and that in descending the stairs she had counted the steps. This information led to the discovery of Littlecote Hall as the house in question, and the arrest of Wild Darrell as the murderer. He was tried and found guilty, but by bribery managed to escape the sentence of law, only, however, to break his neck shortly after by a fall from his horse at a spot yet known as "Darrell's Stile."



Newbury

At Chilton, a couple of miles down stream, the river broadens out in picturesque flood, and adds another beauty to a quaint and lovely village. Here were the stables of the famous Derby winner, "Wild Darrell," and here lived for some time J. Z. Howell, Esq., Governor of Bengal, and the last survivor of the victims of the Black Hole of Calcutta. He wrote a vivid history of the awful sufferings of himself and 145 companions shut in the dungeon, eighteen feet square, from which, after ten hours, only twenty-three emerged alive.

"Has the best trout, eels and crayfish in

the kingdom," was said of Hungerford, four miles distant, 130 years ago. It can be said still. Consequently, it was no empty privilege that "Time-honoured Lancaster" bestowed on the town when he granted it the fishing rights. The townsfolk can trace their whole prosperous, if sleepy, well-being to old John of Gaunt, who gave over what were once royal rights to the inhabitants, making the principal householders "feoffees," or lords of the manor, under the governance of a constable, directly responsible to the throne. In gratitude to its benefactor Hungerford has kept to its traditions as few other towns in the kingdom. Once every year at Hocktide, the ancient horn, 200 years of age, yet but a substitute for the far older one granted by Gaunt, and preserved to this day among the civic archives, is blown from the Town Hall to assemble the loyal burgesses to elect their constable on pain of fine. Other mystic worthies, of origin unknown, called the "Tutti men," and bearing white rods of office, exercise the right handed down to them from time immemorial of kissing all the ladies they come across, or claiming one penny from their hands in exemption of the salute. Much feasting and merriment end a pageant that many visitors from a distance flock to see.

No record of Hungerford, however short, would be complete without some mention of its bygone generation of famous cricketers, a team of whom on three consecutive years in the early fifties challenged All England and beat them thoroughly. There is many a worthy yet living in the neighbourhood who remembers, as if it were yesterday, that proud day that saw All England's best-known men, Clarke, G. and W. Parr, Box, Bently, Caffyn, Felix and others, all attired in white shirts and white top-hats with black bands, dismissed in one innings for twelve runs, the like of which had scarce been known before in the annals of sport. Such an event will not occur again. As cricketers the Hungerford men are now no better than their neighbours, but the memory of those stirring times will linger long and die hard, for "It was a famous victory."

Thatcham

Some nine miles of fair and peaceful valley separates Hungerford from Newbury. Half way is the picturesque village of Kennetbury, or Kintbury as it is now called, once famous for its manufacture of whiting. Some of the prettiest scenes of the river's whole course are to be found in this reach, and not least

in beauty is the spot where the grand old church tower first comes into view, towering above and guarding over the busy go-ahead town spread beneath it. Sleepy, Newbury certainly is not, though it has many and great traditions on which it could rest and slumber like many another historic spot. There are its two fierce and bloody battles 'twixt Royalist and Roundhead, commemorated the one by the granite monolith where fell the great and good Lord Falkland, and the other by its actual relics, the grand Elizabethan house of Shaw with its row of guns on the lawn, and the mouldering fragments of Donnington Castle crowning the hill beyond. Who, too, has not heard of Jack of Newbury, that doughty clothier who reared the fortunes of the town, contributed largely to the building of the church, entertained Bluff King Hal, and sent his own band of one hundred retainers to Flodden Field? No vestige of the cloth works now remain, except the beautiful building once the cloth hall; but they endured for many a generation, and at the beginning of last century a local worthy made and won a famous wager by the terms of which the wool on the sheep's back in the morning was by evening the coat that covered his own shoulders.

The now broad and full river has seventeen miles more of its beauteous course to flow. Past Thatcham, where the fine Norman church, the disused market-place and battered butter cross tell the tale of departed glory. Here is yet that famous old inn, the King's Head, the scene of plot and play. About the locks and bridge of Woolhampton the easel and canvas of the artist are ever to be found in long summer evenings, when the patient cattle stand knee-deep in the grassy meadows and the swallows skim lightly over the placid flood. Through Aldermaston and Theale the stream hastens on, alongside the Great Western line, until the forest of slate roofs and the factory chimneys of the busy and teeming Reading come in sight. In the town itself the river divides, one portion sweeping beneath the massive ruins of the Abbey, where somewhere among the gigantic walls and arches sleeps Henry the First. But near the famous biscuit factory the branches unite once more, and now, a stately and majestic flood, it runs its last quarter of a mile amid houses, chimneys and gas works, till just beyond the bridge, where the Great Western main line crosses it, Father Thames receives his worthy son to his broad bosom, and together they flow to turn the wheels of London and bear its life to the Heart of the World.

Fall of the Kennet at Reading

The Wrong Envelope;

Or, Circumstances Alter Cases

By Chameleon

"OH, ass, fool, goose, pig, that I am," May said aloud to herself as she walked distractedly up and down the drawing-room. "It all comes of my being always in such a slap-dash hurry, and having my things in such a mess." She glanced regretfully at the writing-table as she passed, at its litter of opened letters, torn scraps, and odds and ends of all sorts. "What have I done? I shall never get over it, quite never. I had better go and drown myself, or something—only," reflectively, "I couldn't bear to be found all horrid; I should like them to discover me quickly, before my fringe came uncurled, and I was all floppy—no, no," shuddering, "I can't be 'found drowned,' but what, oh, what shall I do?" May sank into a chair and looked stonily before her. The door flew open and Ethel, with both hands extended in welcome, rushed in, but paused on seeing her friend's expression.

"Why, May, what's wrong; bad news, your dressmaker's bill, what?"

"Worse, oh much worse, almost, not quite, the worst thing that could happen!"

"Not your father, or mother, or any one like that; oh, surely not?"

"No, no, not that kind of thing, but something I can never, never get over," and May hid her face in her hands.

"Then, after all, George hasn't, hasn't done it? Oh, shame on him."

May looked up dazed. "Done it?" A look of intelligence came into her eyes. "Done it; oh, yes, he did it, at the end of the laurel walk, you know, where the honeysuckle hedge is. Oh, yes, dear, he did it, two or three days ago," and a little conscious smile broke over the face, which however clouded again immediately.

"May, dear, you've never been such an abject, deceitful crocodile as to refuse him after all?"

May impatiently, "Oh, bother George. No, I didn't; but, oh, what does he matter; it's not him, it's it; oh, it's it. What shall I do?"

"Not him, but it," Ethel said, speaking very slowly, as if trying to understand. "Then who's it?"

Putting both her hands to her head May said, "You'll drive me madder, and as it is I do believe," and she spoke solemnly, "there is now between me and madness but a sheet of paper, butter paper, now, but it will be just thin tissue if something doesn't happen soon to help me."

"Then I don't believe you, and you must have refused him. May, I will know who IT is."

"Oh, you tiresome great silly, it's no one, it's not that kind of an It. It's something far, far worse than any man!"

"Worse than any man! How can that be? Some men are so bad, worse than women, worse than anything; but George is nice, he isn't worse—I can't understand," and Ethel looked thoroughly astray and puzzled.

"You are dense then, Ethel. Of course, I know George is nice; that's why I said—I said—oh, well, that I would take him for better or worse. I thought it would be for better, you know, and now—it is all for worse, though he's not exactly in this terrible affair, and yet he is; but all the same he doesn't count," and wringing her hands May once more began her distracted tramp up and down the room.

Ticking off each item on her fingers Ethel struggled with the mystery, "It's not George, and not the dressmaker—surely," breathlessly, "it's not Bob turned up again?"

May nodded "no" most emphatically. "That's one mercy—well, is it; can it be that after all you've got to go to Mouldering

Hall? You told me you had definitely refused."

May jumped up, eyes blazing with mingled fear and fun. "Oh, that's it. Oh, Ethel, that's it. What shall I do? I can never get over it—never!"

"But you swore nothing would induce you to visit George's people before you were safely married—you vowed you'd see as little of your 'in-laws' as possible till you had to. You told George you couldn't leave your own mother not even for a single day. You made up a fine mince-pie of family affection. You told me what tarrydiddles about it all you had written to George's mother. Why have you changed now? Oh, May, if you go alone into that den of old cats you'll come out dead, clawed and torn to pieces without a shred of character left, and you'll never get married to George. He believes in those people of his, and all the tarrydiddles you've told (for good reasons) will crop up like tares amongst the wheat and choke the good intentions and turn them into chaff and bury your happiness in the grave or cast it in your teeth. I'm sure I don't know which would be worst, for there was a good mouthful of tarrydiddles, wasn't there, and the 'in-laws' never swallow them, so you'll have to."

"Oh, don't rub it in, the butter paper will dissolve into grease, my brain will go, and the madness burst into flame. I was just keeping quiet when you came in, and trying to think whether I'd best drown myself, or become a nursing sister, and give up the world and George, the world, the flesh, and the devil, you know. I wonder if George is the devil? Everything goes in threes, doesn't it—so odd! I had settled not to drown myself, and I do so hate sick people—on the whole, 'hysterically,' perhaps, I'd better fix to marry Bob instead of George, for he's a foundling. I mean an orphan, and he has no nasty old cat relations," with which dark sayings May buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Make a clean breast of it, May," Ethel said rather sternly; "tell me, coherently, what have you done?"

May rose, and standing upright and very pale, said:

"I will; though all is over, nothing is of any use, and," gulping, "my life is ended, for George will never stand it about 'his own people,' as he calls them."

"I suppose a mother and sisters are one's one people, unless," reflectively, "their being cats makes any difference. Go on."

"Well, they asked me to Mouldering Hall some time ago. I wrote just a nice little kind white-lie letter, all the polite things you know about sorrow and disappointment, and not leaving my own dear mother alone (I thought George's mother would like that sentence particularly, and never know that my 'mum' was larking in Paris); and then just fancy what I did. I had written the envelope first (never do that), and I put all this hankey-pankey into an envelope addressed to Molly Mowbray, and my letter to George's mother into Molly's envelope, and posted them off—oh!"

"I see no great harm in that, so far."

"Great harm! Just wait! Molly is visiting, so I didn't wonder that I got no letter from her; but to-day at last she writes. Oh, listen," and May hurriedly turned the sheets of a voluminous letter till she found the place. "'I got a letter in your handwriting, but beginning Dearest Mrs. Robinson. Here it is. I don't know where to send it to, and it's pretty stale anyhow, as it has been following me about, and you may now want to alter something in it.' Alter something in it—oh! So you see, Ethel, that's how I know that George's mother must have got the letter I wrote to Molly."

"Still, where's the great harm? It's only a little delay. The cat's cradle can rock peacefully a few days longer."

"Oh, don't joke; if that was all! But," slowly, and with eyes rounded with fear, "I described to Molly the whole Robinson family, George excepted. I gave them all away with a vengeance."

"Oh, May, what did you say—couldn't you eat it up?"

"Eat it up! Not if I gorged for seven days and seven nights could I sweep that platter clean, not if I was an ostrich or a boa constrictor, or even an alderman. Eat it up? Not if I was a scavenger, or a newspaper leading article, or a beetle made holy

by eating horrors, like those Egyptian things, Scarabees, don't they call them? Eat it up! Not if I was a loose pig in a scullery, and not even if I was one of those beasts one reads of, octopuses, or those other ones, always gaping for food, full of eyes before and behind."

"I don't think the beasts with the eyes want food exactly. Perhaps food for the mind; but, however—can you remember exactly what you said?"

"Now, Ethel," May said impatiently, "you know me; do I ever remember exactly what I said, or half of it, or a quarter of it, and what's more, do I want to remember—and so how could I possibly remember anything I said in a rage?"

"Forgive me, dear, it was a silly question, but it would be so satisfactory, so convenient, if you could remember just a little. What made you so particularly angry?"

"Oh, I'd been staying at the Morrisons, and one of George's cattiest sisters was staying there, too. She's a fat, sleek, oily sort of stroke-me-the right-way and I'll purr kind of cat, and she puts my back up. I'd love to make her fur fly. Well, Ethel, you'll hardly believe me, but when I came to put on my new cream and mauve blouse, that five guinea one from Madame Chiffon, it was burst at the side seams!"

"What had the cat-fish, frump-in-law, got to do with that?"

"Everything! Of course, I accused Thérèse. She was enraged, and what do you think she let out? My cat-in-law shot out of the bag with a vengeance. Thérèse said that Mademoiselle Robinson was *plus large que* Mademoiselle me and it had burst stuffing her fat waist into it!"

"The idea! The impertinence! The great fat porpoise!"

"You may well say. I was thinking of that blouse when I wrote to Sally. (I had come down in my old blue.) I described the scene to her (not that I really saw it), just imagination, circumstantial evidence and all that. Just fancy, that great fat monster, that worm of the earth, pulling in her stays, and squeezing her adipose tissue (I learnt about that at the hygiene class) into my creation from Chiffon, stolen out of my wardrobe, like a thief in the night—my future sister-in-law—a common thief!"

"Somebody or other said 'who steals my purse steals trash.' It's much worse than stealing your purse, for I suppose you hadn't much in that."

"No—of course not—and—I hadn't paid Chiffon either."

"But what more did you say?"

"Oh, lots! I described the family menage, the huge silver covers over the skinny chops, the grates with twopence worth of banked up coal in them, old Mrs. R. like a jelly-fish with a poisonous and stinging tongue—(is it a tongue they sting with?)—Susan walking like a crab, Mary stuffed full of airs and graces with a voice like a peacock, and shocking false things, toupées, tails and teeth, I don't know all what things that come off at night and are stowed away in drawers, and I said the whole family were like limpets on rocks, and that I wished the tide would come and sweep the rocks clear before I had to go to Mouldering Hall; and I said that their mother always talked of them as the 'girls.' Girls! why they must be past thirty!"

"You've remembered a good deal after all; any more?"

"Oh, pages more, but I was in a rage, and that's all that I remember. Not that it matters, for I'm doomed."

"I didn't know that you knew the 'in-laws' so well?"

"I don't, I only saw the family at home once, the blouse affair ended it."

"Then how did you know all these things?"

"Ethel, I always said you had no imagination!" As Ethel, thoroughly cowed, sat silent and dumfounded, the door opened and a servant handed a thick letter to May. "From the dead letter office! Oh, what dead hand can have written to me?" Trembling all over, May sat gazing at it.

"Darling, if you could bring yourself to open it—perhaps you would know who is dead!"

"But I don't feel as if I could—from the dead! so mysterious, so weird, so occult, so terrible, so unforeseen—from the dead! and see there are no stamps!"

"No—yet still, curiously, one would like to know, and one wouldn't mind, would one, if one didn't know the dead person?"

May half opening it. "True, but no one one didn't know would write to one would they, even if they were dead?"

"What a lot of ones; well, it might come from somebody one didn't like."

"Happy thought, only," severely, "if they were dead one ought to like them, the Latins did. What was that about 'nice and bonus and de Mortius,' or something—well, I'll open it, but," solemnly, "is my hair standing on end, Ethel, I know I feel as if cold water was running down my back?"

"No dear, you are all right, only perhaps your fringe wants curling."

May gave a nervous jump as the stiff paper cracked in her hand.

"Ethel, hold my hand, keep close to me, it's open—there!" And a letter covered with postmarks fell out of the official envelope.

"May, it's in your own writing!"

"Pinch me—am I dead? Not so hard, I'll be all over blue. Oh, don't."

"You told me to."

"I never said so hard."

Ethel picked up the letter. "See, it's addressed Mrs. Robinson, Mouldering Hill, Wednesbury, and then—not known there."

"Oh I see. It was a Wednesday I wrote on, and I must just have put it outside, instead of inside. I know it was a Wednesday because I always cut my nails on Wednesday for luck."

"There is a place called Wednesbury——"

"Thank you, William," she continued, as she took a telegram from the servant who had returned and stood waiting as she remarked vaguely, "has it just come?" May tore it open and read aloud:

"Robinson to Sinclair. You have not answered my invitation, I hope you are coming."

"Saved, saved, oh, what luck; dear sweet noble George, my own, I thought it was all over," and May kissed the telegram hysterically and kicked the letter round the room.

"But — you're surely not going to Mouldering Hall after all?"

"Going! I should just think so," turning furiously on Ethel. "To George's own mother; do you realise that but for her he would never had been born—bone of my bone you know, no that's the marriage service, and dear George's mother is rather fat, one can't think of her in connection with bones. But, of course, I am going to make friends with them, for I've been thinking ever since she ran off with my watch that it was Thérèse and not Susan Robinson who burst my blouse, and you know that would make all the difference."

"Perhaps; but—it's all so confusing, you say you are going to make friends with them—after all you've have said!"

"Ethel—you know I've often told you that you have no imagination, and I have—so—you must just believe that everything is as I have said—no, I mean quite different to anything I've said."

"I suppose so—I'll go home and try to think it out."

"Yes, do. It will dawn upon you when you've got a George and some 'in-laws' of your own—until then, and without any imagination, you'll never understand."

Sunday Readings for August

By the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham

FIRST SUNDAY

TWO ASPECTS OF BETHANY

"Lazarus, of Bethany."—Joh. xi. 1.

"He led them out as far as to Bethany."—Luke xxiv. 50.

FAIR and dear to the Christian's heart is the name of Bethany. The associations of the life and love of Jesus have cast a beauty about the very sound: it breathes holiness and peace.

The village still exists. As the traveller leaves Jerusalem upon the Jericho road he arrives, after about half an hour's walk from the Damascus gate, which takes him into the Kedron valley, and then upward around the southern shoulder of Olivet, at the houses, gray, dilapidated and not beautiful, of Bethany. Or he may take another line, and ascend Olivet to its summit, past the obtrusive structure of the huge Russian "convent" at the top of the road, and then find his way over fence and field to the minor hills of the eastward side of the mountain, where it looks down upon Bethany.

There is a charm about the surroundings, certainly as seen in spring, as there always is a charm over the rural landscape of that land of many-hued soil and of thronging flowers. But the villages of Palestine are seldom if ever in themselves pleasant to the eye, and certainly Bethany is not; actual or impending decay seems written upon its dwellings. Yes, but it still is Bethany. The immortal memories dignify and beautify it all.

For indeed there is that wonderful peculiarity about the memories of Palestine, that they are memories and so much more. In Rome, and in Athens, our thoughts are with "the great departed" in "the silent land." At Jerusalem they are with Him who was dead, but behold He is alive for evermore; His very name is life and hope; He is Lord of the future even more than of the past; He is above all things Lord of the present, "with us, all the days."

Pausing, and thinking of Him, at Bethany, we feel the power of two contrasted yet perfectly harmonious recollections of "this same Jesus."

i. The first is the recollection of His almost home-life there. The Gospels, alike St. Luke (x. 38–42) and St. John, tell us that Jesus was at home in Bethany. Just like the Gospel narratives, with their perfect blending of vivid picturing with grave reserve, they tell us little to gratify mere curiosity, but much to feed faith and love. At Bethany lived a family of three, two sisters and a brother, who drew to them the human love of the Lord, somewhat as St. John drew it. Jesus Christ took a gentle and gracious pleasure in them. He *liked* (may we reverently use the word?) their company, their house, their welcome of Him as their Guest. Long before the end of His blessed course, so St. Luke seems to indicate, He had become the well-known visitor, whom Martha served; to whom Mary listened wondering; who called Lazarus back to life, and a few days later supped with him at the same table. Yes, He delighted on His part, as Man with humankind, in their characters and conversation. True, He was the King of glory. True also, He was the Man of Sorrows, passing on His mysterious way, spiritually *alone*, to the great Sacrifice. But He was also all the while *the Man*. "His delights were with the sons of men," and with the simple life of their human homes.

He could be just the Friend, the holy but none the less most pleasant Friend, perfectly used to every little household way in that dwelling at Bethany. It was almost His Nazareth again. He found two sisters and a brother there, not merely three disciples. And in those last days of His, just at the close, in the very Passion Week, He *could bear* to be in quiet there, evening by evening—till He left the place on the Thursday afternoon to return no more as of old.

ii. Then came the Cross, and the Grave, and the Rising again "in the power of indissoluble life" (Heb. vii. 16). How often in those Forty Days after resurrection He visited the beloved scene, we do not know. But at least once He was in the immediate neighbourhood of Bethany. The crowning day had come. The Son, having glorified the Father upon the earth, alike in death and resurrection, was to be "glorified by His side" above, "with the glory He had beside Him before the universe came to be" (Joh. xvii. 5). Where shall He set His foot last, before He ascends to the Throne? "He led them out as far as to Bethany." Yes, once more the familiar village is to be visited. The scene of those home-hours shall be the point of departure for the eternal heavens. He takes the Eleven with Him; perhaps up that very path, which I traversed, in 1897, to get, over Olivet, down towards Bethany, to see the spot which many thoughtful hearts hold to be the true scene of the Ascension. The Apostles and their Lord gather upon that ridged protuberance of the huge hill—for Olivet is indeed a mighty mass. Below is the village. There is the house of Martha, roof, window, door. Near it yonder is the face of rock where can be seen the empty grave of Lazarus. He who stands in the midst of the group sees it all, and takes it all with Him, as He ascends, blessing His followers, to the sky.

So the Lover of Bethany shows Himself to us there as the Jesus Christ alike of Home and of Heaven. Do our hearts love them both? We do well. In Him they are akin. And in Him they shall coalesce at length into one bliss for ever.

SECOND SUNDAY

NO ROOT IN HIMSELF (i.)

"Yet hath he not root in himself."—Matt. xiii. 21.

We find ourselves here in the midst of the parable of the Sower, and the phenomenon before us is that of "the stony ground." Or rather, and far preferably, for we are thus at once closer to the Greek and truer to the pictorial purpose of the Saviour's words, let us call it "the rocky ground." So reads the Revised Version: "others fell upon the rocky places" (ver. 5); "he that was sown upon the rocky places" (ver. 20). The thought is not at all of a piece of ground encumbered with loose stones, needing to be picked out and thrown away. It is of a piece where under a thin veneer of soil lies, broad and solid, a mass of rock, needing, if that were possible, to be upheaved, or to be crushed, that the fine roots of the sown grain might strike freely down and find the living moisture below.

The Lord himself expounds this detail, as He expounds the rest of His great parable. The case indicated is that of the man who hears the Gospel message, and "receives" it, takes it in some sense in; and does so "with joy." His emotions are stirred. He is charmed by the spiritual music, by the views and colours of the wonderful revelation of a mysterious happiness, exalted and exalting, here and hereafter. But unhappily the experience is not durable. The man comes to discover that the Divine message involves pains as well as pleasures. He encounters "tribulation" in one form or another, in his Christian course. He is "persecuted" in one or another way, because he is an avowed disciple. And so "he is offended." He does not like it. His joy goes off. His reliance is shaken. His allegiance to his Lord is too weak to bear a real strain. He has no "last"; a little while, and he has forsaken Christ for the world, and turned his back upon the celestial light.

A vivid illustration of the case is familiar to us in the early pages of the "Pilgrim's Progress." There Pliable is seen setting out for heaven in company with Christian. They hasten together over the forlorn fields which border the City of Destruction; Christian impeded by the burden on his back, Pliable stepping out more lightly. They converse of the prospect which, so they are assured, awaits them if they reach the far end of the narrow way; the golden gate, the white robes, the angelic company, the face of the King. Then on a sudden, heedless of the ground, they both stumble into the Slough of Despond, and struggle miserably

in the mire. Both at length climb out on to dry ground; but on opposite sides. Christian lands on the further bank, and plods on towards the wicket-gate. Pliable scrambles out, wet and wretched, with his back to heaven and his face to the City of Destruction, and leaves Christian, with an angry farewell, to "possess the brave country alone for him."

Pliable had "no root in himself." He "endured for a while." Christian had root. He was sad, and bewildered, and terribly defiled; but he went on.

The difference between the two wayfarers is plain to see, and it precisely points the moral of the parable of the Sower. Christian was convinced of sin. To the depths of his being he had come to know that sin was condemnable, and that he was himself indescribably "guilty before God." For him perseverance was a matter of life or death; he did not dare to return, for the thundercloud of judgment lay, for him, over the roofs and walls he had left. Pliable shewed no sign, not the faintest, of real disturbance of the soul. He was pleasurably attracted by the prospect of a radiant future, and he liked, in respect of human sympathies, to be in company with one who was setting out in great earnest towards it. But he had no root *in himself*. His own conscience had never been awakened. Christian's convictions attracted and moved him; but they were not his own. He did not properly understand his own action. So when real troubles came across the track of it he had no secret of resistance within him. He instinctively turned back—too probably for ever.

Spiritual experiences differ very widely indeed. Not all pilgrimages present for our study the order of events which Bunyan gives us in his Christian's case. Not all pilgrims have in the same proportion the ingredients of alarm and of gladness dropt into their cup of life. But we may safely say that seldom will a Christian man be found, whose heavenward course is notably a persistent one, who has not, deep in his soul's inner history, the ineffaceable record of a "time of finding," a self-discovery never to be forgotten, when the Holy Spirit did His promised work, and "convinced of sin" that human heart, that it might be ***driven*** to "believe on the Son of God," and live.

We will take the theme up again next Sunday.

THIRD SUNDAY

NO ROOT IN HIMSELF (ii.)

"Yet hath he no root in himself."—Matt. xiii. 21

The words "contrition," "contrite," are familiar in religious language. We well understand them to mean a state of moral regret, shame, and distress, produced by the thought of personal transgression. In Scripture we know the word "contrite" best, thank God, in a context full of the mercies of pardon, placed close beside the terrors of conviction; "a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise" (Psal. li. 17).

Dr. W. Kay, in his admirable commentary on the Psalms, a book of equal literary and spiritual value, renders the Hebrew word (*nidkeh*) not by the Latin "contrite," but by the Saxon "crushed." Let this remind us that exactly this *is* the meaning of contrite; it is just the Latin *contritus*, smoothed into an English form; and *contritus* means crushed, pulverized, broken into bits.

Is not this a significant point, taken along with the picture of the "rocky" ground in the parable of Christ? What was the matter with that ground, from the sower's point of view? Precisely this, that immediately under the earth lay a hard floor of stone, cold and solid, upon which the feeble filaments of root would spread themselves in vain, only to die. It was a resisting mass which was not "contrite," and therefore impenetrable. Could some magic power have brought to it "contrition," could it have been ***pulverized*** where it lay beneath the upper earth, then through it the fibres could have found their way down, to reach at last the hidden moisture. Then the blade and ear above would have had the life of the deep ground in them, and have lasted, and have borne fruit "with patience." It was that uncontrite rock which frustrated all.

The moral is manifest. There is no bar to the living entrance of the message of Christ like that opposed by an unawakened conscience. For the Gospel, while it carries in it, to be developed in time, and in eternity, a "power of God" capable of raising and glorifying our whole being as no other force in heaven or on earth can do, immovably insists on treating man first as a sinner, defiled and guilty before God. And where man refuses to see himself as such, there is no correspondence; the key lacks its lock; the root lacks its soil. The crucified Lord, the Lamb of the Sacrifice—where is His "beauty, that we should desire Him" *as such*, till in some true sort we see *ourselves?*

But let that most merciful pain be granted to us to feel, and then it is otherwise. Let the sinner in some real measure see (and "abhor") himself, and let there then be presented to him the divine answer to his awful need—Christ for him, Christ in him—and then it is otherwise. Then the root strikes down, and finds the eternal watersprings. The convert then discovers "*in* himself," though indeed not *of* himself, a root of certainty, of possession. He "knows whom he has believed," in a way which makes him able to last, because he dares not live apart from the secret of continuance. He may be attacked and fatigued by "tribulation," or even by "persecution"; and his frail humanity may feel them as keenly as any other man's. Yet how can he leave the Lord, whom he so immeasurably needs? He may be even more formidably beset by mental or moral doubts, seeming to touch the very base of things. Yet at his darkest hour he feels that there is such a correspondence between his central needs and the Christ of the Gospel that a deep internal evidence of Christianity lives in him, and moves about with him; "he hath the witness in himself" (1 Joh. v. 10). It is no mere wish to believe, conjured into a phantom of certainty by his personal preferences. It lies deep in the moral nature of things. It springs up through his personality, but from a depth beneath it. He knows that his conviction of sin is the voice of an infinite and everlasting Righteousness. And he knows that the Jesus Christ of the Cross and the Resurrection meets it as key meets lock—a purposed adaptation.

"Come, Holy Spirit, come";

> Convince us of our sin,
> Then lead to Jesu's blood,
> And to our wondering view reveal
> The secret love of God.

"He will reprove—He will convince—the world of sin; because they believe not on Me" (Joh. xvi. 8, 9). If I interpret that great word aright, it is just to our point to-day. The Lord Jesus finds a world that does not believe on Him, and He would fain have it believe, that it may be saved. Therefore He promises that the Comforter shall convince it of sin. For then, and only then, it will be shut up into faith in Jesus Christ as its life and hope. When the rock is contrite, the root will strike indeed.

FOURTH SUNDAY

CONVICTION OF SIN

"He will reprove (better, convince) the world of sin."—John xvi. 8.

Yet once more let us linger round that grave theme, conviction of sin. For two Sundays now we have been in face of it, pondering the parable of the rock and of the root. But the theme is not only permanently momentous. It is peculiarly a matter for our time, when a thousand influences, mental and moral, obscure and stifle in the common mind the sense of sin. Yet, as we have remembered before, some genuine sense of sin is vital to a full perception of not only the glory but the profound reason of the Gospel. For Jesus Christ came into the world not merely to cultivate and develop humanity, but "to save sinners," to "save His people from their sins."

As we saw last Sunday accordingly, there is a connection, deep as spiritual facts can make it, between conviction of sin and that sort of faith in Jesus Christ which means reliance and surrender.

I do not intend to offer any deep discussion. Rather, our study to-day shall

take a simple narrative form. Three incidents lie in my memory, for the truth of each of which I can vouch; one of them came almost within my personal observation.

The first is a narrative of warning. There is such a thing as an abortive, or fictitious, conviction, the cold result of a sheer dread of personal consequences, where the will all the while remains in itself centred upon evil. Not that all alarm in view of judgment means this sort of conviction. In our complex being there is a subtle possible connexion between the deeper sorts of fear and the genuine awaking of the conscience, so that the alarmed being not only dreads the sword of divine justice but sees its worst terror to lie in the cutting the man off from the holy and gracious Judge, who made him. Such fears are true steps in the path to supreme blessing. But there is, alas, a baser sort of fear, where the criminal dreads the sword, but wishes as much as ever still to do the crime.

A friend told me the tale, a few years ago, as we paced together the deck of a steamship on the Mediterranean, and talked of the things unseen. The chaplain of a prison, intimate with the narrator, had to deal with a man condemned to death. He found the man anxious, as he well might be; nay, he seemed more than anxious; convicted, spiritually alarmed. The chaplain's instructions all bore upon the power of the Redeemer to save to the uttermost; and it seemed as if the message were received, and the man were a believer. Meanwhile, behind the scenes, the chaplain had come to think that there was ground for appeal from the death-sentence; he placed the matter before the proper authorities; and with success. On his next visit, very cautiously and by way of mere suggestions and surmises, he led the apparently resigned criminal towards the possibility of a commutation. What would he say, how would his repentance stand, if his life were granted him? The answer soon came. Instantly the prisoner divined the position; asked a few decisive questions; then *threw his Bible across the cell*, and, civilly thanking the chaplain for his attentions, told him that he had no further need of him, or of his Book.

The next incident is so far within my own ken that I remember seeing, in my early childhood, the dear and beautiful subject of it, the aged widow of a farmer in my father's parish. My mother took me to visit Mrs. E. one day in her farm-kitchen. It was, I think, in 1849. I still *see* the brightness, the sweet radiance, of that venerable face; it shone, as I now know, with Jesus Christ.

At the age of about eighty-one, after a life of blameless kindliness, so that to say she had "never done harm to any one" was in her no unmeaning utterance, she was, through the Holy Scriptures, convinced of sin. "I have lived eighty years in the world, and never done anything for God" Deep went the divine work in the still active nature, and long was the moral darkness. Then, "the word of the Cross" found its own way in her soul, and "believing, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable." Three or four years of life were yet given her. They were illuminated by faith, hope, and love in a wonderful degree. To every visitor she bore witness of her Lord. Nights, wakeful with pain, were spent in living over the beloved scenes of His earthly ministry; "I was at the well of Samaria last night"; "Ah, I was all last night upon Mount Calvary." In extreme suffering an opiate was offered, and she declined it; for "when I lose the pain I lose the thought of my Saviour too." At last she slept in the Lord, gently murmuring, almost singing, *Rock of Ages* with her latest breath.

Wonderful is the phenomenon of the conviction of the virtuous. But it is a phenomenon corresponding to the deepest facts of the soul. My last incident is another of the same type. Eighty years ago or so, one of the scholarly and estimable Valpys, of Reading, a blameless man of letters, was in his last days convinced of sin. He left a record of it, in four lines, which I have often read, printed on a card, on cottage walls:

> In peace let me resign my breath,
> And Thy salvation see;
> My sins deserve eternal death,
> But Jesus died for me.

FIFTH SUNDAY

CHRIST'S GRAVE AND THE CHRISTIAN'S

"There laid they Jesus."—Joh. xix. 42.

Much emphasis is laid in Scripture, and also in the great Creeds of the Church, upon the Burial of the Lord. Each Gospel of the Four gives us a careful account, down to the details, of His funeral. St. Paul expressly refers to it among the other great facts of the crisis of Redemption, when he sums up his "Gospel" to the Corinthians (1 Cor. xv. 4). The Apostles' Creed, and again the Nicene Creed (I use the common names of those two precious confessions of the Church's faith) both expressly recite that He was buried.

Undoubtedly the main reason of this lies in the fact that the Burial put an authoritative seal, so to speak, upon the Death, and thus accentuated the supreme event of the Resurrection. The grave of Joseph did not indeed logically prove that the Lamb, on the "green hill" just above it, had veritably died; for the living have been buried by misadventure. But at least it threw the otherwise provable death into a solemn public prominence; it announced it as absolutely complete. So when, on the next day but one, then and there, that grave was found empty; when friends and adversaries alike, watching each other, looked in vain for the linen-wound Body; the Resurrection was fully evidenced to be no mere fancy, an impression of uncertain causes on excitable emotions; nor again any mere putting forth, however wonderfully, of a spiritual but disembodied force. It was the triumph of the Lord's whole Being over death. His Body had been placed within the clasp of the grave. And His Body no more than His Soul was left within it.

But also in a way most precious, while subsidiary, the Burial of the Lord claims its place in the Bible and the Creeds as a fact of tenderest application to the suffering heart. Do you know what it is to stand, or sit, or kneel, heart-stricken, beside some mounded spot of green earth, unutterably dear? More mournful still, is it yours to be far away from it, perhaps separated from it by lands and seas, while you carry ever within you the consciousness that there it is—the grave, the silent holder of all that remains below of that beloved presence?

Ah, let us speak reverently of such griefs. But let us meet them always, persistently, with the Lord Jesus, and His burial. He died for us; there is our peace with God. He rose from death, and is alive for evermore; there is our eternal certainty that we live, and shall live, with Him, "in the power of an endless life." But also, between the two, He was buried. So that dread thing, the grave, is itself transfigured. Not only will it be grand, one wonderful day, to have done with it for ever, and to inhabit that great City which needs no cemetery, the heavenly Jerusalem; but even now, while the grave lasts, it is altered, it is transfigured, because in it the sleeping Lord, in the reality of His human death, lay before us. I love to think of every Christian churchyard, every Christian grave, as linked spiritually to Joseph's garden; a sort of extension of it, so that as it were the Lord's sepulchre—now open to the eternal day—is always one among the sepulchres of His people. I have tried to put it thus in simple verse:

There is one resting-place, and only one,
For those who fall asleep in God's dear Son.
To our weak thought indeed and sense's eye
Far distant each from each may seem to lie;
By Thames, by Nile, or on the silent breast
Of ancient China softly laid to rest.
But faith and spirit see them, each and all,
Carried to one green spot for burial,
Where erst, unconscious of its glorious doom,
Arimathean Joseph carved his tomb,
And fenced the ground with marble in, and bade
Cypress and olive weave a glimmering shade.
There soon he bore his Saviour, newly slain,
And there the sleeping Christ arose again,
And trode the paths in victory serene,
And turn'd to heaven the grief of Magdalene.
He now, from every land and every deep,
Brings His beloved there, and gives them sleep,
Still gather'd up in peace, while ages run;
A countless host, and yet in Him but one.
There, sealed awhile, now open, th holy cell,
Where folded grave clothes lie, where angels dwell,
Assures the mourner of His life and power
Who for His saints prepares their rising-hour.
And He meantime, in glory and in grace,
Immortal Gardener of the flowery place,
Walks 'midst His people's tombs, and all the while
His eyes, so wet of old, foreseeing smile.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key.—Wesley's "Journal"

THE papers sent in this time were unusually good, and it required very careful marking to allot the prizes. In order to keep the Key within reasonable length references only have been given in Questions 9 and 10.

Marks for Wesley's "Journal":

Penumbra, 100; Dubric, 97; Crescent, 96; Devenick, 84; Connla, 83; Tangier, 82; Ion, 82; Carlyon, 81; Penwort. 80; M. Kenwigs, 80; Logan, 80; Deirdre, 79; Hamel, 78; Eclipse, 76: Tucks, 76; Bundy, 74; Waring, 73; Xantippe, 72; Iseult, 72; Barna, 72; Sprite, 71; Sirius, 71; Wuzzums, 71; Cotswold, 70; Elpis, 69; Wirral, 69; Coral, 69; Rover, 68; Rosedown, 68; Topsy, 68; Aedh, 68; Peg, 66; Southern, 67; Trothan, 67; Averil, 64; Elmas, 60; Lancelot, 60; San Toy, 58; Emilia, 56; Margaret, 55; Déjà, 54; Spero, 54; Veritas, 52; Lucius, 51; Gnut, 50; Onza, 50; The Abbot, 49; Cleon, 38; Victoire, 49; Plympton, 47; Patricia, 45; Ned Gus, 44; Llentrad, 43; Mercury, 27.

SECOND QUARTER.—Dubric, 297; Penumbra, 276; Crescent, 265.

HALF-YEAR.—Crescent, 559; Penumbra, 552; Ion, 480.

1. Mrs. Wesley's method of education was Procrustean. In order to save the souls of her children she submitted their bodies to a discipline that would have satisfied Miss Murdstone. "When turned a year (and some before) they were taught to fear the rod and *cry softly*, so that the family lived in as much quietness as if there had not been a child among them!" At the age of five they commenced lessons, and a single day was allowed for learning the alphabet. The house was set in order the day before, so that they might be "kept close to their business" during the six hours of school. Full details will be found pp. 93–101. They ate, they drank, they went to sleep as they were ordered—at the same time they were taught courtesy to their inferiors and to one another. Though the severity of the system was mitigated by eight admirable "by-laws" (p. 101), of the nineteen children thirteen died young. The contest with Satan was hardly won.

2. John Wesley defined Methodism as the "true old Christianity" (p. 61), and again and again prevented separation from the English Church (pp. 389, 462). In the very last year of his life he published a letter, in which he wrote: "I live and die a member of the Church of England, and no one who regards my judgment or advice will ever separate from it." He never varied from the doctrines of the Church, nor from its discipline "but of necessity," in the matter of open-air preaching, extempore prayer, the formation of societies, and the use of lay preachers (pp. 477–8).

The "method" of Wesley's original followers consisted in a careful adherence to the rules and rubrics of the Prayer-book; in meeting together for mutual instruction and reproof; and in receiving the Communion as often as they could.

3. Wesley would have warmly denied the charge of being an "enthusiast," which to him meant a person inaccessible to argument or persuasion (p. 322). But as a man who thoroughly believed in Divine interpositions, and whose personal faith practically rendered him impervious to bodily pain, fatigue, or fear, there is no word which, in our more generous modern sense, expresses him better.

4. In estimating the extent to which Wesley was influenced by music, art, or domestic affection, it must be remembered that, except in connection with the great work of saving souls, *nothing* was in his mind worthy of five minutes' consideration. However, he was too genuine an Englishman to be entirely logical, and the man often shows under the cassock of the clergyman.

He thoroughly appreciated music as an aid to devotion, and delighted in his brother's hymns (p. 481), though he grudged the

devil all the good tunes and would have had them set to more stirring melodies. He boasts that the trebles at Bolton exceed any to be found within the four seas (p. 470); but a musical man would not have been troubled by the repetition of the words in *Judith* (p. 302), or have tried an oratorio by the standard of "common sense." However, he was better pleased with the *Messiah* (p. 250). Of pictures he did not pretend to be a judge, but he had no hesitation in affirming that Rubens, who painted children "stark naked," had neither common sense nor brains (p. 310). On another occasion, "when the company was gone," he desired some "fine but not over-modest pictures" in the parlour, to be put where they could do no hurt (p. 242), but he genuinely enjoyed beautiful scenery (pp. 239, 340) and architecture (pp. 240, 355).

His education had left little place for domestic affection. He loved his brother Charles (p. 481), and buried his mother with respect (p. 89), but he had little feeling for his wife. He let her visit her poor dying child alone (p. 215), and when she was ill herself he was satisfied with the most perfunctory attention (p. 342).

5. Wesley did his reading on horseback, and his comments are very quaint. He greatly admired the piety of Homer, but was shocked at the "improprieties intermixed with his work." He did not notice this fault in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," though he considers it "odd and uncouth." Terence is full of "fine strokes of genuine morality."

But Ovid is "dull." Rousseau is a greater coxcomb than even Voltaire, his brother infidel; Swedenborg an "entertaining madman"; Thomson's poetry inferior to Charles Wesley's, and Miss Whately's elegies quite equal to Gray's.

In fact, it would be difficult to find a literary criticism in Wesley's "Journal" free from personal bias, though the scholar does not always yield to the divine (see pp. 343, 480, etc.).

6. In spite of an early resolution not to indulge himself willingly in "the least levity of behaviour or in laughter," Wesley's cheerfulness was unconquerable. His humour was what in Scotland is called (I am told) "pawky," and instances of it are innumerable, witness his remark to the fine ladies at Bath (p. 53), and to Beau Nash (p. 52); his advice to travellers in Ireland (p. 250); his description of the so-called gentleman "perfume all over" from his own eggs (p. 250); and of the "large gentlewoman" who sat in his lap in the coach (p. 200), and screened him from the mob.

7. Wesley's literary style was clear and vigorous, and admirably adapted for the end in view, which was not "to get money but to do good." He wrote "pure, unaffected, undying English," but this is hardly so remarkable as FitzGerald suggests (p. viii.) in the age of Chesterfield, Fielding, Hume, Gilbert White, &c.

The "Journal" is partly a spiritual biography, partly a record of fact, and neither is quite complete. We do not gather the secret of his extraordinary influence over friend and foe; and, on the other hand, we should like to know more about the way he lived and how he paid those innumerable turnpikes (p. xiv.) on a salary of thirty pounds a year!

8. It is strange that in an age of so much "serious" poetry there is not more reference to clerical activity; but there is enough evidence to show that, at any rate in some districts, the Church was not neglectful of her duty. Goldsmith's lines from the "Deserted Village" are too well known to quote, and Gray's "Elegy" breathes in every line the influence of "that good man the clergyman of Stoke Pogis." Pope, the Roman Catholic, sings of Oglethorpe "driven by strong benevolence of soul to fly . . . from pole to pole," and of the "Man of Ross," both sons of the Church, though not in orders, and of Bishop Hough, "loved and esteemed by all the world." Dr. Watts, the Independent, in his Coronation Ode to George II., boasts that in England—

"Religion, duty, truth and love,
In ranks of honour shine and move."

Grahame, a Scotchman, whose experience was English, describes the "man of God worthy of the name," as the natural occupant of the pulpit in "The Sabbath." Dodsley celebrates the "great learning" and "real

virtue" of Herring and Hoadley. Hannah More speaks of "old Penrose's venerable urn," and of Mr. Love, "The friend! The son! The Christian! The Divine!" and even Cowper admits that there are "a few with Eli's spirit blessed."

9. Pleasure, Feb. 28, 1738; mysticism, June 15, 1741; Catholic principles, June 11, 1739; manifestations, Nov. 25, 1759; English and Scotch congregations, June 11, 1764, and June 23, 1772; early rising, July 28, 1774; elegant oddities, Nov. 4, 1771; the Westminster play, Dec. 14, 1768.

10. (i) Feb. 18, 1738; (ii) May 30, 1736; (iii) May 12, 1759; (iv) Jan. 23, 1771; (v) Sept. 1, 1745; (vi) April 1768.

Examination Paper No. 8.

"Don Quixote"

[The quotations have been taken from Jarvis' Translation.]

1.—On what specific occasions did (*a*) Don Quixote, (*b*) Sancho Panza, knowingly deviate from the truth?

2.—What were Sancho Panza's views on (i) Servants' wages; (ii) Country Sports; (iii) Kickshaws? and what was his private opinion about his master?

3.—Give concisely Don Quixote's views on (i) The privileges of knights errant; (ii) The credibility of Homer; (iii) The invention of gunpowder. What was his private opinion about Sancho?

4.—Complete the following proverbs, giving in each case the circumstances to which they are intended to apply; and from the remaining proverbs in the book select half a dozen of the pithiest:

(i) Honey is not for . . . (ii) Let the hen live . . . (iii) The pitcher goes . . . (iv) Well begun is . . . (v) It is not fitting to talk of a halter . . . (vi) A sparrow in the hand . . .

5.—To what incidents do the following refer?

i. When the valiant flees it is plain that he is over-matched.

ii. I now plainly percive that judges and governors must be made of brass.

iii. He has done a deed whereby he may lose his soul and not gain his body.

iv. If I have been well-whipped I am come off like a gentleman.

v. He who cannot receive an affront can much less give one.

6.—Show that in the Second Part of "Don Quixote" Cervantes "sacrificed a great idea to the taste of his contemporaries."

7.—Quote any allusions in standard literature to the character and exploits of the knight.

The next Examination Paper will be on "Wordsworth's Poems."

Our Literary Examination Papers

These papers are set by Mr. H. R. Heatley. They will be marked to scale as in an ordinary school or University examination. Prizes will be awarded to those obtaining the highest marks in each individual paper and also for the best aggregate marks for given terms as follows:

MONTHLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.

HALF-YEARLY PRIZES.—First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

ANNUAL PRIZE.—First prize, £5; second prize, £2; third prize, £1.

In accordance with the markings as given above the first prize of £1 is this month won by

"PENUMBRA"

The second prize of 10s. by

"DUBRIC."

QUARTERLY PRIZES.—2ND QUARTER.—First prize, Dubric; second prize, Penumbra; third prize, Crescent.

HALF-YEARLY PRIZES. — First prize, Crescent; second prize, Penumbra; third prize, Ion.

During the remainder of the current year the second monthly prize will not be awarded to any competitor who has already won a first prize.

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accom-

pany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Editor.

The marks will be published monthly, the total for the month, quarter, half-year, and year, to date. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given: for the present the real names and addresses of the prize-winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to

The Literary Editor, GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Papers which arrive after the 20th of the month will not be adjudicated upon.

The marks for the August paper will be published in the October number of the magazine—and so on.

The Common Newt or Eft

THE accompanying photograph shows the male and female of the smooth newt, the smaller and most familiar of the two common British species found in almost every shallow pond. It would perhaps be difficult to find a more inoffensive little animal in the British fauna, with a worse and more evil reputation. Rustics in more or less every country village can relate some terrible atrocity concerning the poisonous and other evil properties of these creatures, although the incident related has always occurred at some remote period which prevents any personal evidence being forthcoming.

One of their common sins is that they poison the water of the ponds at which the cattle drink, and frequently (intentionally) get swallowed by them while drinking for the purpose of living on the nourishment of the beast, greatly, of course, to its detriment; occasionally even rearing young in such situations. Other fabulous stories have even been recorded of their openly attacking man, leaving the water for the express purpose.

It need scarcely be remarked that such extraordinary and ridiculous stories are nothing more than the chimerical imaginations of ancient superstition, intensified and exaggerated in the process of transmitting to the various generations. Nevertheless, this does not prevent these inoffensive little creatures from being mercilessly abused by many country people whenever opportunity occurs.

Perhaps, then, a word on behalf of these interesting reptiles may not be out of place.

The specimen shown on the illustration is about three inches in length when full-grown. It is yellow spotted with black on the underside, and above is of a greenish-brown colour. It may readily be distinguished from the large or crested newt, found often in the same ponds, the latter species being almost double its size, and the male of which, during the breeding season, possesses a high serrated crest along its head and body, and its under parts are of a bright orange colour spotted with black. This species also, like its lesser cousin, possesses no harmless properties for which it should be ill-treated.

Either species can readily be caught with a red worm and thread, without any hook, as when once they have grasped the worm—which is such a tempting morsel during the breeding season that not infrequently two newts will seize it, one at either end—they rarely loose it again, and may be easily dragged to land. I have often landed specimens of both kinds in this fashion; and when so captured they make interesting objects for the aquarium while their aquatic breeding season lasts.

The larger species is seldom seen out of water, but the species illustrated frequently leaves the water for the muddy banks, especially at night time. It should also be observed that it is only during their early or tadpole stage, and when mature, during the breeding season, that newts make the water their natural element. About September or

October they leave the water and hide amongst the crevices of trees or stones for the winter, often several rolled together in a ball. About March of the next year the mature male develops some important changes, and its nuptial dress of serrated crest and bright colours appear. The male of the smooth newt also possesses a crest, which is not very apparent when seen out of water, being delicate and wavy, and continued from the neck to the tail fin, and is not serrated like that of its larger relative. After the wedding-dress is perfected, the male newt becomes aquatic again and seeks the water, where he finds his more soberly coloured mate, which, likewise, has by this time also decided in favour of an aquatic honeymoon.

The female newt fastens her jelly-like eggs to the leaves of water-plants with her feet and mouth, and these develop into young tadpoles with gills, in about three weeks. After about four or five months of aquatic life they lose their gills and become terrestrial and air-breathers, usually before the winter. They do not often return again to the water until they are fully developed, when they seek their mates, as stated above, although it takes some three or four summers growth and dormant winters to reach their perfect state. When the breeding season commences, and they again become aquatic, they have then lungs instead of gills; hence, necessarily, have to make periodical visits to the surface for breathing purposes.

After the breeding season the wavy crest and bright colours of the male newt disappear, and they once more seek dry land to hybernate through the winter. They feed on various kinds of insects and aquatic life, centipedes, worms, &c.

The common Newt or Eft on a muddy bank

What characteristics, then, these interesting creatures possess which should justify their evil reputation and abuse is difficult to imagine; and the only possible explanation as to its origin, I think, can be summed up in the two words, ignorance and superstition.

JOHN J. WARD.

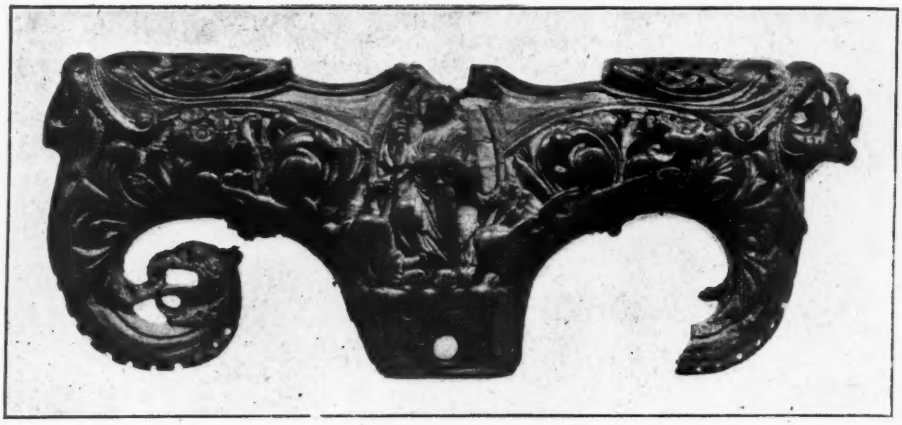
An eleventh century Crozier

THE crozier is one of the earliest, if not actually the earliest, of ecclesiastical symbols. Its source, in pre-Christian times, may, it is said, be traced to the lituus of the Roman augurs. The crozier is borne before archbishops and bishops, symbolising the pastoral

powers of these spiritual dignitaries over their flock. In point of fact the crozier often takes the form of the shepherd's crook. Before the downfall of the monasteries it was also borne before the abbot and abbess. This crozier, which was dug up in the rectory garden at Alcester, Warwickshire, was probably made for Evesham Abbey.

Go, little rose! to her I love, and say
The rose I send can bloom but for a day;
But in my heart, unfading as of yore,
The Rose of Love will bloom for evermore!

MARY FARRAH.



An eleventh-century crozier recently bought for £100 for the national collection. It was dug up in the Rectory Garden at Alcester, Warwickshire

Its date is certainly long prior to the suppression of the Abbey in 1539, for the style and character of the carving of the ivory bespeak it of the eleventh century, probably not later than 1020. The staff is, of course, missing, though the hole by which it was attached may still be seen. It was recently bought, by "the friends of the British Museum," from the rector of Alcester for the national collection, at a cost of £100. It is an interesting circumstance that the money is to be applied towards some improvements in Alcester Church.

With a Rose

Go, little rose! upon my lady's breast
A moment, ere thou diest, thou mayst rest;
Her lips may bless thee with a kiss divine,
I, too, would die if such a fate were mine.

The Artist of Bruges

ONE September day in the year 1478, a soldier, bleeding from his wounds and well-nigh exhausted from fatigue and exposure to the weather, asked admittance at the door of the Hospital of St. John in the Flemish city of Bruges.

Brother Jerome, the head physician, was soon busy examining and attending to the stranger, who, after being placed in bed, became unconscious.

Though his garments were tattered and his feet bare, his features bore the impress of gentle birth; the sternly-compressed lips seemed to tell of suffering, bravely endured.

Soon, delirium succeeded to unconsciousness. Sometimes in Flemish, but more often in other tongues, the soldier raved of storms at sea, of the sacking of lordly cities, of marble palaces, orange groves, and beauteous paintings. Now and then he would burst into fragments of song, or wild bursts of laughter; but whatever might be his

mood the gentle nursing-sister kept watch at his bedside, moistening his brow with water, or offering prayers for his recovery.

Gradually the fever passed; though weak the stranger was in his right mind, and before many days he was recovering health quickly.

He became the favourite of all who knew him, so gentle, so grateful, was he; yet there are many sick who need care, the bed was really wanted, and the wardmaster began to drop hints as to its being nearly time that the unknown guest should leave the hospital and go on his way.

"Herr Wardmeister," he said, in Flemish one day, "it would ill become me, after receiving so much kindness at your hands, to crave lodgment too long. The good Hospital of St. John of Bruges is famed throughout all countries for its wondrous charity, and it shall not be a loser through my long stay. If this bed is needed, put me, I pray, in any room where I can be alone and receive only necessary attendance, and in one month you will ask me to remain."

The Herr Wardmeister agreed at once. That same day the soldier was taken to a private room, where no one save Sister Bertha attended to or visited him, or even knew the work on which he was engaged. By her aid he obtained what he required, and so the days and the weeks passed by.

"I wonder," said the wardmaster one evening to the Brother Jerome, "on what work the stranger is engaged? It were most time that we heard something of it."

Scarcely had he spoken when Sister Bertha appeared, saying she brought a message from the soldier. "He asks, Herr Wardmeister, that to-morrow you will assemble the chief dignitaries of this town of Bruges and in their company repair to the room he now occupies."

"A pretty business!" was the somewhat indignant answer. "Does he suppose that the Lord Governor, with the worshipful Burgmeister, would——?"

"Nay, Father," interrupted the sister, "refuse not, but do as the stranger entreats. For I have seen that which he will set before you, and truly it merits that nobles should be the first to gaze on it."

Accordingly a messenger was sent forth to invite all the dignitaries of the stately Flemish city to visit the Hospital of St. John on the morrow.

"Sirs," said the wardmaster next morning, when the barons and chief personages arrived, "if that which ye are to behold prove but a vain thing, mine is not the fault. I have called ye here on the testimony of the nursing-sister and in reliance on her discretion, which is not usually lacking." With these words he opened the door of the soldier's chamber and a cry of admiration burst from every lip.

Upon a high easel was placed a painting too beautiful to be described in words. It was an altar-piece in three divisions, the principal representing the marriage of St. Katherine. In the centre was a beauteous virgin seated beneath a curtain, while two angels hovered over her, bearing a crown. To the right, St. Katherine knelt before the Infant Saviour, who placed on a finger the ring of betrothal; behind a resplendent angel played the organ, and St. John the Baptist drew near, leading a lamb.

"Where is the artist?" said the Lord Governor, whereupon Brother Jerome led forward the soldier, who, turning to the wardmaster, asked, "Have I now paid sufficient for my lodging here?"

"My friend," was the answer, "stay as our guest for ever, and we shall indeed rejoice."

But now all were bent on examining an inscription traced on the edge of the frame, which read thus:

OPUS JOHANNIS MEMLING.
DIT . WERCK . DEDE . MAKEN . IAN . MEMLING
VAN . DE . HOSPITALE . VAN . SINT . IANS .
JN . BRUGGHE . ANNO . MCCCCLXXIX .

"John Memling! Hans Memling!" cried one of the party. "Art thou not he who, three years ago, under the name of Giovanni il Fiamingo, didst so learnedly discourse and dispute at the universities of Padua, Heidelberg and Cracow?"

"Art thou not he," exclaimed another, "who as Jean le Flamand, didst escape from the English at Calais?"

"Noble Sirs," replied Memling, "it matters little what or where I have been. Since the Hospital of St. John received me

as a guest, I resolve to live for Art and Religion only. Of the worthy wardmaster I crave but permission to remain a little longer so that, with such skill as I possess, I may do more honour to this house."

So the artist stayed on—stayed to paint those pictures which even now in the twentieth century attract all who visit the ancient Flemish city, and are the pride of the venerable "Hospice St. Jean."

But while he lingered and while he worked, we hear that Memling was not thoroughly happy.

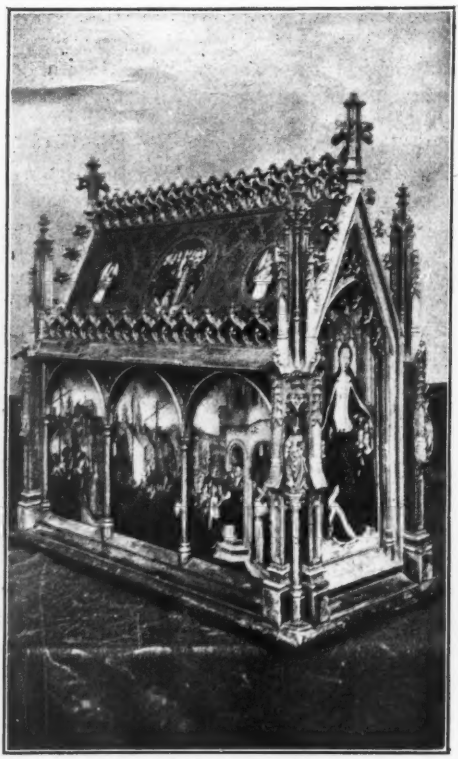
The gentle Sister Bertha had been permitted to return to the world, not having a vocation for convent life, and in his paintings there was ever one face—her face—which seemed to reveal how he missed her, how he thought of her!

Then, too, he began so often to repeat his own portrait and always attired in the costume of the Florentines. This clearly revealed to the wardmaster that his guest was yearning to see again the bright skies of Tuscany.

So when, somewhat suddenly, Memling disappeared, leaving behind his greatest work, *The Shrine of St. Ursula*, it created no surprise.

From that day no reliable news was ever obtained of Sister Bertha or of the soldier-artist. But in after years it was rumoured that an artist of wonderful talent had appeared in Spain, accompanied by a wife of great beauty and sweetness, and many suppose that he was none other than Memling, whose marvellous work at Bruges proves him to have been endowed with the true genius of religious art that lives through the flight of centuries.

M. Corbet Seymour.



The Shrine of St. Ursula. By Hans Memling

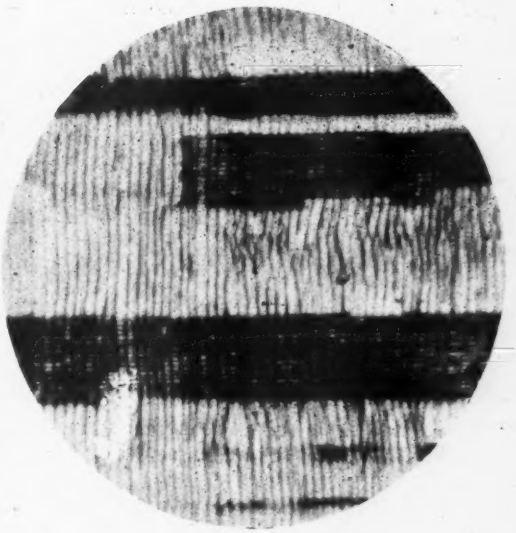
A Shaving of Cedar-Wood

Probably there is not one person in a million who sharpens a black-lead pencil and observes the tiny wood-shavings that the knife cuts away, who ever thinks what a marvellous amount of wonderful natural structure has been destroyed by the simple act of pointing that useful article.

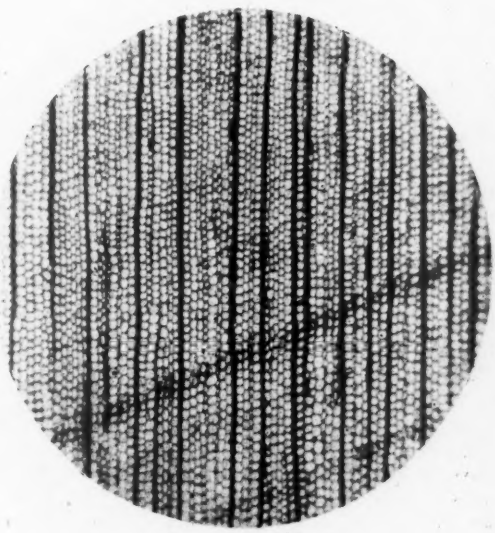
The tiny shavings or sections of cedar-wood, or, in fact, any other wood, although dry and denuded of their vegetable sap, yet retain their original cellular structure, and, conditionally that a section is cut sufficiently thin, will reveal this when viewed beneath the microscope. Of course such shavings as those sometimes cut by ladies when sharpening a pencil by means of an ordinary table-knife, or even carving-knife, would scarcely be suitable for structural consideration; in fact, the beauty and delicacy of the structure revealed depends entirely upon the section cut. An ordinary shaving, such as might be cut with a sharp penknife, even when cut very thin, would probably only indicate the class of structure, and would be of no practical value for study. But a section cut by a practised hand with a sharp razor might reveal detail similar to the sections shown in the illustrations. Although for really delicate sections for practical work,

a "microtome" or cutting-machine is generally used, which not only cuts sections to reveal scarcely more than one layer of vegetable cells, but even registers the thickness of the section cut. Such a microscopic preparation may then be permanently preserved in Canada balsam, or some suitable preservative, on a glass slip, with a disc or square of very thin glass for a cover, and labelled $\frac{1}{1000}$, or, if desired, by using first-class instruments, $\frac{1}{2500}$ of an inch in thickness.

By cutting such fine sections in different directions, various details of structure are exposed to view. The first illustration shows a section of cedar-wood cut across, or transversely, showing the ends of the cells which build up the wood, while the darker lines indicate strands of tissue the botanist terms "medullary rays," which tissues radiate from the centre, or thereabouts, of the stem, to the living or growing part of the wood, and so keep up a communication with the developing tissues. The cells of the central or inner wood, although living, are really inactive, the newly-formed wood-cells being produced from a layer of active or growing cells intermediate between the central pith or wood and the outer cortical tissues.



A longitudinal section of cedar-wood



A transverse section of cedar-wood

The second illustration represents a longitudinal section, showing these wood-cells cut in the direction of their length; and the darker horizontal structures represent the "medullary rays," or connecting strands seen from a side view.

So that a few fine wood-shavings, cut from a cedar-wood pencil, or, if preferred, even from the familiar lucifer-match, become, when skilfully viewed, nothing less than beautiful and interesting examples of Nature's hidden wonders. JOHN J. WARD.

The Irish Language Revival

IN recent years in Ireland there has been nothing so remarkable as the enormous strides made in the revival of the Irish language. Year by year the progress made is more and more remarkable; and, going on at the present rate, it is safe to prophesy that,

in a score of years at the outside, Ireland will be a bi-lingual nation throughout.

In round numbers, about seven hundred thousand people at present, out of a population of four and a quarter millions, are bi-lingual, and almost forty thousand speak Irish only. Five years ago Irish was taught in two hundred schools; to-day it is taught in nearly three thousand; and a few years hence it will be taught in almost every school in Ireland—taught side by side with English in all the grades, from second grade up. All this remarkable progress is due to the Gaelic League, which, having its head-quarters in Dublin, has branches spread over the country, and has nine paid organisers travelling through the different sections of Ireland, and propagating the League's doctrines. In addition to the teaching of the language as an ordinary subject, and as an extra subject, in the national schools and in the colleges of the country, there are also many night-classes in the large towns and in many of the country districts, at which adults are perfecting themselves in a literary knowledge of their own language. In the big towns of England, too, and of Scotland, of the United States and of far-off Argentina, Irish night-classes are carried on all the year round, in order to give exiled Irishmen opportunities which before they left home were not to be had in Ireland.

A literary knowledge of the Irish language, or Gaelic, is now becoming a necesssity to professional men, shopkeepers, bank clerks, post-office clerks, railway clerks, post-boys, &c. Thousands of letters posted daily are written and addressed in Irish only; and the professional man, the shopkeeper, or the clerk, who would further his business finds it necessary to have a knowledge of the language, and is consequently busied in attaining it.

At many of the most important concerts in Dublin, and in other large centres, a word of English is not heard, nor a word of English seen on the programmes. Irish dramatists have been busy bringing the drama abreast of the times by writing plays in Irish, several of which have already been produced in the Rotunda, Dublin, and in other halls of the country, before large and enthusiastic audiences. There is a weekly paper in Irish, *An Claidheamh Soluis*, the official organ of the Gaelic League, and there are several illustrated monthlies in Irish; but, in addition to these, the chief Dublin dailies and the greater portion of the newspapers throughout the country have Gaelic columns; from time to time publish Irish stories and print Irish speeches; and ardent Gaels are looking forward to the production, at some near day, of a daily paper in Irish. Novels, stories, plays, and much poetry has been, within the past few years, published in book form, and the circulation of these books has been enormous. The Gaelic language is fortunate in having a rich and beautiful old literature, from which inexhaustible treasures may be, and are being, drawn—independent of the great amount of original work which is now being turned out by the modern scholars. All leading philologists agree in saying that Irish is one of the most beautiful, most expressive, and most copious of languages. Its grammatical system, too, is a perfect one, even if apparently complicated, and it is a remarkable thing that an Irish speaker from the remote mountains of the West, a man who would, by the scholars of the present day, be termed illiterate, in speaking his own language employs all the variations and inflections of person, number, tense, &c., with absolute correctness, and such a man, too, is probably able to repeat in eloquent manner beautiful epics, recitals, and tales, that were said or sung by their authors in courtly halls six hundred, eight hundred, or a thousand years ago.

In May of each year there is a great annual festival called the *Oireachtas*, held in Dublin, at which Gaels from the four corners of the island compete in Irish story-telling, Irish singing, Irish recitation, original Irish poetry and Irish stories, Irish music, Irish dancing, &c. &c. Several hundred pounds are given in prizes at this festival.

During Irish Language Week—a name given to the week within which falls St. Patrick's Day—about three thousand pounds are contributed in pennies and sixpences to the fund of the Gaelic League to enable it to carry on its propaganda. S. Mac M.

Arboriculture as practised on the mountain slopes

The Adventurer in Spain*

By S. R. Crockett

Author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Stickit Minister," "The Men of the Moss Hags," &c.

IX.—The Good Samaritan—With an eye to business

WOOD is one of the precious commodities of Spain—especially pine-wood. Generally speaking, you must go to the Pyrenees for it. For, though some is reported from Galicia, I have never seen it. So now that Carlism was done with, perhaps there might be some interest in arboriculture as practised on the mountain slopes. At any rate, I would see.

Besides, Don John had his young woman to visit—one of them, that is. And Don Mark betrayed an interest in the young lady's sister. Rodil was anxious to take up the long-neglected business-round, in company with Babieca and Penique—his wife Conception being added without prejudice. She would always do what was right. No surprises were to be expected from Conception. Wherever Marinessia had got that firm mouth of hers, it was not from her mother.

Also Biño had been visibly aching for the reconstructed country-house on the verges of the Ariége. He must go, he now said openly, to see what Marinessia had been doing.

Consequently I felt myself the idle child of the lesson-book. No bird or beast or industrious bee would play with me any more. The idle Don John, the calm Rodil—even Benedict Biño himself—had each his own mission in life.

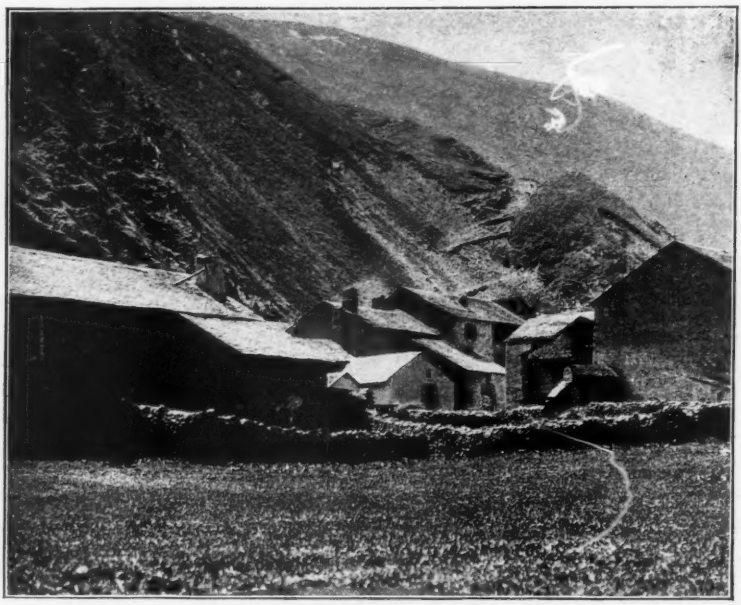
Very well, then—I would not play with them! I was sufficient unto myself. I would turn back alone, and perhaps might learn the more. But I promised Biño, before I bade him good-bye—I promised Rodil, my yet better friend—to turn up at that white house with the grass-green railings and repainted shutters about which I had been hearing. At the latest I was to be there on July 14, at Les Cabannes in the Ariége—the great Day of the Republic, when the bulls are driven through the streets,

* Copyright, 1903, in the United States of America, by S. R. Crockett.

when the Sous-Préfet stands aloft on a high platform—a platform unscalable by hoof, unpierceable by horn, and tells the band when to play the "Marseillaise"—as it can only be played in a southern Gascon village.

This was the promised delight. But really I chiefly wanted to see Zaida, and, incidentally, of course, how Marinessia was behaving herself as a married woman. It would also be good to see my Biño fetching and carrying, and generally, as it were, toeing the connubial line.

So, not discontentedly, I shouldered my knapsack, containing a Jaegar sleeping-suit (insect proof), a bit of soap, certain bandages, ointments, and medicines, a flask of the wine of my native country (for emergencies), and a few dozen spare films for the stout camera which I carried in my hand. For thirsty Carlists were asleep after the desperate fight of yesterday—all, that is, except a few who had gone over the hills and far away—"to make a night of it with the enemy." But even they would arrive in time for the next deadly combat at half-past three precisely. My young and melancholy ambassador-in-the-bud was asleep after his labours. Indeed, so was every one else. Only a faint "pew-o'-reek," as we say in Scotland, betrayed where Biño, the Ever-Ready, had been making my morning coffee. It was bitterly cold. *Whoo!* The wind out of the gorges cut like a knife. A few hens were pecking at nothing out in Elisonda stableyard. What a vast deal of scraping they put in for the smallest possible returns! They would have made good miners. Their patience did them credit. They might have done well in Klondike or



Peace at Elisonda

at that time the pocketable "Nydia" only existed in the ingenious brain of its inventor.

. . . . . .

All was once more peace at Elisonda. Snow lay again on the roofs, and the blood-Chilcoot—which last seems a good name not thrown away, considering the locality.

But Elisonda back-yard, and the hens pretending to scrape under the gloom of an oncoming snow flurry, was "Chilcoot" enough for me! I would rather remain poor and

warm all my life. Afterwards—if all tales be true—but there is no present need to go into that!

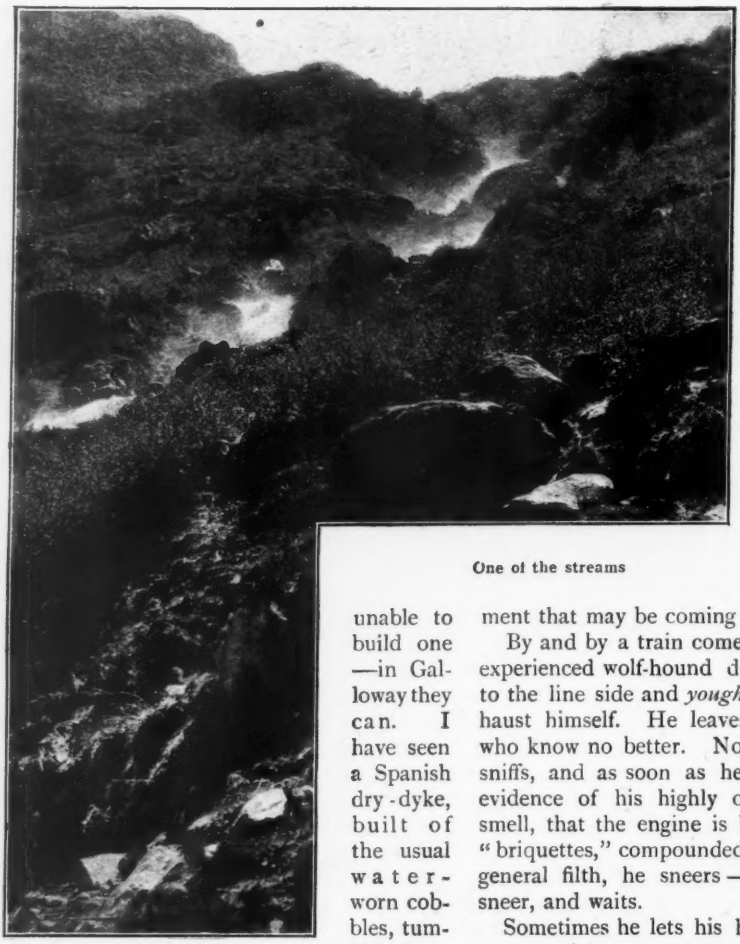
For the first part of the way I followed the same track by which we had approached the

A few hens were pecking at nothing out in Elisonda stableyard

headquarters of revolt—at ninepence a day and a little white *aguardiente*. It was easy enough to follow. Like the streams on either hand, I had only to let myself go and gravitation took its course. If I went downhill I went right, leaving the snows—the snows more or less eternal—above me. But for the moment they were also underfoot, and my boots were thin. Therefore I did not linger. It was only a sprinkling—what we would call the merest "scuff" of snow. But here, gripping where it fell and declining to melt, it was certainly a great nuisance at five o'clock of the morning. However, I could see the pine woods beneath me, green and fresh, and I was making for them.

But first, above me there loomed up the wild peak of Peñalara, dominating the valley, with my two grey towers of yester even, now looking quite different against the clean mantle of snow which covered all the upper country. Of course I photographed them again, standing with my feet wet among the damp meadow grass—hope in my heart, and two chlorate-of-potash lozenges in my mouth. My hope was that the plate would turn out well—not, as might have been expected, that I would be mercifully preserved from taking cold. Because I knew that I deserved to take cold, and would probably do so in any case. While, after all, the plates had done no wrong.

As I went my way I remembered that hitherto I had hardly ever gone a step of these Spanish adventures alone—upon which, so curious an animal is man, I stepped out the more briskly. The very thought of solitude—away from the good Biño, the excellent Rodil, the admirable Don Emmanuel, the too lively Don Mark (and Don John, still more lively), somehow invigorated me inexpressibly. The weight of my camera and my increased pace drove the cold rapidly from my limbs. I also took a little something at the back of a stone dyke—medically, as they say on pledge-cards—and as I did so I remembered that a good deal of excellent unprescribed medicine is taken at similar dykebacks, wherever these exist all over the world. For there are dry stone dykes in Huesca as well as in Galloway. The only difference is that in Huesca they are quite



One of the streams

unable to build one—in Galloway they can. I have seen a Spanish dry-dyke, built of the usual water-worn cobbles, tumble down when a dog barked. I think it must have been owing to the echo. But I am bound to add that he was a fine large dog—a wolf-hound, in fact. Still, whatever the explanation, the fact is beyond dispute. The suggestion of the reason is only thrown out for scientific men to worry over. They may as well quarrel over that as anything else.

There is another story about these same dogs. But this one can be sworn to on the pyx. Here it is. Spanish trains move slowly. Indeed it is almost an insult to the word to say that they "move" at all. So does the hour-hand of a clock. Well, these wolf-hounds often (when there are no wolves about) earn their bread and put in their time by sitting on end and watching a flock of sheep. There is no special reason why they should, but time must be killed somehow. And, save us, how they yawn! Like the Mammoth cavern—and they have teeth like stalagmites, too. But all the same, they are on the look-out for any healthy excitement that may be coming along.

By and by a train comes in sight. Your experienced wolf-hound does not rush down to the line side and *yough* and bark and exhaust himself. He leaves this to puppies who know no better. No, he sits still and sniffs, and as soon as he perceives by the evidence of his highly organised sense of smell, that the engine is burning the usual "briquettes," compounded of old dross and general filth, he sneers—a visible canine sneer, and waits.

Sometimes he lets his head droop on his paws, and he goes, ostentatiously, to sleep. Then after a while the train comes up, the driver with his hand proudly on the lever. The fireman is shovelling in "briquettes" as if they were real coal. The guard, smoking a cigarette, has his feet up on the white lace-covered cushions of the only first-class compartment—"Reserved for Ladies Only"—according to the printed notice. It is a proud train, a complete train; according to Spanish ideas it is a "correos," or express mail train. It goes, at least on the down grades, as much as six, or even seven, miles an hour. Evidence in support of this statement may be had on application to the publisher.

Well, the wolf-hound wakes up. The train has passed. It is—no, not steaming away. "Briquettes" do not produce steam. They only defile the landscape with smuts the size of florins, and as greasy as the cookery of a *venta* which calls itself a hotel on the strength of having had two Englishmen or one American stop there.

As has been said the wolf-hound wakes. He stretches himself. He rises, and leisurely pursues the train till he overtakes it. Then he runs along, barking in at each several compartment, with his tongue in his cheek in the indescribable way Spanish dogs have acquired—just as if he were cursing you! And you know that he is too—not only cursing but laughing, at everybody in the train, from the engine-driver to the occupant of the compartment for "Ladies Only"—who, because it is hot, is now arrayed with much simplicity in official trousers and an unofficial dirty shirt. Then with a final volley of abuse directed at the cow-catcher on the engine, the faithful animal takes his way back to the flock, which has never for a moment missed him—feeding peaceably all the while without a murmur on the nearest neighbour's young winter wheat.

And so all once more is peace—duty has been fulfilled, and a little healthy exercise indulged in. The wolf-hound calls himself—in a low but quite distinct tone of self-approval, "good dog!" Then he lies down with his chin on his paws and one eye asleep, with, deep down in his cynical heart, the consciousness of having done his day's duty.

Apropos of "briquettes" there is another tale—not, however, such a long one this time. Upon a certain occasion I made the acquaintance of a young engineer—Swiss he was, in charge of a mountain railway. He got me a pass over one of the great lines to a point which I wished to reach, where some money was waiting for me. It is a good rule in Spain never to pay for anything when you can get it for nothing. This applies to other countries also. It is called the Rule of the Dead Head, and the observance of it causes you to be much respected, and to die very rich.

The two grey towers of yester even

So, well munitioned with pass and passport, I started over the line, keeping my eyes open. The young Swiss engineer accompanied me part of the way. We passed many large black heaps by the side of the way. They interfered with some of my best foregrounds. I asked if there was no redress. He said, "No, I do not think so!" But, upon being cross-examined, he could only give the shallow reason that, after all, the Spanish authorities of the Madrid, Barcelona, and Alcoy Railway, had not asked me to come photographing along their line, nor even arranged their stopping-places with a view to anybody's convenience save their own. Any true artist will see the absurdity of this. Of course I threatened to communicate with my consul at once.

"Well," said Herr Werther, "of course you may. But all the same, I can tell you something that is worth an odd photograph or two. Do you see that pile there?"

See it—I should think I did! Had it not spoiled the finest—but no matter!

"Well," continued Herr Werther, calmly, "that is best Cardiff coal at thirty-five *pesetas* a ton, delivered at Bilbao!"

"Why, man," I cried, for I was learned in the evil stuff at that time, owing to a coal strike in my own happy country, "that is the very worst sort of briquette, and at the most is not worth more than five francs a cartload!"

"Four, fifteen—to be exact," he answered, "but all the same, it is best Cardiff coal at thirty-five *pesetas* a ton, and I have the papers to prove it!"

And he had. For he pulled out immediately the report of the railway on which we were travelling. They burned nothing else than best Cardiff at the price named! And the difference was divided (so at least said Herr Werther) between the manager and the son of a certain minister in Madrid. I will not be more particular, because I do not wish to be stopped again at the frontier. But the facts are as stated. This shows how a little Cardiff coal leavens a whole lump of briquettes. And now I understood all about the greasy flakes of smut. My only wonder is that they are not the size of my hand. I believe that on some railways naturalists chase them round with insect nets under the belief that they are a rare species of black butterfly! But as this may be untrue, I do not vouch for it. I myself have never seen even a naturalist in Spain, and the sole signs of his recent passage are the excellent and useful lists published in Mr. Hans Gadow's "Northern Spain."

There is another story—but there is nothing so hard to stop (except a brawling woman in a wide house) as a succession of stories. Once I lunched with a novelist and an editor, and after lunch it chanced that one of the party had an engagement, so that only two of us got in the stories we were aching to tell. They related to our boyish days, and were of a humorous and exaggerative character. It was the (other) romancer and I who were the successful competitors. But, in spite of an excellent lunch, the editor went away with bitter words on his tongue and a grudge in his heart. And he has (of course wholly without reason) slated all and sundry of our books since. And you can ask Mr. Robert Barr if this story is not true. He will, I know, back a brother up.

As for the editor, one of us is going to put him in a book. We are to toss for the office of executioner, and the poor fellow's worst enemy cannot wish him a worse fate. Nevertheless, let justice take its course. He brought it upon himself. We will not even say, "Let his name be forgotten!" Because an editor's name is always forgotten.

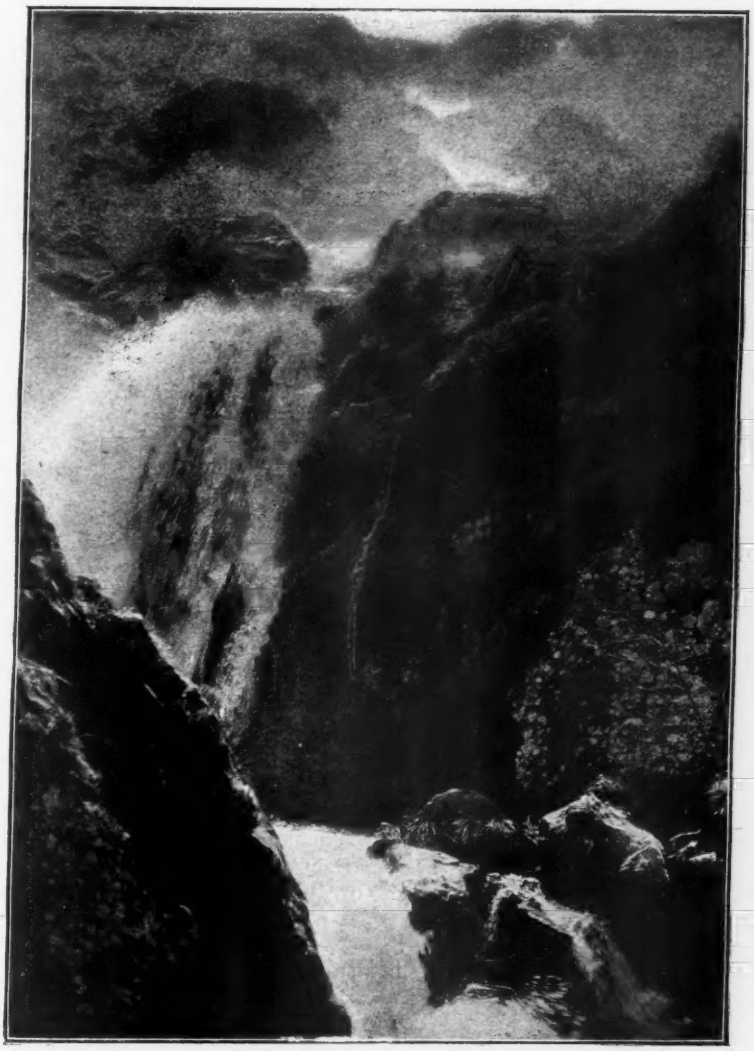
. . . . .

But I am in Spain and coming down, alone, through the snow, from the Pyreneean heights of Elisonda. A vague distant booming, which somehow made me think myself for a moment in Norway, had all at once grown louder. It increased till the thunder of it seemed to shake the world. Curiously enough I never once thought of a waterfall. In Spain they are too careful of their water-power to consider the picturesque. But this morning I was for once to see a Spanish river in flood. The Segre was flinging itself down furiously from the mountain heights. What had been a mere drift of rime down on the roofs of Elisonda had evidently fallen on Peñalara in a solid "onding-o'-snaw."

And now, the sun coming out, behold the

Segre roaring in spate! I had the camera in action, literally, in a couple of shakes, amid the boom and the gusting spray. The great white agony of distressed water rose up in mist to the skies, tinged with the glories of many rainbows, which, alas! the best camera of to-day does not yét enable us to seize.

A bridge crossed the torrent near the spot, and it was all I could do to keep the Zeiss lens clear of the drifting spray, long enough to secure a picture. A little hunchback man with a quick inquisitive eye came up and watched my movements. He appeared from nowhere in particular, and, had it been in the twilight, he might, to the superstitious eye,



The great white agony of distressed water

have been taken for a brownie or a Black Dwarf himself. His skin, too, was parchmenty, and his hair matted. His arms hung below his knees and his hands denoted great strength, being both knotted and bony, with square joints, as if they had been fitted with more than their proper complement of bones.

But for all that he was a good little man and intelligent. At first I could make little of what he said. But as soon as he knew that I understood some Spanish and a good deal of Provençal, he stopped trying to talk French, and became intelligible.

He was, he said, the guard of all the forests at the back. They were of pine, and yearly becoming more valuable. They belonged to a certain Señor Valtierra. But there were many evil people about, and some who thought nothing of cutting a branch or even snipping off the top of a young tree in the bygoing, leaving it for a fortnight—and then, forsooth, asking him, Miguel, to give it to them for fuel to boil their pot! But he was equal to them. They could not deceive him.

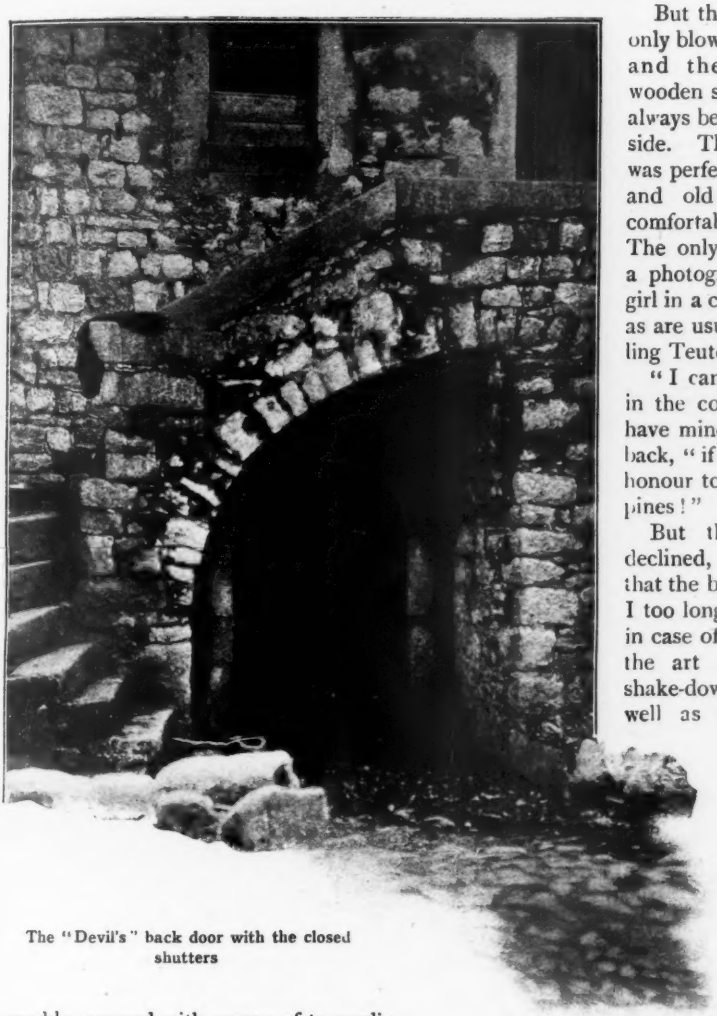
From the bridge

Would I come and see his house? Ah, would I not? Was there anything I would like better? It was nothing much of a house, he said, apologetically. But—such as it was, the Señor was welcome to all that it contained. And as for wood and wine and soup and bread—well, these were, after all, the food of every man—all that he needed for his life.

Miguel Toro, that was his name. He had had a sister Cyrilla, he said, but she was dead. Since then he had been a "bachelor." Married? No, who would have him with *That* upon his shoulders? Then, he added this with an odd half-beseeching glance, "They call me 'The Devil who lives among the Stones!'" It was indeed a terrifying name, but for all that there was a certain sweetness, almost childlike, in the little creature's face. And I tried my best to remember words out of Ollendorff to express my sympathy.

The abode of the "Devil among the Stones" was just on the edge of the young pine forest—indeed, it was set among a perfect wilderness of fallen rocks, boulders, and jutting tables of stone. I think it was the strangest spot to be chosen for the abiding-place of man that I have ever seen—the rocky wilderness all about in front, the young pines immediately behind, the older growths of thirty or forty years tossing their solid green tops beneath us far down in the valley.

The house itself might have been built by the first man who ever trod the peninsula. If, like Pompeii, it had happened to be overwhelmed and dug up again, tourists would have come to see it from all over the world. It was compacted of smallish stones, gathered from the surrounding country, and appeared to be roughly unified by a kind of cement made of shell lime—which, however, was a thing wholly impossible, thus far from the sea. To the front there were two glassless windows, three or four steps of broad granite conducted to a roof, low and flat, of which the rough-hewn Cyclopean flags no more suggested that men dwelt beneath them than the boulders of the mountain-side itself. A heap of stones at one end



The "Devil's" back door with the closed shutters

roughly covered with scraps of tarpaulin showed where this roofing had given way, while two very modern chimneys with peaked wind-breaks of red earthen tiles, evidently baked within the last year or two, looked about as incongruous as a gilt weathercock on a mountain top.

Inside, however, everything was of the neatest. The winds certainly had done their liveliest in the matter of dust. But then we were high up, and if the valley wind brought in microbes, it also took them out again—and generally with extreme promptitude.

But then, after all, the wind only blows one way at a time, and there were interior wooden shutters which could always be closed on the windy side. The floor of the cabin was perfectly clean, and stools and old wine casks made comfortable enough seats. The only curious article was a photograph of a beautiful girl in a cheap gilt frame, such as are usually sold by travelling Teutons.

"I can make myself a bed in the corner, and you shall have mine," said the hunchback, "if you will do me the honour to remain, and see my pines!"

But this last honour I declined, on the double plea that the bed was too short and I too long. Adding also, that in case of need I understood the art of confectioning a shake-down in a corner as well as any man. "The Devil among the Stones" looked at me, as if taking in my avowal.

"You are, then, a poor man?" he inquired.

"So poor," I answered promptly, "that I shall scarce be able to repay you for your hospitality!"

He laughed, well-pleased in a moment, a kind of relief coming over his face.

"Ah," he said, "then I am glad. Most here are afraid of Miguel Toro, though he is as respectable a man as any. But as soon as I looked upon you, I knew that you were not afraid. Men who have instruments to look through, boxes that click, are not afraid of the evil eye. I remember when the railway came through Tardiente near to Huesca, where

I lived then—there were many who thought that it would go through all the Ebro valley even into France. Then it was I first saw the men that ran about everywhere, and gazed, and drew on tables, and twisted little screws, almost as you did to-day! And one of them —a Frenchman—stayed long with me, and I gave him the best goats' milk. Thrice in the day I gave it him, so that ere he went he was cured of the very devil's own rheum, which had long oppressed him, before ever he came to our country."

"But," said I, "if you let me stay, you must also let me pay—that is, as I can!"

"Sir," cried the hunchback, "all this house is yours, even as if, were I in your country, yours would be at my service!"

It was a lesson in high politeness, by which I hope that I profited. At any rate, I took off all that was left of my hat and bowed silently. There was no more to be said, at least on my side.

But the little man desired to put me completely at my ease.

"See," he said, "it is not as if the little you can eat and drink had to come off my poor possessions. I have, it is true, a good wage, a proper wage—but then Señor Valtierra knows when he has a man in whom he can repose confidence, and he gives me in addition all the wine that I can drink. For I am no drunkard, as you shall see, nor encourager of drunkenness—like these Carlist rascals up there at Elisonda! I suppose your honour has heard of them. A pretty lot!—Heavens, what gulls we of the mountain provinces are! We are never happy unless we are deceiving ourselves. Which, after all, is a harmless thing in comparison with deceiving other people—though, they tell me, not nearly so profitable! And the Señor also allows me wheat and barley, as much as I like, from his barns, for the making of bread. I have an oven there at the back—all is complete within myself. And of the resin which flows from the tapping of the trees—both the dry white stuff that clings about the *carré*, and the golden-brown that flows down like honey into the little dishes of red clay, I get a full twelfth! Ah, there are not many masters like Señor Valtierra!"

"Nor," said I, making him a low bow, "many such faithful servants as Don Miguel Toro, the steward and caretaker of the aforesaid Señor Valtierra!"

He sprang forward and seized me by the hand. Against his will the tears welled up in his eyes. I think he had not known much kindness in his life.

"I wish my sister Cyrilla had been here," he said, "if it were only to have heard the gentleman stranger speak thus of her poor brother—that would have given her great pleasure. But, Señor, she is dead. God took her. And it was just in time, for, indeed, this place was not fit for her!"

I could not help thinking, however, that it was possibly the lack of glass in the windows and the superfluity of draughts in the chambers that had caused the "disappearance" of the late Donna Cyrilla.

But in this I was wrong. The story of the Donna Cyrilla went deeper, and, by a strange chance, I was to find it out. The least curious of persons at home—abroad and among the common, unpretending, broadly-humoured folk of other lands, I become like the beasts in the Revelation, "full of eyes behind and before."

. . . . . .

When it was bedtime we brought in the dry, keenly aromatic plants of the waste—bracken from the pine-wood edges, juniper, the great sterile Mare's Tail fronds from among the boulders, the birch and dwarf heath from the bridge-end. And so in no long time a couch was laid out in the corner, fit for a king to rest upon.

As we shook hands that night, the little hunchback said, "Friend of mine, you have done me the honour to abide in my house. To-morrow I will show you the secrets of the woods, and as I have also seen you look at her picture on the wall there—I will tell you the story of Donna Cyrilla, the sister whom I have lost. That also will do me good!"

. . . . . .

To-morrow dawned in a great wash of lemon yellow, deepening to orange behind the pines. A lake of crimson collected in a hollow, as it were for the sun's morning bath. Flakes of pink and salmon-colour flew every

way like rockets sent up to announce his coming. It was a sunrise worthy of an Order of the Golden Fleece—even in Spain. I have never forgotten it among the many thousands I have seen. For I never miss a sunrise, if I can help it—though, truth to tell, I would hardly go across the room to see a sunset. Which, of course, is a matter of temperament—and partly temper.

I had been long on the roof. In spite of the delight of my balsamic couch, I had not slept much. But then that in no way interfered with my enjoyment of the hour. For in these days I had got my sleeping down almost to the one straw which proved the limit of the ass in the matter of diet.

What really mattered was that Señor Valtierra's pines were that day to render me up their secrets. They seemed very calm about the matter, tossing their heads with a high-bred action, in the moderate wind which the sunrise had brought with it from the east. But the pines, those noble heedless fellows down there, were to become infinitely more personal to me than I had ever anticipated.

Now if I had been writing a novel, I never would have dared to put in that which follows. A novel is life with the connections put in. Or contrariwise, life is a novel with the connections left out.

In a novel you must explain and explain, leading up to how Jane came to know Julius—how the black-hearted murderer Morpher, thinking to rob a church, opens the door and finds himself face to face with his own long-lost daughter, who is the caretaker. Such things must be explained—in a novel.

But every one knows that in real life it is not so. The actual connections are never those which you think of. You review an unknown man's book in an obscure periodical, and his daughter becomes your wife through all time. In a house where you never were before, and where you are never likely to be again, you notice a girl sitting in a corner. She lifts her eyes — and for the two of you, death itself doth not divide. You knock up against a man in the street. He is extremely uncivil. He has been in the gutter, and you threaten to call the police. He ceases his abuse and is in the act of begging a sixpence, when—lo! before you stands the college comrade who "roomed" with you through half a dozen years, who shared a crust off the same loaf, slept in the same bed, and, when you parted, swore an eternal friendship. You had never heard of him since! That is life—there are no connections. You go on from street to street, and at every corner something happens to you. Can you say what or who is waiting for you just round the corner?

The big droning city, the clattering street, the shrill railway station, flavoured with its floating drifts of steam, the hurly-burly of mounting and dismounting from railway carriages—these are the true connectives of life. But they will not do for the novelist—at least not for him who would conquer and keep the confidence of his readers. In a story a thing must not only have happened, but the writer must make it appear that it could possibly have happened!

Now our criminal cases are but indifferently reported compared to those of France. Yet take such a consecution of events as was laid bare in the recent Monson-Ardlamont case, or in that of Madeleine Smith in the later fifties. How bewilderingly impossibility follows on impossibility! They tread on each other's heels—so fast they come. Nothing, say the critics, says the average novel reader, could possibly have happened so.

To-day the great paper in which to find criminal reports in France—and a most fair, sane, all-round journal—is *Le Petit Parisien*. Now I venture to say that of the twenty or thirty cases reported there every week, scarcely one runs on "natural" lines. Hardly one which would be credited if transported wholesale into the pages of a novel. Some are too monstrous—all are too crude. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of realism. This one and that are unbelievable, because the victim's mother—his wife—his eldest son could not possibly have acted so. But the strange thing is that they did. The detective and his quarry voyaged together to Le Havre, neither suspecting the other's identity. But, as the local officers had been warned by telegraph, and were on the alert, it was (of course) the detective who was arrested! The criminal got clean away. This is not the plot for a comic opera. It is only a fact.

But it would not do for fiction, save perhaps as an extravaganza in *Punch*, charmingly written by Mr. Anstey, with illustrations by

Lo! before you stands the college comrade who "roomed" with you

Bernard Partridge or Phil May or Gordon Browne.

. . . . . .

I had sat long on the roof waiting for the little hunchback to awake. He had been sleeping in another room, somewhere to the back, from the window of which he could see far up into the alleys of the pines, as they climbed the hill-slopes and spread themselves out scatteringly along the plain. The long straight avenues were driven clean through their serried ranks—left probably in the planting. And any evil-doer had a bad time of it, if the sharp eyes of Miguel, the caretaker of Señor Valtierra's woods, lighted on him, as they often did from his window-sill.

For me, I sat and waited in innocence, smoked also, and listened for the first stirrings of my host underneath. But I

listened in vain—and that for a good reason. He had been up and away, in order that he might make his necessary rounds, long before I was awake.

A good *resinier* must, in the season, visit three or four hundred trees a day—tapping, cutting, emptying, scraping, closing up old wounds. And Miguel Toro knew that, with his short legs, it would be impossible for him to do justice to his master's work, and also to explain the processes to me, as he had promised to do. Besides, there was the story of Cyrilla.

So, before the earliest grey light of dawn he had stolen out, moving like a shadow. He had passed my couch, yet I had not awaked—though the beetle tapping with his head on the beam to summon his sweetheart, or a bird twittering on the roof, will usually call me from the deepest slumber. Yet Miguel Toro I had not heard.

On his shoulder he had taken his ladder, his *pitay*, the easily carried, single-framed ladder, with rounds projecting at either side, which the forest-guard carries with him in these northern *pinadas*.

An hour went past—two hours—three, and the little man did not return. To my northern stomach it seemed that it was time for a meal. I descended, entering by the door; and there on the table, plainly laid out for me, I found a loaf of bread, some goats'-milk cheese, and a flagon of wine. I had passed them before in the dark, intent only on the waking glory of the sunrise without, which, as it were, was ringing an alarm bell through the open window spaces.

It was all very pleasant and thoughtful of the little man, and I partook heartily. But what of my host? It was surely time that he should have returned. I took a photograph or two here and there, and then, mounting again upon the roof, looked out every way for Miguel Toro. But the sun, now driving upwards from the verge of the mountains above, soon made it too hot for me up there, and I retreated into the cabin. Now I found out why the flagstones had been quarried so thick, and the windows left glassless and unframed. But taught by experience I closed the rough interior shutters on the sunny side, and the stone cavern, for it was little more, became at once the coolest place for miles. I made a raid on the water-pitcher, which, of grey porous pottery, stood in an unlighted cellar with a wet cloth about it. If in any land there is anything cooler than Spanish water thus kept, I envy that country the beverage and its people the drinking of it. Afterwards I found that the cottage had been placed where it was, out of the forest, for the double reason that the spring water lay close beside it, under a great flat boulder, and also that, owing to some peculiarity of the soil or the absence of stagnant water, the mosquitoes, all too plentiful in summer, confined themselves mostly to the lower forest glades.

My little hunchback had turned the gilded picture frame with its face to the wall, an action which (I found afterwards) he performed carefully every night—probably in fulfilment of some superstitious vow of his own. I returned it, and looked long at the photograph. It represented a dark-haired girl, with a full, passionate mouth and great, wide-open, somewhat bold, eyes. From the kind of paper upon which the photograph was printed I could tell that it must have been taken about ten years ago. That particular kind of Printing Out Paper with the imitation enamel glaze upon the surface, had been put upon the French and English markets about that time. The photograph itself had been taken at Toulouse. Doubtless a woman would have drawn much the same conclusion from the dress of the subject. But as only the girl's head and shoulders were included (loathsomely vignetted, with the marks of the adherent cotton wool) that might have been a more difficult investigation. But, at any rate, I was quite sure about the printing-out paper.

Yet all the while, no word of my host. I looked out of the door repeatedly, but there was no sign of him. Once again I mounted to the hot roof. The pine alleys were bare and greyish-white. The sun, as it rose higher, had licked up bit by bit the blue shadows. But there was still coolness in the pathless aisles of the wood. I would go and look for him. I would shout. Perhaps—I hoped not—some ill had befallen the poor little man.

I remembered suddenly that he had spoken of evildoers who had threatened his trees—his precious earthenware resin-cups. I was sure he would make a fight for them. He was going to a far back part of the wood, so he had told me. It came upon me quite suddenly that he might have fallen into hands unfriendly. So, for the first time in Spain, I took out my revolver, oiled, cleaned, recharged it, and, slipping it loosely back into the pocket of my jacket, I stepped over the boulder which kept the well-water cool, and strode off into the green quiet of the *piñadas*.

The restless tits cheeped and whistled aloft, sending down little crackling messages, as is their wont. A large green snake, harmless enough, rustled away. Crickets sang loud among the fallen pine needles. A frog croaked in a hollow crotch of a tree, in which probably there was some water. But these noises did not detract from the silence, and when I shouted it sounded like insulting the solemn reposefulness of a cathedral.

"*Toro—Señor Toro!*"

As ever, the Spanish syllables carried far. But, near or far, only the echoes came back to me. I shouted again. Still the same uncanny silence! I wished that I had had "General Prim" with me then, though I had not the ghost of a bone to give him, nor so much as a snack at the *Correspondencia*. Still, for old sake's sake—who knows, he might have helped me.

Then I tried the old detective dodges I had read about, from those of Monsieur Ducocq to the more modern methods of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. But perhaps it was that I had begun too late in life. At any rate, I made no headway. Either the ground was too dry, or on this occasion I lacked the eyes behind and before. At any rate, I had not the key to the situation. All I found out for my pains was that *piñadas* are inhabited by a peculiar long-bodied, browny-black ant, unchristian of temper and carnivorous in its habits. I found this out by having a field force of the animals crawl up my trousers. So I had to strip on the spot and pick off each ant in detail, tearing him (probably *it*) limb from limb, and, after all, leaving the head sticking. These are not good table manners, I know, but let the precisian who objects write and tell me (no, the publisher!) what *he* would have done in like circumstances.

Besides, after all, there were only the tits to observe me, and they did not look particularly interested—though one did come and sit with his head to the side, while I turned my trousers inside out, hanging them over a branch for the purpose of making a more critical inspection. A smallish Pyreneean bear came sniffing past; but, evidently not liking the look of the top-heavy grey thing perched on the two white poles (and besides being a strict vegetarian by habit), he went on grumbling down the slope. The natives hereabout say the bears are fond of ants after they have eaten honey—possibly as a sort of relish—so this gentleman may have taken me for a bear and a brother. For at that moment my quarry was the big brown ant. But in reality I was no competitor. Señor Bruin can have all the ants—black, white, red and brown—that he wants for me.

All the same, I tied a string tight about each ankle to discourage any more insect tribes from attempting to establish a right-of-way. Then I plunged deeper into the forest. In spite of the bird noises there is a peculiar stillness about a pine wood. The leaves do not rustle and shiver, yet the shade is deep. The coolness is like a bath. A pinewood is my earliest conscious memory. I think I should die easier in one, especially if there were an outlook from it giving upon the heather. Furthermore, one can dream such noble day-dreams there—almost as good as those which come to you in church.

Deeper and deeper I penetrated into the obscurity, but still no sign of the little *resinier*. The fear that something had happened redoubled within me. Through the silence I sent my voice—going forward rapidly as I did so. From the shortness of the echo I knew that I was nearing the outer edge of the wood, where it ceased abruptly on the hill-side. Presently I could see the *talus* of rough avalanche stones, and beyond the great uplift of the mountain bastion, to which not even a pine would cling.

Then all at once, so close that I almost fell over it, I saw before me, in the middle

He had struck his head against a stone and so lay silent and unconscious

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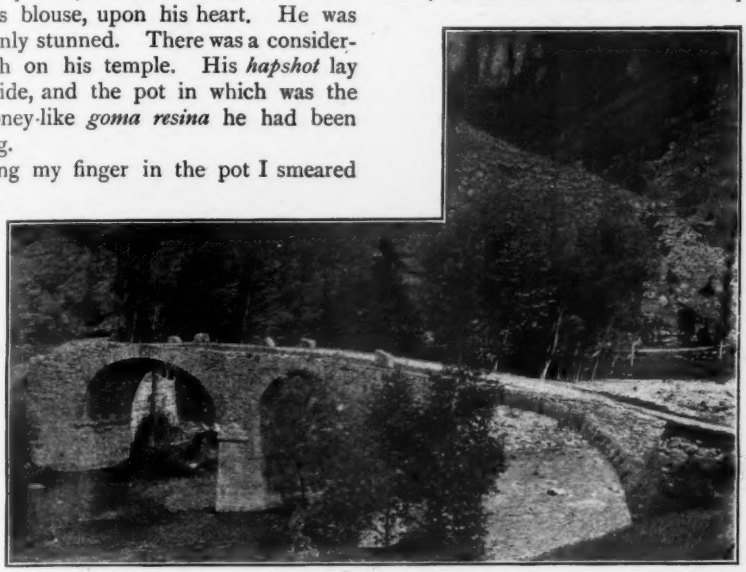
of the path, the body of the little hunchback. His ladder had slipped sideways from the trunk of a great tree, and he had fallen—not very far, truly. But in falling he had struck his head against a stone, and so lay silent and unconscious. Hastily I knelt by him, with a hand thrust underneath his blouse, upon his heart. He was alive—only stunned. There was a considerable gash on his temple. His *hapshot* lay by his side, and the pot in which was the clear honey-like *goma resina* he had been collecting.

Dipping my finger in the pot I smeared the wound freely to stop the bleeding—which it did at once. Then I took the little man on my back. He felt no heavier than my half-plate camera does after a league or two—such a bundle of bones was he.

I do not remember much about that homeward journey. My heart drummed in my ears and the sweat poured down. Also I had many thoughts. I was alone in a strange land. I had found a man wounded, perhaps unto death. There might be vengeance. There would certainly be law. In the meantime there must be humanity. So I carried the little man home, as one carries an infant. I had wandered, as it seemed, idly among the columns of the trees, when I went out to search for him. Now I seemed not to waste a step. I knew the way as if I had been born there. Not once did I swerve from the direct line to the stone hut. Thus I brought home poor Miguel of the Evil Eye, the "Devil among the Rocks," all my heart mourning over him.

It was the last two hundred yards in the full sun-glare that took it out of me. And, I am not ashamed to tell it, it was I who took the first draught of water from the big water jar. Necessarily so, otherwise Miguel Toro might have waited long enough for his. But the sudden coolness of the hut striking me within and without, brought me to myself. My ears stopped singing. I dipped my handkerchief in the overflow and wrung it out on his head. Then I poured a little wine and water slowly down his throat.



Birch and dwarf-heath

Upon which he looked about him with that unsurprised vagueness and content which is characteristic of those who have been long unconscious.

"Who are you?" he asked, gazing fixedly at me.

I told him what had happened, so far as I could. He strove to rise.

"I must go for my hatchet and the ladder," he exclaimed, "there are many bad

The advance guard of Senor Valtierra's pines

people about! And they are the property of Señ r Valtierra."

I told him that I would go myself for them, as soon as it was safe to leave him. He touched his head, which by this time I had bandaged securely.

"I must have hurt myself in falling from the *pitay*," he said. "Cyrilla always prophesied it before she went away. But a ladder with double sides is too heavy for me to carry!"

I had happily all manner of dressings in my little case, and also some simple medicaments with me. It was therefore possible for me to dress the little man's head properly. It was doubtless a bad scalp wound—still, cleansed and dressed, there was no reason why it should be dangerous. But his heart was beating far too fast. I think there must have been something the matter there—too close packing, or owing to his hunchback, the organs in some fashion thrust out of their places. I had some pellets of phenacetin with me—Burroughs and Wellcome's. So, rightly or wrongly, I took it upon me to exhibit four of these at intervals of a quarter of an hour. After the second the dryness went from his skin. With the third his heart fell to a regular gait. He began to breathe regularly, and presently he went quietly to sleep. I believe that I might have killed him by this treatment. Doctors have told me so since, and also that my homicides were not, like theirs, "covered by prescription." But I was in for so many risks already that one more did not seem to matter much. At any rate "the proof of the pudding was the preein' o't" in this case, and my amateur doctoring worked as well as if it had been sanctioned by several Royal Colleges of Physicians.

While the little man was asleep I went back into the forest for his ladder and tools, so that I might bring ease to his mind. They were by his bedside when he awoke, and I think did him as much good as the medicine itself.

. . . . .

After the accident began one of these times, scarce pleasant in themselves—that is, from the hotel-bedroom and afternoon-tea standpoint of comfort—which yet dwell with a curious insistence in the memory. The forest-guard was so seriously wounded that it would be some time before he could take up his duties again. In addition to the cut on his head he had twisted his ankle, so that he could not set it to the ground without severe pain. Doctor there was none nearer than El Seo. Any hospital was as far off as Zaragoza.

And besides. asked the forest-guard

pertinently, in the meantime what was to come of his well-beloved, well-considered pines, the pride of his life? Could they be left to the "evil people" of whom he spoke so often? Well, I bethought me. What if myself should become *locum tenens?* I had my writing materials and plenty of ideas—such at least as they were. It might be an excellent thing for me to settle down in the hut, and so gain a certain new experience of life. So this is what I did. No one looked near us from morning till night. Once only I walked down to a town, eight leagues to the south, where there was the branch of a bank, whence I returned with my correspondence, a packet of criss-cross foreign writing paper and some sticky violet ink.

But I was wholly without instruction as to the method of collecting resin, and the hunchback Miguel had to teach me from the alphabet upward—all lying on his back. I did not know even how to make the necessary incisions in the bark. But I brought in a fresh branch, hewn for the purpose, and with four neat cuts of his *hapshot* Toro showed me how to cut the requisite depth into the bark, how to arrange the wound so that the thicker white resin should collect about the cicatrice, depositing layer on layer, and how also to make the little vertical trench for the clear-running *gemma.*

Seldom have I done pleasanter work. Never perhaps have I lived so close to the original life-story of man. On his part the hunchback had a curious consuming reverence for my work of writing. He would lie long hours as I scribbled on my knee by the window, smiling and watching. I wish that all critics had the same reverence for literature—or at least for mine. When I was out about the trees, or busied in the cellar with my photography, he would ask that the loose leaves of my book should be left on the little wooden table beside his bed for him to look after. They were a comfort, he said; and as he could not read a word, there was no invidious personality in the compliment.

Even when I changed my plates he would ask that he might remain in the room. So I did the deed beside him, at midnight, with all the windows closed and the wooden shutters stuffed about with rags. But the hunchback, thinking that his eyes were beholding the great marvels of science, never made the least complaint, though long before I had finished you could have cut the atmosphere with a *hapshot.* And he never tired of my showing him the same little pocket collection of children's photographs, which the bishop had loved so much. He would beg for them to be laid beside him, when I went out into the wood. And he would turn them over with one finger, tenderly—lying and looking a long time at each, sometimes an hour at a time, so that his eyes had grown misty and wistful by the time I came back.

But the woods—ah, the woods! High on the hillside, in the early morn I scrambled up and up till I got to the limit of the domains of Señor Valtierra, which were also mine for the time being. I grew rich in this perfection of solitude, and took as much pleasure in doing a good "round" all by myself as if I had been Miguel Toro himself! I knew that when I came in the forest-keeper's first act would be to examine the leather-bound packet of *barras,* or ingots of crude white resin, which I slipped off my shoulder, as well as the strained honey from the dripping earthen pitchers, the *goma* or *gemma.* And when Miguel praised me, which was not always, I knew I had done well. And I was happy, almost as when the One a man loves praises what he has written, which I take to be the truest pleasure of literature—far above publishers' accounts.

But because it is a new thing, I must tell the story of one of my Pyreneean mornings —so little like the scramble of cities, or the numbing routine of our northern life, with its meals at regular hours, its responsibilities, its interruptions, even its pleasures. For a little while I would live as the first man lived when he came down out of the branches Indeed, as it was, I had much to do with the branches and the tree-things, with the sweet clean scents of the woodlands—at least of those pine plantations which had been of set purpose leaned up edgeways against the mountain sides. I learned how easily injured the young trees were by the downward silt of

the slaty *débris*, the harassment of bursting torrents from above, the bombardment of the hail out of the thunderclouds, the steady pressure of the congealed snow which breaks the branches. I had time to let all this knowledge soak in—and, oh! how much desire!

. . . . .

The morning usually showed grey before I set the ashes of the last night's fire alight, piling some dry pine-cones upon them to make my coffee. The little hunchback lay watching me, a kind of amusement mingled with his gratitude. For one who could write with a fountain pen, and manipulate screws, and make photographs as he had seen me do, I was strangely awkward at such simple things as cooking ham and frying eggs. When I burned my fingers, he laughed. When the charcoal fell out and I stamped—he laughed again. I often did these things on purpose, for the pure delight of hearing him laugh. It did him good like medicine, to see me so stupid, and after a while he would take it upon him to scold me and say that if Cyrilla had been there, *she* could have showed me the way. Never was such a clever girl as Cyrilla. Never one so attractive! Men—rich men even—came seeking her in marriage from far away. But—I knew what women were. How they would take no advice! Well, no more would Cyrilla—not even from her brother. And so—and so!

But the story—ah, that was a long business. He would tell it me another day. In the meantime, if I had finished the breakfast, would I put the basin and towel where he could wash up the dishes—and, if I could spare them, the bundle of children's photographs beside him?

There was a little cane-built hut, just on the verge of the woods, where there were some of Señor Valtierra's tools and implements left from the last wood-cutting. For many pit-props and telegraph poles went down the Segre and so on to the railway. Aye, he told Miguel Toro that some of them even went as far as England. But Miguel could not understand how that could be, because he knew it for a fact (the screw-turning railroad surveyor had told him) that the Segre did not flow through England. Nor did any of the railways of the Peninsula run thither, owing to the changing of the gauge at the frontiers. Ah, what a fine idea! That was to prevent—and here Miguel Toro became excessively military. Or at least would have done, if I had not wrapped him about in a blanket, and carried him like a child out into the little cane-shed on the forest edges. I laid him there on the side which looked

The little cane-built hut, just on the verge of the wood

towards the woods, but was sheltered from the sun. From his couch he could see his beloved trees, and I set about him the pictures that his soul loved, a loaf of bread and a rough sweating pitcher of wine and water. I would be back before the heat of the day, I promised him. He nodded, now eager to be at the pictures. I picked up my ladder, a longer and heavier one than that used by Miguel, my *hapshot* or long-handled chopper, my leathern bag for *barras* and my sticky collecting pot.

By this time the sun had risen high, and the edges of the woods began to dry up. Only in the deepest recesses did the dew on the undergrowth of toad-stools and giant mares'-tails wet the stockingless uppers of my feet, where they emerged from my *alpargatas*.

After the first plunge into the silence, I had time to look about me. Here was a tree to be tapped anew. Miguel's old scars were upon it. To be successful I must go lower or higher—to this side or that. Here, however, was a virgin yet intact. But the time was at hand—first a notch about which to sling the earthen pot, then four cuts shrewdly administered on the shady side, and a deft runnel beneath for the oozing yellow honey. Then, down the ladder I skipped, whence I looked at my work from below with satisfaction. Whether Miguel, upon his recovery, would share that satisfaction, I knew not—but certainly I did the best I could.

For an hour or two after this there was little repose for me. From this tree to that, I passed—scraping, arranging, healing up, renewing the wound on the side where it had been clogged by the *barras*. Let it be set down that on the whole I was a good *locum tenens*. For if I did not gather in many new patients, I at least preserved those committed to me in good and paying disrepair.

Of course, after a while, not being to the manner born, my energies, such as they were, began to flag. The bag was full and heavy, the pot nearly so, and my hands of necessity extremely sticky. A rest was absolutely requisite. The good workman is worthy of his siesta. The bad one takes it whether or no. Good or bad, therefore, I stretched me down on my back, and in the forenoon silence let my mind loose to explore. This was to me the hour of hours.

The sun might be in full blaze outside, but here one heard only the *weet-weet* of the tits, and, far off, the half-smothered drumming of the torrent which hurled itself down the slope just outside the domains of Señor Valtierra.

Gradually as the hours passed, hunger overcame the noblest thoughts, and, in very truth reluctantly, I made my way homewards. Once I found Miguel Toro half-fascinated, half-alarmed, leaning up on his bed, his swathed head looking ghastly enough in the dim green scatter of the light through the caña-thatch.

He held a photograph in his hand—one developed and printed at El Seo—as rude and crude as the absence of apparatus and the scarcity of washing water could make it. But I had mounted it on brown paper with a protective flap, and it looked none so ill.

"It is strange—strange!" he said, his voice suppressed. "Who is this?"

"That," said I, "is a little Spanish girl belonging to a great Carlist family of the Sierra Moncayo. At present she is being educated in France."

"Still it is strange," he said, "indeed more strange than ever. She is very like Cyrilla—my sister—Cyrilla—who went away, she whose picture you turned to look at, and forgot to put back again with its face to the wall!"

And after this followed, what I had long waited for, the story of Cyrilla, the sister of Miguel the Hunchback.

The Letters of an Ambassadress

IT would be pleasant to know for certain to whom the world of men and women who read is indebted for the original idea of publishing Madame Waddington's letters. Did the notion that they would be welcomed occur first to one or other of the sisters to whom they were first addressed, or to Mr. Tompkins McIlvaine, of New York, who contributes a brief preface, or to the writer herself? In any case, it was entertained seriously, and the result is a human document instinct with such gentle fascination as this age of ours, the age of hurry and of feverish haste, has hardly ever known. That document is formally entitled, "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife, by Mary King Waddington," and it is issued from the house of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., to which, in its turn, the cultivated world owes, and often pays, a warm tribute of gratitude. Madame Waddington's letters are destined to live by sheer force of charm and grace, by virtue, too, of the infinite delicacy of the portrait of a character which is painted in absolutely unconscious words. "What a delightful woman she must be," was the expression used after reading the letters by her whom, borrowing a convenient phrase from Dr. Jessopp, I call the Lady Chancellor —and the simple words are the highest praise. Let me try to introduce this delightful woman ("present" is the word the world use), using her book for my only material.

Mary Alsop King, Mr. McIlvaine tells us, was the daughter of Charles King, President of Columbia College in New York, and Charles King was the son of the second Minister sent out by the United States to this country after the adoption of the American Constitution. She was educated in the United States, and the seeds of education, falling on a congenial soil, clearly bore manifold fruit. In 1871 came a great sorrow. Mr. Charles King died, and his widow decided to make her home for a time, at any rate, in France. 1871 was not exactly the year which would have been chosen as most suitable for the beginning of a residence in France; but as to early experiences there are no data, and the important thing was that the King family went to France; for, if they had not gone, these letters would never have been written. In France Mary King became acquainted with a remarkable man, William Henry Waddington, who was in 1871 the representative of Aisne in the National Assembly. M. Waddington, born in 1826, was then past his first youth, but it may well be that for the young American girl in a strange land he had a strong attraction. True it was that his father, who had gone from England to France to establish a cotton manufactory, had become a naturalised French subject. But William Henry Waddington, after a brief period spent in a Parisian Lycée, had been at Rugby and at Trinity College, Cambridge, had taken a first-class in the Classical Tripos and a Chancellor's medal, and had rowed in the winning Cambridge Eight of 1849. He was as English as it was possible for a French subject to be, and English in the right way. Mary King, as her letters show by a hundred touches, was American to the core, but never aggressively American. Who can doubt that, since blood is thicker than water, the accomplished and manly politician of forty-five took Mary King's fancy and heart by storm, and that no other suitor was so much as considered. That is conjecture only; but it is undoubted fact that they were married, that they lived in exceeding happiness, and that they were blessed with the joy of fatherhood and motherhood. In fact, save for occasional moments of grave and natural anxiety, one might almost say that Madame Waddington never knew a moment's unhappiness until the great sorrow of her life, the death of her husband, came to her in 1894.

With the scenes of the early wedded life of Madame Waddington these letters, written to her sister at a distance, are not concerned.

But in May 1883 M. Waddington, accompanied by his wife, went to the Coronation of Alexander III. at Moscow, as Ambassador-Extraordinary for France; and immediately after his return he undertook those duties of Ambassador of France at the Court of St. James, which he performed with conspicuous abitity and tact until 1893. It is with these last two periods that the letters deal. In them is to be found no suspicion of the revelation of a State secret; hardly, indeed, any reference to politics at all. They were simply written, obviously without the faintest idea of subsequent publication, by a sister to her sisters. They were meant to embody, and they do in fact contain, descriptions of people and events, and all manner of little details which would be likely to interest those to whom they were addressed; and it is precisely for that reason that they possess an infinite charm. They are not only human documents but also feminine epistles. They are the actual letters which a brilliant and a gentle woman wrote regularly to loving sisters who would, she knew full well, desire to know all about everything from her point of view.

Of the Russian Mission Madame Waddington was frankly nervous, and her anxiety had abundant excuse. Alexander II. had been assassinated in 1881; the Coronation of his successor had confessedly been delayed because of the unsettled state of the Russian Empire; on the very day when M. Waddington was sounded on the subject, his wife had breakfasted with Lord Lyons to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish had been discussed.

"Challemel also wishes me to go, says a woman gives *éclat* to an Embassy. Of course it will be a magnificent sight, but I am a perfect poltroon—I am so afraid they will take advantage of that crowd to blow up everybody. However, if that should happen, it would be better to be blown up together, but I really am nervous (I am not usually such a coward, but Russian Nihilists and dynamiters are terrible elements to contend with), and wish they hadn't asked him to go."

Two days later, the decision having been reached, a timid old gentleman said to M. Waddington in the hearing of his wife, "Vous emmenez votre femme? Vous avez tort; on ne sait pas ce qui peut arriver." But once the resolution was definitely made the preparations became an absorbing excitement. "I have only one idea—the Mission." A special messenger had to be sent to Moscow to secure a house large enough to accommodate the Ambassadorial party of nine, of whom those who become most familiar are the Comte de Pontécoulaut and M. Waddington's light-hearted brother, Captain Richard Waddington. Room there must be, too, for a whole army of servants, and for entertainments in which Republican France must by no means be content to make meagre display. Servants, too, have to be found, and their differences must be arranged. For example, the magnificent Mr. F. Leroy, an English coachman, will drive only the Ambassador and Ambassadress in the gala carriage; that "will necessitate very delicate negotiations with Hubert," an old coachman whom his kind mistress would not wound for anything. But, then, Hubert has never driven a gala carriage, and they are very heavy and unwieldy.

Then comes the question of the horses, in which Madame Waddington is frankly interested. They were to be huge, from England or the Luxembourg, "so we take nine enormous carrossiers." It is a triumph that Lhermite, the head of a great Parisian restaurant, volunteers as major-domo. Into the whole business Madame Waddington enters keenly, not from vanity but because, as a practical American lady, she knows that only by personal superintendence can the desired result, a Mission perfectly turned out in every respect, be secured.

The story is the same with the dresses, about eighteen in all. They are showy ("not at all like me"), especially the Coronation dress of "sapphire blue satin embroidered all round the train (three métres long) with a beautiful wreath of flowers in Chenille, and silk, and gold, and silver bases"; but "they said I must have 'des toilettes à effet qui seraient remarquées"; and Madame Waddington submits with a

good grace; in fact clearly likes it all and knows that her sisters will revel in the detail. But when Count Orloff calls the natural

(*Russell & Sons, photo, London*)

Madame Waddington

nervousness of the woman betrays itself. "I don't mind so much in the day . . . but I don't sleep, and have visions of the Kremlin being blown up, and all sorts of horrors." It was no enterprise to be undertaken in a light heart—that journey to Moscow. The

appointment of a guardian for their boy, the making of M. Waddington's will, were among the "cheerful preparations for a festive journey." Yet, in the midst of it all, the business-like Americaine notes, for the entertainment of her sisters, the outfits with which she has provided the maids.

The journey, after the parting with her son Francis "engrossed with his new rail-

way train," is delightfully described. At Berlin Bismarck is said to be in an execrable humour, "but Waddington is a very cool gentleman himself, and I imagine he will say all he wants to the great man." The German officers are "like ramrods, so stiff; and when they are walking two or three together take up the whole pavement." The Emperor says: "Ah, vous emmenez Mme. Waddington à Moscow? Eh bien! moi, je n'envoie pas mon héritier"; but adds that he does not think danger from Nihilists is really to be apprehended. They see, too, all sorts of interesting people. *En route* to Varsovie they encounter Princess Guillaume Radziwill, who has splendid jewels, all of which she carries on her person in little leather bags, night and day. They reach the Russian frontier simultaneously with a Hessian Prince, so that the "Wacht-am-Rhein" and the "Marseillaise" are heard in quick succession. The Beresina is crossed, and the memories of the terrible retreat from Moscow are refreshed with Napoleon's memoirs and maps. In the songs of the humble Russians drifting down the river on rough rafts, the undercurrent of sadness is noted; and next comes a gay dinner in the train; but the official detective "has just given Waddington the pleasing piece of information that all the well-known Nihilist leaders will be at Moscow."

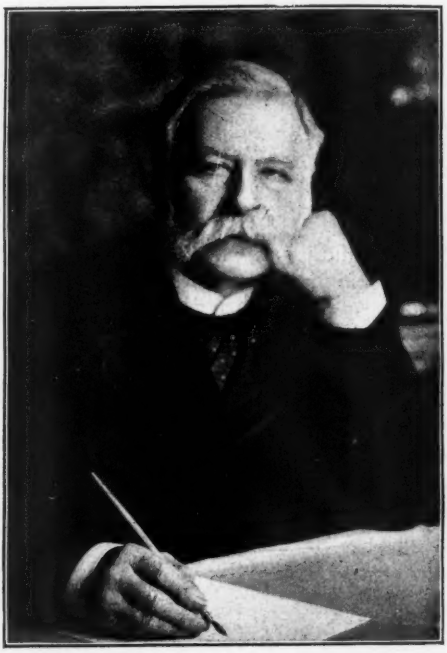
At last we reach the Maison Klein, the stately, if temporary, home of the Embassy Extraordinary; and the sisters hear all about it, the grandeur, and the confusion, in the midst of which a long letter is written. All is satisfactory. The vast horses, which quite dwarf the Russian steeds, have been trained to cannon and waving of flags; Colonel Benckendorff (the Russian officer attached to the Embassy) is "good-looking"; the smiling if helpless willingness of the Russian *fille de chambre* is remembered. M. Waddington looks "very well, as he always does in full uniform"; the four big footmen in their blue and silver livery are a success; and, while M. Waddington is away on his official calls, Madame Waddington, putting on her Court train over a brown cloth dress, practises curtseying and backing for twenty minutes before her embarrassed maids. Incidentally she records with pride that among the members of the Corps Diplomatique who have come from Petersburg only Mr. and Mrs. Hunt (United States Minister and his wife), travelling with Mr. Mackay (the Silver King) in his private car, have been reasonably comfortable. Then follows a description of the crowds, of a first visit to the Kremlin, a little about the decorations, and a touch of seriousness in the detective's report. "The Nihilists will do nothing to-morrow—*perhaps* the night of the gala at the Opera. It is curious to live in such a highly-charged atmosphere and yet I am less nervous—I wonder why—the excitement I suppose of the whole thing"; but really, of course, the warnings had grown familiar. It is the moment of entrance into the zone of danger which is trying. Then the nerves are screwed to concert pitch and remain rigid. If men and women were not so constituted kings and soldiers in battle, to take two examples only, could never preserve their reason.

Grand events now pass in stately succession. There is the procession to the Kremlin, seen from Prince Dolgourouky's Palace. The journey there, the faces of the crowd, "pale, patient, but so *un*joyous," the handling of the big, black horses by Thornton, the second English coachman, the report of his subsequent language concerning the pavements—all are observed; then the Imperial progress, the intense and infectious anxiety of the Russians, the picturesque deputations from far provinces, the Red Cossacks, the deep music of the bells, the tramp of the soldiers, and the "curious, dull noise of a great crowd of people," are described in a few words so apt and simple that one seems to see, to hear, and to feel it all. "Quite composed and smiling, not a trace of nervousness (perhaps a little pale)," are the words used of the Emperor, "riding quite alone in front on his little white horse, which he had ridden in the Turkish campaign." Close to him "rode the Duke of Edinburgh in red; any bomb thrown at him must have killed the English Prince" and "As the Emperor disappeared again all crossed themselves, and every one waited for the welcome sound from the Kremlin." In conclusion: "It certainly was a magnificent sight to-day, and the fears for the Emperor

gave such a dramatic note to the whole thing." That is the difference, a happy one for England, between our courtly pageants in the land of Freedom and those of Russia; and Madame Waddington, by her superbly natural use of language, makes us realise it with grateful pride.

Let us pass over an audience with the Empress briefly, although it was a long business. The Empress, who "recalls the Princess of Wales, but is not so tall, has beautiful dark eyes and a very gracious manner" and is very agreeable. The two ladies compare notes on the swinging motion of the heavy gala carriages, on Paris and chiffons, on the awful prospect of being "up and dressed in full dress and diamonds at seven in the morning"; but the Ambassadress fails to wring any sympathy out of the Empress in respect of the absence of seats for the Corps Diplomatique at the Coronation. "She was quite indifferent; evidently didn't think it was of the slightest consequence whether we were tired or not; and I don't suppose it is." But in truth this perpetual standing was a great trouble to the ladies of the Corps Diplomatique; and, as to later ceremonials, it is narrated, in amusing fashion, that Madame Waddington could not wear her specially made Paris shoes, but had to buy white satin *boats* in Moscow, that the ingenious Count Pahlen devised for her a *pliant* "dissimulé sous les plis de la traine" (something like a shooting seat, one imagines), and that one very great lady kicked off her shoes surreptitiously in the middle of a ceremony, and went through the rest of it in her stockinged feet. The Grand Duchess Wladimir, delicate after illness, had been bolder, and had asked the Empress whether she might have a folding-chair or pliant of some kind, but her "demande n'a pas été accueillie favorablement. L'Imperatrice elle-même sera debout tout le temps. Il faudrait absolument que nous passions comme elle." There is a touch of our own late Queen, whose very faults are dear to us in memory, in this intolerance of physical weakness, and there is also something piquantly American in the fact that Madame Waddington took her *pliant*, and lay low and said nothing.

For the Coronation, it was beautiful, bewildering, exhausting; and the preliminary touches as to the preparations at the Embassy are attractive. Philippe, the coiffeur, who had come specially to put on the diadem and



(Russell & Sons, photo. London)

M. Waddington

feathers, wanted to *maquiller* the face of the Ambassadress, but she would have none of it. Leroy, the coachman, was as much taken up with his dress as the Ambassadress was with hers, and never touched "harness, nor even whip," until his master and mistress appeared. "The men of the Embassy were very complimentary about my dress." "Some of the gala carriages were good, the Austrian, but ours out and out the best. No one else had three." These are the little strokes which show human nature. As for the grand ceremony itself, it is treated shortly, as was necessary in a letter; but the points are emphasised; the red velvet of the trains of the Empress's ladies, the golden baldaquin with Imperial eagles (which became world-

famous), the beautiful simplicity of the white and silver of the Empress, the magnificent figure made by the Emperor as he placed the crown on his head, his crowning and kissing of the Empress, and the long procession of princes and princesses, old and young, passing the Emperor. But throughout the Coronation, during the whole period of the Russian visit indeed, it is the stern, keen, watchful face of the Grand Duke Wladimir, always in close proximity to the Emperor, which impresses Madame Waddington deeply. He has a grim fascination for her mind; his, she thinks, would be an iron rule if anything should happen to the Emperor.

Imposing, too, "like a picture in some old history of the Moyen Age," was the spectacle of Emperor and Empress dining publicly in the Kremlin among the representatives of their subjects, male and female, the latter in Russian dress; the dishes were preceded by a chamberlain, held by a master of the ceremonies, flanked on either side by a chevalier-garde with drawn sabre, followed by a retinue of chamberlains, officials, and pages. All is described graphically, but the Americaine comes out at the end. "I don't think we shall see anything more curious than that State banquet. I certainly never shall see again a soup tureen guarded by soldiers with drawn swords." It would be pleasant to linger over it all, over the State ball, where most of "my light blue tulle with silver braid" remained on "those big Russian spurs"; the rush when the Emperor and Empress appeared; the opera, where the dark box of the American Embassy—"all the men in black except the three naval officers"—attracted much attention, and Madame Waddington supped in company of the Empress, the Queen of Greece, and the Grand Duchesses, while the Emperor walked up and down between the tables talking to everybody. But the temptation to linger must be resisted. Enough has been written to prove that Madame Waddington has the rare gift of writing letters at once unaffected and thorough, the letters of an observant woman, who has a due appreciation of great moments and, at the same time, is happily not superior to the little details which fill up the picture not only of the grand scenes but also of her daily life of splendour.

On the way back from Russia M. Waddington, who was an archæologist of no mean proficiency, with a special tendency to numismatics, took a brief holiday in order to indulge his hobby at the famous museum of Copenhagen; but he was no sooner back in Paris than the French Embassy in London was offered to him. In England, for ten years, he and Madame Waddington were familiar figures. They met everybody worth meeting, they did everything worth doing, attended State functions, including the Jubilee celebration of 1887, they stayed in country homes. In a word, they saw England at her best; and Madame Waddington's letters about it, and about us, were as delightful to her sisters then, and are as fascinating for us now, as when she was in Moscow.

Madame Waddington, it is plain, was always a great lady, as it is fitting that the wife of an Ambassador of France should be. But she was also possessed of a housewife's soul. In spite of the Gobelin tapestry she did not like the Embassy at Albert Gate, "which is neither handsome nor comfortable. It is high and narrow, like a cage, with no very large rooms, and a general appearance of dinginess and accumulated dust. . . . The kitchen, offices, servants' hall and rooms are enormous, and in very bad order. I should think it would take weeks to make it clean and habitable, and need an army of servants to keep it so. I am thinking rather sadly of my little hotel in Paris, so clean and bright, with not a dark corner anywhere." But she was better pleased with the situation, and with the drawing-room and balconies which "give on the drive"—the French idiom is pretty. The organisation of the household fills her mind; she pictures to herself the difficulty of inducing Hubert, the old coachman of Moscow days, to keep to the left. Later, too, she has something to tell of the kind treatment of her maids on visits, and of the different ways of English and French servants. "Adelaide (still the Moscow maid) is much entertained at the respect with which she is treated. She

looked quite a swell yesterday with her black silk dress, but she says the other maids are much more dressy, attired in black velvet and satin, and open dresses. Soon there will be nothing left for the mistresses." Again we hear of the difficulty of making French and English servants work together. But "the housemaids are a delightful institution, though I was amazed upon inquiring one day from my own maid as to who was a young lady with a red velvet dress, and a large hat and feathers, I had met on the stairs, when she replied, 'C'est Alice, Madame. la seconde fille de chambre.' It seems that my maid remonstrated with her for spending her money in clothes, to which she replied that all housemaids in big houses dressed like that, and that she herself would be ashamed if she dressed as plainly as my maids. The two thrifty Frenchwomen were scandalised."

This, however, was but one out of her many interests, for she met all the interesting persons of the day, and she clearly had the gift of drawing them out. To single out a few items; she was charmed with Mr. Gladstone and his versatility. In a single conversation he discussed, with far more knowledge than she could claim, the position of Roman Catholicism in America, the differences between the English and American prayer-books, a verse translation of an Italian sonnet. She found the Duke of Cambridge very amiable and a good talker

(C. H. Parr, photo, London, E.)

Exterior of the French Embassy, Hyde Park Corner

in French. She stayed at Hatfield, and pronounced all her hosts "so nice and simple"; "Lord Salisbury has such a fine, thoughtful face." At Knowsley she met "the two historians, Froude and Lecky, both most interesting," and so one might go on for a long time.

Grand Salon, French Embassy

Our politico-social life was an unending joy and refreshment to Madame Waddington. At Knowsley she notes that "the Stanleys were always quite as much racing men as statesmen. . . . Fancy any of our statesmen —Theirs, Guizot, Dufaure, &c.,—with racing stables." She is much impressed, too, by the blessed fact that political differences are no bar to private friendships in this country. "They don't carry politics into private life as they do with us; the men of opposite sides lavish abuse upon each other in the House, but there it ends, and they meet at dinner and chaff each other, and the wives are perfectly intimate. In France there is a great gulf between parties, even moderates, royalists, and republicans, and I was astounded when I first mixed in political life in France to see people in Society turn their backs upon some perfectly distinguished, honourable gentleman because he had not the same opinion as themselves in politics." But, grateful as this impartial praise is, it would ill befit Englishmen to pride themselves over much upon it, for, when all is said and done, the Frenchmen have excuses for their bitterness. Our differences are concerning measures, not concerning forms of government. The French Republic was an infant, born in agony and blood, when Madame Waddington first knew the political society of France.

Of the great houses, at which Madame Waddington and her husband were sojourners during their stay in England, Sandringham

was, so far as the rank of the host went, the greatest; and the vivacious account which is given of their visit to the Norfolk home of the Prince of Wales of those days is pleasantly intimate without being in the slightest degree out of taste. The French Ambassador and his wife found the Prince a perfect host, "so courteous and ready to talk about anything" (which is the King's character summed up in a clause) and the Princess charming. One little foible of the Prince is mentioned which is not generally known. In those days he insisted on weighing every guest, and in registering their names and weights; and his insistence sometimes produced amusing results, as, for example, when one young lady was found to weigh more than her father. Madame Waddington did not notice another peculiarity of Sandringham which she would surely not have omitted to mention to her sister if it had attracted her attention, and that is the practice of keeping all the clocks at Sandringham half an hour fast. It is adopted with the object of half-coaxing and half-coercing visitors in the country to make the most of the daylight hours.

In the midst of a book which is in its essence bright and entertaining are some letters, giving accounts of private interviews between Madame Waddington and Queen Victoria and the German Empress Frederick. These are written in a grave tone. They are deeply interesting. Madame Waddington was received by Queen Victoria several times; first at Windsor in December 1883. She does not write of that visit much that adds to our knowledge of Victoria the Good. She noted the Queen's "great air of dignity and self-possession, and a beautiful smile that lights up her whole face." She was impressed also by the simplicity of life at Windsor, and by the contrast between the old gray fortress, "the home of a sovereign who lives there with little pomp and few guards," and the kaleidoscopic jostling of the Kremlin with "only soldiers, soldiers everywhere, and the people kept at a distance." She was at Windsor again in 1884, a formal visit; and also in 1886 and on other official occasions. But the formal visits frankly bored her. Farewell was said, as both Queen and Ambassadress thought, at Buckingham Palace in 1883, and the Queen showed real regret and affection. "I think she is a wonderful woman and a wonderful Queen." But they were to meet again, in August of 1900 at Osborne, when Madame Waddington also was a widow, and the account of that interview is interesting and affecting.

"The Duchess (of Roxburghe) knocked, the Queen's voice said 'Come in,' and I found myself in a beautiful large salon, all the windows opening on the sea. The Queen, dressed as usual in black, was seated in the middle of the room facing the door. I had barely time to make one curtsey—she put out her hand and made me sit down next to her. She spoke to me first of all in French (just as she always did when I was at the Embassy—to mark, I suppose, that I was French Ambassadress), 'Je suis très heureuse de vous revoir—I think we can speak English—how much has happened since we met?' And then we talked about all sorts of things. I thought she looked extremely well—of course I couldn't tell if her sight was gone, as she knew I was coming and I sat close to her. Her eyes were blue and clear, and her memory and conversation quite the same. She thanked me for my letter; said the Duke of Edinburgh's death was a great blow to her. It was so sudden, she had not thought him ill. She had lost three children, all very dear to her, and it was hard at her age to see her children go before her. She spoke at once (so moderately) of the caricatures and various little incidents that had happened in France. I said I was very glad of the opportunity of telling her that everybody in France (except for a few hot-headed Radicals and anti-English) was most indignant at such gratuitous insults not only to the Queen but to a woman. She said that she quite understood that—that whenever she had been in France everybody had done what they could to make her stay happy and comfortable, that she could never forget it, and hoped the French nation felt that; also that she would never dream of holding the country responsible for the radical press, but 'my children and my people feel it very deeply.' We talked about the King of Italy's murder

(she was much pleased with the expression in one of the Italian papers, 'è morto in piedi'); and she expressed the greatest sympathy for Queen Margherita—'she is fond of Italy and is always thinking and planning what she can do for the people.' . . . Then, somehow, I don't know exactly how, we began talking about mixed marriages. She said she did not think religion ought to be an invincible obstacle. I said I thought with her, but the French Protestants were very strict. I told her it had been said that my husband, who was certainly a very large-minded man in most things, was really narrow about Catholics. She said, with such a charming smile, 'Oh, I can't think M. Waddington was ever narrow about anything, I always thought him one of the most large-minded, just men I ever knew.' I must say I was pleased, and Waddington always felt that for some reason or another he was sympathetic to her."

So, after the Queen had shown a disinclination to talk of the Empress Frederick, the last farewell was spoken. It remains only to say that of the Empress Frederick, of whom her countrymen and country-women really know but little, Madame Waddington saw a great deal at one time or another and had a high opinion. The last parting between the two, in August of 1897, was affecting. It was in a room containing Angeli's last portrait of the Empress—"a striking picture and very like her, but inexpressibly sad." "The Empress came up to say good-bye. She supposed I was going back to France, where I should find my boy. 'You are very fortunate to have him still with you; it gives such an interest to your life.' She kissed me, and then said sadly, 'My task is done. I am quite alone.' I watched her go out of the room, across the hall, and up the great staircase, with her long black dress trailing behind, alone—as she said. It must be an awful solitude for her—living there in her beautiful house, filled with art treasures of all kinds, and with friends near all summer at Homburg, Wiesbaden, &c., who are only too happy to go to her; but her real life is over, and she is as far away from Germany and the throbbing pulse of the nation as if she were a cloistered nun."

And here, after a passage which proves that Madame Waddington can express deep feeling as well as see the whole of the bright side of things, let these stray observations upon a wonderful book end with the observation that Madame Waddington has proved that the accomplishment of writing perfect letters may still be practised by one who has the gift and will take the necessary trouble. That is the whole secret.

J. E. VINCENT.

Sheep-shearing in Hyde Park

Rural London

By Hugh B. Philpott

MOST people who live and work in the metropolis know what it is to be possessed of a strong desire to escape for a few brief hours' rest and recreation in the peace and solitude of the country. It is a very natural and laudable desire, but with the growth of the city in every direction it is becoming yearly more and more difficult of fulfilment. The pleasant rural resting-places retreat further and further from the outskirts of the great city. A suggestion therefore for a new and charming country ramble that can be easily compassed in an afternoon, without making a long preliminary journey, ought to be welcomed by very many. Yet I fear that the suggestion I have to offer may be received with some scoffing at first, for it is one of those ludicrously obvious things that are too obvious for most people to see. The suggestion is, in fact, that Londoners in search of rural scenes should occasionally devote attention to those that may be found actually within the metropolis itself.

The citizens of London are notoriously ignorant of their own city, and few of them probably are aware of the curious fact, which I dare say is well known in Berlin and Chicago, that in the West End of London you can enjoy a delightful ramble of two or three hours' duration amidst scenes as full of genuinely rural interest as could be found anywhere within twenty miles of the city. St. James's Park, the Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens form practically a continuous oasis extending from Charing Cross to Kensington Palace. The distance, if we took a direct course, from end to end, would be about two and a half miles, but by making a detour and returning by a

slightly different route to our starting-point, our country walk may easily extend to five or six miles.

If we enter St. James's Park from Spring Gardens or by the Duke of York's Steps, we at once come upon two objects that have a certain rural suggestiveness, to wit, a couple of cows. They are undoubted cows, and you can taste their milk if so minded; but as they stand tethered to the railings beside the refreshment stall, they wear, to my mind such a thoroughly metropolitan air that I am hardly disposed to include them among the rural charms of the parks. A little further on, however, when we reach the beginning of the beautiful ornamental water, we come in contact with country life of a much more natural kind. The placid lake and its surroundings form a picture of astonishing beauty, and the wonderful variety of the bird-life gives the spot a quite unique charm. The collection of waterfowl is one of the finest in the

In St. James's Park

In the Green Park

kingdom; from the merry little dabchick to the solemn pelican, almost every kind of waterfowl that can live comfortably in our climate is represented; there are from thirty-five to forty varieties in all.

The home of the birds is on Duck Island, at the eastern end of the lake; strictly speaking, this is not an island at all, seeing that you can walk on to it from the mainland —provided you have the needful permission, for the place is not open to the public. Standing amidst the trees and tangled undergrowth of Duck Island it is easy to fancy yourself 300 miles away from London; there is an air of peacefulness and seclusion and complete naturalness which makes it seem almost incredible that the block of Government buildings at the corner of Downing Street is scarcely a stone's throw from where you stand. When I visited the place a few months ago a peahen was strutting about followed by three or four little fluffy brown balls, her three weeks' old progeny; a tufted duck was sitting on her nest in a bed of rushes; a colony of herring gulls eyed us with an air of mild inquiry, but without any fear, and scores of pigeons hovered about the palatial pigeon-house which forms their headquarters.

The birds are cared for by a young ex-gamekeeper, who lives in the delightful little cottage with the red tiles, picturesque gables and latticed windows that nestles so cosily among the trees on the island. He has lived in the country all his life, and certainly, although he can hear Big Ben strike the hours, he lives in the country still. He has an able lieutenant in a sagacious terrier which exhibits great prowess in defending the birds from their natural enemies—cats and rats.

Leaving Duck Island we follow the lake to its eastern extremity, where the scene, if we avoid looking at Buckingham Palace, is almost equally beautiful; then, leaving the park we cross the Mall and enter the Green Park. Although not so beautiful as St. James's Park, the Green Park has its own peculiar charm. The fine old trees on the Piccadilly side, and the gentle slopes of greensward, with a few sheep grazing upon

In the Green Park

them, make a very pleasant, refreshing scene, though the park is too small to allow of our ever escaping from the sounds of the busy traffic by which it is surrounded. The Green Park well deserves its name, for it is well wooded, and nowhere do we find greener grass: that seems a rather remarkable fact, when we remember that the park is but a small wedge of greenery in the midst of some of London's busiest thoroughfares. In most suburban parks the grass becomes quickly worn out, or is only preserved by the expedient of closing to the public first one part then another. Why is not the grass in the Green Park, over which the public may roam without restriction, similarly destroyed? The reason probably is that very few who enter the park regard it in any other light than that of a short cut to somewhere or other, and they accordingly keep to the paths, which are the most direct routes. As places for recreation the West End parks have scarcely yet been discovered.

We leave the Green Park by one of the gates in Piccadilly, or by the arch on Constitution Hill, and for the moment the continuity of our country ramble is broken. We are in the midst of a perfect sea of traffic, a striking contrast with the quiet scenes through which we have just passed. But it is only for a moment. Crossing the busy thoroughfare we enter Hyde Park at Hyde Park Corner, and are soon again in the midst of the charming sights and sounds of nature. Hyde Park has many points of interest: there are Rotten Row and the Achilles Statue, the band, and—on Sundays—Church Parade; there are the park orators and people with a grievance, for whom Hyde Park has long been a happy hunting-ground, and there is the queer little cemetery for pet dogs. But just now we care for none of these things, having come out for a country walk.

In Hyde Park

Amongst the four hundred broad acres of Hyde Park it is not difficult to find many scenes of great natural beauty and quiet

pastoral calm. There are parts of the park of which, for the greater part of the day, the sheep are in almost undisturbed possession. Who would suppose that the peaceful scene shown in our illustration belongs to the park that is associated in most people's minds with noisy political demonstrations and the fashionable crowds of Rotten Row? If you happen to be in the park early in the month of June, and will make your way to the farm-like building near the new police station, you may see a sight that few Londoners probably have ever seen, and one that very few indeed would expect to see in Hyde Park, namely, the shearing of the sheep.

Perhaps the most perfectly beautiful spot in Hyde Park is the little dell beloved of birds and artists, at the outlet of the Serpentine. Those who think sparrows are the only birds found in London should stand

In Hyde Park

here for awhile on a summer day, if possible just after a shower of rain, for it is then that the birds seem to be specially tuneful. He will hear a lovely choir in which eight or ten distinct notes may be recognised: the only kind of choir this in which each chorister carols away on independent lines without ever producing a discord.

Much of the charm of this delightful nook, and indeed of the Royal Parks generally, lies in the appearance of perfect naturalness, although very much is actually artificial. There is very little stiffness or formality in any of these parks; the art of concealing art has been practised with admirable effect. At the western end of the Serpentine, which lies within Kensington Gardens, we have a somewhat different kind of scenery. Here the fountains and peacocks are suggestive of a stately old English garden.

Kensington Gardens adjoin Hyde Park, so that we pass from the one to the other almost without noting the change. The beauty of Kensington Gardens depends largely upon the trees. Nearly all our English trees flourish luxuriously in the Gardens, and on a hot summer afternoon a pleasanter resting-place could not easily be found. Here, at certain times of the day, one may wander in sylvan solitudes that are more suggestive of the remoter parts of Epping Forest than of the heart of the metropolis. In the afternoon, if the weather be fine, we shall have the company of numerous children and nursemaids, and as we watch the little ones at play, it may be interesting to remember that under these same trees played many years ago the little princess who was one day to become the great Queen Victoria.

In Kensington Gardens

Our ramble ends when we have passed through Kensington Gardens up to the gates of Kensington Palace. But we do not exhaust the charms of this West End oasis in a single afternoon's ramble. A great access of popularity to our London parks would no doubt tend to destroy their rural charms, but there would be no harm done if some of us were to spend an occasional quiet hour amidst the peaceful scenes that lie within hail of our places of business.

Sowing and Reaping

A Dialogue

SCENE. *A Modern Sitting-room.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

LADY JEMIMA JENKINS. [*Seated beside the fire, knitting stockings, "World" newspaper on her lap. Age 46. Well dressed.*]

MRS. FITZMAURICE. [*Loose flowing pongee attire, slightly made up, patience table and cards.*]

LADY J. [*Knitting*]: Your girl must be getting on, Laura. What are your ideas about her?

MRS. F. [*Poising cards in her hand*]: Ideas—oh, my mind is full of them. Only—wait a second, I think it will come out. Shall I put this knave into the rubbish pack or not? [*Contemplates the cards.*

LADY J. What on earth does it matter? Wherever you put a knave he always turns up when he isn't wanted. Slip one, drop two. [*Knitting.*] Oh, now I've gone wrong with this tiresome top. Do leave off that silly game, Laura. How you can go on with it hour after hour passes me?

MRS. F. [*Pushing the cards lingeringly aside*]: Not so silly as you think. It's the double consciousness does it. You've read that entrancing book, haven't you? Everything is dual, everything you do or think or have or know or feel—that's what makes a stupid thing a clever one.

[*A far-away expression.*

LADY J. [*Severely*]: What on earth do you mean—what book? How can it be stupid and clever too, or is one volume clever and another stupid?

MRS. F. No, no—I see you've not read it. It's *the* book, you know, and every one *must* read it. It explains how when you are doing one thing you are really doing something quite different, and so [*triumphantly*] when I am playing patience I am most likely——

LADY J. [*Satirically*]: Saying your prayers.

MRS. F. Exactly! How quick you are! If only, Laura, dear, you would take more interest in things of the soul, of the intellect, what a wonderful woman you would be!

LADY J. Yet your book tries to prove the opposite. According to it, if I'm ordering dinner or knitting stockings, I may be composing a sonata or a sonnet, but if I'm using the brains God gave me, I am most likely becoming an idiot. Really, Laura!

[*Testily.*

MRS. F. It's because you will not understand you will not realise the eternal duality of our mystical nature, the endless contradictions, the marvellous illusions, the impossibility of reconciling the so-called facts of life with the realities of fiction, the delusive delights of imagination are nothing to you. [*Ecstatically*]: Everything worth having is a delusion.

LADY J. [*Dryly*]: I suppose you will say next that it is a delusion that you've got a daughter and I've got a son—perhaps neither of us has anything? Really, Laura!

MRS. F. [*Very slowly and contemplatively*]: I've got a daughter and you've got a son. Broadly speaking, that is true. Introspectively, I often feel my doubts about it.

LADY J. [*Rising abruptly*]: If your daughter was to you what my son is to me, you could have no doubts either broadly or introspectively—you could have no doubt of the trial of it. [*Bitterly.*

MRS. F. Oh, if trial is a test of maternity I agree. But it's just what I said—that when the duality comes in you don't know whether it's a trial or a daughter—I don't, anyhow. [*Sighing and very earnestly clasping her hands.*] My daughter is just like one of those round, prickly things one sees on cottage mantelpieces. What are they called? I forget.

LADY J. Hedgehogs.

MRS. F. No, not hedgehogs. They are beasts, ar'n't they, with little legs and black noses? At least, sometimes they have

and sometimes they haven't, but they don't make any noise, and they have always a bad smell. My Olive isn't like them, not so bad. I mean a sea thing, not a beast, not alive at all—dead, about so big.

[*Coiling her fingers into a round.*

LADY J. Perhaps you mean a sea-urchin?

MRS. F. I daresay I do. It's hollow, and has pricks all round that run into you when you handle it [*slowly and thoughtfully*]; that's my Olive, a prickly hollow, no soul, no sentiment—all outside prickly shell!

LADY J. [*Bitterly*]: It's a better thing than a jelly-fish; you know where you are, you can see the prickles and avoid them; the flabby jelly-fish looks harmless enough, but it can sting, and its sting is poisonous [*sighing impatiently*]; but what are you going to do with your prickly urchin? I daresay she is much nicer than you think.

MRS. F. You might make something of her perhaps, [*wearily*], but I am her mother; I suppose I made her, and yet [*slowly*] I have no part in her. I can't find my "over-soul" or her poor father's anywhere in her; and when I meet her spirit in argument I feel abashed and unrecognised [*hangs down her head*]. We have no common ground. I have, against her will, brought this creature into the world, and she looks on me as the great necessity whose aim and object it is to thwart—what she calls her natural instincts.

[*Mrs. F. dabs her eyes with a dainty handkerchief.*

LADY J. Now, Laura, don't be silly. What does the girl want to do? Try and explain [*taking up her knitting with an impatient movement*], for really, between sea-urchins and over-souls, I am getting so mixed that I don't know whether I am at sea or in the clouds—where you are, I believe. [*Sotto voce*]: I daresay Olive is a very natural, commonplace girl.

MRS. F. [*Starting up*]: That's just it. How did you guess? Oh, the horror of it, "natural," "commonplace," and my daughter! Devoid of romance, atmosphere, mystery, no element of tragedy about her, nothing dual, of the earth earthly!

LADY J. The Lord be praised!

MRS. F. [*Unheeding*]: I can't understand her; that's where the trouble lies; and so I am for ever annoying her uselessly. She seems to have no spirituality, no poetry, no intellect; and yet they say she isn't stupid! [*Despairingly.*

LADY. J. I don't believe in stupid, hollow, and yet prickly shells. What's the stuffing? What sort of things does she like? Pricks have generally a base from which to prick, and the shell had once a beast inside it.

MRS. F. I can't tell you; I don't know what she likes; but I can tell you what she doesn't like.

LADY J. Well?

MRS. F. Sunsets, skies, scenery, contemplation, repose, day-dreaming!

LADY J. A very good thing that she doesn't. She's too young; she wants to be up and doing.

MRS. F. Up and doing! [*Sadly*]: What a prosaic, Longfellowish expression. I wish, Jemima——

LADY J. Oh, yes; you'll wish and wish yourself into a lunatic asylum, and poor Olive into—into a marching regiment. Really, Laura [*testily*], at your age, and with your unfortunate experience, you might know better. [*Rising and pacing the room.*

MRS. F. You mean—her poor father?

LADY J. Of course, I do. Poor fellow! It was hardly his fault that you insisted on climbing out of the window and sliding down a rope ladder at midnight when you might have gone out of the door at noonday covered with rice; but it was his fault more than yours that he took himself for an artist and sat out beside a muddy pond painting tadpoles and duckweed till he got a chill that put an end to his—daubs [*catching herself up*]—efforts for ever.

MRS. F. Oh, call them impressions, poems in paint, dear Jemima, do. He is dead, you know. [*Wringing her hands.*

LADY J. Oh well, unpainted poems, if you like, but you know as well as I do that no one ever could tell his fields from his forests: they were both green, green enough certainly—"Impressions in green," you could fancy what you like, but you couldn't know.

MRS. F. That's so true; in art the imagination is everything—I did not know you felt his work so much. I am so glad.

LADY J. Don't be glad, I didn't mean it that way. [*Wriggling a little.*] Laura, you once lived in a fool's paradise, and had to come out of it; come out of it once more and let the girl do what she wants to do if possible. Can't you let her be happy in her own way?

MRS. F. But—that's just exactly what I want, that she should be happy, and how can she be happy her way?—she says she doesn't want any of the things that make one happy; she doesn't like Music, or Painting, or Beauty, or Art, or Books, or to think about Mysticism, and Over-soul, and Self-consciousness, and Duality. She says [*excitedly*] that she wants to ride and play games, and perhaps learn cookery, and sew, and chatter with commonplace girls and enjoy herself, and she doesn't mind what she looks like as long as she is comfortable and not odd! Oh, Jemima [*breaking down and sobbing*], think of my having a daughter who wants to sew, who doesn't care what she wears, and who minds being thought odd! Do you know what it really means? [*Turning fiercely to Lady J.*] It means that Olive has no individuality!

LADY J. [*Angrily*]: It means nothing of the sort; it means that Olive has her own individuality, not yours.

MRS. F. [*Amazed and arrested*]: I never thought of that!

LADY J. No, you never do, no one almost ever does allow for any one else's individuality.

MRS. F. [*Subdued*]: But—how is she my daughter? She might as well be yours, or any one else's? [*Drearily.*

LADY J. Oh! I'm a practical woman, and I don't bother myself about the conundrums Madam Nature continually chucks at our heads.

MRS. F. Perhaps [*reflectively*], somehow or another I ought to have been your son's mother, and Olive your daughter. [*Pulling the Patience table and cards towards her.*] Your Rodger is quite different to my Olive.

LADY J. [*Sotto voce*]: In the Kingdom of Heaven whose wife shall she be?

MRS. F. [*Laying out the cards*]: It may come to me to understand as a dream sometimes comes, illuminating the dark midnight hour; the dual consciousness is inexplicable. [*A pause.*] I think your Rodger so charming, so understanding, so original.

LADY J. And I think your girl so sensible.

MRS. F. What can you want more for Rodger?

LADY J. [*Shrugging her shoulders*]: Balance, my dear, balance.

MRS. F. [*Reflectively*]: Ah, there the doctrine of compensation comes in—perhaps a man should be a trifle heavy, but not a woman, not my daughter, not Olive.

LADY J. The truth is, Laura, my dear, that one's children are not made to order like one's boots.

MRS. F. Oh, you mean twins [*shuddering*], like pairs of boots?

LADY J. Twins [*laughing*]—oh, unless heavenly they would be horrid! But I mean that after all we only give them a start; we can't sticks in lasts every night to keep them to the shape of our old feet; they must take their own ways, make their own lives—they are not utterly ours body and soul.

MRS. F. Oh, I see what you mean—they must be given their heads, or they'll take them into their own hands.

LADY J. [*Dryly*]: Hardly, but that is what I mean all the same.

MRS. F. [*Confusedly*]: Oh, the mixed metaphor, but you understand?

LADY J. Well, yes—and we mothers have got to understand that prickly or flabby, it matters most of all to the children themselves after all, and we must let them work out their own salvation.

[*Takes up her knitting.*

MRS. F. [*Returning to her Patience*]: I suppose so. [*After a pause pushing away the cards*]: Then you think nothing matters, Race, Birth, Tradition, Bringing up?

LADY J. On the contrary, my dear, I think it all matters, but there is an individuality which is born independently of all others, and we need not kick against the pricks.

MRS. F. So you've come round after all, and you too believe in our Dual consciousness! [*Triumphantly.*

LADY J. Dual fiddlesticks; but if you like I will acknowledge that it is often a duel between the rights of maternity and the rights of individuality.

MRS. F. Well, it's all the same what you call a thing, if it doesn't come out exactly what you expect or desire.

LADY J. You forget that other people have other expectations and other desires, and they are meant to have them.

MRS. F. [*Rather tartly*]: Even the jelly-fish?

LADY J. Even the sea-urchins.

MRS. F. Well, I give it up.

LADY J. And so do I.

CHAMELEON.

Trades and Tricks in Ireland

III.—The Tailor

By Seumas MacManus

Author of "Donegal Fairy Stories," "A Lad of the O'Friels"

WE have a saying, now used towards a bothering person by way of facetious threat: "I'll break your back and make a tailyer of you," which is a lingering illustration of the fact that, in times gone (though not long gone) it was only the useless and helpless member of a family that was set aside for sartorial vocation. And this same fact may enlighten us regarding that other old and common saying: "It takes ten tailors to make a man."

Anyhow, in Ireland, up till the last generation (and in remote parts even down to the present time), the lame, the halt, the maimed and deformed, who were believed to be of no use for anything else, were converted into tailors. I do not mean that only this description of men adopted the profession. I mean that it was chiefly this description. Nowadays, in particular, some as fine men are to be found in the ranks of the tailors as in those of most other trades in Ireland.

In the day of "The Great Thimble War" (so celebrated in sounding song), three-quarters of a century ago, when the blood of tailors flowed copiously and reddened the street of Crevilly, the combatants were chiefly remarkable for their physical frailties.

The Great Thimble War, so dubbed and so sung by Tailor Murray, the hero of the occasion, was fought at Crevilly Fair, in Antrim. Tailor Murray was almost the only one of his profession in all that country who was a big and strong, and well-made man. He was a poet, a wit, and a wag to boot. He loved to satirise his neighbours in pompous verse; and he dearly loved to satirise his professional fellows; and to create dissensions among them, too, for his own entertainment and the entertainment of the onlooking world.

Once a year Tailor Murray used to journey to Dublin, and there spend some weeks, studying the newest fashions and learning the latest cut. And when he returned, he sped the news to the tailors far and near, inviting them all to Crevilly Fair, where he would hold levee, and give them all the latest touches in the tailoring trade on payment of a guinea each.

The Tailyers' Fair was always a famous and often a memorable one in Crevilly. In the great room of Randal MacNeill's Inn, Tailor Murray met his colleagues, gave them the tips, and gathered his fees. And to business always succeeded pleasure—and perhaps, subsequently, pain. For they got jovial over their cups, and then querulous, and frequently fell to fisticuffs.

On this particular occasion, when each man was exhilarated with the drink, he fell to boasting (as tailors will). Every man claimed to be cock of the countryside, with no equal in his profession; and every man derided his neighbour. Tailor Murray, hugely

enjoying the play, helped it on, abetting now this man, and then that man; till at length a forest of sticks and crutches were wildly waving in air. And very soon the row began.

Among them all, none but Tailor Murray who could boast the power of all his limbs. So when the fight raged Murray, fearing lest it might be too quickly ended, went about among them lending a hand to any who seemed likely to be worsted and go under too soon—giving a knock here, and a clip there, and a shake yonder, to whatever fellows seemed overcoming their opponents with too indecent haste. And thus he prolonged the battle till he was satisfied to let it end. On that memorable day of Crevilly, there was some tailor blood spilled, but rather more tailor wrath let off, and tailor language let loose: and, after the lapse of seventy years, the tale of that day, with wealth of graphic detail, is still told to delighted groups around the Antrim firesides.

And in a short time after the terrible rumpus, Tailor Murray immortalised it and its famed participants in a great epic which is still sung at fair and festival. Here is a specimen of it:

The sun rose like blood, and the pale thunder broke,
O'er Crevilly wood there were dense clouds of smoke,
When the sons of the Patch, high and low, near and far,
Crippled up to the scratch at the Great Thimble War.
Singing, Rol-de-de-rol!

There was crooked Noll Macauley from the head of the Braid
And Limping MacKeown who was never afraid;
And brave Peter Welsh smoked a royal cigar—
He was lock-jawed and lamed at the Great Thimble War.
Singing, Rol-de-de-rol!

There was Humpy O'Hara from famed Ballyglig,
Habit-sized Hazlett and Davy McClig,
And lame Larry Lynch from famed Mullingar,
Who died in a ditch at the Great Thimble War.
Singing, Rol-de-de-rol!

But our tailors no longer have the latest cut served out to them so. When one of our boys, who has been in Dublin, or in Scotland, or America, returns home, and goes around to make his calls "with the bottom of the trunk on him," as we put it, the tailor, when the boy enters his house, says, "Ye're a hundred welcomes home, Micky. God bliss me! but ye've grown the fine boy entirely; turn round and walk over the floore there till I look at them trousers on ye." And after he has used Micky to professional advantage he turns him over to Nanny, and permits her the privilege of emptying him of his news.

Though, than the tailor himself, there is not a greater gossip in the parish. At night his house is a favourite gathering-place for the men of the townland who have come abroad to *rake*, or *ceilidh*. For, although they may have travelled far and wide all day, and the tailor did not get out of sight of his own board, for the one item of news that they bring to him he can easily reward them with three. Also, they carry to him the news and the rumours in their crude state, and he analyses and assorts these, and draws the inference, passes the comments and foretells the sequel.

He is the politician of the parish. He subscribes for a weekly newspaper, and reads and digests the political news at his leisure, and repeats this news, with his own mature comments thereon, to the neighbours when they drop in to hear from him how the world wags. His only rival here is, sometimes, the shoemaker—and him he treats superciliously; for he considers it despicable that the bench should try to ape the board.

Generally the tailor is a regular repository of the legendary, fairy, and ghost-lore of the parish. He is a historian, both local and general. And very frequently he is a poet—and a singer, most partial to his own songs.

But, more than all else, and surer than all else, he is a magnificent deceiver, in the way of his trade. Micky Blake's Johnny calls for "that wescoat," and he tells him to "come a-Saturday night. Afther I've finished with these trousers of Pathrick Burns's, your wescoat is the very next article I'll take up. Sit down man till I tell ye about the new Home Rule Bill." Then Lame Charlie McDaid comes in inquiring for "that jacket"—this being

the seventh time that he has travelled all the way from the back of Binbane mountain for it. "Char-les," he replies, "I'll have to ax ye come again a-Saturday night. When I finish these trousers for Pathrick Burns the divil a other stitch will I do till I do your jacket. Have ye heerd tell, Char-les, of this great war we're goin' to have atween Prooshia and Rooshia? Dhraw forrid a chair to the fire, Char-les, till I tell ye all about it; for it's goin' to be the divil's own dustin' match out-an'-out."

And the next eight men who come in, in expectation of getting one or other oft-promised article of apparel, are solemnly assured that the divil take the teck he'll put in a piece of cloth, afther he has finished these trousers of Pathrick Burns's, till he takes up each of theirs—and ere they have time to remonstrate they are hustled into a chair, and a war, or a scare, or a new Bill in Parliament served piping hot under their noses.

And when, on the Saturday night, half a score angry men, who have tramped from the far and diverse points of the compass (in vain), are inclined to become noisily demonstrative, the tailor, the only calm and unconcerned man in the house, provides them with seats, and tells them to Whist! and gives them another new war, or promise of a war—or narrates for them the truly wonderful adventures of Jaimsy McGragh, who was carried off by some larking fairies on last Thursday night was a week, and trotted through seven counties, and then left at his own back-door as the day was breaking.

Eventually, to get his "wescoat" made, Micky Blake's Johnny would come some early morning and bring home with him the tailor, the lap-board, the goose, and the cloth—and seat the tailor on his own kitchen table till the article was made. This was frequently the plan that a man took, when, at the beginning of winter, he wanted to re-clothe the family. Then the tailor, with his lap-board over his shoulder, and his goose in hand, crossed the hills to the house of his customer, and worked, ate, and slept there till the job was complete.

Three boastful tailors once, in their cups, disputed as to which was the cleverest tradesman. "As for me," one of them said at length, "all I ask is to be given the heighth and the breadth of a man, and I'll make him a skin-fit suit of clothes!" "Baither shin!" said the second, "only show me the brogues he wears, and *I'll* make him a suit!" "Yous are only a pair of apprentices," the third said disdainfully, "all I want, to suit a man, is just to fetch him into the next room from me, and let me hear him cough!"

The Modern Magdalen

(In Regent's Park Flower Garden.)

Poor Magdalen of modern sin,
With soilèd heart and shadowed brow,
The gates stand open; enter in!
Here, where the blossoms bend and bow,
The Christ is in the garden now.

Here, in the body of their scent
And colour and divine device
He gives Himself, a Sacrament,
In beauty's endless sacrifice,
And feeds starved souls with Paradise.

Here, for your sake, in living Death
Love hangs on every wondrous tree;
Here, on the air His fragrant Breath
Wafts promises of purity,
Will you but pause to hear and see.

Nay—touch Him not! but through your sight
In reverence taste and sip the Feast:
Each flower brims with love and light,
A Cup and Paten whence the least
May eat and drink of Life increased.

To this green Altar's bourgeoning,
Dark life, draw nearer and be blest;
Let but your tears, like dewdrops, spring
From grief, and, rooted in His Rest,
Your soul shall blossom on His Breast!

May Doney.

Ruskin's Hand

By W. G. Collingwood

IT was only the other day that a friend showed me a bundle of old papers, saying, "Some of these are in his writing, but I don't know what to make of the rest." I turned them over and said, "Second volume of 'Modern Painters'; original manuscript!" He had just found them, rolled up in brown paper, in a cupboard, where they had been for years. My friend, who was intimate with Ruskin from his childhood, and of course knew the Professor's later handwriting well, hardly believed me; the difference between the early and later styles is so great.

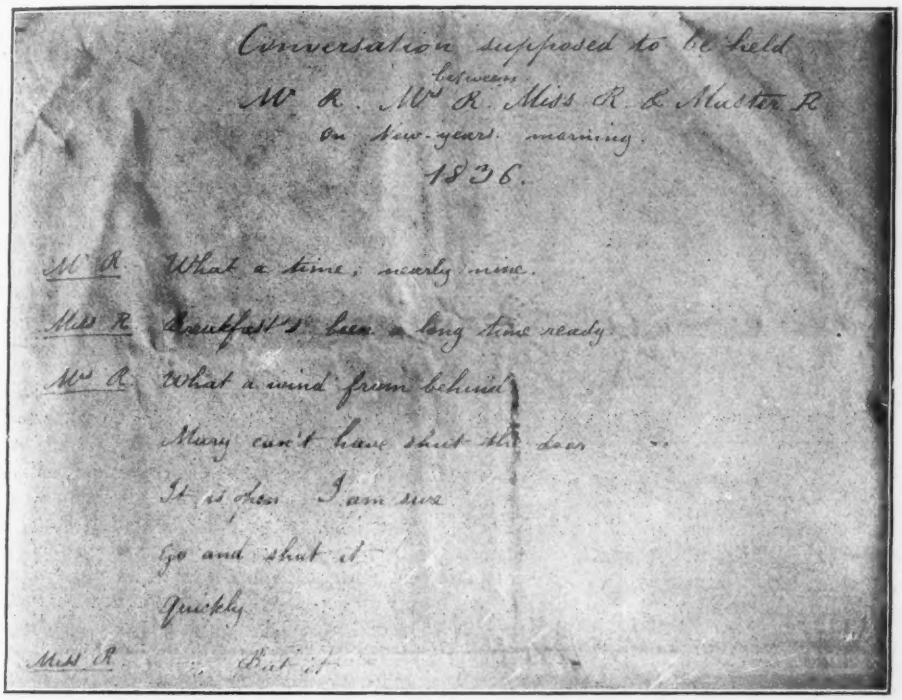
There may be other letters and papers of Ruskin's in existence and unrecognised; not, perhaps, unprinted, but still of great value, even in hard cash. Correspondents who beg for a Ruskin autograph and a bit of his writing from those whom they suppose to have plenty, are often surprised to hear that others have been before them, and that now the only way is through the dealers at a guinea a page or more. He told me that he thought the manuscripts of his best-known works had been destroyed, and no doubt had forgotten that many of them had been given away to those who treasured them. Since his death a considerable part has been brought to light, but of the vast quantity of writing—notes, rough copies, fair copies, and letters, done in a busy life of sixty working years—there may be much more to find scattered through the world: for Ruskin's hand, like Nuremberg's, goes through every land.

In 1881 a Mr. Atkinson was sent to Coniston to make a bust of Ruskin. With his usual good nature to every one who came personally into contact with him—the roughness was only that of his sharp pen—the Professor treated the unknown as his visitor, found him lodgings and a workshop, and a place at his table for a great while during which the bust made but slow progress. One reason, perhaps, for Mr. Atkinson's difficulty was that Ruskin had just grown a beard, and the well-known face was no longer there to mould. "Can't you treat the beard early Greek fashion; I should like to be a Bearded Bacchus!" he said. In spite of the admitted failure he gave further work to the sculptor in casting leaves and other detail "for St. George's Schools"—that visionary object on which so much labour and thought were spent; and this use of casts from natural leaves, I am told by Mr. E. Cooke, was really originated by Ruskin in the Working Men's College days, though now pretty widely known. Some of Mr. Atkinson's casts, I may add, are on view in the Coniston Museum. But the sculptor's chief personal wish was to get a mould of Ruskin's hand. He used to say that there was more in it than in his face; at least, it was the most characteristic feature, and representable in solid form, while the face, depending on the bright blue eye and changeful expression, evaded him as it evaded more celebrated sculptors. But Ruskin did not like being oiled and moulded, and though Mr. Atkinson made enticing demonstrations on less worthy fingers, till we were all up to our elbows in plaster of Paris, he never to my knowledge won his point.

"Such a funny hand," says Browning's lover, "it was like a claw!" Ruskin's was all finger-grip; long, strong talons, curiously delicate-skinned and refined in form, though not academically beautiful. Those whose personal acquaintance with him dated only from the later years never knew his hand, for then it had lost its nervous strength; and in cold weather—the greatest half of the year in the North—the hand suffered more than the head. But his palm, and especially the back of the hand, was tiny. When he rowed his boat he held the oars entirely in his fingers; when he shook hands you felt the pressure of the fingers, not of the palm. In writing, he held the pen as we are taught to hold a drawing-pencil, and the long fingers gave much more play to the point than is usual in formed penmanship

Knowing that, it is not surprising to find that his writing varies, not only from one period to another, but with passing moods. Everybody shows some of this variety, but Ruskin's hand was as flexible and as impressionable as his whole being.

He had an odd way, down to the last, of


Conversation supposed to be held
between
Mr R. Mrs R. Miss R & Master R
on New-years morning.
1836.

Mr R What a time, nearly nine.

Miss R Breakfast's been a long time ready

Mrs R What a wind from behind

Mary can't have shut the door

It is then I am sure

Go and shut it

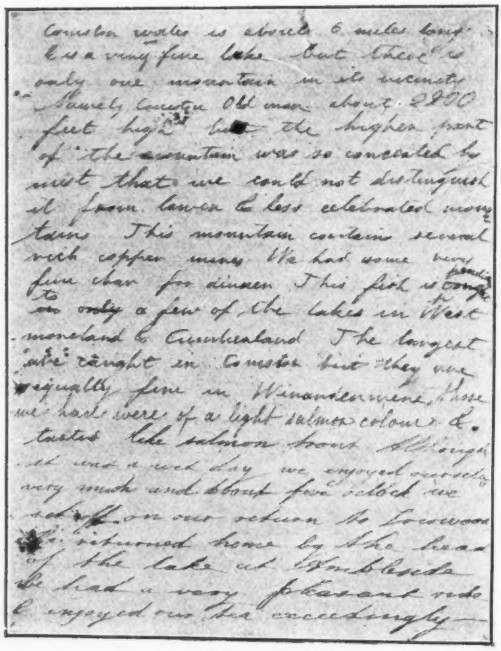
Quickly

Miss R But it

Ruskin's hand in 1836

'printing" an inscription on the fly-leaf of a book or on the mount of a drawing, in neat square Roman type, inked between double lines ruled in pencil. Sometimes giving a present to a favoured visitor he would say, "Stay, I must write your name in it"; and you expected the well-known autograph cheque-signature, scribbled with a flourish. But no! Spectacles, and ruler, and pencil first; two carefully ruled lines, an eighth of an inch apart; then the cork-handled fine steel pen, and laborious regularity of inscription; till the onlooking recipient laughed outright at all this time and trouble spent on a trifle. But Ruskin was quite grave about it.

This was a reversion to early habits. His juvenile MSS., of which many were kept by his parents and still remain at Brantwood, contain many pages of similar calligraphy. His first Latin and French declensions are printed in pencil; at the age of seven he wrote the first copies of his "Harry and Lucy" in this way, pencilled first and penned over, thinking he was an author making a book. Many children do, but not with his tenacity and taste. In 1828 (age nine) he had brought this self-imposed education to something like perfection with the tiny "print" of "Eudosia," page after page showing wonderful steadiness of hand and eye; and at the end of that year he executed the masterpiece of childish ingenuity which he described in the autobiographical "Harry and Lucy"—the poem in "double print,"



Ruskin's on Coniston, 1830

all the down-strokes doubled: "And it was most beautifully done, you may be sure," says the saucy infant, not untruly. Some of his early mineral catalogues, begun at this time, appear to have been continued later, though the difference can hardly be told from any improvement in the penmanship.

Meanwhile his ordinary running hand was a shocking scribble, but in the middle of it he seems to have pulled himself up continually, or he was pulled up by an overlooking mother, and the wild scrawl becomes tidy and neat. I suspect that his earlier home lessons did not include much copy-book work. He developed his own writing like other precocious boys and girls, though there is some trace of teaching at the very start. But after 1830 he exchanged, perhaps at the instance of superior orders, his "print" for copperplate; the "Iteriad" (1831) is fair-copied in a large, regular round-hand, and the Tour poems of 1833 are in a smaller, less anxious, but more formed business style. One sees the father's influence coming in, and all his letters to the old-fashioned business man show the obvious desire to please. "My dear Papa," is flourished around in the most approved writing-master's manner, and "John Ruskin" at the end is in black letter, finishing a sheet of impeccable commercial-hand, in which the free-and-easy wording contrasts quite ludicrously with the formal writing.

It was only, or chiefly, to his father that such letters were written. For his mother he had another hand; for his friends and for himself an assortment of varying scribbles. But there, I think, comes out one of the leading points in his character. To be a man of strong thought and will, innovator in art, science, politics, morality, and religion, there never was such a chameleon, always ready to colour his mind after his surroundings; all things to all men. To the opponent he was an opponent; to the admirer an admirer, without at once testing the sincerity of the admiration or the source of the opposition. It was the cause of many regretted incidents in public life, but in private life the ground of his charm. Nobody who approached him in kindness failed of being met more than half-way, while impertinence and rudeness, however unintended, struck a discord at once. So much of a chameleon he was, that he could persuade himself into liking, for the moment, and for the sake of his companion on the spot, many a thing he had denounced or derided; and sometimes he could do curious things out of the same unrecognised sympathy. Once after a lecture, leading Taglioni to her carriage in the midst of a crowd of onlookers, I saw him cross the London pavement with an old-world minuet-step, hardly conscious, I am sure, of the quaint homage he was paying to the great dancer he had admired in his boyhood.

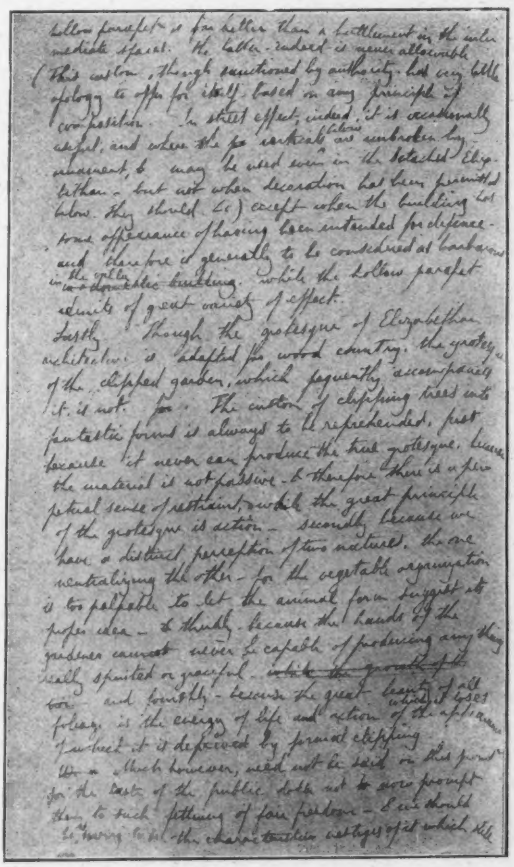
Those flourishes of the pen for his father's pleasure never appear in his own private scribble. His ideas came too quickly to leave him time for ornament, and he had no need to idle in dots and circles between the phrases. His spelling was always good, but he never stopped to punctuate; a dash was

enough for most kinds of stops. Letters of 1845 and 1852 are curious for the underlining or interlining of long passages, not, apparently, for emphasis; possibly to mark sections of these general epistles home for copying. In all this early writing there is an effort to keep pace with the flow of thoughts, even in the verse; and he wrote so much that mere economy of time must have driven him at speed to the shortest way of getting the matter down. In diaries of the period are some shorthand notes which I take to be his; but if he ever tried shorthand he dropped it soon.

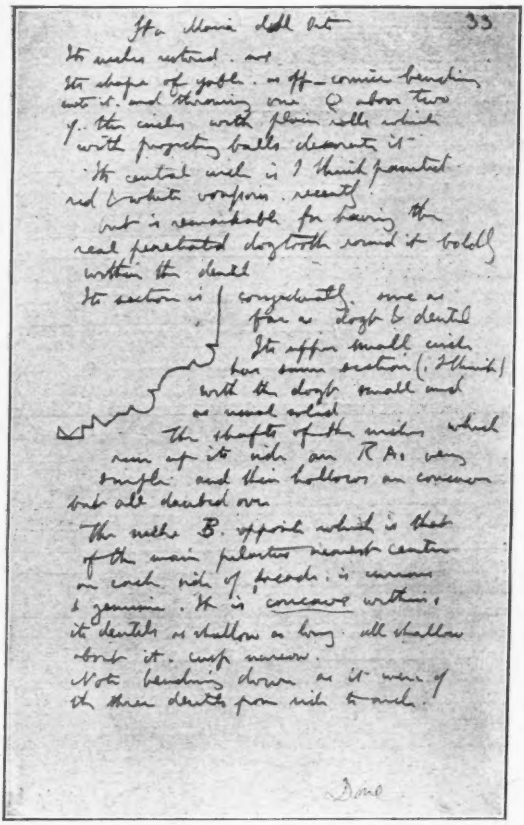
The model upon which Ruskin's usual handwriting was at last formed was his mother's. It is perhaps a commonplace to say that we all betray in our writing the greatest personal influence of our earlier years. While penning this very page, a letter has just been brought to me which at first glance put me in mind of a friend long since dead: it is from his schoolmaster. Not Ruskin's father nor any of his teachers appear to have influenced him like his mother. Her more deliberate writing was extremely elegant; rather small, moderately sloping, with a pretty combination of curve and angle, and capitals carefully formed. In the note-book in which he composed verses from 1831 to 1838 you can see the development of his hand from a spiky and cramped boyish scribble to the more open and slightly more upright style of 1835 and 1836, the year of his matriculation at Oxford; a neat and educated penmanship, easy to read and regular, though differing slightly from day to day in size and slope. The backward switch of his *y* and forward toss of the tail to his angular *t* are already there; and the dainty shaping of capitals, based on Italic or Elzevir print, like his mother's, with suggestion of the *serif* in a little elegant curl to *H* and *F*. Instead of spasmodic reform, as earlier, there is perfect steadiness for page after page.

At Oxford his writing became rather larger and looser, perhaps from Latin exercises, in which indubitable distinctness is required. The "Poetry of Architecture" fair copy can be seen in a facsimile in the new Library Edition; the draft scribbled in a sketch-book during Oxford vacation is reproduced here; you note the tendency to round the foot of the downstroke and the length of the greater limbs of the letters.

Leaving Oxford and writing hard at "Modern Painters" earlier volumes, which cost a great deal of pen-work, he went back to the smaller hand of voluminous authors, and the constant attention to one subject gave it regularity. But the letters of the time are naturally more impulsive; indeed,



Ruskin's notes for "Poetry of Architecture



Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" Notes

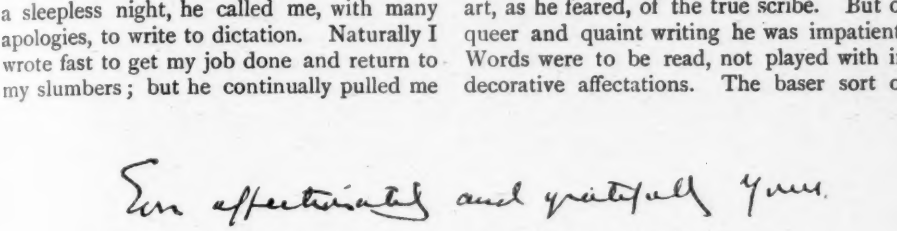
in 1849 there are bits which prefigure his latest style in its upright and loose sketchiness. From 1849 or 1850 for some years the chief work was "Stones of Venice," and the note-books and studies for this are fairly represented by the page on "Sta. Maria dell' Orto." This is the earlier "Modern Painters" manner with a growing freedom, but not yet wild and whirling.

The difference is shown at a glance in comparing this with the sample of his well-known later hand. It was by the end of the 'fifties that the regular and tight spikiness began finally to disappear and give place to far-flung curves. The great turn in his life which took place about 1860 showed itself in his penmanship as well as in his thought, and the final style became formed, which, with merely the differences of better or worse, lasted until all writing was over. After the summer of 1889 it was at very rare intervals that he took pen in hand. For some time before his death by mere disuse he seemed to have lost the very power of writing at all, and at last, one day, being asked for his signature, he set down with shaking fingers the first few letters of it, and broke off with, "Dear me! I seem to have forgotten how to write my own name!" And he wrote no more.

There have been authors and journalists whose printed work, no doubt, exceeds Ruskin's by far; but in reckoning the sum total of his penmanship we must not forget that every printed page meant, for him, several written pages, especially in earlier books; also, that he was a conscientious correspondent, and every day wrote many letters. It may be set off against this that he sometimes used the help of an amanuensis, though he rarely dictated, and it was only when he had hammered his subject into shape that he had it copied for the printer. Occasionally in late years he let it be type-written, but most of his work was done before the age of type-writers. He would use the most unlikely copyists, as when he got the little girls of his Brantwood class to write out his notes. All he asked was a distinct hand and a docile scribe. His secretary, like the secretary in "Gil Blas," did everything but write, and sometimes was packing parcels or sweeping leaves while the valet was copying lectures on Greek art. Some early MSS. are in the hand of George Hobbs; many of the later middle period were written by Crawley. At other times he requisitioned the young ladies; it was for this that Mrs. Severn formed her large, round, upright hand, and Miss Anderson had many a copying task as well as others whose work will be valued by collectors for its corrections from the master's pen, like the quartz which holds the sparkle of gold.

But he taught them to write distinctly—that was his great requirement. Once, on a sleepless night, he called me, with many apologies, to write to dictation. Naturally I wrote fast to get my job done and return to my slumbers; but he continually pulled me up with, "I'm sure you're scribbling. Let me see if I can read it." Out on the fells, taking the dip and strike of strata, or among the cathedrals making notes and measurements, he would often warn his assistant of the folly of hasty scrawling. "I've lost so much time and trouble by my own bad writing," he used to say.

It has been told already how he was struck at first by Miss Francesca Alexander's handwriting before he had seen her drawing, which afterwards he praised so highly. The distinct neatness of her beautiful calligraphy appealed to his love for missals and the lost art, as he feared, of the true scribe. But of queer and quaint writing he was impatient. Words were to be read, not played with in decorative affectations. The baser sort of business-hand roused him to scorn, and he had a sharp eye for the characteristics of a cranky or insincere correspondent. When postcards came in, like many others he did not like them at all and never used them. One of his household sometimes got postcards written in Runes, and, seeing the mystic inscriptions, he wanted to know why. "So that people may not read it," was the answer. "What's the use of that?" replied Ruskin. "Isn't language given you to conceal your thoughts?"



December 1875

Esther Gaunt becomes a Deserter

By Harry Davies

THERE came a time in the history of our chapel when Esther Gaunt created a great sensation. To put it in a nutshell, Esther committed no less a crime than this: She deserted the party of which her father was a shining light —the party of "conservatism and consolidation" as Griffith Gaunt proudly called it—and went over to those revolutionaries, led by Eliezer Foulkes, who were for ever agitating for changes and reforms. How great a crime this was you do not know, perhaps. Neither should I had I not been a member of our country church. But, having been a member, and having realised how weighty were its affairs, I am in a position to assure you that it was a very heinous crime indeed—until everybody got used to the idea—when everybody settled down and thought no more about it.

There was a man in the affair, of course. There were, indeed, two men in the affair. And, as Auntie Anne, our most penetrating philosopher and cynic, said, "One man in the case is bad enough, but when there are two, then it's just twice as bad."

Now, among the foremost in the ranks of Griffith's party in the church was Matthew Jordan, a bachelor, well on in middle age. Matthew was a man of substance. He owned his own farm, had a comfortable balance at the bank, and drove good horseflesh. He was an estimable fellow, but, to quote Auntie Anne again, he was "an old maid with men's clothes on." That criticism was, perhaps, rather hard, but it must be admitted that it struck home, as Auntie Anne's criticisms generally did. The most generous person could not but concede that Matthew was an exceedingly prim individual, fussy and precise to a degree. An only son, used all his life to women's ways, petted from earliest childhood by his mother, and in later years by his two maiden sisters, who lived with him, he had grown up to be to some extent what we call a "mollycoddle." The slightest ache or pain would keep him indoors with the look of a woebegone invalid on his face. If sympathy was not profuse at such a time, Matthew felt resentment. The indisposition might be of the slightest—a mere headache, for instance—and sympathy, from long usage, might have grown somewhat mechanical, but that did not matter as long as it was loudly expressed. His sisters must make a fuss, as his mother used to do. Matthew wrapped himself up in the winter in ulster and scarves until he looked rather like a Moorish woman with a bowler hat on; and the suspicion of a roughness in his throat sent him to a patent medicine which was to him a kind of panacea for all ills. He had a somewhat mincing gait, and a way of holding his head slightly inclined to one side as he spoke to you which Auntie Anne described as "extremely ladylike." Truth to say, his manner was certainly somewhat open to this charge, and his high-pitched voice completed the effect. He became petulant if you disagreed with him, and generally went off in a huff after a discussion. Apart from these peculiarities of character, he was, as I have said, an estimable fellow. He was a good farmer, an upright, honourable man, a staunch member of the church, and although he was decidedly close-fisted in money affairs, he never refused to give towards church objects when occasion called. All these virtues notwithstanding, it must be admitted that on the whole he was rather colourless and uninteresting. There was so little of the man about him. Griffith Gaunt loved a man; and how he came to countenance Matthew Jordan's attentions to Esther it is difficult to understand. Perhaps, in the first place, Griffith's heart leaned a bit towards Matthew because he was such a firm member of his own party. In the second place, I rather think Mrs. Gaunt's influence was thrown heavily into the balance, owing to the money-bags in Matthew's possession. Certain it is that Matthew openly went to the Goytrey Farm as a suitor for Esther's hand, and that Griffith did not turn him

out, as would have been his choleric way had he objected to him.

Griffith Gaunt had had a sharp eye for a pretty girl himself in his day. His wife had been one of the comeliest lasses in the whole country side, and was still as sweet-looking a woman as you could find in the county. All the children took after her, and Esther was one of the prettiest of the lot. She was fair-haired and grey-eyed, and in her cheeks was the rosy flush which comes of a happy mind, a healthy body, and a sane existence. She was slim and fleet-footed, carried herself well, and her laugh was musical. Always in good spirits, always brimming over with fun, always responsive to kindness—such was Esther. And to this girl on those summer evenings came Matthew Jordan wooing in his prim, precise, self-satisfied way, with his head on one side, very anxious to please and ingratiate. Faugh! Esther was kind to him, but she could not bear him near her. Her whole soul revolted at the idea of his touching her with his little finger.

Trust a maid for having something in the back of her mind when she feels like that! There was amongst our members a certain farmer who lived over towards the little town of Usk, a man of good family, the Vaughans of Clystra, but a man who had all his life been struggling with adverse circumstances. Coming into his little patrimony, he had found it heavily mortgaged, and despite the efforts of a lifetime, he had been unable to recover himself. To begin with, he was all unfit for a farmer. Take a man of books and studious inclinations, and place him on the land, and he will be about as effective as a hen would be if harnessed to a cart. All his struggles had resulted in this—that field by field his land had dwindled away until at last he had only a small farm remaining, barely sufficient in his incapable hands for the support of himself and family. This man had a son, Philip, and in this son lay the sole remaining hope of the Vaughans. Philip was tall, lithe, and active; a fresh-faced young fellow, regular-featured, clean-shaven, blue-eyed—a lad who would attract the notice of any passing person as extremely frank, pleasant, and gentlemanly in appearance. Philip was not bookish—not he. He had had a fair education at the county grammar-school, but he cared little for letters. No lingering in the musty library for him, as his father was wont to do. He was all on the active side. His prowess at cricket had made him the darling of his school. He played still, and on occasions even went into the field for the county—it was a fourth-rate one it must be confessed—but still to play for the county! Think of it! Esther flushed with pride when she mentioned it. (But what business has Esther to flush with pride, you ask. This part is all about Philip Vaughan, and you suddenly bring in Esther. Be patient for a few minutes, my dear Sir or Madam, and the secret will be out.) Philip loved sport of all kinds; he loved farming, he loved animals, dogs, poultry, and all live things. He exulted in the smell of the rich, red earth. He seemed to take to the management of the farm as a duck takes to water. Gradually it fell into his hands and gradually it improved. There were signs that, given time and a fair amount of good fortune, he would round the corner yet. It would be terribly up-hill work, for the farm was heavily mortgaged, but he meant to tackle it. Give him five years, and he ventured to say they would see a change. He was going in for stock-raising. That was the only way a farmer could make it really worth while nowadays. It was all very well for Griffith Gaunt and the other big farmers who owned their own domains, or had fat balances in hand, to go on in the old way, but for him stock-raising was the only resource. And so he went in for it with all that energy and enthusiasm which he brought to bear upon everything he undertook.

This was the lad who told Esther one summer's evening, as they walked across the fields, that she was the sweetest girl he had ever set eyes on, that he was madly in love with her, that he could not live without her, and a great deal more that we have no space to mention. When a young man gets started on a speech of that kind it is remarkable how much he can get through in a very short space of time. And Esther did not try to stay the torrent. It was sweetest music to her. It was the midsummer moment of her life. Such a welling of joy

rose up in her heart, such a pride, such an exultation, such an intense thrill of happiness, that never, never could any words describe it, or she forget it. The joy showed itself in her eyes, in her parted lips, in her blushing face; and suddenly, it passed like an electric current into Philip's heart; and—well, you can guess what happened by the stile, near the spinney, on that golden June evening! The old, old story. Love the omnipotent. The world changes, and the old order passes away, giving place to new, but Love remains till the end of time.

"But, dearest, I am as poor as a church mouse," said Philip after—well, after what passed. "I am a cad for having spoken. I ought to have kept it——"

Esther did something with her hand which suddenly smothered the words on his lips.

"I simply couldn't help it, sweetheart!" he went on, after he had suitably responded, his face all aglow with happiness. "I couldn't have hidden it any longer if I had to go to the scaffold for it. It has been simply awful keeping it in for months when I worship the very ground you tread on!"

Esther took him by the lapels of his coat. She laughed an exulting little laugh. "You goose!" she said. "Do you really suppose I didn't know it all along?"

"What! You knew it? How could you have known it? I say, Esther, you must be a witch! Tell me how you knew it!"

"Goose again! Do you suppose a girl ever needs to be told that a man—well—likes her a little?"

"Likes her a little! Oh, Esther! I simply—" (&c. &c. Here Philip went on for quite a long while). "But how you could have known it I can't make out! I kept such a guard on myself, because I thought it wasn't right to tell you."

"Poor boy! You are not good at disguising your feelings. If you have been keeping a guard on yourself all this time, I rather tremble for what you will do now you have actually let it out."

"To think of that now!" said Philip, in utter surprise. "And I thought I was doing it so splendidly, too!"

"*Did* you!" exclaimed Esther in mock commiseration. "Well, to think of that now!"

Philip laughed, and then suddenly became serious.

"Oh, but I say, Esther! There's another thing against me. I am not on your father's side in chapel!"

Esther looked serious too—for a few minutes. "Yes," she said, shaking her head with humorous gravity. "That is really a difficulty. We might get over the money question—but to be on the other side at chapel is terrible!"

"And yet," began Philip, "I—I—don't see how I could——"

"If you altered your principles for that reason, I should not think so much of you," put in Esther quickly.

"You see I believe in progress and all that kind of thing," Philip went on.

"So do I," said Esther promptly.

"You are the dearest girl in the world," said Philip, taking hold of her hands, "but what would your father say if he heard you?"

"Father," said Esther dramatically, "father would roar 'Wha—a—t!' in that terrible voice of his, and I should say, in reply, 'I believe whatever Philip believes'—(now, sir, don't interrupt me)—and then father would roar 'Wha—a—t!' louder than ever, and then I should just put my arms round his neck and he would be quiet in a moment."

"Puss!" exclaimed Philip delightedly. "That's how you manage him, is it!"

And then they looked at each other and laughed, and then Philip once again started to say a great deal which need not be repeated here.

But what was going to happen now? It was all very well for these young people to be so light-hearted in their ecstasy, but I assure you the matter was serious. Everything was against Philip and everything was in favour of Matthew Jordan. Philip was poor; even his prospects were only hopes at the best; and, worst of all, he belonged to the party the very mention of which made Griffith Gaunt frown most terribly. Here, on the other hand, was Matthew Jordan. He was rich—yea, even to the tune of £10,000, for his sires for generations back

had been saving men. He was, furthermore, of the right party. And last, but not least, he had Mrs. Gaunt in his favour. And yet these two lovers could laugh in their jubilant way! You and I, being free from their madness, will be more practical, and will be quite justified in asking, What is going to happen now?

Well, this is what happened. Philip Vaughan went straight to Griffith Gaunt and bearded him, as we hear of lions being bearded in their dens. That was Philip's way. Esther's face blanched when he announced his intention of taking this course.

"Oh, Philip!" she said, with a gasp, "he will be terrible! Wait just a little longer!"

"Not a bit of it!" said Philip, decisively. "He can't eat me! If he refuses, I shall take you without his consent."

Esther's lips said an empathic "no," but her eyes danced the delight she could not conceal at the brave words.

To Griffith Gaunt Philip went, one evening after the day's work was done. He found him in the big barley field, smoking his long pipe as he looked at the grain. Oh, sly Esther! Griffith was always least choleric when smoking his long pipe.

The pipe notwithstanding, what a storming and a raging took place in that barley field! What an angry voice resounded, like the bellowing of a bull! Philip took it all without wincing.

"I can't help it, Mr. Gaunt," he said, when it was over, looking Griffith straight in the face, with a smile. "Hard words break no bones. It's no use my beating about the bush in the matter, and I must tell you that I love her and want her and mean to have her."

"Wha—a—t!" roared Griffith Gaunt, who looked as though he were going to have an apoplectic fit.

"And as to my being poor, I am a better man than Matthew Jordan anyway, with all his money. Oh yes, I know that sounds conceited, but it isn't conceit. It is a simple fact. Look at me, Mr. Gaunt; come over to the farm and inspect it for yourself any day, and tell me if I am not a better man than Matthew Jordan. He has had his money made for him by others. I shall make mine for myself."

Griffith was absolutely speechless. The torrent would fain have burst forth again, but the words would not come. So he looked Philip up and down as though he would have eaten him. Philip bore it without flinching.

"And as to my being of the opposite party, am I any the worse man for that? Mr. Gaunt, I appeal to your sense of justice."

For all his fire-eating expression Griffith Gaunt could not repress the look of interest which was gradually stealing into his eyes as he watched the ardent young face before him.

"And as to my having made love to Esther before speaking to you, it all came out with a rush before I knew what had happened. I love her to distraction, and I was desperate for fear of losing her. I don't ask you to give your consent in the dark, Mr. Gaunt. I only ask for a fair hearing. If you doubt that I am in a fair way of doing well, come and look at my books. Moreover, I am willing to wait for any time you name. I would wait a lifetime. Have her I am determined to, one way or another. And even if I took her away without your consent, I should only be doing what others have done before me. *You* did it for love's sake, Mr. Gaunt. Could you blame me so very much?"

"Br—r—r—r!" exclaimed Griffith Gaunt. And then he turned on his heel without a word and marched towards the house. He was outmatched for once, and he knew it.

"Well?" said his wife eagerly, as he came in.

"Leave me alone!" he roared. "Was ever a man so pestered! He has been talking me blind!"

"Talking me blind!" he muttered, as he stumped to the drawing-room.

In the drawing-room he found Esther, pale and trembling.

"Here!" he shouted, "he's waiting outside. No, he's coming towards the house. Go out and stop him. Tell him I've had enough! He's been talking me blind!"

Esther gave one sharp look at him.

"Oh you dearest, dearest old duck of a father!"

"Keep off!" roared Griffith Gaunt. "I've had enough for one day! Stop him coming in!"

As Esther ran out, all smiles and tears, through the French window, Griffith Gaunt chuckled.

"Talked me fairly blind!" he said, looking at himself in the glass in utter astonishment.

A Lady's Blouse

By George R. Fleming

THERE is probably no one article among a lady's confections which attracts so much attention as a blouse. Modern conditions lend themselves to such an infinite variety, even to the leanest purse, that among one's circle of friends there can never be monotony in the study of this work of art. To the members of her own sex, a lady's blouse is always an object of critical rather than admiring attention; the mere man is influenced solely by his interest in the wearer. But to the philosophic mind there is a direct industrial question of far more importance; for in no such universal item of commerce is there a more complete demonstration of that dependence, which the individual must place, under modern conditions, upon the aggregation of workers. Material—of a sort—for a blouse, even for a whole dress, is sold wholesale in Manchester for *6d.*, and yet the processes through which it passes are numbered almost by thousands, while in its course from the plantation to the modiste, it traverses almost half round the world.

The cotton-plant grows in most abundance in the United States, a finer and purer quality comes from Egypt, but the best of all is grown in the South Sea Islands. Quality is largely a matter of climate. But the southern plantations of America are by far the largest producing districts; some 75 per cent. of our supply of nearly one million tons per annum comes from the States, and about 20 per cent. from Egypt. There it grows in great tracts of land like a wilderness of rose-bushes, and generations of negroes have known no other horizon than the monotonous grey banks fading into the many shades of the blue heavens. Their alphabet has been the cotton-seed which they plant year after year and study hourly, gathering the bolls daily when they come to perfection. To pluck them prematurely involves high percentage of seed; if they fall from over-ripeness they are spoiled by dirt.

The first process of purification is in the gins, huge horizontal rollers separating the lint from the seeds, and this is done in America, Egypt, and India. In the Indian cotton-fields the natives have not yet learned the alphabet, and the result is unreliable cotton. The cotton thus roughly weeded is bundled as compactly as 500-ton presses can make it. The cotton king has gained a profit on his land, the negro earns a pittance, and now the railway shareholder gets a dividend, although the bales are transported, ten or fifteen miles for less than *1d.* per ton.

America has long had the ambition to convert this raw material of nature into finished garments, but the very climatic conditions conducive to growth are opposed to manufacture. An exact degree of humidity in the air is a necessity. In this country the difference between Burnley and Bristol is a hindrance, and even in some of the Lancashire mills elaborate appliances are fitted to ensure a uniform degree of moisture. Thus, if the temperature be 85° Fahr. 6.2 grains of moisture must be added for every cubic foot of air circulated in the room; for 75° 4.6 grains suffices, and thus it comes that Lancashire has become the cotton manufacturer of the world. The influence of heredity has

had a large part in maintaining industrial perfection and in defeating possible competition in the highest class of work; but chemistry and general scientific progress in Germany, principally in Alsace-Lorraine, where there is the happy mixture of the artistic temperament of the French with the chemical genius of the German, bring a likelihood of a termination to Britain's position as the sole producer of the first-class work.

Liverpool is the great emporium whence the spinner gets his supplies, and so enormous are the transactions that a drop of an apparently trifling fraction of a penny may mean ruin or a fortune. Before the material enters the works the Atlantic steamship owner, the Liverpool stevedore, the Cotton Exchange middleman, and an English railway company have each had a profit out of the material, which is yet to be sold for such a small amount.

In this country there are forty-three million spindles, many of them running at a rate of 8000 revolutions per minute, and a thousand of these spindles at this lightning speed may be attended by one worker. But before the cotton reaches the spindle there are many processes of refining, because as received about four-tenths of the American cotton and about one-tenth of the Egyptian cotton is still made up of seed-husks. The most modern method of treatment is in the scatching machine, which used to be colloquially known as "the devil," because that which it rejected could not be other than pure. The material from several bales are passed in layers into this machine where air driven by centrifugal force throws the impurities, because of their heavier weight, away from the light cotton fibres which pass from the machine like sheets of wadding. This machine, entirely closed in and attended by one woman, now does the work which formerly required 420 people, and with more satisfactory results. The husks contain a large proportion of potash, and serve admirably for manure.

The next process is carding: a name derived from the old process of using a card arranged like a series of combs. The fibres fed into the machine are blown through the small openings of a fixed cylinder and combed off by small-mesh wire cards, forming a ring which revolves at a high speed. Finally the fibres flow in a thin vaporous veil almost like mist, the fibres interlocking with each other so beautifully as to be indecipherable to the eyes. This veil is guided into a circular "brush" and in a continuous silky, soft, almost transparent, rope, known as a sliver, it coils itself up in a "can." Something like half a ton of purified cotton can be carded by such a machine each hour, and represents an enormous volume.

Perhaps the most delicate machine in the process is a comber, whose function is to extract from the filmy stuff all the short fibres, and the action and effect are akin to the combing of a lady's hair. This and indeed all the processes prior to and during the actual spinning operation are arranged to ensure that there will be a thorough mixing of fibres. It is thus possible that a comparatively short length of the final thread of cotton, ready for the weaver, contains material which has been grown in almost two million cotton-bolls.

The action of combing, roving, and of spinning is the drawing out of the fibrous material with a twisting motion, but instead of the "jenny" of olden times, there is now a huge frame stretched across the mill floor and its thousand spindles, revolving 8000 times per minute, produce almost 100 yards of cotton-yarn per minute. And hereby hangs a tale of a Girton girl.

The bobbins carrying the cotton to be spun are on permanent standards, and the spindles on which the yarn is being wound are fixed on a frame which travels slowly to and from the standards. In its outward travel the yarn was drawn and twisted, the winding on the spindle being done on the return journey; our Girton girl when visiting a mill commented on the fact that the spinning frame during half the time was practically doing nothing, and at once suggested a very practical method whereby twisting and winding could be done simultaneously.

And here a word may be said as to the notation of thread, &c. The diameter of cotton, linen, and other threads cannot be

measured and they are reckoned in "counts." A hank is 840 yards, and the number of hanks necessary to make one pound weight is accepted as the "count." Thus where there are twenty hanks, equal to a length of 16,800 yards to the pound, the cotton is twenty counts marked 20s. This is about the length to which a pound of ordinary cotton can be drawn or twisted as yarn; with the finest Egyptian cotton there may be over seventy miles of cotton-yarn in one pound, the number of counts being correspondingly high.

The wonderful processes of yarn-making are barely equalled in weaving, although the result is as striking. Few ladies realise what an immense length of threads there is in a dress length of cotton, more almost than would compass the globe, for there are nearly five thousands of threads to the double width of fifty-three inches and a corresponding number to the length; and yet a cloth fifty-three inches wide is woven at the rate of ten inches per minute. First the warp threads are prepared by being passed through a "size" trough, dried with steam and cooled with air fans, which process stiffens them for use in the great frames where they are interwoven with the weft. Although one of the thousands of threads can easily be broken owing to the high speed of working, it very seldom happens notwithstanding the speed of the machine.

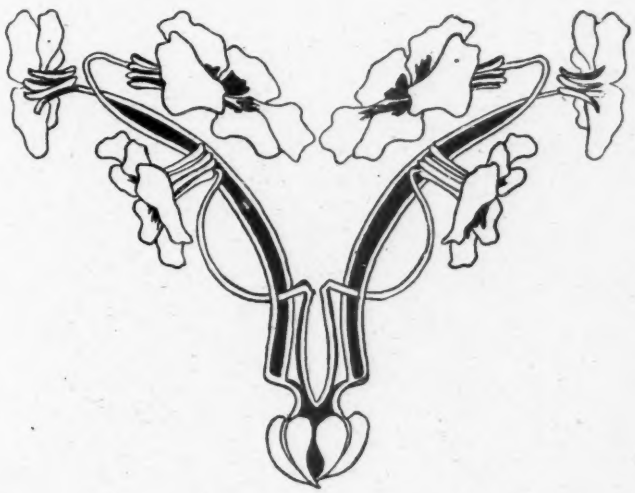
The result is the grey cloth of commerce, and from this point art comes to the help of the mechanic, and women for all time owe a large debt of thanks to the discoverer of alizarine dyes and also to Mercer, for he has given them a material with the lustrous semblance of silk for the price of cotton. But first, as to the process of ordinary printing, it may be said that in the old days when the grey cloth was dyed with chemicals derived from the madder root, the variations and gradations in colour were very limited, and in many cases the pattern had to be hand-stamped by the block printer.

A world of change was brought about by the discovery that coal-tar was convertible into alizarine dyes, and now ten or more different colours can be printed in the most artistic—or fantastic, if you will—patterns on both sides of the cloth, and at one operation with a high-speed machine. The designs are largely of French origin, although by the development of art education, encouraged by corporate bodies, more of them are now of British conception than formerly. It must be confessed, however, that alike in art and chemistry some European countries are still in advance. The design prepared is graven on copper rolls and the cloth, previously bleached to the whiteness of snow, passes in various widths say of 20 to 60 inches over these rollers which rotate at a great speed, and the cloth emerges ready, after the drying process, for the market. Merit is not always rewarded because there is nothing more fickle than fashion, but the Manchester print-seller has great experience, alike of Parisian leaders of fashion and of the Colonial and the semi-civilised native; and the designs for each are truly wonderful, if their preference is sometimes mysterious. If Paris is satisfied so is the English market.

Mercerised goods have become popular substitutes for silks, but few know either the process or its origin. Mercer was a Lancashire chemist, and was straining caustic soda through cotton-cloth when he noticed that the chemical entirely altered the character of the material, producing a silky effect. As is too often the case, his discovery was not accepted by the English makers. It was, however, bought by a French syndicate which did not carry out the process to its final issue. The caustic soda treatment alone did not give the lustre but produced an artistic fluting which, made in strips in ordinary calico printed cloth, gave a most pleasing chiffon effect. The brilliancy which is more the fashion to-day, alike in blouse and skirt, is really got by stretching the material upon hot rolls after its treatment in the chemicals. Egyptian, or better still South Sea Island, cotton gives the best results, and in the thread or yarn state the material is run through a Bunsen burner at a speed of 3500 inches per minute with the object of burning any loose particles of fibres which may remain; for the harder and duller the yarn is in its natural state, the richer becomes the lustre in the finished material.

In the pure white web state the cloth is starched and thoroughly stretched to ensure that all the threads are parallel to each other. A "union" fabric—half cotton half wool—gives really the best effect. After being starched the cloth is put into a sulphuric acid bath whereby the fibre is burned; the subsequent treatment in an alkali neutralises any corrosive effects. After this, it is passed in a taut state over heated rollers and comes out with the lustrous imitation of silk. But this special material is only for the few; for the great mass there is the printed cloth, of which millions and millions of yards are made in this country for home and foreign use, ranging in price from 6½*d.* for the dress length to almost any sum. Even the "dooties," the sole garment of the Indian, are cheaper; but the lowest of all is that used in China to comply with the custom that the chief mourner shall present every one attending a funeral with a dress. The shoddiest of stuff is used to comply with the letter of the law. There is no deception, even if there were it might not influence the giver.

Still, the richest and purest of cotton-cloth affords, as I have said, a splendid object-lesson alike of the advance of international exchange and of the interdependence of mankind. The negro in America, the Kaffir in India, and the Pathan in Egypt cultivate the material, it is transmitted over thousands of miles of ocean in British ships oftentimes manned by the Scandinavian, to be sold in Liverpool, spun by Lancashire lasses, woven by workers in many English towns, printed with French designs, probably with German chemicals, after being bleached in the pellucid streams of Scotland or in the north of England, and finally, sent again over-seas, sometimes to within a few miles of the plantation where it grew, and saleable to the Caucasian, Mongolian, or Ethiopian at a price varying from 1*d.* to shillings per yard; the one unchanging and never-failing association being the delight of first use, the critical survey of the rival, or the admiration of the adorer.



Stories of Authors' Loves

III.—Poor Poe

By Clara E. Laughlin

IF Edgar Allan Poe had lived in Greece when the world was young, we should write of him to-day as one who had terribly displeased the gods, one at whom Jove aimed his thunderbolts, one whom the Furies pursued, one chained to the rock of daily torture, or perchance one thrice-sentenced—hurled prostrate by Jove, haunted by the avenging sisters and gnawed by an insatiable vulture. Outside of the mythology of the ancients one looks in vain for a figure so set about with tragic melancholy; scarce Hamlet, even, seems so consecrate to misfortune.

As Poe did *not* live when men accounted for misadventure by the ill-will of the gods, nor yet live to see such temperaments as his psychologically interpreted and reduced, on a scientific basis, to so much of such and such elements combining inevitably to produce such and such results, he was adjudged "just plain cussed" by the majority of his generation, and it has remained for a later day to afford him some more kindly estimate and explanation. Yet not without going further back than to the man himself, to some cause or causes, somewhere predetermining his temperament and tendencies and fore-ordaining him to sorrow as surely as if the gods had cursed him, can we account to ourselves for a life so full of mishap and misadventure. On the title-page of Ingram's "Life" he is described as that:

> Unhappy Master whom unmerciful Disaster
> Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
> Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
> Of "Never,—nevermore."

And all narratives of Poe's life are, perforce, pitched in very much the same key as this; only some, recounting his misfortunes, do most accuse and some do more excuse him.

It was the tragic tendency of Poe's personality to antagonise people without intent. Those whom he knew not at all, he antagonised by his severe criticisms (born of his stern ideals of art, not of animus against his fellow craftsmen) and by his fondness for hoaxing, a quality the public is slow to forgive. Those he knew well, he sooner or later arrayed against him, in many instances by momentary extravagances of which he soon repented but which they took for key-notes of his character and evidences of his unfitness for friendship or for love. For one cause and another, traceable to no inherent meanness, but to an overplus of frictional qualities in his relationships with people, poor Poe was always making enemies, and both during his lifetime and after his death there were always pitifully few who were found with a good word to say of the "unhappy master"; while, if proof were needed that he was born to be the prey of the "unmerciful disaster," it might be deduced from the fact that after the "fitful fever we call life," the man chosen to be his biographer, because of his intimacy with Poe and his supposed friendliness towards him, turned his most scurrilous reviler; and his tissue of malicious lies about the poet it has been the devoted task of all later biographers painstakingly to controvert. But a lie travels faster and lodges more tenaciously than the truth, and Griswold's calumnies are credited to-day in many quarters that wot not of the refutations of Ingram and Woodberry and Gill.

Poe's inability to "get on" with people began early in his life and dogged him to the very end; his school-days were full of it, his relations with his wealthy foster-father, Mr. Allan, were most unpleasantly terminated by it; his business associations, because of it, were one long nightmare of disappointments, changes, and estrangements. Even his affairs of the heart suffered by it, and his kindest benefactors and most doting admirers acknowledged themselves baffled and unable to cope with its fatality. Only one relationship (or perhaps we should say two, but two so closely united that they seem one) of all

Poe's life was untainted by this unfortunate tendency; only one chapter in the turbulent story is marked by perfect trust and love that never wavered. It is the exquisite, albeit pathetic, idyl of Poe's child-wife, the one spot of heaven in his tormented life. But to approach that chapter one must begin further back.

Edgar A. Poe.

Poe was only eighteen when his first book of poems, "Tamerlane," now the dear desire of collectors and their despair, was published, and necessarily, before he could write a book of poems, he must needs have been in love. At the age when a love-affair of some sort became a necessity to him, there lived across the street from him in Richmond a girl a little his junior, who answered to the unpoetic name of S. Elmira Royster. First love, as Poe himself explained long afterwards, recalling this experience of his boyhood and comparing it with Byron's ideal love for Mary Chaworth, has "no peculiar

regard to the person, or to the character, or to the reciprocating affection," but is "born of the hour and of the youthful necessity to love," and the chief requisite being present in the state of mind, there is wanting only something feminine and contiguous to complete a romance. Poe found the ethereal being of his first romantic dreams in S. Elmira, and before he entered the University of Virginia he had made an engagement to marry her, he being seventeen and she a year or two younger. S. Elmira's father had other ideas for her, however; he intercepted Poe's letters to her, and presently married her, to his satisfaction, to a Mr. Shelton. This episode lent a fine tinge of melancholy to the early verse of the young lover. More than twenty years later, when Poe met with his untimely death, he was on the very eve of marriage with Mrs. Shelton. But of that more anon!

Orphaned at the age of three years and left to the mercies of strangers, with no heritage but a double dower of consumption, Poe knew little of the companionship of his blood kindred until he was about three- or four-and-twenty. For some time he had been suffering the keenest distresses of privation and repeated disappointments, having quarrelled with his foster-father, been court-martialled out of West Point, and met with rebuff in his every effort to gain a livelihood.

Fortune was at a low ebb with him when he took up his residence in Baltimore with his father's widowed sister, Mrs. Clemm. She had an only surviving child, a fairy little creature of eleven, Virginia, and in the society of mother and daughter their young kinsman found the first sweet peace of his fevered life. Mrs. Clemm was the essence of motherliness, and the little girl was the essence of childish love and trust, so that between them they taught him many things of the love that shelters and cherishes and the love that leans and believes. Rossetti found both these loves in one woman:

> Sometimes she is a child within my arms,
> . . . . .
> And oft, from mine own spirit's hurtling harms,
> I crave the refuge of her deep embrace.

Poe found these dual needs of man's nature not in one woman, but in two; two united in their love for each other as in their love for him. Mrs. Clemm advised him, looked after him in his thousand little helplessnesses, comforted him for his disappointments, cheered him to new trials, and put her sturdy, practical sense and ability at his service to smooth, in whatever degree was possible, the way of his daily life. The child Virginia looked up to him, hung about him, idealised him, and appealed to all in him that was strong and tender and worthy of her child's sweet trust. It was a home of small material resources, that of Mrs. Clemm—far different from the home of the wealthy Allans, under whose care young Poe had grown up, where, along with the luxuries supplied with kindly intent, was always the sense of being on trial of worthiness. It was charity in the Allan home, no matter to what great lengths of indulgence it went; it was love in the shabby little household of the Clemms, having no relation to merit except perhaps an inverse ratio, as is the world-old way of love. In those early days in the household of his aunt, Poe fought some of the hardest and bitterest of his many hard and bitter fights, not for recognition so much as for a bare sustenance; and during those days, too, he first faced the dread warnings of lingering but early death bequeathed him by both parents. "Unmerciful Disaster" seemed to crowd him well-nigh intolerably, for not only was he threatened with a manhood of slow decay, but the death of Mr. Allan and the complete omission of Edgar Poe from his will, together with the hitherto pampered young man's inability to find a livelihood for himself, made it seem as if the sum of terrors were in store for him. In this depression there fixed upon him the beginnings of his dissipations, his slavery to drink and drugs, to the indescribable horrors of which his life thereafter was a pathetic sacrifice.

In all this distress he had only the love of the Clemms to cling to, and it presently began to seem as if Fate conspired to rob him even of that, for Baltimore failing utterly to provide him with a living, he was fain to take an offer to go to Richmond, there to work in an editorial position for ten dollars a

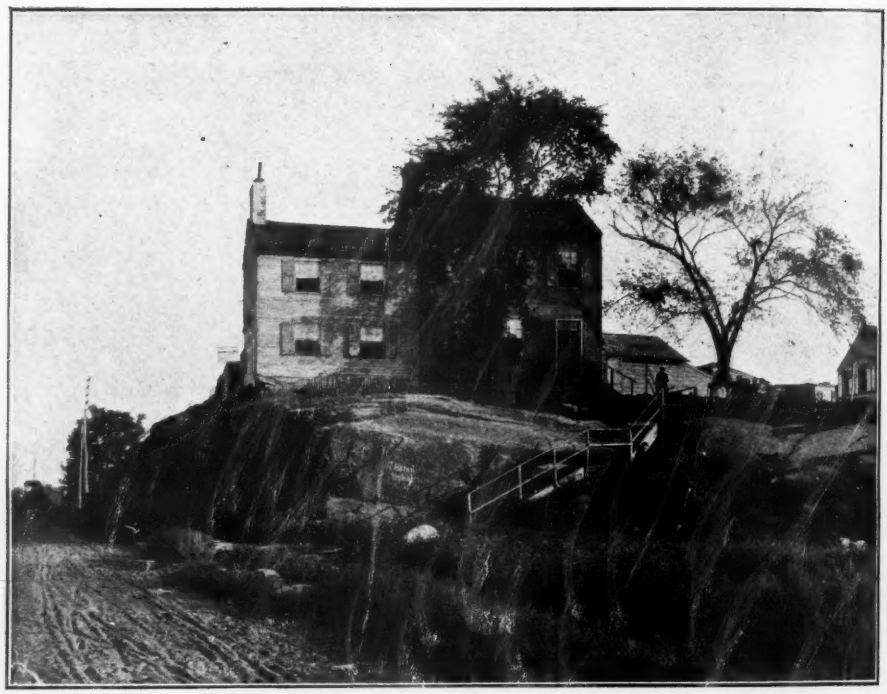
week. If Poe grudged going back to the scene of his former life of ease and bright prospects and there taking up a new existence as a poorly paid literary hack, we find no record of the fact, but that he did view with little less than terror the promise of separation from the Clemms we do know. He went to Richmond and entered upon his work there, finding it very agreeable and full of opportunity, but although a living was now his and fortune began to smile on him with appreciation of his unique work, he was not happy; indeed, he was desperately miserable, and after a few months, in spite of the contrary advice of his friends, he returned to Baltimore to enter urgent suit for the hand of little thirteen-year-old Virginia. Like much of Poe's life, the exact truth about this expedition and its outcome is shrouded in contradictory statement and much mystery. Scarcely the evasive Shakespeare left so little absolute record of his transactions. It is said on the authority of Mrs. Clemm's conversation, taken down in shorthand, that Poe and her daughter were married in Baltimore, at old Christ Church, on September 22, 1835. The marriage records of Baltimore show that on that day he took out a licence to marry, but they do not show any return of the licence for a record of the contract, nor do the books of old Christ Church bear any witness to such a marriage. However, Poe returned to Richmond the following day, and soon thereafter Mrs. Clemm and Virginia followed him thither and the three took up their abode together, Poe exerting himself to borrow money for Mrs. Clemm wherewith to start a boarding-house, a scheme that never materialised. On May 16, 1836, Poe was publicly married to his cousin by the Rev. Amaza Converse, a Presbyterian minister, then editor of the *Southern Religious Telegraph*. Poe was twenty-seven and his bride was slightly under fourteen, although to procure the licence she was sworn as of full age.

For a brief moment after this strange marriage it appeared as if the fortunes of Poe were on the mend, for the country at large was beginning to take note of him, and his immediate wants were supplied by regular employment under a man who was sincerely devoted to Poe and wonderfully patient with his many offences against friendship and business honour; but at length Poe tried him beyond his endurance, adding a final straw that broke the patient camel's back, and at the beginning of 1837, six months after his marriage, he was again without an income, and travelling by slow stages to New York, with his two dependent women. In New York it was the same story, brief seasons of employment, more or less violent quarrels of disruption, occasional respites from the threatening of direst want, marked by longer and longer terms of bitter dependence upon the charity and forbearance of his friends. In turmoil and unrest the years dragged by, the two faithful women sharing his curse of the roving hoof and tossing about pitifully from one poor abiding-place to another, from New York to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia (when he had quite exhausted the patience of every one there) to New York again, whither he returned in the spring of 1844. In Philadelphia a new terror had been added to Poe's life—his girl-wife who like himself was an heir to consumption—began to manifest the first fatal signs of the dread disease. This was in 1842, when Virginia was barely twenty. Some years later, after her death, Poe wrote of that first threatening:

"Six years ago a wife whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood-vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her for ever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped. At the end of a year the vessel broke again. I went through precisely the same scene. . . . Then again—again—and even once again, at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death—and at each accession of the disorder I loved her the more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity. But I am constitutionally sensitive—nervous in a very unusual degree. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness I drank—God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course,

my enemies referred the insanity to the drink, rather than the drink to the insanity."

When Poe took up the battle for existence again in New York, horror was added to horror as he watched his beautiful young wife die. Thence he sought a retreat in the country, in the little cottage which is still the



The home of Edgar Allan Poe in Long Island, New York

shrine of so many pilgrims, and of the days there we have the following pathetic picture drawn by Mr. Woodberry from many sources :

"The cottage to which he had retired in the spring of 1846, although at the best a mean dwelling, was the pleasantest retreat he had known. It was a one-storey-and-a-half house, still standing on Kingsbridge Road, at the top of Fordham Hill. Within, on the ground-floor, were two small apartments, a kitchen and a sitting-room ; and above, up a narrow stairway, two others, one—Poe's room—a low, cramped chamber, lighted by little square windows like port-holes, the other a diminutive closet of a bedroom, hardly large enough to lie down in. The furniture was of the simplest ; in the clean, white-floored kitchen were a table, a chair, and a little stove ; and in the other room, which was laid with checked matting, were only a light stand with some presentation volumes of the Brownings upon it, some hanging shelves with a few other books ranged on them, and four chairs. Outside, however, the broad views, in contrast with the dwarfed interior, must have had, as is now the case, a fine spaciousness. The old cherry-trees are still rooted in the grassy turf, out of which crops here and there the granite of the underlying rock ; and a stone's throw to the east of the verandah, then as now overgrown with vines, rises the ledge itself, overhung by sighing pines and looking off far across the meadows, woods, and villages to the glimmer of ocean on the horizon. Of this little home in the pleasant country there are many reminiscences, curiously intermingling the beauty of Nature with the charm

of the three occupants. Mrs. Clemm, now over sixty, with her large, benevolent features and white hair, in a worn black dress, made upon all who saw her an impression of dignity, refinement, and especially of deep, motherly devotion to her children; Virginia, at the age of twenty-five, retained her beauty, but the large black eyes and raven hair contrasted sadly with the white pallor of her face; Poe himself, poor, proud, and ill, anticipating grief, and nursing the bitterness that springs from helplessness in the sight of suffering borne by those dear to us, was restless and variable, the creature of contradictory impulses, alternating between the eagerness of renewed hope and the dull maze of ever-recurring disappointment. Friends called on him, and found him anxious over the one great trouble of his poverty, or inspirited by the compliment of a letter from Mrs. Browning, or endeavouring to distract his mind with his pets—a bobolink he had caught and caged, a parrot some one had given him, or a favourite cat."

Through the summer of 1846 matters were not so pitifully bad in the little cottage, but with the chill winds of autumn Virginia grew steadily worse, and a friend who called on the family at Fordham after the snow came has left this description of what she found:

"There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's greatcoat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. This wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands, and her mother her feet. Mrs. Clemm was passionately fond of her daughter, and her distress on account of her illness and poverty and misery was dreadful to see."

In these circumstances, somewhat mitigated from time to time by the charity of friends, lovely Virginia Poe lingered until the last of January, suffering much pain until her release, so that they who loved her suffered rather less than more when her agonies were over, Poe taking on himself the poor comforts of a man on whom Fortune has wreaked her worse and who has, therefore, nothing left to fear.

The rest of poor Poe's life (considerably less than three years) is quite too distraught and wretched to dwell upon. The mother-love of Mrs. Clemm was true to him to the last, even though he sought alliance with others. Crazed with grief, drink, opium, disappointment and bitterness, and tottering in ill-health, Poe's last days are a nightmare to contemplate. He had an "affair" of much fervour with a Mrs. Helen Whitman, who, after keeping him "dangling" for some time, finally concluded not to marry him, on account of his dissolute habits. And when he died he was engaged, as has been said, to marry the "S. Elmira" of his youthful dreams. Only those who understand the vagaries of the insane can account for the wild impulses of those last years or know why Poe should have felt moved to marry any woman when, as all the world must believe, his heart was buried with his Virginia, the child-wife of his youth.

Never more distraught, unhappy creature bent unwilling back, all a life long before the stinging lash of "Unmerciful Disaster"; never went more pitiful story on record, to wring the hearts of all men who read, for evermore. But it was a life redeemed, we may believe, by a pure woman's pure love, even as was Tannhäuser's. No visible staff of wayworn and rejected pilgrim broke into lily-bloom over the bier of Virginia Poe in the poor little cottage at Fordham, but by the tearless anguish he endured there we believe poor Poe must have been marked for forgiveness, for Poor Poe "loved much," and loved purely, and somewhere, where the greatest is like to the littlest child, he must needs be, by the side of her whom he loved when both were young, "in a kingdom by the sea."

But our love it was stronger far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

Sunday Readings for September

By the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham

FIRST SUNDAY

STEADFAST AND ABOUNDING

1 Cor. xv. 58. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

THE context here is all important and of the noblest significance. That golden link-word, "wherefore," takes us back to the whole contents of the chapter which closes here—that great chapter, that oracle of "everlasting comfort and good hope through grace," which tells us of the destruction of death and of the prospect, sure and certain, of the final glory, the "perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul," which awaits the children of God. Blessed be the Inspirer of 1 Cor. xv., and dear for ever to us be the Apostle through whom the Inspirer caused it to be written down. Many a reader of these lines knows what a genuine voice from heaven that chapter can be as it is read in the quiet church where the mortal part of our beloved lies waiting to be laid beneath the green earth. Then, just then, comes the Church of Christ, and tells us, in the unerring Word, that not we shall die at last, but death, and that a glory beyond our holiest dream awaits our whole being at the coming of the King.

Well, just after that promise comes this precept. The gaze into eternity is not granted for the sake of reverie, but with a view to work. True to its genius, here as everywhere, the Gospel opens heaven to us so as to glorify duty. Behold the coming bliss, O saved sinner, O serving disciple. Therefore, now, labour on. Get back to "the work of the Lord." Let the sight of "that world, and the resurrection of the dead," make "the next thing" sacred and beautiful to you. You have had a foresight of the harvest under the sky of the eternal summer. Let its light fall bright and warm on the furrow, and the ploughshare, and the team, as you work on under the November clouds of time.

It is just in the same spirit that, one line below, the Apostle writes, "now, concerning the collection." The vision of glory is to affect the practical duty of subscriptions and donations. You are heirs of heaven. Therefore be cheerful, and also diligent and methodical, *givers* on earth.

But we will not follow the resplendent context further. Enough now to take the text in itself. Here is a precept with two noble sides to it, bearing upon the spirit and quality of the believer's work for God. Look at it, and take the two sides of it in turn.

i. "Be ye steadfast, unmoveable." This is to be the first characteristic of our "labour in the Lord." It is to be persistent, and consistent. As little as possible is it to admit the element of fitful and uncertain fluctuations; energy to-day, languor to-morrow; sounding programmes, lean and half-hearted performance; retreat in face of discouragements before they have been steadily met and firmly dealt with. If the expression may be allowed, the true Christian is to display a holy *obstinacy* in the work of the Lord. Having the goal of his service clear and bright in view he is to labour on towards it with a resolve unshaken. To him it is to be *the* work of life. He is to turn aside to no secondary ambitions, and treat them as if first. "This one thing" he does, till his working day is done; steadfast, unmoveable; "the same yesterday, to-day, and" to-morrow, in this respect, that he lives as one who exists to do the will of God.

Even when strength fails him, in the sense of mortal strength, he will still go on. "We must go on," said John Newton, "even when we find we are going off;" doing still, steadfastly, what we can. My beloved friend, now in the heavenly rest, the Rev. C. A. Fox, true saint, true preacher, true worker, and wonderfully true sufferer, and also true poet

of purest genius, wrote at the end of a short note to me (I found it lately after a long loss) these four deep lines:

> Two glad services are ours;
> Both the Master deigns to bless;
> First we serve with all our powers,
> Then with all our feebleness.

ii. "Always abounding." Here is the other side. We have looked a little on the "unmoveable" aspect of the disciples' life. Now St. Paul reminds us that by such "immobility" he means anything but a mechanical persistence, a labour which has become a mere habitual monotony to the worker, and perhaps, too, to those for whom he works. Alas, such "immobility" there sometimes is. The man, the good man, while he toils on, has somehow come to see little in his work but its exterior outline, and very little indeed to see his Lord. But that is not the ideal, nor need that, "in the Lord," be the actual. The steadfast servant is so to keep in touch with the inexhaustible resources of his MASTER that over his persistency shall evermore be shed the living dew of a divine abundance. In Christ, his sympathies shall be ever young. In Christ, his heart-resources shall be ever fresh. No drought shall wither his "leaf," for his root is in the very river of life that issues from the throne.

Do we not know exactly such two-sided lives for God? And cannot He make even ours resemble them?

SECOND SUNDAY

PERSONAL EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY

2 Tim. iii. 14. "Knowing of whom thou hast learned them."

WE have St. Paul here, writing to his dear "son" Timothy. It is a dying letter, a last solemn deposition made on the borderland of eternity. Every paragraph of this short Scripture carries with it the tender awe which attaches to last words; the writer is "now ready to be offered; the time of his departure is at hand."

I know no book in the whole range of the Bible which seems, if I may put it so, more alive and pulsing with the deepest emotions of the human heart than this. Those who question the authenticity of the Epistle, as some have done, must assuredly have left this feature of it out of their estimate of evidences. It is little in the manner of fabricators, such as we know them from other sources to have been in the early generations of Christianity, to personate profound emotion in a way which still, to the sympathetic reader, can literally make the eyes wet. No; the man who thus wrote of his own affections, his own tears, his dearest memories, his loneliness, his coming death, his faithful Lord, was no personator of some one else. He was wholly himself; therefore he was St. Paul.

Among other of these heart-evidences of the truth and authenticity of the letter stands this reference to Timothy's early teachers; those "from whom he had learned" the word of life, at whose knee, in his long-past childhood, he had come to know "the holy Writings," which now, in his maturer years, were to be his anchor while everything drifted around him. We cannot help connecting this allusion with that other passage, earlier in the Epistle (i. 5), where the Apostle speaks of Lois, Timothy's grandmother, and Eunice, his mother, and of "the unfeigned faith which dwelt in" them. It was their dear memories that the now grown-up and anxious pastor, amidst many perplexities, was to recall, and to be calmed, reassured, strengthened, by the recollection. He was to remember what they were, and so to be made quite sure again that he had not "followed cunningly devised fables," but had his feet upon the rock.

Let us ponder a little the thought here suggested, the help to faith drawn from the character, the personality, of the teacher.

To be sure, such evidential help is not meant to be taken wholly by itself, as a thing which can stand quite alone. The most beautiful life does not secure the being who lives it against mistakes, whether these be mistakes as to fact, or as to judgment upon facts. Some of the fairest Christian characters, for example, in past days, have been developed in men or women who were infected by current superstitions, people (in that respect) of their time; and their moral

excellence does not guarantee to us the superstition. But that sort of guarantee is not what is in St. Paul's mind here. He takes for granted the Gospel's *moral* grandeur. And he is prepared, if need be, to re-state the *historical* basis of its position, as he does in the opening verses of 1 Cor. xv. But then he appeals *besides* to a phenomenon which had brought that Gospel, in its direct and legitimate effects, close to the conscience as well as the heart of Timothy. He reminds him that his teachers, in those beloved old days, were no mere mechanical transmitters of a formula, but beings personally transformed by their faith, by the faith which became their message. And he asks Timothy if that is not a mighty contribution to the certainty that the Gospel not only looks beautiful morally, and has vastly much to say for itself historically, but is also, what it ought to be if its story is true, a spiritual power, all alive, formative, able to transfigure. Well, if it be so, let him welcome that thought deep into his heart, and feel in it the whole weight of the reality of the Gospel put into living and immediate contact with his soul.

Has my reader learnt Christ from a Lois, a Eunice? If so, let him "thank God and take courage," and use with a glad mind as well as heart the deep, the pregnant evidence enshrined in their memory, or (if that is granted to him still) in their living presence.

Oh, my Mother, permitted to bless me here below till I stood "in the midway of this our mortal life," and now these six and twenty years with thy Lord in bliss, I remember thee, I embrace thy memory, and as I do so I go on again, amidst the infinite confusions of our time, the surer of that Gospel which did so wonderfully make thee what thou wert! *That* was no cunningly devised fable. The Lord Christ, whose atoning cross was thy repose, whose living presence was thy strength, whose very name was thy joy, in that life of thine so nobly natural, so sweetly supernatural, He is power and fact indeed. Thy son, by His mercy, will "continue in Him," remembering thee, and looking to rejoin thee in that place of light to whose reality thy being was a witness all along.

THIRD SUNDAY

ACCEPTED YET CHASTENED

2 Sam. xii. 13, 14. "The Lord hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die. . . . Howbeit, the child that is born unto thee shall surely die."

I DO not intend to tell over again the infinitely sad story in which these words find place, or to moralise in detail upon it. This is assuredly one of the very darkest pages in that truth-telling Bible which shows us the sins as well as the virtues of the saints—this history of David's great and complex sin. And the sequel is as full of sorrow as the initial incidents are full of sin; as the narrative takes us on to Amnon, to Absalom, to Amasa, to Abiathar, to Joab, to Shimei, in steps stained with wrong and blood; and David himself all the while, almost to his very end, is the mournfully altered man; under the shadow, under the rod.

A recent renewed study of those latter days of David's reign has left on my own soul an impression of peculiar sadness. There is nothing quite like it in the Bible. Look at this man who, from one point of view, was "after God's own heart," yet from another was so awful an example of the deceitfulness of sin, and so wofully chastened for it. There is no other Bible portrait with quite this tremendous *chiaroscuro*, this dread contrast of light and night.

But I take to-day this point in the story to read us a general lesson as to the spiritual life. Put aside the special features of the case; think only of a servant of God, truly a servant of God, but who has sinned; what will his Master do with him?

The answer comes to us, surely, in the double burthen of Nathan's message. The prophet is sent to tell David two facts about his sin; first, that it is "put away," as regards a sentence of death on David; then, that it will be chastened with rigorous faithfulness, for "the sword shall not depart from his house," and the child, the beloved, shall surely die.

Am I wrong in reading here a lesson for all believers? In the light of Scripture at large I think the case of David is typical. Here first is a man who, by the plain testimony of the holy history, *was* a sincere servant of God, having really entered into the

covenant of love and loyalty with Jehovah, "giving" really his "heart," and his life, in a true purpose, to His will. In New Testament language, he was a veritable "child of God," to be known by plain marks from "the children of the devil." He was so truly (in the Gospel phrase) "born of the Spirit" (John iii. 8) that men "heard the sound thereof." But then, this man was taken off his guard by temptation, and fell such a fall as indeed in itself merited a hundred times the soul's final loss.

Yet "thou shalt not die." No matter for us now what precisely Nathan understood by those words; it is plain that, they indicate to us that David was held fast by the divine mercy, and was still owned by the Lord as His. Now this, I venture to affirm, is typical. In the whole range of Scripture I find no clear case of the final loss of the real servant of God. I read of no man, or woman, once unquestionably "right in the sight of God," and then unquestionably cut off from Him for ever. I somewhat deprecate the phrase, "the perseverance of the saints;" I would rather say, "the perseverance of the Saviour." And I am amply aware how greatly, how grossly, the thing meant may be misrepresented, by advocates or by opponents. But I do think that the Bible on the whole encourages the faith that where once the grace of God has knit indeed the bond of actual part and lot in divine life and love, there the fidelity of the Shepherd's hand is never relaxed, to let the soul perish for ever.

There are Scriptures in which we find relations towards God, connexions with Him, true and sacred in their order, but which can be and are broken off. But I do not find in any Scripture an example of the ultimate killing of the true "life hid with Christ in God."

But then, "the sword shall not depart"; "the child shall die." Here too are typical words. Understand the "putting away of sin" to mean, as it surely does, the acceptance of the person as the Father's true child, the instatement into the real family and home of grace; and I venture to hold that in that sense the "putting away" is persistent, faithful to itself, faithful to the end; in that sense pardon is, for Christ's sake, perpetual. But the family, the home, has its discipline. The Father has His rod. The child has to meet his domestic sentence, his domestic punishment. He is a child still. He is not banished to the tormentors; he is not even turned into the street. But he has to taste the awful bitterness of a frown upon the brow of love, and a scourge in its hand.

May we, in our manifold needs of spiritual state, be mercifully kept sure of both truths; the acceptance in our all-sufficient Lord, the chastisement, graciously stern, prepared for the offending child.

FOURTH SUNDAY

OUR ANGELIC FRIENDS

John xx. 13. "Woman, why weepest thou?"

THE doctrine of the Angels is no small treasure among the revelations of the Bible. Let the reader take the Book up with this one aim for once, to collect from it, literally from Genesis to Revelation, the materials given us for forming our belief about the angels, and he will find he has a large store of golden truth in his hands. He will probably put on one side those many passages of the early books of the Old Testament where, we can hardly doubt it, an "Angel of the Lord" is spoken of who is Angel and more than Angel; who speaks at once as Messenger and Master; who must be the pre-incarnate Christ Himself.* But when he has done this, and, if he keeps himself to the most unquestionable and explicit passages only, he will surely seem, like Jacob at Mahanaim and like Elisha at Dothan, to see the air about him almost visibly alight and alive with these glorious beings, pure, strong, loving, wholly given up to God, not identical with man indeed, yet mysteriously near to him in thought, in sympathy, in action.

Never for a moment does the Bible authorise angel-worship. Even a personal appeal from man to angels to help him does not appear; a solemn note of caution, as

* See, *e.g.*, Gen. xii. 11, 12, as one great example out of many. A good discussion of these passages will be found in the late Dr. S Leathes' "Witness of the Old Testament to Christ."

if the Book would discourage any, even in themselves blameless, dealings with the unseen which would tend to deaden the fine touch of direct intercourse with God. But the Bible does put before as the being and presence of the holy angels as a fact unquestionable, in our Lord's opinion, and therefore in ours.

One feature, and only one, in the Scriptural view of the angels would I point out to my reader to-day. It is their "philanthropy," their love of us men, their friendship and fellowship with us mortal disciples of their Lord.

Here again let the reader take up his Bible. Everywhere this lovely phenomenon appears. The first mention of an angel at all, under that name, is where poor Hagar, flying from the unhappy tent, is accosted by an angel, cheered, guided, more than lifted up. Again, in that black scene at Sodom, how friend-like are the angels, ministers of doom as they are, in their dealings with unhappy Lot in his alarm. It is an angel who soothes and feeds Elijah, in gentlest sympathy with his human weakness. And when we come to the Gospels and the Acts, our "elder brethren of the sky" come out upon the scene in a frequency altogether new, and with a fellowship of spirit with us most beautiful and precious. Let us deliberately read over the "words of the angels," from book to book of the New Testament; we shall find noble illustrations everywhere. The angel of Bethlehem—listen to him as he brings the "good tidings of great joy" to those poor shepherds on the hill-side. He is no mere official of the court of Heaven, delivering a message in proper form. His very phrase shows that his own immortal heart is in the message; it is joy to him to communicate the greatest of all joys to mortal men in their low estate. Turn again to the angels who appear at the Resurrection, and these two among them who accost Magdalene in the Garden. Or listen to the "shining pair" who met the Apostles the moment after the Ascension. It is still the same. Their love, their all-generous *friendship*, goes with their words. The weeping woman, the group of frightened women, the eleven wonder-stricken men—all are important, all are dear, to these glorious *friends* from heaven. Every detail of the position is present to the angelic thought; everything is known and noticed; the fear, the perplexity, the promises, the mistakes, the hopes.

One beautiful utterance above others seems to rise unbidden to the angels' lips when they accost men or women of the family of God. "*Fear not ye;*" how often they say it, at Bethlehem, and in the garden of Joseph! Man instinctively *fears* the sudden manifestation of the Unseen; he trembles with unutterable awe when he knows he is in the open presence of a personal spiritual Power. But these Powers of the upper world, "excelling in strength," "the heavenly *army*," as St. Luke calls them in the dear Bethlehem history, are gentleness itself with a troubled human being who loves God. Whatever their unseen sphere contains, it contains nothing for such to fear. It is a scene of fraternal kindness for us mortals. It is thronged with "an innumerable company of angels;" and they are all the kind friends of the believer in Jesus, their Lord and ours.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key—Miss Austen's Novels "Pride and Prejudice," "Emma," "Mansfield Park"

THERE is very little to choose between the two admirable papers which have been placed first and second. Both were delightful, but as "Connla" excelled in conciseness preference has been given to her.

The key this time has been almost entirely compiled from the papers sent in.

Marks:

Connla, 100; Penumbra, 97; Dubric, 92; Ion, 90; Carlyon, 87; M. Kenwigs, 86; Sirius, 84; Lombard, 82; Rhianva, 81; Mosaphir, 81; Deirdre, 73; Southern; 73; Crescent, 73, Culm, 72; Wuzzums, 71; Dorothy, 71; Opal, 68; Jeudi, 68; Komaba, 67, Acadia, 65; Trothan, 64; Waring, 63; Logan, 62; Wirral, 59; Wini, 59; Hamel, 57; Elmas, 56; Emilia, 55; Rover, 53; Darcy, 51; Bunket, 51; Nydia, 50; Beaver, 49; Devenick, 48; Brenda, 48; Eclipse, 47; Sybille, 47; Cleon, 47; Marsalie, 46; Veritas, 46; Elpis, 46; Spero, 45; Peg, 44; Petrol, 43; Psyche, 43; Lancelot, 42; San Toy, 37; Déjà, 34; Llentrad, 34; Gnut, 33; Plympton, 31; Margaret, 28; Averil, 28; Topsy, 25.

1. Quote Miss Austen's estimate of her own abilities. Is it possible to trace in her later works any signs of influence from the outer world?

Miss Austen was one of the most modest of authors. In a letter to Mr. Clarke who, on behalf of the Prince Regent, had suggested a subject for a novel, she writes (1815): "I think I may boast myself to be, with all possible vanity, the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress." On another occasion she alludes to "the little bit (two inches wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush as produces little effect after much labour."

"Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Northanger Abbey," were written 1796–1798; then, after a long interval, "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Persuasion," 1811–1816.

In the second series a stray echo from the great world reaches us now and then, generally in connection with the navy, in which her sailor brothers were serving at the time, but Trafalgar, Austerlitz, and Waterloo failed to ruffle the placidity of the "confined locality" in which Miss Austen delighted. On the other hand, there is some evidence of a "love affair" during the interval, which was brought to an unhappy conclusion by the suitor's death, and to this cause may be due the softer tone which is noticeable in her later works.

2. What degree of expectation might fairly be raised in a young lady's breast by (i.) "a partiality," (ii.) "a promising inclination," (iii.) "attentions too marked to be mistaken," (iv.) "objectionable particularity."

(i.) "A partiality" could only arouse a very timid and fluttering hope, though it must be owned that the gentlemen of the period (except a few desperate rakes) were so well aware of the general state of expectation as to be very guarded in the exhibition of the slenderest preference unless they meant business.

(ii.) "A promising inclination" involved so much inattention to public opinion, such a complete absorption in "the fair object," as might justify a young lady in strong hopes, and the strongest measures to "fix" the gentleman who displayed it. It could not, of course, be a certainty, but came sufficiently near it to leave a high sense of resentment if the unworthy lover eluded the toils and made for the open in safety.

(iii.) "Attentions too marked to be mistaken" brought settlements and "wedding clothes" before every rightly constituted female mind. The fortunate recipient might generally admit the flattering certainty that

the handkerchief had been thrown in her direction.

(iv.) "An objectionable particularity" was a false attack intended to mask the real engagement—any expectations that it might arouse were therefore doomed to be rudely disappointed.

3. Arrange alphabetically, as if for a commonplace book, any valuable suggestions gathered from the conversation of

(i.) *Mr. Woodhouse on Cookery.*

Apples, Baked, recommended. The only way in which the fruit is thoroughly wholesome. Should be baked three times (chap. xxvii.).

Apple Tarts, should not be classed among unwholesome preserves (chap. iii.).

Asparagus, should be thoroughly well boiled (chap. iii.).

Custard, not recommended, as not being perfectly wholesome (chap. iii.).

Eggs, Boiled. "An egg boiled very soft is not unwholesome" (chap. iii.).

Gruel. Wholesome for every constitution, should be smooth and thin, but not too thin (chap. xii.).

Pork, Leg of, should not be over-salted. "If it is not over-salted, and if it is very thoroughly boiled and eaten very moderately of, with a boiled turnip and a little carrot or parsnip, I do not consider it unwholesome" (chap. xxi.).

Pork, Loin of, should be made into steaks, nicely fried without the smallest grease, not roasted, "for no stomach can stand roast pork" (chap. xxi.).

(ii.) *Mr. Collins on the Duties of a Country Rector.*

Re Consolation. To write letters of condolence to his relations in their affliction (chap. xlviii.).

Re His House. "He cannot be excused from making his dwelling as comfortable as possible" (chap. xviii.).

Re His Manners. He should have attentive and conciliatory manners towards everybody, especially those to whom he owes his preferment (chap. xviii.).

Re Marriage. A right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances to set the example of matrimony in his parish (chap. xix.).

Re Music. A very innocent diversion and perfectly compatible with the profession of a clergyman (chap. xviii.).

Patroness, Towards His. To demean himself with grateful respect (chap. xiii.).

Re Sermons. He must write his own (chap. xviii.).

Re Tithes. He must make such an agreement for tithes as may be beneficial to himself and not offensive to his patron (chap. xviii.).

Re Whist Playing. To endeavour to improve (chap. xvi.).

(iii.) *Mrs. Norris on Vicarious Charity.*

Benevolence. Trouble and expense (other people's) nothing compared to the benevolence of an action (chap. i.).

Benevolence, Happy Results of. Give a girl an education and introduce her properly in the world, and ten to one but she has the means of settling well without further expense to anybody (chap. i.).

Gratitude for Kind Intentions. "If *they* were at home to grace the ball, a ball you would have this very Christmas. Thank your uncle, William, thank your uncle" (II., chap. xxvi.).

Joint Charitable Efforts. "You know, owing to me, your papa and mamma are so good as to bring her up with you" (chap. ii.). "Only think, Sir Thomas, what extraordinary advantages you and I have been the means of giving her" (chap. xxviii.).

Poor, Working for the. "If you have no work of your own, I can supply you from the poor basket" (chap. vii.).

Thoughtfulness. "As to Fanny stepping down to my house for me, I thought it would do her good after being stooping amongst the roses, for there is nothing so refreshing as a walk. . . ." (chap. vii.).

Trouble, Regardlessness of. "I am not one of those that spare their own trouble, and Nanny shall fetch her. . . ." (chap. i.).

(iv.) *Mr. Bennet on Domestic Philosophy.*

Children. "If my children are silly, I must hope to be always sensible of it" (chap. xxvi.).

Concord, Conjugal. "This is the only point, I flatter myself, on which we do not agree. I must so far differ from you as

to think our two youngest daughters uncommonly foolish" (chap. vii.).

Consoling One's Wife. "My dear, do not let us give way to such gloomy thoughts. Let us flatter ourselves that I may be the survivor" (chap. xxiii.).

Love. "Next to being married a girl likes to be crossed in love a little now and then" (chap. xxi.).

Nerves. "I have a high respect for your nerves; they are my old friends" (chap. i.).

Parade. "This is a parade which does one good: it gives such an elegance to misfortune" (chap. xlviii.).

Resignation. "At any rate, she cannot grow many degrees worse without authorising us to lock her up for the rest of her time" (chap. lvii.).

4. Enumerate the various games of cards mentioned in these novels, and throw some light on the nature of lottery tickets.

Cassino, commerce, cribbage, loo, piquet, quadrille, speculation, vingt-un, whist.

The game of "lottery" is played with two packs of cards—one for the prizes, the other for the tickets. Each player receives a card face downwards from one pack upon which he places a stake, and afterwards one from the other pack. When the "lots" or "prizes" are turned, whoever possesses a corresponding ticket secures the stakes (Hoyle's "Games").

5. Mention any little habits, peculiarities, or points of etiquette in which the age of Miss Austen differed from our own.

The day was differently divided, and they avoided our troublesome afternoon. Breakfast was late, William Price made an *early* start at half-past nine, and there is no sign of lunch. Cold meats and fruit were however served up on a tray in the drawing-room to callers. Morning calls were made in the forenoon. Dinner was at four or five. The Bingleys dined at half-past six, but they were fashionable folks from London, and required an hour and a half to dress. Tea with muffins was served after dinner, and a hot supper later (minced chicken and scalloped oysters. "Emma," chap. iii.).

Young ladies took little exercise and seldom walked out alone. Emma tried the half-mile between Hartfield and Randals once, but found it not pleasant. Elizabeth's walk of three miles to see a sick sister caused consternation to her friends and left her "with weary ankles." If the carriage-horses were engaged on the farm they rode even on a "dinner-visit," and risked the rain. But their chief occupations were sedentary; they painted tables, covered screens, and discussed their matrimonial prospects with an openness which was natural at a time when there were no other prospects to discuss. Manners were more formal; they addressed their parents as "sir" and "ma'am"; Fanny even thought of the cousins with whom she lived as Mr. and Miss Bertram, but male acquaintances were spoken of as Bingley and Darcy, without the prefix. Hand-shaking was a special favour. Mr. Weston and Mr. Frank Churchill take their leave of Emma, "the one with a cordial nod the other with a graceful bow." Wickham kisses Elizabeth Bennet's hand with affectionate gallantry. But in spite of the thousand differences which meet us at every step, Miss Austen's characters are extraordinarily near to ourselves; human nature is the same in every age.

6. Define if possible—

Gentlemanlike English (Emma, chap. li.). This can only be described as the language which Mr. Knightley used "*even* to the woman he was in love with."

A look of true sensibility (Emma, chap. liv). The expression of real feeling, contrasted with the assumed or ungoverned sensibility so opposed to the ideal of the "well-judging young woman."

Little zig-zags of embarrassment (Emma, chap. xv.). Little catspaws and ruffles of temperament in merely social difficulties. On this famous occasion Emma and Mr. Elton were too angry for such trivialities.

An amplifying style (Mansfield Park, chap. xliv.). The art of saying nothing in a great many words, which distinguished Lady Bertram as a correspondent. It has not entirely been lost.

7. Illustrate by a few judicious observation or explain if necessary—

i. "That independence of spirit which prevails so much in modern days, even in young women, and which in young women

is offensive and disgusting beyond all common offence" (Mansfield Park, chap. xxxii).

This unexpected outburst on the part of the good Sir Thomas may well make us pause in our judgment nowadays. "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit." (Perhaps some day it will give us pleasure to remember even these things.)

ii. "Is not general incivility the essence of love" (Pride, chap. 25).

Lovers are the worst company in the world; who can forget Lamb's strictures on newly married couples? "Could there be finer symptoms?" asks Elizabeth Bennet, and all the best opinions from Rosalind downward are on her side.

iii. "My liveliness and your solidity would produce perfection" (chap. 52).

Mrs. Elton's liveliness is something like Miss Mowcher's "ain't I volatile"—a compound of this with Jane Fairfax's demure slyness would make a moral mermaid baffling imagination.

iv. "Wickedness is always wickedness, but folly is not always folly" (Emma, chap. 26).

A pleasant piece of casuistry obviously suggested by "a partiality" for the fool. One man may steal a horse, &c.

v. "Is there not something wanting in our language—a something between compliment and—and love—to suit the kind of friendly acquaintance we have had together" (Mansfield Park, chap. 29).

Would the French *amitiés* have satisfied Miss Crawford? Probably not, she wanted to send her love, but "let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'"

vi. "Your mother is quite anxious about it, but cannot well spare the time to sit down herself, because of her fringe" (Mansfield Park, chap. 12).

For the benefit of our masculine competitors it may be explained that Lady Bertram's "fringe" was not a hirsute appendage but a piece of fancy-work.

Examination Paper No. 9.

Wordsworth's Poems

1. What was the precise work that Wordsworth set himself to accomplish in his earlier Poems? How far was he successful?

2. Identify the following passages, adding a note where desirable:

i. Call not the royal Swede unfortunate
Who never did to fortune bend the knee.

ii. Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy.

iii. With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.

iv. Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!

v. For them a bond
Of brotherhood is broken.

vi. A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword.

3. Put into a concrete form the subtle ideas which underlie the apparent simplicity of the following lines:

i. Alas! the gratitude of man
Has oftener left me mourning.

ii. The thought of death sits easy on the man
Who has been born and dies among the mountains.

iii. To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

iv. A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him.

v. I looked at her, and looked again:
—And did not wish her mine.

vi. Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

4. Examine briefly the following criticisms, naming, if possible, the author in each case:

i. "This will never do, it is longer, weaker, and tamer than any of Mr. Wordsworth's other productions."

ii. "In power of intellect, in lofty conception, in the depth of feeling at once simple and sublime, this work has never been surpassed."

5. To what do the following phrases refer?

The poet's darling.—The good old rule.—The holy time.—The most difficult of tasks.—Love's favourite seat.—Nature's old

felicities.—The best part of a good man's life.

6. Give a reference or two to show that Wordsworth had a special power of revealing "that simplest yet most complex germ of humanity—the mind of a child."

Our Literary Examination Papers

These papers are set by Mr. H. R. Heatley. They will be marked to scale as in an ordinary school or University examination. Prizes will be awarded to those obtaining the highest marks in each individual paper and also for the best aggregate marks for given terms as follows:

MONTHLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.

HALF-YEARLY PRIZES.—First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

ANNUAL PRIZE.—First prize, £5; second prize, £2; third prize, £1.

In accordance with the markings as given above the first prize of £1 is this month won by

"CONNLA."

The second prize of 10s. by

"PENUMBRA"

During the remainder of the current year the second monthly prize will not be awarded to any competitor who has already won a first prize.

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Editor.

The marks will be published monthly, the total for the month, quarter, half-year, and year, to date. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given: for the present the real names and addresses of the prize-winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to

The Literary Editor, GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Papers which arrive after the 20th of the month will not be adjudicated upon.

The marks for the September paper will be published in the November number of the magazine—and so on.

An Aereacht

ON the first Sunday of June in this year I joined an *aereacht* to a mountain-top in the west of Donegal. An *aereacht* is the Gaelic term for an outing, for in the Gaelic, which is an elder sister, or perhaps I should say an aunt, to the Latin, Aer means the air, and an *aereacht*, therefore, means an airing or outing. This particular *aereacht* of which I write is a survival of an old custom. The mountain of Carn-na-Mhaoin (which name signifies the Pile of Wealth) is one of the highest and most difficult of ascent in the chain of mountains traversing the west of Donegal; and the first Sunday of June in each year has always been set apart for an assembly of the boys and girls from the glens around, upon the top of this mountain. As the chain in which this hill stands forms a complete and wide separation between two entirely different worlds, so to speak, the boys and girls of both worlds who have not seen one another for twelve months before, and who, but for this meeting, might never see one another in this world, are here given the opportunity of coming together and making new acquaintances and renewing old.

On this particular occasion of which I write some Gaelic League branches in a few of the villages eight or nine miles to the

south-west of the mountain organised parties to join the *aereacht* that they might get an opportunity of mingling with the glens' people, talking to them of their common language, advocating its preservation, and advocating, too, the preservation of the many beautiful old customs that still linger among the mountains and the mountain glens. And one of these parties I joined.

(Hollingsworth, photo, Ardara, Co. Donegal)

An Aereacht

Unlike the usual frequenters of the *aereacht*, we, being demoralised village people, journeyed to the mountain-foot upon jaunting-cars. The country people who go there usually always journey their five or six, or ten or twelve, or more, miles to the mountain on foot, and home again by the same conveyance. Having partaken of a light luncheon and tea, prepared upon a peat fire at the mountain foot, we joined the streams of the country boys and girls who were now converging upon the mountain, and with them wended our toilsome way up its steep face. It was a trying climb, particularly upon the girls of the party, and in some parts it had to be negotiated upon hands and knees, while many a halt was required for breath, and to view the beautiful, ever-widening prospect below. All our trouble was, however, doubly repaid when we reached the mountain-top, and beheld not merely all the beauties of the country we had traversed, spread under us like a map, but also the fresh beauties of the great new country that was revealed to our vision, lying upon the other side the range of hills—a country in which hill upon hill rolled away and away to a far, distant horizon, and in which lakes uncountable shimmered like mirrors to right, to left, ahead, on all sides; and the distant ocean, out of which the western islands arose, fringed and indented the far-away land, and stretched away till it was enveloped in the haze of the horizon. All sides of the mountain now too looked lively

with the many colours of the dresses of the boys and girls, who, in ones and twos, and in bands, were climbing it, to meet and mingle on top. Some of the boys were dressed in homespun, some in "shop-clothes," and the girls in every variety of dress conceivable. Some of the girls wore hats, some wore shawls, other kerchiefs, whilst many others, both hatless and shawlless, came their many miles to the mountain-top as unpreparedly, as unconventionally, as they would have travelled to visit at their next neighbour's house.

Those from the different glens and different parishes met and gladly greeted and exchanged the news of the doings, the deaths, the births, the marriages of their respective worlds, and in doing so they pleasantly ripened their old-time acquaintance.

There were some fiddlers, and, though the ground was not very favourable, a few Irish dances were at intervals indulged in. Quite a number of Irish songs—both solo and chorus—were given, and speeches in Irish were made. A long, happy, sunny afternoon was spent on the mountain-top; and when the sun was wearing low in the heavens, the great, good-humoured crowd, heartily pleased with their meeting, bade good-bye for another twelve months, and separated, bounding down the mountains on all sides, and facing over the moors for their own homes. S. MACM.

The Clocks of Strasbourg

THE Chapter of Strasbourg—so runs the old legendary story—was resolved to have a clock which should be worthy of their magnificent cathedral. It must not only remind the faithful of the hours of prayer, but it must also teach some of the leading facts of Christianity.

For this purpose, then, letters were issued and circulated all over Europe inviting machinists and the most learned men of the time to enter into competition for the proposed work.

Only one man responded to the invitation. His services were accepted, he began his efforts, and in the year of grace 1352 the clock was finished.

The Chapter was, of course, convoked to witness the first movements of the wonderful machine.

Immediately upon the striking of the hour a cock, perched on a lofty turret, clapped its wings, and by its voice denoted the first fall of St. Peter.

Each of the chosen twelve represented one hour; the figure of the Saviour, the sun, the planets, the months, the seasons, the different parts of the day, the days of the week, the days of the months, the age of the world, the year of our Lord—each and all had been symbolised with a wonderful ingenuity; in fact, it was quite astonishing to see the marvels which the stranger machinist had accomplished.

Upon retiring to deliberate upon the reward to be bestowed, a fear seized the priests lest this man should create an equally intricate clock for some other city, and thus rob Strasbourg of its pre-eminence. So they came to a most cruel resolution. To deprive the man of the power to accomplish any future work, they would put out his eyes.

They carried the atrocious determination into effect, and then told their victim why it had been done.

"Send me," cried the blinded man, "to the place, for there is yet one great omission and I would rather complete my work."

So he was led to the clock, but as he reached the spot he managed with one dexterous blow to dash the whole contrivance to pieces. And never could a man be found able to reconstruct the marvellous machine, so its maker's revenge was complete.

That is how runs the story of the first astronomical clock of Strasbourg. In 1550 a new clock was manufactured for the cathedral by the most noted mathematicians of the day, but the death of one of them interrupted the work, and it was not really completed until June 1574.

This clock was restored in 1669 and again in 1732; finally, it was replaced in 1842 by the wonderful work of Schwilque, which some of us globe-trotters have seen.

Outside the church, on the face of the clock, the hours and their subdivisions, the days of the week, and the signs of the planets

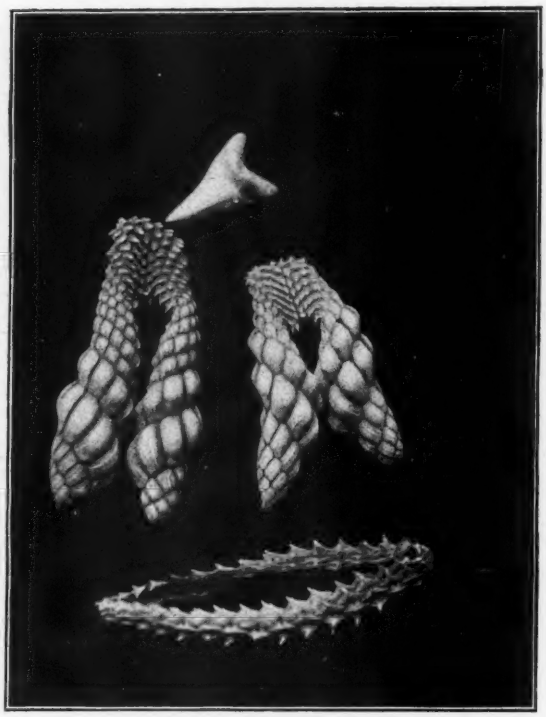
are indicated. These indications are all repeated on an inner dial, and are again connected with one much smaller, which is exclusively devoted to the calendar of the months and the days of festival and fasting.

United with all this are figures to represent the four ages of life; infancy watches over the first three of the twelve hours, childhood the second, manhood the third, old age the fourth, and Death strikes the hours.

At noon, the sounding of the bell is followed by a procession of the twelve Apostles, who salute a figure of the Saviour, while a cock perched on a tower claps his wings and gives a song of victory. The days of the week are indicated by deities of heathen mythology. At the base of the left tower is a portrait of the astronomer, Copernicus.

Sharks' Teeth

THE shark from which the photograph of



1. Single tooth of a shark
2 and 3. Upper and lower jaws of a shark
4. Outside of jaw of an infant shark (curled up in drying)
From Australia

(Photographed by Miss Rice)

the upper and lower jaws here reproduced was taken, was washed up dead off the coast of Middleton, South Australia; the jaws were then removed and photographed.

The single tooth is from one taken out of the mouth of a dead shark. The set of teeth which look like a crown of thorns are really one side of the jaw of an infant shark; they curled up into a wreath in drying.

One of the most important points to be

observed in the classification of fish is the teeth, their shape, size and arrangement. Some fish, like pike and hake, have hinged teeth which as any food passes into the mouth bend back towards the interior, but directly the object pressing on them has moved they stand up again. The shark can bend its teeth in any direction, it can even erect one row and depress another, for the teeth can move as the animal wills, or it can erect part of one of its six rows of murderous teeth and retract the other part.

All fish shed and renew their teeth throughout the course of their life, but the shark renews his teeth in a most systematic manner; they are ever marching forward like the ranks of a regiment; as the front row having fought their battle of life fall, they are cast off, and the next row take their place, a new row being cut at the back to make up the strength of the regiment. This process goes on all through the shark's life.

It will be noticed that the teeth in the front of the jaws are comparatively small, and obtuse, but to make up for their size there are eight rows of them; in the young sharks these teeth are pointed and cusped, one tooth sometimes having five cusps. The teeth at the side of the jaw are much larger and are like pads in shape, they are twice as broad as they are long, and are disposed in oblique rows. In these terrible jaws, admirably suited for the purpose, the shark holds and masticates its prey, and as hard-shelled fish form part of its diet, these murderous teeth are exactly adapted to crunching their shells; they are as white as ivory. The shark preys on every kind of fish, but his favourite food is man, from whence he gets his name of the Man Eater. He is the scourge of all seas and the terror of fishermen, for in his love of human flesh he will attack an open boat.

The single tooth which is photographed here has only one cusp, but dog-sharks' teeth generally have one or two cusps at the side as well as a central one.

Their teeth are arranged in a series of rows five or six deep; our illustration shows one side of the jaw of an infant dog-shark; it should be straight but took this wreath-like form in drying; the animal was taken in South Australia. DARLEY DALE.

English Bread

NOWADAYS bread is so plentiful and so uniformly good that we scarcely realise that not only is it our staple food but that baking is a "mystery" and possesses a history. The bakers of London formed originally a close guild, a body of tradesmen with privileges granted them by Edward II. The Sovereign did not grant these privileges for nothing, but levied a toll of $\frac{1}{2}d.$ on the dozen loaves; these were collected on the spot from the hutches or stalls whence the bread was sold in the market. Bread Street indicates a locality where the housewife bought her bread in olden days. So important a necessity as bread was sold by weight as it is now, though few housewives are aware of this elementary fact; the regulations affecting the sale were strict, and the penalties severely enforced. It is but a short way to the Standard in Chepe whither your dishonest baker was promptly drawn on a hurdle, with a loaf hanging round his neck. Apparently a baker was not allowed to sell his own bread to the public but through the medium of a huckster, to whom he dealt out his bread at thirteen for the dozen loaves. Besides this allowance the huckster, who travelled about the streets, got a small retainer every week-end of $3d.$

The Sovereign used to have his bread dressed particularly for him, the sides pared and the top crust cut to him.

There were many grades of bread, some half-dozen of which are mentioned, but the quality of which we cannot positively affirm. The very finest was "simnel," the more general form of which was "payn-demayn," made in small quantities for the tables of the great, and at certain festivals. A "manchet" of bread was a small loaf of this; the finest white bread "cheat" was second best. Then came "wastel," which was equivalent to "firsts" flour, and the best bread baked and eaten in big houses where they baked at home.

The old French "wastiaux" were loaves of this quality baked in private houses and

monasteries. The modern "gateaux" represents these "wastiaux" with a little spice in the top. The price of this bread was about ¼*d.* a pound in those days. Thirdly, a bread called "puffe," a light bread. Fourthly, "cacket," made from an inferior flour. Fifthly, "tourte," made from unbolted meal, our "thirds," a bread similar to our brown bread. "Tourte" was eaten in all households and in the monasteries, and the term still exists in Southern France. One reads of an allowance in a French abbey of eighteen loaves a day, nine white and nine "tourtes." Probably there was no sharply-drawn line between the grades of bread above the "unbolted meal" bread—I mean, some "wastel" was as good flour as could be ground, other "wastel" was not so good, as "household" or "seconds." From the "tourte" of France to the "tortilla" of Spain is not far; anything baked of corn in a hurry is a "tortilla." "Tourtes" in France is applied it seems to large round loaves. The bakers of "tourte" in England were "tourters." Lastly, came "trete," a term still known in the North of England. This applied to bread made of inferior, unbolted, or mixed grain, barley, and oats. The rye bread of the peasant came under this.

In Queen Elizabeth's Maundy of the year 1572, among other presents she gives on a wooden platter "half a side of salmon, as much lyng, six red herrings and two 'cheat,' (*i.e.*, wheaten) loaves of bread." Thus, in speaking of bread it was necesssary to specify whether it was wheaten or not.

Now in seasons of plenty, one and all had wheaten bread of one class or another, but bad harvests meant a rapid rise in price and the baking of every scrap of meal. It is remarkable how closely the price of rye follows the price of wheat in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. In 1430 we find rye at 7*s.*, wheat at 8*s.*, and barley at 5*s.*; in 1451 wheat is 6*s.* 8*d.*, barley only 2*s.*, but rye 4*s.* to 6*s.*; in 1510 wheat 4*s.*, rye 3*s.* 4*d.*, barley 2*s.* 6*d.*; in 1600 wheat 34*s.*, rye 33*s.* Of course a wet harvest meant a bad rye as well as a bad wheat harvest, but the price of rye follows that of wheat till somewhere before the half of the seventeenth century, when we cease to hear much about rye and the price is not quoted. There is no doubt that rye-bread ceased to be eaten in the South, as Thorold Rogers said. The earlier harvests of the South and the increase of cultivation which broke up the big sheep pastures that the agriculturists of Henry VIII.'s time complained of, accounted for this. Rye-bread is still the peasant's staple food in Russia, and it is still eaten in the United States—a relic this of the Pilgrim Fathers. Wheat is cheap enough in the States.

The London bakers did not long enjoy their immunity from competition. We hear of their complaining (1521 and 1526) that they had to buy musty wheat from the Bridge House at the Mayor's price, 13*s.* 5*d.* the quarter, and that three penny loaves were sold for 2*d.* They also complained that hucksters from Westminster, Lambeth, and Islington sold bread in the City made of divers grains, barley, and oats, and that the bakers of Stratford, instead of keeping to their privilege of selling bread at a stand in Stratford, brought it by horse to the City. However, the City bakers could not keep pace with the demand. Bread was brought in from Stratford-le-Bow, Stepney, Paddington, St. Albans, and later from Bucks and Beds also by water, in "scows" or "scuts." Yeast bread does not seem to date from earlier that 1634. Sour dough was the universal leaven, and even now probably more people use it than yeast. Aerated bread was introduced by Dr. Dauglish in 1859. Early in the last century wheaten bread was standardised, the peck loaf at 17 lb. 6 ozs., the gallon loaf at 8 lb. 11 ozs., quartern at 4 lb. 5½ ozs., and if wheat was 40*s.* a quarter the peck loaf was to be sold at 1*s.* 1 1*d.*, the quartern at 5¾*d.*, and for a penny one would get 12 ozs. Now bread is sold in 4 lb. and 2 lb. loaves, and one pays 5½*d.* and 2¾*d.* and the baker gains a little, nor do most people insist on the weighing of bread. Fancy bread did not come under this denomination, and a "cottage" loaf is fancy bread. "Homebread" was a large flattish oat cake; the traveller in Central Europe knows them and they are used in Sweden, though I have never seen them here.

M. C.

The Adventurer in Spain*

By S. R. Crockett

Author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Stickit Minister," "The Men of the Moss Hags," &c.

X—Cyrilla

THIS is the story which the little hunchback told me, lying on his couch of heath and juniper, under the shady eaves of the cane-roofed hut, whence his eyes could take in the green haze of woods, with beyond them, the grey and purple hillside quivering through the heat of noon.

. . . . . .

"My father (said the hunchback), who was a cultivator near Ripoll, just where you trench the hills to descend into the valley—they have made a road that way now—died when I was but a boy of fourteen, and, with little money, left me one treasure to look after—this little Cyrilla, my sister.

"Yes, a strange name, and an uncommon—but beautiful and suitable for her. She, too, was of a loveliness—yes, and winning, even knowledgably winning too, all the days of her. Ah, no, Señor—you do not understand, she and I had no companions then. I was but a child when my father died. And—I had *this* between my shoulders. True, they did not call me 'The Devil among the Stones.' But they called me—other things which hurt even more. But though no other girl would look at me, she loved me, this little Cyrilla, and was nowise afraid of me or of my ugly looks.

"And one day the great Señor Valtierra saw her, when I was out at the goat-herding on the scanty pastures my father had left me. And as she ran this way and that, chasing a butterfly and screaming for the joy of being alive, Señor Valtierra turned to look after her. He was on horseback, and he looked long, as a man of forty may look at a little maid of six or seven—thoughtfully, pondering on the things which ten years might bring her.

"Ah, and in all that came after, I had no fault to find with Señor José Lopez Valtierra. He was (and is) a very king among men, and that which he did, he did for the best and the wisest.

"And—'At any rate, Miguel Toro,' he said, 'your father being dead—how do you expect to educate a girl like that?'

"You understand, Señor, he has the short abrupt Catalan manner of speech, even when he talks Castellano. It is natural to him, and also, in a way, he prides himself upon it.

"'That,' I answered, abashed, 'is as God wills. He it is who opens up the way for us poor folks. But, if I can keep goats and make cheese to some purpose, I may surely hope to feed and clothe this my sister!'

"He pondered, the Señor, watching her from his saddle, while she tried to make a riding-horse of Ramon, our great wolf-hound. Then he rubbed his grizzled cheek. 'I am of full age,' he said, 'and have the name of being rich. As a man you know me, Miguel! Or at least your father did. Give me your sister that she may be educated along with Juana, my daughter. She is pale and—perhaps, who knows, this wild goat of the hills may lend her some part of her life. Never have I seen a child in whom the blood runs so fast. Come hither, little one!'

"So, giving up the chase after her butterfly and her teasing of Ramon, Cyrilla came—but even then none too willingly. And I think that, smiling behind his big beard, Don José Lopez thought none the worse of her for that. Aye, even when she was but a little child, there was no one like my Cyrilla to draw the eyes of men. They pondered upon her. They watched her—good men too, wondering, as did the Señor Valtierra, as to where she would arrive. Yet here am I, at

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The Señor watching Cyrilla from the saddle

whom no woman would look—and lo! I am safe and sound, with the pulses beating in my wrists like the ticking of a clock, while she—*is not!*

"All the same it was some time before I could make up my mind to let her go from me. For what was I—alone there on my father's hillside, ploughing a few acres with pain and toil? If it had not been for Cyrilla, would I have had the courage to go on? Had I anything to go on for?

"At last, however, I made up my mind to let her go with Juana Valtierra—after all it was only to a school in Tarragona—with the Good Sisters to teach these two. But when she came back the first time, telling us that she, too, was going to be a nun, and that she had already chosen her name—Sister Encarnacion it was—I declare I laughed aloud. For, you see, she had grown beautiful. Señor, the red blood kept coming and going as she spoke, in her cheeks, and when she pouted her lips (which she did often) they were red as the blossom of the wild poppy out on the *campo* yonder! And once I caught the little witch biting them to make them redder. But that was when Señor Valtierra was expected to ride by. So in that case there was some excuse.

"Thus things went by. The days ran like a flowing river, and the years were added up like a sum given out in a school—of the which Cyrilla told me, for I was never in such places myself.

"Then one day as I came down from the mountain with my flock, lo! at the door, gloved and veiled, with a dress the like of which I had never seen, stood a lady—a young, a very young lady. But, Señor, when I tell you that she might have been the princess—the king's own daughter—I tell you no lie—save in this, that I very handsomely flatter any Bourbon that ever lived. For I have seen them and, compared with *my* Cyrilla, they are all as the commonest of kitchen-wenches.

"Nevertheless Cyrilla it was. And she laughed with glee at me standing stupidly here on the pasture edge, and especially at my taking her for a young Señorita! Then she pulled off her gloves and put away her hat in one of her mother's presses, on the top of the old linen that smelled of lavender. Afterwards she rolled up her sleeves, caught her new pretty skirts about her with a nurse's pin, and so fell to the sweeping. Hardly had she done this when in came who but young Adan Blasco. Fate it was—yes, hard fate for him. For had he trodden on a poison-snake he could not have gotten a greater surprise. Because if Cyrilla looked beautiful before, in her veil and pretence of city ways, she looked ten times more so now—especially when, having flown to explore the contents of the larder, she rolled her sleeves yet further up and set herself, like her father's own daughter, to the bread-making.

"And as she worked she glanced up at Adan. Ah, I am not blind, even I—the 'Devil among the Stones' can see as well as another. For I have the heart in me to sympathise—mayhap too much, with the doings of young folk. All the more, perhaps, that it has not come to me—no, nor ever will!

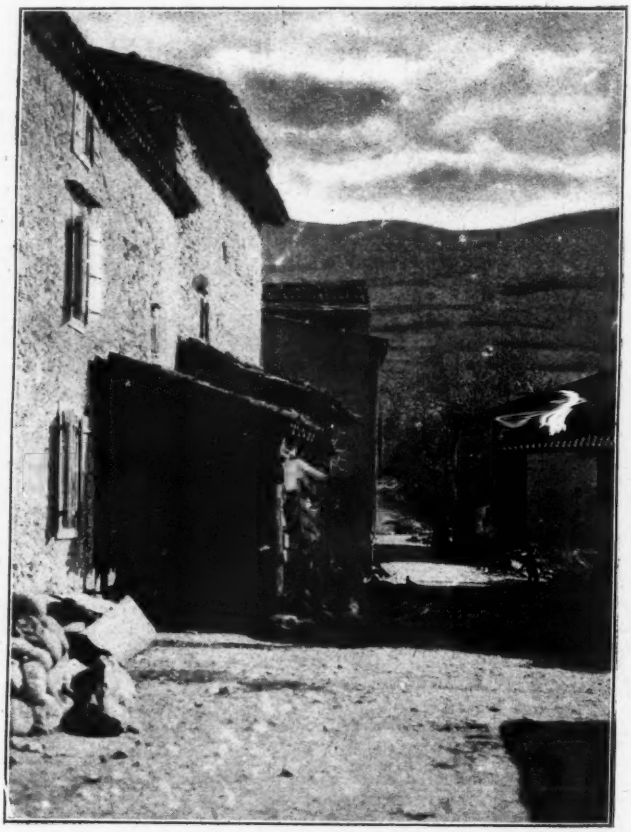
"She glanced up once and then again at Adan, that wicked Cyrilla. And I could have told her that there was not the least need to make hay of the heart of poor young Adan Blasco, who was a shepherd, and (at that time) had a heart as soft as that of the youngest, prettiest lamb in his flock. But for all that, she would not let him go. Then she would come over to me, putting her arms (all floury as they were, but of the mould of a goddess) about my neck, and rubbing her soft cheek against mine, complaining all the while of the bristles! Oh, if I could but tell half of the ways that she had learned at Tarragona, to tease and tantalise that poor young man, I should not be believed—even by you. But perhaps it might be a warning to some!

"Yet it seems strange to me that, when, the next day, there came her friend Juana Valtierra, that was a Señora in deed and in truth (because her father was a great proprietor), lo! she had none of these ways at all. Indeed, she was pale and sapless as a willow six weeks cut and laid in the sun, and her lips—why, they looked as if they had never been kissed once in all her life.

"Well, the two girls went about our poor little place and laughed and whispered, and seemed greatly pleased with each other. But

it was Cyrilla that whispered the most and Juana who giggled. Then nothing would do the pair but I must send over word to Señor Valtierra, that his daughter would stay all the night at our house, sleeping in made up their minds—and set themselves separately to the coaxing, are as death and destruction!

"So, because I was under great obligations to the Señor Don José Lopez Valtierra, I



Our poor little place

one bed with my Cyrilla. Because their talk was not half done, they said. How could they separate? Yet was I quite sure that so soon as he heard the thing, Don José would mount and bring back his daughter in anger —perhaps forbidding my minx Cyrilla ever again to enter his doors.

"Howsomever, the girls being decided—it ended, of course (as you, who understand woman, know) in my giving way. You may resist one woman—but two, when they have resolved to go over on my plough-horse and tell him everything myself. I could ride a horse then, Señor. You would scarce believe it, to look at me now. But, indeed, I rode none that ill.

"So I set out, pursued even to the edge of the great road by the messages, sweet and submissive on the part of Juana, impertinent and irreverent on that of Cyrilla, which they gave me to convey to Don José!

"But, of course, I did not mean to

repeat these. Ill would it have become me! Well, I found the Señor Valtierra among his vines, watching his people driving them to the vintage houses, and passing them through the presses till the vintagers were dyed purple from head to foot. And all the time there was laughing and great merriment.

"But when I told Señor Valtierra that his daughter would remain for the night at our poor house, promising that I would guard her well, and bring her back the next day, instead of being angered he laughed aloud.

"'Guard her safe!' he cried, clapping his hand repeatedly on his thigh. 'I'll wager she is safe, if that sister of yours—the Señorita Cyrilla, I mean—has her under her care. God forbid that I should be the man to bring to those black eyes of hers the anger-flash. They would be more deadly than any knife of Albacete! Indeed, such a man might chance to get the knife in him too. I tell you she is any man's full handling—that maid of yours!' Then he added, 'What may you be going to do with her afterwards, Señor Toro?'

"For he is ever polite and of good manners to high and low alike, our Don José.

"So I answered him truly that I had not yet decided. At which he laughed again.

"'My friend,' he said, "I would be in no hurry to decide, if I were you. Why, that Señorita Cyrilla can set up my monkey Juana against her own father. And between them they get what they want. I would not give one poor brown Perro Chico (half-penny) for your chances of managing her—who are only a brother, at the best!'

"'She affirms that she is going to be a nun,' said I. 'She has even chosen her name——'

"'What is it?' said he, with a twinkle in his eye.

"'Sister Encarnacion,' I answered him simply; for I did not approve of even Don José, my good master, laughing at my sister, my father's daughter.

"But I think he saw that, and checked himself—though doubtless on the borders of a great shout of laughter.

"'I know,' he said, soberly enough, "my monkey told me a week ago that she was going to be a nun too! And her name is—what think you—Sister Candida!"

"But he laughed at that heartily enough the girl being his own daughter.

"'Candida, indeed, and Sister of Innocence—that is very well,' he continued. 'I hope I am a good enough Christian. But the priests are not going to get the money I have worked for, through my daughter—except, that is, enough to pay for some few masses on behoof of my poor soul. No, no—Juana is a good girl. She shall marry Arturo Bringo when the time comes. And then, before I am too old to take pleasure in it, I shall hold my grandchildren upon my knee. For, after all, child-bearing and child-rearing are the best of all sisterdoms of mercy and good works—at least, when there is but one girl in a home—as in yours and mine.'

. . . . . .

"And, if you will believe it, the very next morning, Don José Lopez Valtierra rode over himself to bring back his daughter, a herdsman with a saddled mule following behind him. Also he was more carefully dressed than usual. And it was a great honour to us—in vintage time and all!

"Not that Cyrilla was grateful! Not a whit. Nay, as soon as he came in sight, she came hastily to me and said, 'Remember that you are not to kiss his hand!'

"For that was the custom which our mother had brought with her from Sardinia. And then I rebuked Cyrilla, telling her that she was no more than the sister of one poor man, the daughter of another—and he dead!

"'Well,' she said, 'if you go kissing Señor Valtierra's hand just because he comes galanting over here on his big horse—I declare I will throw a lump of mud at him from behind the cow-sheds! Now, remember, Miguel, I shall keep my word, and I am a good shot!'

"Aye, and she would have done the thing too. For she was never one of the submissive sort. But rather took men with daring and that defiance which provokes. Such, in the good days as in the bad, was Cyrilla, my sister.

"Yet when Don José Lopez came into the yard of our little farm, what did this madcap

be her papers and books—making no haste, but rather as if she had never once seen poor Adan—and so she would betake her demurely back to the house, her eyes upon the ground.

"Then the flock, left without their master's care, would be seen straying along the wayside, or nosing and shouldering along the hot slats and stones of the bridle-paths. For Adan was far behind, walking as in the valley of the shadow, absorbed in the thought of that beautiful, cruel Cyrilla.

"So much so that it became a jest—indeed, an excellent jest, at which the very children of the village would cry aloud: 'Yonder goes Adan's flock up the waterside—but where is Adan? Let us ask of Cyrilla Toro!'

"Sometimes, too, she would speak kindly to him, asking him for his umbrella, or for his *capa* to sit upon. Or she would sit and talk, and then flash out her eyes upon him suddenly, till many of the neighbours thought she would end by driving the poor fellow Cyrilla, the sister of Miguel Toro, the hunchback, the *jorobado!*

"Yes, doubtless it was cruel. But, you see, the girl had no desire to marry, nor, indeed, vocation therefor, declaring always that she would never be any man's slave—that is, she would add, with her arms thrown about my neck, 'except the loving servant of this dearest Miguel here, who is all the world to me!'

"She would say this, I remember now, most often when the Señor Don José came over to see us. For after she had returned to our farm, Cyrilla would go no more back to her benefactor's great house—no, not though Juana cried her eyes red, and her father, the Señor Valtierra, would ask and ask again. She could not leave me again alone, she said—her one brother—her poor darling—her beloved Miguel!

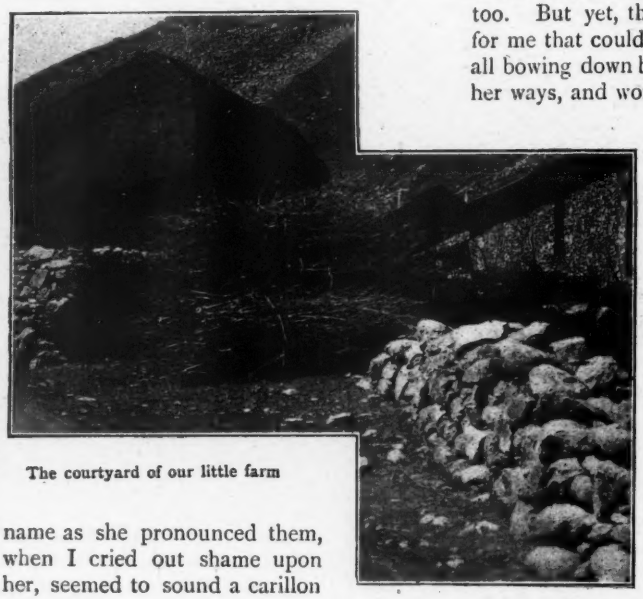
"And to go beyond the village church she would not be coaxed—though, indeed, our farm, little more than a common 'mas' of the country, a rough hand-to-mouth, was

For one thing, there was poor Adan Blasco always at hand to try her tricks upon

fairly distract, or even to suicide. But this she never did—Adan being preserved from that by a certain health of digestion. Only one morning, having been afield all night (I suppose deep in his thoughts of Cyrilla, or perhaps suffering from moon-stroke) he brought his flocks back home through the villagegate at six of the clock on a brave May morning. And so the laughter spread from valley to valley, and with it the fame of

indeed no place for the abiding of a girl like Cyrilla. But work—oh yes, she worked! Indeed there were few who could work like her. But, of course, I did not permit her to do any of the hard out-of-doors' work, that I could help. But always when the men came from far and near to see me—yes, of course, to see me, poor Miguel Toro (who else?)—Cyrilla would be busy at the baking-dish, with her sleeves rolled elbow-high, or mayhap

Cyrilla do but pretend to kneel and kiss his hand mockingly. And the great big, full-aged man, mounted on a horse that looked as noble as himself, blushed and would have whipped his fingers behind him, like a child taken in a fault. Whereat Cyrilla laughed like bells in peal. The very syllables of her



The courtyard of our little farm

name as she pronounced them, when I cried out shame upon her, seemed to sound a carillon of scorn.

"'Cyrilla! Cyrilla!! Cyrilla!!!' she cried, picking up her skirt a little and dancing out at me provokingly, as in the balancing cadences of Andalusia. Where the witch had learned such things I do not know. But, at any rate, she played them off rarely upon my master, and I think partly —for she was of those who spared nobody, even for the benefit of me, her brother. She wished, I think, to show me how far she had grown beyond my control. But, indeed, I never made any mistake as to that. I knew it from that first time when she rolled up her sleeves over the baking dish, all to make a fool of poor Adan Blasco, with his burring speech, and the great hands that could have slain a man, but which trembled when he picked up Cyrilla's glove from the ground!

"That was the beginning, so far at least as our poor little house—that had been sufficient for my father and for my mother —was concerned. But it was not the end.

"Such a vintaging and such an after-vintage time as we had that year with Cyrilla at home, have I never seen. Aye, and it was gladsome too. I think I never was so happy. Though, being as it were, Cyrilla's brother and her mother and all, I was anxious too. But yet, the very danger was sweet—for me that could never know it, to see them all bowing down before Cyrilla, and admiring her ways, and worshipping her beauty.

"For the time being, I think I never felt the weight of—'This,'—the Burden that God has bound between my shoulders. But I always knew that it could not last. It was too good to last—too sweet a lot for —[here he laughed painfully] for 'The Devil among the Stones!'

"That was the season when Cyrilla bloomed like the opening of a pomegranate flower. And when, at last, having been schooled with Don José's Juana, she returned finally again to the mountains, the like of her had never been seen—no, nor ever will be again. And she knew it—ah, if only she had *not* known it! But indeed she always knew it well.

"For one thing, there was poor Adan Blasco always at hand to try her tricks upon. When the days were fine she would go and sit by the wayside with a book, or making believe to knit. I have watched her often from behind my horses. She would choose a place far away from his proper pasturage. And all for what? That she might see him work the flock round the hill and round again, always edging the sheep nearer, till, with snap of finger and click of tongue to his dogs, he had brought them nigh to the place where sat our Cyrilla. Then, as like as not, when he was within the matter of fifty yards or so, Cyrilla would gather up her wool cards and sewing-things, or as it might

tierra's bed—the one she slept in when she came, or rather, in which she was supposed to sleep. For, girl-like, the two young things preferred lying together, so that they might whisper together the best part of the night. So I have heard them often, sleepless myself. Yes, even I, the hunchback, know something of the ways of womenkind. For had not I Cyrilla, my sister, to teach me—a woman incomparable and complete.

"This fellow gave out, truly enough, that he was a wounded Carlist. He did not tell that he had been shot down for treason—or, at any rate, upon the suspicion of it—by his own people, while they were carrying him off to be tried by a headquarters' court-martial. However, being unable, or unwilling, to face it out, he tried to escape, but a bullet overtook him, and he was left for dead.

"Thus, so strange are the ways of things, so exact the fitting of the joints of Providence, that here our proud, man-contemning Cyrilla, in a traitor left for dead in the forest, found her fate! Ah, Señor, and at the same time, even as she nursed him day by day back to life, she found something else too.

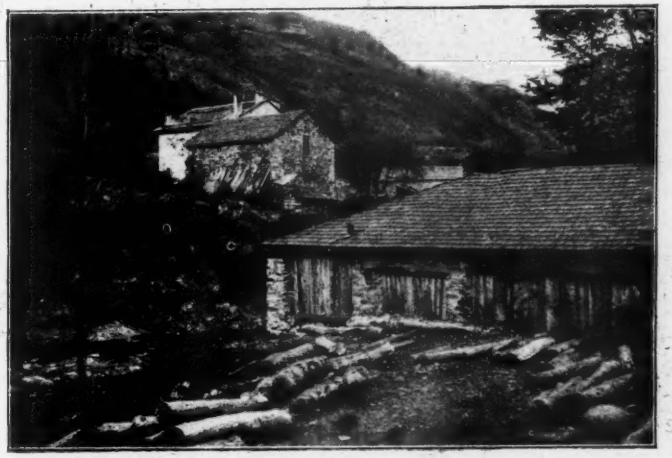
"Why are girls made thus and thus—to be pitiful where they had better set their knives to the hilt in the Thing's heart, and to be hard and scornful and full of contempt, when the great and true—yes, like Don José himself, I need not hide it—there is no shame—or the poor and loyal, like Adan Blasco the shepherd came from far to woo her? Answer me that, Señor, out of your much wisdom.

"But such—say you, is some women's nature? They are built with a secret spring, may-be, like a box that once I saw at Don José's, cunningly wrought. Their fate is that they belong in life and in death—aye, and after death, I suppose—to that man who knows how to touch that hidden spring.

"At least, that is how I have thought it out in the silence of the woods—pondering upon it many a lonely day while going my rounds among Señor Valtierra's pines.

. . . . . .

"'Señor, what good will that do if I answer your question? And his name? Ah, you are new to Spain, and happily for you yourself, know not such men. Indeed I am not sure this one was truly of our blood. I think he was rather of the French of the Midi—may-be of Toulouse. It was from Toulouse that the photograph was sent. Let that not be forgotten—also the letter that came with it.



A common "mas" of the countryside rough and hand-to-mouth

"But, since you will know, while the young man abode with us he called himself Don

carrying water from the well along the edges of the vintage slopes.

"She looked best so. And—she would rest a moment, pushing back her hair, being tired—for no maiden could be so gracefully out of breath as our little Cyrilla. I call her little, though she was taller than I—indeed, well made and of a shape full and perfect from nape to ankle.

Brought his flock back home through the village gate at six of the clock of a brave May morning

"'Flirt'—that is what you would call her? No, señor, I think not so. We in Spain have not the word—nor, as you explain it, have we the thing either. That is for cities, and places where people have nothing to do, and much time to do it in. And our little Cyrilla meant no evil. Moreover, I think that she could not have helped it if she had tried. Though, indeed, true it is, also—that I never saw her try!

"Of course it is now clear to me that this could not last. A girl in Spain, to conduct herself wisely, must be sage, submissive, of a douce and sensible obedience. But, on the other hand, our Cyrilla was none of these things. Tempestuous rather, given to sudden angers and tears as sudden, to quick, pretty poutings and angry silences, ending ever with as unreasonable and impulsive reconciliations. What was a man like me to do with a girl like that?

"And yet, as I think it over now—there is plenty of time to think in these pine forests of Señor Don José's—perhaps such things made part of her charm. For she cared no whit more for the great than for the small. Yes, even Señor Valtierra was to her of no more account than poor Adan, the hillside shepherd. She spoke to them both equally, as if they had been her hired servants—or rather, her dogs to come to heel at will. And, what is more strange then all, they both liked it. Indeed, I myself—but it is no need to speak of that! I spoiled her—that is all. But then, so did all the world.

"Well, at any rate, it could not last, as you know. Of a certainty the pitcher would go too often to the fountain. And so one day when the din of Carlism—real Carlism, this is, not this new make-believe—made all the north a valley of tears, sending half the women desperate for the loss of lovers or husbands or fathers, this our Cyrilla, going one day through the woods—other forests far to the north of those through which you bore me (here he reached out his hand)—found, even as you found me, a stranger stretched out—a young man—beautiful of countenance. And, ah, had I but known—I would have completed the Carlists' work or ever the wounded man had crossed the doorstep. It was, as I tell you, in our old house, and though all was rough enough, God knows, yet accommodation was ampler and more fitting there. So he had Juana Val-

Cyrilla found a stranger stretched out

Alonso, and gave himself the style of the nephew of the Count of Miranda-Aran!

. . . . .

[Here at this point of his tale the little man lay long looking out among the trees, and for the first time in my life I saw the reason why folk, whom Miguel Toro had no cause to love, might call him "The Devil among the stones." But shortly the look faded away and I knew my friend once again.]

. . . . .

"Four months and four days he abode with us," he continued, "this Don Alonso, if that were indeed his name. And though I noticed nothing, the life went gradually out of our Cyrilla. The glad readiness faded from her tongue. The spring was no more in her instep. She cared not to tease poor Adan, nor even to rally Don José, sitting gloomily erect on his great horse. She would turn away with her head down and the tear in her eye. Ah, I wish now that I had taken my knife and done justice upon the hound who lay couched within, smiling and listening.

"What gave him the power? I know not. But one night she came in late, from off the *despoblado*, where, across the torrent bridge, begins a very desert of heath and thyme, even at our father's boundary stones. And at this I spoke somewhat sharply to her. She did not answer me—not a word, which was by no means her way—the way of Cyrilla Toro, my sister.

"But in the morning, lo, she was fled—she and the young Carlist, he who called himself Alonso, the nephew of the Count of Miranda-Aran!"

. . . . .

Now at this place comes in the unexpected—the life connection—the inexplicable. I was hearing from the lips of a dwarf, chance-found in a grove of pines, the story of the mother of little Zaida, whom I had met, also by chance (if indeed there is such a thing), in the ruined house of Miranda-Aran. That is the way things happen in life.

What was I to do? The little hunchback had seen Zaida's picture! He had held it in his hand, and I expected each moment the question as to what I knew of her father and mother. But it did not come. The hunchback seemed too much wrapped up in painful memories. Besides, I saw not the good any tale-telling would do. It could only end in the reviving of a family feud, if I told Miguel Toro that his sister's daughter was alive. I would also deprive the good Biño and Marinessia of that which would be a comfort to both. I must betray the confidences of the bishop, and more particularly those of Don Emmanuel Sebastian. Moreover, I did not see that Zaida would be happier, cooped up in the stone house of the forest-guard among the vines of Señor Valtierra, than under the care of Marinessia, and watched over by Emmanuel Sebastian and his formidable sons.

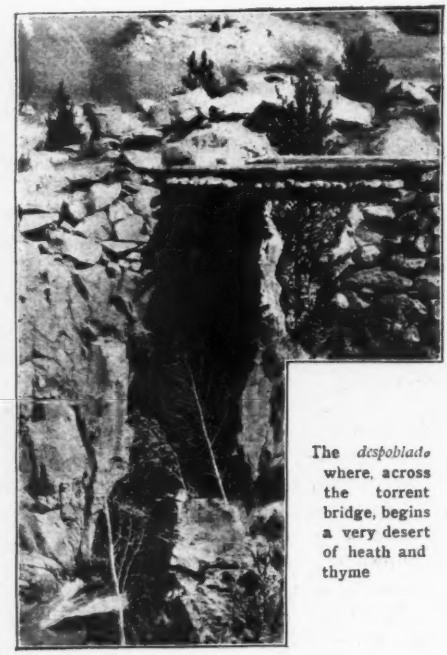
So, rightly or wrongly, I resolved to listen and to be silent. I would, so I told myself, let well alone. But so far as knowledge went, I was certainly fitting together very rapidly the pieces of a most strange puzzle. They had never (so I supposed) all been in any one's hands before.

Meanwhile the little hunchback shaded his eyes with his fingers, deep in thought. Great indigo-blue humble-bees, booming and dunderheaded, drove in and out of the cañahut, growing hotter and crosser all the time, perhaps to find that so large and black a flower held so little honey. The leaf-thatch above our heads crackled in the hot sun, and a supple blade or two pulled itself loose with a dry swishing rustle within the cane-brake. The wind through the woods came breathing down upon us, cooling, restorative, terebinthine. And through it all I heard the sound as of a human sob. I made haste to say something then. I did not wish *that* also on my hands. I had known before what was prone to happen when men did that.

"Did you never hear from your sister again?" I asked, "there was the photograph, was there not, and a letter?"

He mastered himself by an effort of will which lasted for just as long as a chaffinch sings without stopping for breath.

"Yes," he said, "I heard. She wrote me that she was married. She was living in France and very happy. But though I answered her, writing many times by means of the *curé* down at the village, and even by Don José—to whom I told all, saving the



The *despoblado* where, across the torrent bridge, begins a very desert of heath and thyme

picture and the one letter, never have I heard another word of my Cyrilla from that day to this! So because of that, I know—I have long known—that Cyrilla is dead. She would never have left Miguel, her sole brother, Miguel Toro, so long without news of her—that is, had she been alive."

. . . . . .

With a kind of gasp, I awoke as from a dream. He knew nothing then, after all! Nothing of that wild journey of vengeance—nothing of the betrayal—of the crossing of the winter Pyrenees—of the attempt, mad and desperate, to cast the blame upon the good bishop on his consecration day, of little Zaida laid upon the violet of the episcopal gown—in especial, nothing of the fatal "Frenchwoman's Pool" beside which Amparo and her companions wrung out the clothes, laughing merrily—and above all, nothing of the deathgrip of those pretty hands of Cyrilla's which had so often been round his neck, upon the weeds and stones at the Ebro bottom!

After all, God is very merciful, and, like balm, falls His mercy after the cruelty of man. Man, for the most part, does indeed try to cover up his deeds of cruelty and pain—but it is in a graveyard and with a spade.

But when God says "Ashes to ashes" there is an unearthly sweetness in the saying, like the wind among the pines. And flowers come up with the grass that covers the tomb of the dead.

Of a surety He had spared these things to the poor man with the burden upon his back. Had it been otherwise, it might have been more than he could bear.

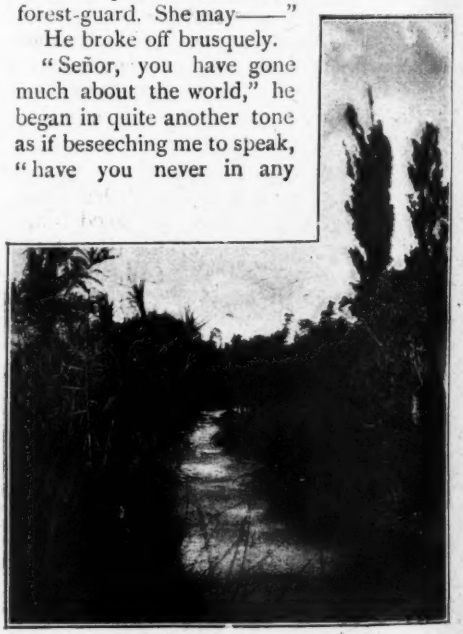
. . . . . .

The dwarf spoke again after a long pause.

"Sometimes," he continued, "it seems as if there were some reason why Cyrilla had not written to me. The fellow she fled with might after all have been speaking the truth. She may at this moment, while we are talking together, be the Countess of Miranda-Aran. There are, I have heard, many noble Carlist families still in exile in France. She may not be permitted to communicate with the poor hunchbacked forest-guard. She may——"

He broke off brusquely.

"Señor, you have gone much about the world," he began in quite another tone as if beseeching me to speak, "have you never in any



The cane-brake beside the house

land met with a Count of Miranda-Aran?"

It was not the question I had been dreading, but it was one almost as difficult to answer.

"Yes," I said, after a slight pause, "I have met with a man who in his own country had once been the bearer of that title. But, when I knew him—he did not use it, and went indifferently under another name."

"And what was that man like—I bid you tell me?"

"He was an old man of over seventy—with white hair, strong and erect of stature."

"No," cried the dwarf, with a sigh, "certainly that is not he!"

Then he thought a moment.

"Was this man married?" he asked me, "and this little girl, whose picture you showed me, was she one of his children?"

The double question, permitting a choice of answers, saved me, as it often does in the hands of an unskilful cross-examiner.

"The little maid was not of his children," I answered firmly, "they were all grown up, and all at home—the sons smugglers and herdsmen—all strong, fierce men of their hands—who, if ever they did a wrong would have stayed to answer it, face to face with any man that ever lived."

"Then," said the dwarf, drawing a long breath of relief, "this Alonso lied. I always believed that he did."

. . . . .

That night Miguel Toro was so excited that I took it upon me to give him a strong dose of opium, which he took with the grimace of a child. Aye, and went to sleep like one too.

Now there was a question which had been on the tip of my tongue all the while he was speaking of Cyrilla, and her going away with this young Alonso. What had Don Valtierra to do with the matter, and for what cause, and by what means had he changed Cyrilla's brother from unsuccessful cultivator to successful forest-guard? I cannot follow a trail like a Red Indian along the bare rock-scalps or over the dry pine-needles, but in questions of motive and the human heart—well, at any rate I judged that there was more in this matter than met the eye—even an eye which had already taken in, as it were, both sides of the history.

I resolved that if ever fate led me again to the neighbourhood of Toulouse I should have a few inquiries to make. And then, all in a moment, a light flashed upon me.

The Ariége is the natural gate southward from Toulouse, and was I not going there soon? Yes, on that very next Day of the Republic, when, according to agreement, the Sous-Préfet would stand on a platform, high and lifted up, and clap his hands for the bulls to be driven in.

As was to be expected after the opium, my little man had a headache the next day. But goat's milk hot, and—a certain excellent family medicine which I need not advertise, brought him speedily round.

He did not again refer to his sister Cyrilla, rather avoiding the subject indeed—nor did he look at the packet of child pictures. Nevertheless he seemed eager and restless, asking often when he would be well enough to go about his duty. Soon he began to move round the house and always had the simple meals ready for me upon my return. He never embarrassed me with any spoken gratitude, though I knew well enough that I had made a friend for life in the person of the little hunchback.

It was, I think, on the fourth or fifth day after the tale-telling and while Miguel, though recovered from his fall, was still detained indoors, and while I continued to do his work among the *piñadas*, that I had gone to the farthest corner to report as best I could on some new trees that had been but recently planted, and which the forest-guard thought might have been damaged by the drought or by the "evil people."

But everything was clear, and to my eye, at least, doing well. I looked out on the strip of pasturage which stretched southward from the forest edges. No one was to be seen except a single shepherd slowly directing his flock away from me, feeding as they went. He was a tall, determined-looking young fellow, with that weather-beaten air which comes to migratory folk who are here to-day and gone to-morrow.

As he was the first person I had seen

since the beginning of my sojourn in the hut with "The Devil among the stones," I was eager enough to speak with him. I expected from the man only some mumbling *patois*, but instead he spoke the Castellano beautifully and clearly.

"You are a servant of Don José Lopez Valtierra?" I asked of him, to open the conversation.

"No," he made answer, "I serve another master."

I think that I must have looked my surprise. For he added, with a little glint of teeth, only partially good-humoured, "I am within my rights here. This is one of the old 'mesta' roads, and I have a right to pasture fifty yards on either side."

I nodded. Whether he had or had not was nothing to me. So I said that I hoped he had found the most excellent of pasturage and a master as good as the Señor Valtierra.

"Oh," said he, "as to that, I have a better. For I am my own master, and come and go at my will."

There was still something in his tone which conveyed the impression that he did not love Don José. Which was strange, for all that I had heard of the sheep-master had been more than favourable, and as for Miguel Toro, he would have died for him, I think.

I went on to ask the shepherd if he found himself far from home. For I knew that all the land in the neighbourhood belonged to to Señor Valtierra. He answered me like one of my northern countrymen with the counter-question, "Are you, Señor, the Frenchman who has been dwelling with Miguel Toro these many days?"

I denied the nationality, but otherwise admitted the correctness of his information. But in rural Spain, untrod of "the personally conducted," all foreigners are taken for French citizens.

Then all in a moment he asked a curious question, which at the time being made me doubt his sanity. It seemed to break from him against his will.

"Is it on account of his sister Cyrilla that you remain with Miguel Toro?"

A single shepherd slowly directing his flock away from me

"I found him lying in the forest," I answered simply, "he had fallen and hurt himself. I carried him home, and ever since I have been doing as much as possible of his work. I know nothing of his sister—of any sister of his. I understand he had one only, and that she was dead."

The man's features took on a stern and severe expression—not the soldiers' battle face—rather the more contracted look of personal animosity.

"Ask Don José Valtierra as to that!" he said.

"So," said I as curtly, "and who, shall I say, bade me ask that question?"

He hesitated a moment, hanging on the word. And then, in a grating voice as it were, whetted with anger, he answered, "Tell him it was one Adan Blasco who bade you ask!"

"What, the shepherd?" I cried, surprised out of my caution.

"He has been telling you," he said, looking sidelong at me.

I shook my head, answering plainly that I had never even spoken with Don José.

"Then Miguel Toro has spoken to you of his sister—that is, he has told you—as much as he knows!"

. . . . .

I had thought myself the only possessor of the terrible secret of the Frenchman's Pool. But here was another, and one too for the present the nearest neighbour of Miguel Toro, who seemed clearly to intimate that he also was fully informed on the subject. A great fear seized me. He might go and tell the hunchback. And then—through my careless curiosity I might have brought trouble upon the Sebastians—my first friends in the country, upon Biño and his wife Marinessia, and especially upon little Zaida. So, scarce knowing what to say, I parleyed with the shepherd.

"Miguel Toro has not yet recovered," I said, "he is in great need of quiet. If you know anything sad about his sister, I pray you do not tell it to him. He is more happy as he is, and——"

"Do not be afraid," the shepherd said bitterly, "nothing that I can tell him shall ever pass my lips. The taste is not so pleasant in the mouth that I should go about asking this one and that to share the morsel with me."

A thought struck me. This man Blasco was a wanderer, though only, of course, along certain well-defined lines of 'drove' road, where his flocks had rights of pasture—if not now by law, at least by ancient custom and prescription. It was possible that he also knew of Miranda-Aran, and of the little girl who had been a guest with Andrés and his wife. Yet I did not see how to ask the question without setting him on a possible trail—if, as was very possible, he knew nothing of Zaida.

At last it came to me to ask concerning something, which of a certainty, he did know.

"You have met this Don Alonso of Miranda-Aran?" I asked him.

I had expected to meet again the fierce look, but instead, there was only a bitter sneer.

"Alonso of Miranda Aran—*pañ*—!" he cried, "I see you have heard the story and also that you know my name. But if you would hear more of Cyrilla Toro, ask your information of Señor Don José Lopez Valtierra!"

And with these words very deliberately he turned his back upon me, and with his dog at his heels drove his flock on down the road. I watched him in the glimmer of the evening light till his figure was lost among the willows by the water-courses, which Señor Valtierra had made to keep away the torrents from his pines. I watched till the slow padding sheep were indistinguishable from the rough stones by the wayside. But Adan Blasco, the shepherd, the lover of Cyrilla, never once turned to look at me as I watched him out of sight.

. . . . .

That evening when I reported to the little forest-guard concerning the trees along the edges of the *campo*, it may well be understood that I said nothing of my meeting with the shepherd, or of the purport of his discourse. Yet, so strange a thing is the consciousness of a secret, that it seemed to me as though Miguel watched me more carefully than usual that night. So for something to do, I took my camera to pieces, lenses and all, and showed him the fitting of the parts, explaining their uses as to an intelligent listener.

Whether Miguel watched me or the camera I do not know, or whether he had other thoughts in his head than those which concerned the young trees by the old *campo* road. At any rate, no more was said between us concerning Cyrilla. We got us to bed—I on my couch of juniper and heather, drawing about me the coverlets, old and clean, which had belonged to Cyrilla's mother. True, I did not sleep very much, but, through the great black gap of the window, open to the sky as in an observatory, I lay and watched Orion slowly trail his complicated splendours across the blue-black square—then star after star I could

see processing in his wake, just missing Sirius, till through the opposite wall-chinks the first faint streaks of dawn.

Then I went out among the pines, while it was yet very early—earlier indeed than I had ever gone on my rounds. Perhaps it had not stirred. The dawn rose flecked and wispy out of the east—pale lilac mostly and delicate straw-coloured gold. I stood on the edge of the wood and looked over the late pastures. Stubble alone showed where the crops had stood, leaving behind

The willows by the water-course

was some curious expectation of seeing once more the shepherd Adan that sent me in the same direction as on the night before. It was a long walk, and I had to push through the dew-wet underbrush of the young wood, till not only were my *alpargatas* soaking, but my trousers, also, high above the knee. However, as soon as the sun would rise, I knew well that that would matter little.

I had stolen out with caution, and Miguel

them the marks of the reaping-hook and the bleached stances of the stook bottoms.

Here I stood and watched the sun rise swiftly from behind the great rock bastion against which our forest of pines was tilted. Its shadow jutted out suddenly westward along the plain and winding road—then slowly began to shorten in again as the morning heightened.

Entranced I stood, my little axe in my

hand, the ladder leaning against my shoulder, collecting tools and pots on my back, looking down across the brightening plain.

"*Ola, Señor!*" there cried, so suddenly that I started, a voice I had never heard before—a voice at once hearty and heartsome, with something in it good to hear, "have I gotten me a new forest-guard without knowing it? Or are you one of Miguel's 'bad people?'"

I turned, and there, quite near me, his horse's feet on the elastic carpet of pine needles, himself tall against the dusky aisles of the forest, was a horseman, with the master-look writ large upon his face. There was a cheerful breezy heartiness which set well upon him. The broad white brow somehow inspired confidence. The slightly grizzled hair told of one who had sometime passed his first youth. But the tall stature and the erect carriage, as well as the ease and grace with which he sat his horse, told of the man of sane natural life, of outdoor habits, the man who had been all his days accustomed to say to this man "Come," and to that "Go"—and to see to it that this man and that came and went accordingly.

The visitor appeared behind me so unexpectedly that, though I knew he could be no other than Señor Valtierra, I found myself struggling to answer his questions, without having had the time to prepare a sentence in a foreign tongue. Seeing my difficulty, and possibly also the innocence of my intention, the tall man laughed, and asked, in excellent French, as to the health of Miguel Toro, his forest-guard.

I told him of the accident and of my work for the last fortnight.

"Why, then," said he, laughing, "instead of warning you off my property as a poacher, I doubt that I am somewhat in your debt!"

"On the contrary," said I, "that is a matter between Miguel and myself."

And then, almost like the opening of flood-gates, one of those strange, inexplicable impulses which often change the lives of men and women, came over me. I had resolved to be reticent. Who was I that I should meddle in other folk's business? I was wholly without rights in the matter. So much was perfectly evident. Yet, for the life of me, I could not resist the impulse to speak.

"Señor Valtierra," I said, "I have a message for you. Have I your permission to put a question? A man yestereven bade me ask it of you."

A shade passed across the broad brow, which might have been surprise, but might also have very well been some anger at the uncalled-for intrusion of a stranger.

"I ask your pardon, Señor," I went on, "if in anything I take too much upon myself. But I assure you there are reasons——"

"Who was the man?" he interrupted brusquely.

"The shepherd, Adan Blasco," said I with equal brevity.

"And the question?"

"He bade me ask," said I, looking directly at him, "what you know about Cyrilla, the sister of Miguel Toro, the hunchback?"

Now a stranger cannot choose his words. He has to take those he knows, which, though it often causes his speech to sound abrupt, yet gives him also a certain advantage of directness. Señor Valtierra was visibly troubled. His hand gripped the reins, and the sensitive beast he was riding tossed its head and shook out its mane in sympathy with its master's agitation.

"By what right, Señor, do you ask that?" he cried, hotly.

"It is the question of Adan, the shepherd—not mine," said I.

"But what may be your interest in the matter?" he demanded—with I admit, much justice.

"First of all, because I have nursed her brother for fourteen days," I answered. "He has told me all. And, besides, I know the child of Cyrilla Toro. Look!"

And I held out the photograph which I had taken of little Zaida at El Seo.

. . . . .

As he took it from my hand the strangest range of expression passed rapidly over the strong man's face—first a kind of fear, then doubt, then a hopeful anticipation, last of all, something approaching violent emotion.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, "where did you

get this—the eyes—the very eyes look out at me!"

"I myself took it," I said. "It is the picture of a little girl—as I told you, the daughter of Cyrilla Toro."

"Where—where—where?" he gasped, holding the brown paper-covered photograph in one shaking hand and reaching out the other as if to wring the secret from me.

"First of all, you will tell me your right to ask," I said—for it was my turn now.

"I will assure you fully on that point—I swear it!" he said, "only tell me. You must tell me all—all!"

I thought a moment. As things were, I had no right to tell him anything. There were the Sebastians, the bishop, Zaida herself. There was also the hunchback.

Valtierra saw the uncertainty struggling in my face.

"I will show you good reason," he said, "the best of all reasons—that is, if only you will come with me. Meanwhile, we will send some one to care for Miguel and to do his work. It were better that he should know nothing—for the present. Afterwards—in time—but of that you shall be the judge."

He held Zaida's picture in one hand, almost with the gesture of the bishop in the garden of La Delicia—first near his eyes, and then far off.

"May I keep this?" he said. And without even waiting for an answer he pulled out his pocket-book and stowed it safely away among many papers.

Then he dismounted, and without another word spoken to each other, we walked soberly back to the little house of stone where I had left Miguel the hunchback. He hobbled out to meet us at the sound of the horses' feet on the rocks.

"My master—oh, my dear master!" he cried. And bending down he took Don José's hand and kissed it repeatedly. But to me it seemed that Señor Valtierra drew it away somewhat quickly, as if he were ashamed that such a thing should happen under my eyes.

Entering the room he looked about as if he missed something. And by instinct I knew that he was looking for the portrait of Cyrilla Toro, which her brother turned every night with its face to the wall. Then his hand stole slowly up till it rested on the breast pocket where he had hidden the picture of Zaida—the picture from which he had seen her mother's eyes had looked out at him.

Then I knew that the secret of Zaida and her garden was very close to me now.

Inebriety from a Dipsomaniac's Point of View

WHEN our chief medical journals, the *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal*, are crowded with advertisements of retreats and sanatoriums for the treatment and cure of inebriety and the drug habit, and the daily newspapers contain advertisements of cures at home or in residence at one or other of the places where so-called secret treatment is administered, and even a confiding wife advertises that she is willing to impart, in return for a stamped addressed envelope, the means by which she cured her husband, a short consideration of this terrible and rapidly increasing agency of misery, poverty, and crime may not be out of place. Inebriety is a brain disease—a disease of the nervous system—as all who have really studied it admit, otherwise how could one account for the fact that all classes fall victims to it.

Take any of the retreats, homes, or residences where curative treatment is administered, and in any one of them will be found brilliant scholars, men of distinction and eminence in every walk and path of life, men who have risen high above their fellows in the competitive struggle for existence, men of average ability and attainments and the veriest drones and sluggards of humanity. Surely such a state of things could not exist were inebriety not a disease, aye, and one of the most terrible that has ever come within the knowledge of man.

It is an open question whether inebriety as a disease has received the proper consideration and study from the medical profession that its prominence deserves. Statistics and the presence in this country of several institutions claiming a secret method of treatment for the cure of the disease point to a negative answer. It is not so long ago that the inebriate in the true sense of the word was looked upon as a fool that nothing could be done with or for, and the customary advice from the family doctor was: "Get him out of the country—he will do no good here," and the poor wretch was generally sent to one or other of the Colonies, a preference as a rule being given to Australia, where, if his people were in a position to give him financial assistance to maintain himself he loafed about Melbourne bars, and became what is known as a "remittance man"—intoxicated for two or three days after his remittance arrived, and half starved till the next one became due. If his people were not in a position to maintain him he generally had, in order to prevent starvation, to seek employment in a much lower stratum in life than he had been accustomed to, and in his uncongenial surroundings he generally drank himself to death or blew his brains out.

Happily a different and more enlightened view of inebriety is taken now. It is only in comparatively recent years that the medical profession has given any consideration or study to inebriety, and without unduly lauding other methods of treatment of the disease, the open hostility of the medical profession to the so-called secret methods of treatment was a regrettable policy. It has been said of the Salvation Army "that they reached a class of people which the Church of England had either failed or neglected to do." Well, it can be claimed for these institutions that they were endeavouring to combat, and were achieving a certain amount of success, with a disease which the medical profession had largely, if not entirely, neglected. The existence of these institutions in this country has stirred the medical profession into a state of activity regarding the disease which formerly did not exist.

To turn to the consideration of the disease itself. The active state of the disease is that shattered condition of the nervous system brought about by over-indulgence in alcohol, which demands constant stimulants to make existence tolerable. Without these stimulants there is a complete breakdown of the nervous system. To cure

the disease the nervous system must be built up again, and the question comes to be, What is the best method of attempting this? In the average case it takes a long time to break down, but once it has broken down it takes a much longer time to build up again. The course of treatment at the two better-known institutions where so-called secret treatment is administered lasts a month and three weeks respectively. Can such a delicate organisation as the nervous system, which has in all probability withstood abuse for years before it has broken down, be restored to its normal condition in a month or three weeks by the administration hypodermically of powerful nerve-stimulating drugs, such as strychnine, and the taking by the mouth of powerful tonics containing the same drug? An answer in the affirmative is open to grave doubt. The effect of the hypodermic injection is undoubtedly stimulating and bracing to the nervous system but is it lasting in its effects? When the individual leaves those places, is there not the strong possibility of reaction and subsequent depression setting in, followed by a desire for the old stimulating effect which the strychnine had taken the place of and is now no longer available?

Turn for a moment to the consideration of the effect of residence in a retreat. There the individual is not as a general rule subjected to any abnormal bracing of the nervous system, but lives a quiet regular life free from all bother and worry (both retarding agencies when operating against a shattered system), and thus gradually builds up his nervous system again. This can only be done slowly, but unfortunately those who have not studied the disease are inclined to think that a short period of residence in a retreat is sufficient. The majority of men who enter retreats do so for three months only. If any cure is possible by this method—and it appears the likeliest—three months' residence is quite inadequate. From one to two years is more like the time necessary for a complete restoration of the nervous system. Many grudge the time and say, "I can't be away from my business for that length of time." The answer to that is: If an effort is to be made to get rid of the terrible disease then some sacrifice must be made. A few months' close application to business as an abstainer will soon make up for the year spent in a retreat, and will help to make up for the months and months during which hard drinking was going on and the business neglected.

Now comes the problem, having considered both methods of treatment—(1) three weeks' or a month's residence in an institution during which strong nerve stimulants are administered and the system for the time being brought up to its normal state; and (2) a year's residence in a retreat, allowing nature to reassert itself in the steady building up of the nervous system—can either or both be termed a cure? Has the disease been eradicated out of the system by either method? Does the nervous system ever really regain its normal state? Is it possible to answer these two vital questions directly? Consider the effect upon an inebriate of the taking of alcohol after a long period of abstinence. The real student of the disease will find that the effect will be identical with the old methods and habits of drinking before treatment or residence in a retreat.

If the inebriate was a man who was in the habit of taking periodic bouts of drinking, say every three months or so, then he will most probably, as soon as he has taken one single drink, not rest satisfied until he is absolutely intoxicated. Once the resolve to have the drink is made, the time between the ordering of it and the serving will appear an eternity. The minutes between each drink thereafter will appear hours to him. There will be little or no pleasure in the actual consumption of the alcohol, but only a maniacal desire to reach that soothing stage of irresponsibility which the first half-dozen drinks refuse to give. In the true inebriate the pleasure of the taste of the drink is small. It is the effect he is hungry for. If, on the other hand, he was in the habit of steady nipping he will begin exactly in his old way, and steadily increase in quantity until he breaks down again.

Once a man has become an inebriate, it matters not how long he remains an abstainer, or how little drink he takes to begin with if he once starts it again, as surely as

the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, before six months are over he will find himself in as hopeless—if not a more hopeless—condition than he was in before he ever underwent treatment or went into residence in a retreat. There exists a case where a man, formerly an inebriate and an inmate of an inebriate home left the home and remained a total abstainer for ten years. In an unguarded moment he took a drink, and within three months he was as bad as he had been ten years before, and it was necessary for him to again enter a home, where he now is. This is only one of many cases of a similar nature, but, unfortunately, all with the same ending.

This brings one face to face with the terrible question, Is there any cure at all? To say "Yes," then one has to answer the further question: How is it that, after a long period of abstinence, and the assurance one gets that the nervous system is restored, immediately a dipsomaniac touches drink the old excessive drinking is almost certain to follow? To say "No," would cause misery and disappointment, and might lead many to give up all hope of reformation, and sink into oblivion. Men and women of to-day cannot guard too carefully against the slightest excess, for it is in the early excesses that the real danger exists. Let them keep ever before them the fate of others. Many a man who is now a dipsomaniac, and a hopeless one too, can look back on the time when he only occasionally took too much, and when he heard that this friend or that friend had been got out of the country, or had to go into a retreat or home, said to himself, "How strange, I could stop taking drink altogether if I wanted to." That is the greatest fallacy of all; it is when a man is advised to stop drinking altogether, and tries to do so, that he finds that he is an inebriate.

Then, if he is so disposed, and not very many are, comes the real struggle, all alone and against frightful odds. Deserted by friends, shunned by acquaintances, overshadowed by those whom formerly he looked down upon, the wretched inebriate has to fight his battle alone—striving to regain the position in life which he has let slip. The world is not over-charitable to him. It is a long, slow, tedious wearing-down of prejudices, and many give up the task and prefer the temporary respite from shame and remorse in a few hours' oblivion with the old enemy. This terrible strain on the weakened nervous system to regain the social status, the ever-recurring slights by those whom once the inebriate regarded as friends, all retard the recovery. Imagine any other disease with the active hostility of friends and acquaintances operating in its favour. What chance would the patient have? Beware of over-indulgence in the slightest degree. Better to say "No" to the taking of a third share of an additional pint of champagne than become an inebriate and an outcast. It matters not whether a man has 30*s.* a week or £10,000 a year, over-indulgence in alcohol will lead to proportionate extravagance in living, which will land a man, with either income, in the gutter, and probably thereafter in a lunatic asylum.

It is not necessary here to discuss lunacy statistics, but the increase in lunacy is in a marked degree put down to over-indulgence in drink. Young men and women very often drink to a slightly excessive degree through thoughtlessness, and find out the danger when it is too late, and they have contracted a disease for which there may be no cure but the grave or a long lonely life of remorse, out of which all the brightness and hope has gone. Nothing left but the knowledge of a wife deserted, a good husband wronged, or a good man or woman wondering why they never see or hear about one whose existence was at one time essential to his or her happiness—surprised that relatives never mention the name of him whom they once knew, who is now an inebriate. Society will continue to receive a man who has ruined half a dozen women's lives so long as he has been able to keep clear of court proceedings, but it will not have an inebriate staggering about its receptions.

Should the inebriate succeed in getting cured the pleasure in life left to him is slight, as a rule. He has to pay heavily for his shortcomings. The stigma takes a long time to remove. He is never trusted. If he is half an hour late for an appointment the question is asked, "Has he broken down

again?" He is not asked out to dinner for fear he should give way to the old weakness. And the cruel thing is, the inebriate is keen of perception and knows that he is doubted the moment the idea enters the minds of his friends. Many a time he has, unawares to them, and when the idea of drink was absent from his mind, seen the anxious faces of friends, and this is a veritable hell to him, and in his very weariness he nearly fulfils what was apparently expected of him. Legislation will never cure inebriety. It may in a small measure prevent it, but the true inebriate can find ways and means of procuring alcohol which would astonish the cleverest Scotland Yard detective. Inebriety cannot be cured by the individual who has himself fallen a victim to it. The strongest-minded men are like little children in their efforts to do anything for themselves in the initial stages of attempted cure. Too often has much valuable time been lost by taking the inebriate's promise never to touch drink again, given in the remorseful reactionary stage following upon a month's hard drinking. Do not blame him for having broken his word, he was not in a fit state to give it, and any one with a knowledge of the disease would not have asked it to be given. Many have tried the effect of remaining in bed for two or three days at a time and then going for a week's rest into the country—only wasting time and money. If the inebriate decides to try one or other of the "secret cures," or decides to go straight into a retreat for a year, probably the latter course is preferable. If he decides on the former, then so soon as the time of residence in the institution has expired, and with his nervous system undoubtedly braced up for the time being, he must at once enter a retreat for a year at least. From the moment an inebriate enters a retreat, whether he has undergone one or other of the secret cures or not, he must make up his mind that alcohol in any shape or form is to him an ever-present danger. Do not let him assume the indifferent attitude as, unfortunately, too many do, of saying to himself, "Oh! I am not drinking now, I don't know whether I will take a little after I leave or not. Perhaps not." To allow the mind to remain in that uncertain state is to court disaster.

If the mind is made up at once that alcohol is a real danger to him, and he continues to keep this knowledge constantly before his mind's eye, he educates his mind into the belief that it is a danger to him and that he is really and for ever done with alcohol. In this way he will strengthen his will power to resist the temptation when the struggle comes, as undoubtedly it will. Many people have advocated a sea voyage as an aid to cure; but this has many disadvantages. There are very few ships nowadays of any size in which there is not a bar. The confinement on shipboard and constant association in the smoke-room with men who are drinking—some moderately, some the reverse—is not conducive to a cure. The inebriate's nervous system is in a state liable to break down at any time and landing him right into the midst of temptation is a risk which not five per cent. survive. The presence of an attendant (of course the idea of an inebriate going a voyage alone is suicidal) is in itself irksome, and, without desiring to depreciate the skill or tact of attendants, the relation of master and servant is not long in being established, and then control and influence vanish. There is no intention or desire in this article either to advocate or depreciate the methods adopted by any of the "secret cures" or the residence in one or other of the retreats situated throughout the country. All are sincere in their desire to try and combat with this terrible and, it is regrettable to say, increasing disease, and for this reason alone are entitled to encouragement from all classes of the community.

ONE WHO HAS PASSED THROUGH IT ALL.

Interior of Fleet Ditch, near Field Lane. *Circa* 1841

Vanished London Rivers

By A. W. Jarvis and P. G. Cambray

Illustrated from Old Prints in the British Museum

A GLANCE at a map of London as it appeared four hundred years ago would show a city of very meagre dimensions, compared with the Metropolis we know now. Beyond the walls, whose course may easily be traced from the "gate" termination of many City wards, the houses soon gave way to open country. Pleasant fields and verdant meadows, with browsing cattle, held place where now suburban villas most do congregate. Through these pastures, chattering brooks overhung with trees meandered on their way to join the Thames. Portly merchants from the City strolled along their banks, or angled in their waters; indeed, one of these streams, the Westbourne, was long noted for the excellency of its trout. At intervals, public tea-gardens came down to the waterside, where the citizens, their wives and apprentices, could idle away a summer's afternoon over dishes of tea.

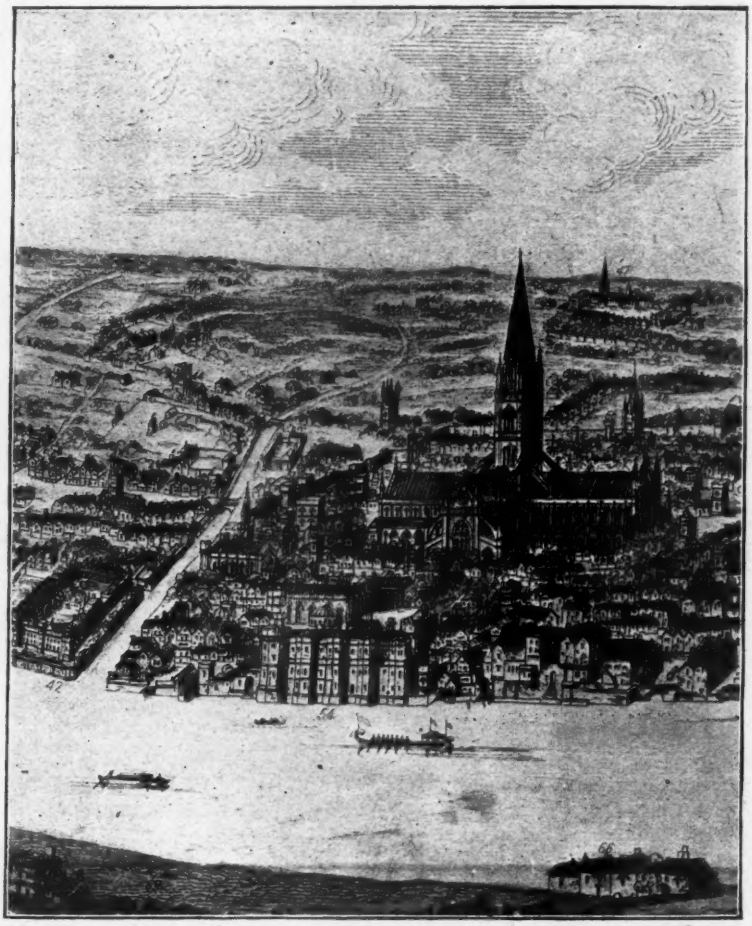
But as the population increased, rows of houses spread themselves over the green fields like the tentacles of a gigantic octopus, and the once rural streams became receptacles for the domestic garbage of the habitations lining their banks. At last the task of carrying away this refuse proved beyond their power, and they were gradually choked up with filth, exhaling a microbe-reeking miasma. The nuisance became at length too overpowering to be longer ignored, and gradually their foul waters were covered in and became part and parcel of the great Metropolitan drainage system.

Such is the life-story of these streams, and chief of them all, both in length and notoriety, was the River Fleet.

High up on the slopes of Hampstead, and Highgate three separate rivulets had their birth—the Hole-bourne, the Ty-bourne, and the West-bourne. The two latter flowed in a south-westerly direction, whilst the course of the former tended due south. It received at one time or another four distinct names,

each of which recalled some distinguishing characteristic. Thus one portion, fed from a number of wells bordering its course —Clerks' Well, St. Chad's Well, Skinner's Well, Bagnigge Wells and others, was known as the River of Wells. Another section bore the name of Turnmill Brook from the mills which lined its banks. The name is perpetuated in the neighbouring Turnmill Street. The Hole-bourne, if we could see the course of this river before the houses had obliterated it, would explain its name. Deep down in a hollow it flowed, and on either side the clay banks rose steeply from the water. The better-known name of "the Fleet" is strictly only applicable to that part of the stream which felt the influence of the tides.

It would be weary work to trace the windings of this river along the labyrinth of streets which now cover its former course, and we will but briefly define its direction. From the source in Caen Wood it flowed



The Fleet. *Circa* 1513

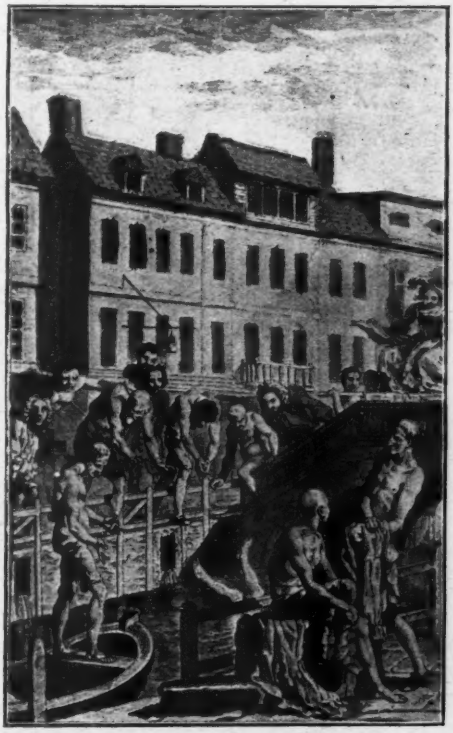
(By N. Whittock, from the drawing in the Bodleian Library by Van Den Wyngrerde)

round Kentish Town and, just past that place, received the waters of a twin brook which gushed from a grassy slope in the Vale of Health. From the confluence of these streams its course was by St. Pancras Church to Battle Bridge, now King's Cross.

Passing this now busy centre, it ran beside the gloomy pile of Cold Bath Fields Prison on one bank and, on the other, the equally depressing establishment of Clerkenwell. Below these institutions the stream flowed round the foot of Saffron Hill and became tidal. Its journey was soon completed. Along what are now Farringdon and New Bridge Streets, sluggishly through the mud-banks and marshes at Blackfriars, its waters at length mingled with those of the Thames. Just by Holborn Bridge the Fleet is said to have received a small affluent, but some topographers question whether it ever existed. Stow probably explains matters, for he tells us that a bourne "*sometimes* ran down Old-bourne Hill," thus indicating that it was merely surface drainage.

Our illustration gives a very interesting bird's-eye view in 1543 of the lower reaches of the Fleet with other bits of old London. It is from the drawing by N. Whittock, based on Wyngrerde's map—the oldest one known. In the extreme distance, surrounded by fields and open country, is seen St. James's Church, Clerkenwell. Passing the Holborn and Fleet Bridges, and coming down stream, old St. Paul's is seen towering high above the neighbouring buildings. To the west the Ludgate peeps up, and a little below, Blackfriars. Reaching the mouth of the river, Bridewell stands on its south-west point, and lower down the Thames, Baynard's Castle reveals itself.

The history of the Fleet is a tale of unbroken degeneration and trouble. As early as the thirteenth century complaints were made of its condition. The Corporation spent vast sums and issued numerous orders in their endeavours to cleanse it. After the Fire of London they carried out a scheme of canalisation so as to enable barges, as in ancient times, to come as far up as Holborn Bridge, where large wharves were built. But these efforts were futile. The tolls were too heavy to encourage traffic; the quays



Bathing in the Fleet at Bridewell Bridge. *Circa* 1740

remained idle, and the pollution daily increased. The hack-writers of the day vented their spleen on it in numerous scurrilous pamphlets, nor did the leading men of letters consider its state beneath their notice. Pope, in the *Dunciad*, describes how his enemies run past Bridewell:—

> To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
> Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
> The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
> With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
> Here strip, my children, here at once leap in,
> Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin.

From Warburton's edition of that poem we have reproduced a vivid picture of the evil-smelling stream, showing the Bridewell Bridge and the bathers.

Even that paragon of politeness, Lord Chesterfield, was unable to resist a gibe at

its expense. "Can you, my Lord," said an enthusiastic Parisian, indicating the Seine, "show a river like that in your country?"

"Ma foi, yes," answered the noble Earl disdainfully, "and we call it the Fleet Ditch!"

Two of our illustrations give us glimpses of the Fleet in the unsavoury neighbourhood of Field Lane, as it appeared about 1841. A sinister chapter might be written of this plague-spot, happily long since cleared

The Fleet Ditch, near Field Lane. *Circa* 1841

In 1733 matters came to a crisis, and the Corporation obtained powers to cover the ditch in between Holborn and Fleet Bridges. Some thirty years later that portion below Fleet Bridge was similarly treated. Above Holborn Bridge the river remained open for some distance until 1844. It now ekes out a submerged existence as part of the Metropolitan drainage system, and, at low water, the curious may still see, beneath the northernmost arch of Blackfriars Bridge, its vaulted outlet to the Thames.

away. For a century and a half it maintained its supremacy amongst the lowest sinks of neglect, filthiness, and vice. "A concrete of pollution, moral and physical," Mr. Archer called it, "a dung-heap for the premature forcing of crime: the atmosphere in which humanity ripens and rots with frightful precocity." For generation after generation it was the home of some of the most vile and desperate of characters and a veritable school of crime, where boys were trained to their nefarious course by the "fences" who

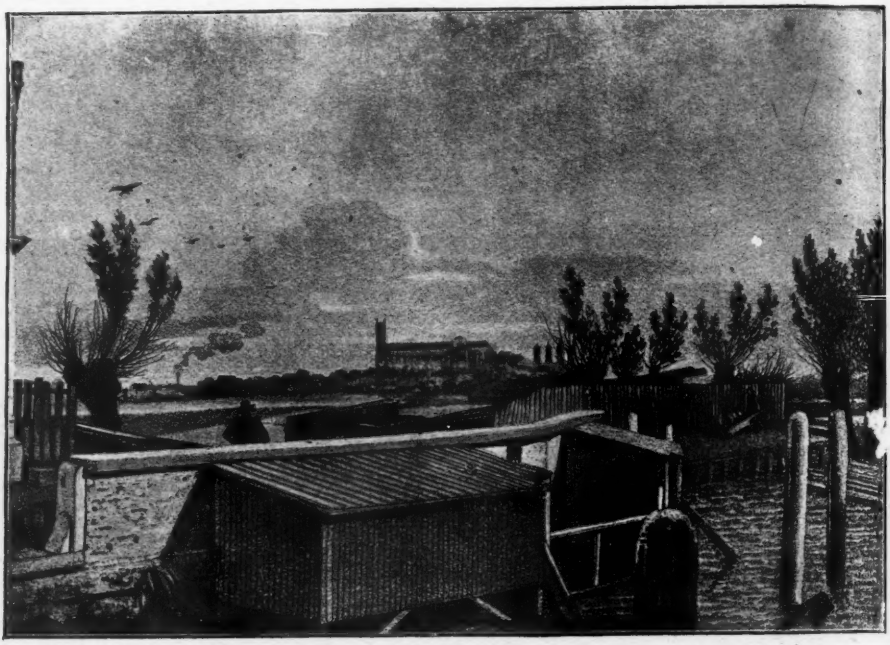
took the lion's share of the spoil. Here, too, has been localised the den of old Fagin. One incident in particular sheds a lurid light on the doings of its denizens. On the demolition of Chick Lane, about 1845, no little sensation was excited by the discovery in the Red Lion—an old public-house and once a noted rendezvous for thieves, which stood immediately by the open stream—of a number of trap-doors, sliding panels, blind passages and various other arrangements for the evasion of the law. In case of hot pursuit a plank thrown across the ditch provided a simple means of escape to the opposite shore. Certain human bones were also shown to the visitors; but it is probable that these accessories had been specially procured to make up a show to which rank and fashion resorted in crowds. Yet there can be no question that this unholy place was the scene of many a foul deed of robbery and murder, and no doubt into the dark waters of the ditch was dropped the body of more than one unhappy being here done to death.

From time to time the usually sluggish Fleet, swollen by long-continued rains, became a mighty and destructive torrent and flooded the neighbouring country in all directions. Thus, in 1679, it spread devastation around. Invading the butchers' premises at Cow Cross, it carried off their cattle, and from Hockley-in-the-Hole, barrels of ale and brandy went floating down the stream. In 1768, similar trouble was experienced; and in 1809 a sudden thaw laid the ground between St. Pancras and Pentonville under water, so that for some days the inhabitants were compelled to receive their provisions through the windows. When the Metropolitan Railway was being constructed, one of the greatest difficulties the engineers had to contend with was an irruption of the Fleet. Bursting its bonds, the fœtid stream flooded the tunnel and carried all before it; and it was only by the most gigantic efforts that the mischief was remedied.

East of the Fleet, a short stream called the Walbrook flowed through the heart of the City. Its source was somewhere in the

Shepherd's Well, Hampstead, 1827

swamps of Finsbury, and, taking a southerly direction, it entered the City between Moorgate and Bishopsgate. In the thirteenth century it was a stream of some importance,



King's Scholars' Pond Sewer, Millbank. *Circa* 1807

being spanned by at least two bridges—one near the Mansion House and another near Horse Shoe Lane. There is also a tradition that an old inn stood on its banks in Bucklersbury, which, serving as a port of call for the bargemen who used the stream, was known as "The Old Barge."

Its waters, soon after entering the City, pursued their way underground, first beneath St. Mildred's Church in the Poultry, which was supported on arches, and then to the east of the Grocers' Hall. Here its proximity hardly proved an unmixed blessing. On one occasion it boldly invaded the kitchen of the establishment and was only dislodged at a considerable expense. In 1415 the stream was ordered to be piled, that garbage should not accumulate on its banks. In recent years, in digging for foundations of new buildings, quantities of piles, impregnated with animal matter, were discovered, plainly marking the course of the stream. Its life, though brief, was not a merry one. By the end of Queen Elizabeth's time it was entirely covered in and nearly forgotten. Nowadays, save that its name is preserved in the street known as Walbrook, which runs parallel to the course of the old stream, we are unconscious of the erstwhile "fair brook of sweet water."

Stow mentions another old and much-disputed stream, the Langbourne, which he tells us, however, had passed out of existence before his time. Mr. Heckethorn traces its course from the ground now forming part of Fenchurch Street. Running swiftly in a westerly direction, it crossed Grass (now Gracechurch) Street into and down Lombard Street. Passing to the west of St. Mary Woolnoth Church and turning sharply to the south, it reached Sherbourne Lane, where it split up into several small streamlets,

and so reached the Thames. Some modern historians deny the existence of the Langbourne altogether; and for our part we are inclined to agree with their arguments.

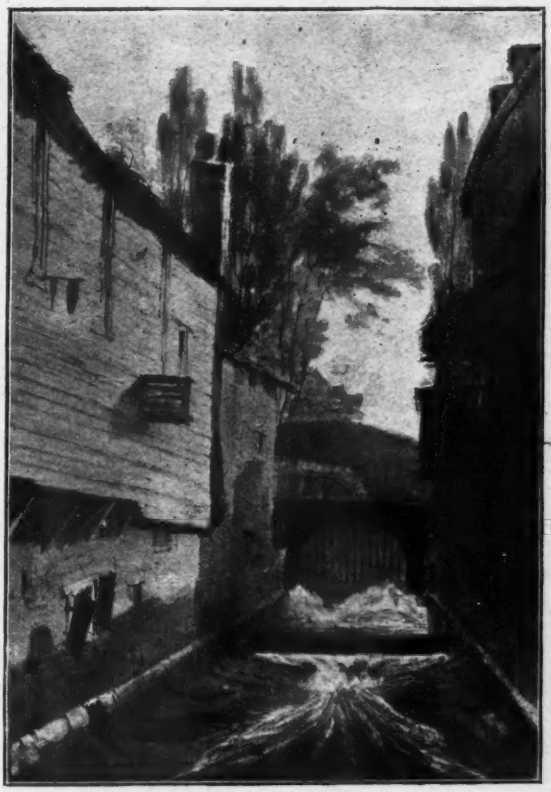
One does not at the present day associate the Strand with gentle brooks, but we are told that in former times this thoroughfare was intersected by numerous watercourses. One painstaking topographer has estimated their number at 300! Only two of them, however, were of sufficient importance to merit a record of their existence being retained by posterity in the names of Ivy Bridge and Milford Lanes.

The districts in the West End, now covered with stately mansions, were of old watered by two main streams. The eastern one, the Tybourne, had its rise in a spring called the Shepherd's Well at Hampstead. An old illustration shows this spot as it was over seventy years ago. Meandering through St. John's Wood and on to Regent's Park, past the secluded village to which it gave its name (now the populous parish of St. Marylebone, formerly St. Mary-le-bourne) it flowed to Oxford Street, formerly Tybourne Road. The windings of Marylebone Lane trace the tortuous course of the stream. Its way was then slightly to the west of Bond Street across Piccadilly, through the Green Park, where the direction it formerly took is occasionally revealed by a line of mist. Near Buckingham Palace it divided, and soon after the northern arm again divided, helping to form Thorney Island, upon which Westminster Abbey was built.

Besides supplying the Abbey with water, the stream was used to turn the mill which the monks had erected on its banks. This place was known as Millbank, a name retained to the present day. The course of this arm of the Tybourne lay along what is now Great College Street, where, buried beneath the roadway, an old bridge, which used to cross the stream just above its junction with the Thames, still exists. The southern branch, flowing parallel to Buckingham Palace Road, crossed Victoria Street at its junction with Vauxhall Bridge Road. Intersecting this thoroughfare near Warwick Street, its course inclined slightly to the south until its waters reached the Thames. In process of time it became the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer, the outlet of which is shown in our illustration.

From early times the Tybourne contributed to London's water-supply.

In 1228, permission was granted by Henry III. to Gilbert Sandford to convey water in leaden pipes to the City, and this grant was subsequently extended, the water being distributed by means of some nine conduits. Where Stratford Place now is, and near one of these conduit-heads, formerly stood a building called the Lord Mayor's



The Westbourne at Knightsbridge. *Circa* 1836

Banqueting House. It was used by the civic authorities on their annual inspection of the conduits in the neighbourhood, when business and pleasure seem to have been agreeably combined.

On one of these occasions, in 1562, an old chronicler tells us:

"The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and many worshipful persons rode to the conduit-heads to see them according to old custom; then they went and hunted a hare before dinner and killed her; and thence went to dinner at the Banqueting House, at the head of the conduit, where a great number were handsomely entertained by their Chamberlain. After dinner they went to hunt the fox. There was a great cry for a mile, and at length the hounds killed him at the end of St. Giles', with great hollowing and blowing of horns at his death; and thence the Lord Mayor, with all his company, rode through London to his place in Lombard Street."

How strange this little description of the condition of the country as it then existed, reads to-day! A very fertile imagination would be required to picture the death of a fox amid the smoke-begrimed purlieu of St. Giles as we know it. The district, too, lying between the Tybourne and the Westbourne, if we could see it as it was then, would be all

The Bathing Well, Hyde Park, 1802

open country intersected only by two Roman highways—Watling Street and the Via Trinobantina; and as the Abbots of Westminster owned many broad acres here, both pasture and forest, and no doubt, like Chaucer's Monk, "lovëde venerie," they not unlikely would be discovered indulging in this little worldly failing.

The Westbourne, which, as its name indicates, was the most westerly of the old London rivers, rose near Jack Straw's Castle. Taking a south-westerly course it received the waters of the Kil or Cold Bourne. Thence, the augmented stream took its way

to Paddington. Crossing the Uxbridge Road near Gloucester Terrace—its valley may still be traced in the dip of the road at this point—it came to Hyde Park. Sluggishly flowing through the park between banks of tall rushes, widening at intervals into pools, the little rivulet here received the waters of numerous small springs, some of which were long famous for their medicinal properties.

As it left the park, the great western road crossed it by a bridge, hence the name Knightsbridge. During its lower course it formed the boundary between Chelsea and Westminster, and fell into the Thames, as now, near where Ranelagh Gardens stood.

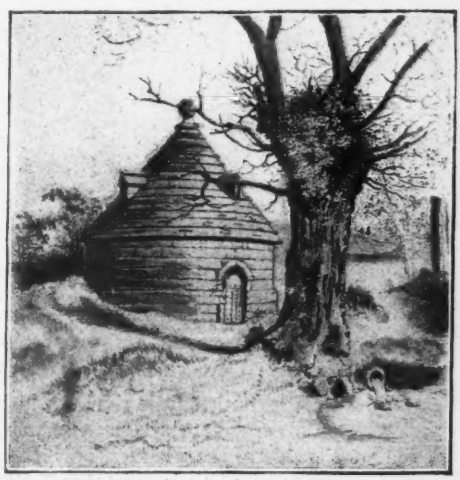
Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., conceived the idea of utilising the Westbourne to form a large lake. It seems the royal lady had a great liking for landscape gardening and, in particular, delighted in improving the royal parks. Not that the motive was an altogether disinterested one, for at one time she contemplated attaching St. James's Park to the private grounds of the palace. However, the witty, caustic answer of Sir Robert Walpole induced her Majesty to alter her mind. Asked by the Queen what he thought would be the cost of the undertaking, the Minister pointedly replied, "Only three crowns, your Majesty!"

In 1730, the transformation of the little stream into a broad river was commenced. The King put no veto on the expenditure, believing that the alteration was to be effected with the Queen's own money; but after her death he was chagrined to find that he had been the victim of a little trick on the part of Walpole, and was the poorer by the £20,000 which the improvement had cost.

The water supply of this new river, illogically named the Serpentine, was at first obtained from the Westbourne; but heavy rains so increased the volume of this stream, that at times it caused the Serpentine to overflow, to the serious inconvenience of the neighbourhood. As time went on an even greater evil arose from the extension of building. The surrounding houses drained into the stream, with the result that its waters became so foul that it was cut off and connected with the sewer in Bayswater Road—the Serpentine being fed with water supplied by the Chelsea Waterworks. Thus the pleasant old brook which of yore had danced along through banks overhung with trees, now reaches the Thames through the gloomy tunnel of Ranelagh Sewer.

Passing by the comparatively unimportant streamlets which formerly entered the Thames between the Mall at Hammersmith and Chelsea Creek, and Hackney Brook in the extreme north-east of London, which of old flowed from Stamford Bridge to the Lea near Old Ford by way of Dalston, we cross to the south side of the Thames. Here in Battersea Creek are the remains of another of the now "vanished" streams, one known as the Falcon Brook.

Rising on the south side of Balham Hill it flowed between Clapham and Wandsworth Commons across Battersea Rise. Here it turned sharply to the west, reaching the Thames by way of Lavender Road and the little creek just mentioned. A whimsical old print, somewhat the worse for wear, which we reproduce, shows the old Falcon Tavern, which stood close to the brook, and gives some idea of its rural surroundings in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The Boniface of the old inn was named Death, and one day an artist, John Nixon, was



The Bayswater Conduit. *Circa* 1791

The old Falcon Inn, Battersea. *Circa* **1802**

passing when he noticed a number of undertakers' men, just returned from a funeral, regaling themselves outside "Death's Door." The scene and the curious coincidence of the landlord's strange name so struck the artist that he made a sketch on the spot. This was afterwards engraved, and was published, in 1802, with some verses by another hand, in which Sable, the foreman of the company, is represented as singing—to the tune of "I've kissed and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,"

Unfeather the hearse, put the pall in the bag,
Give the horses some oats and some hay;
Drink our next merry meeting and quackery's increase,
With three times three and huzza, &c.

Of the countless other little rivulets which formerly used to meander through the marshy lands on this side of the Thames, only a few have left any trace of their existence. But if we proceed eastward to Brixton, we shall find a road named after a once important river—the Effra. Its source was on the high ground at Norwood, and it flowed in the direction of Vauxhall, near which place it joined the Thames.

If tradition may be relied on, this stream was formerly of considerable size, for we are told that Queen Elizabeth used to visit Sir Noel Caroon, the Dutch Ambassador, at Caroon House, in her royal barge, by way of the Effra.

St. Saviour's Dock, Bermondsey, marks the mouth of another old river which has disappeared with London's growth. We refer to the Neckinger, which formerly ran parallel to the modern thoroughfare of the same name. On its banks stood the Mill of Bermondsey Abbey, where the monks used to grind their corn. In later times the stream was used by the tanners, who required a constant supply of water for their work. By degrees the Neckinger was made to supply

other ditches or small watercourses cut in all directions, which in the end gave rise to frequent conflicts between the tanners and the owner of the mill lower down the stream, who shut off the tide whenever it suited his convenience. Finally, their right to an unlimited supply of water at every high tide was confirmed by the Courts.

In many respects the history of the Neckinger is a counterpart of that of the Fleet. At one time it was well supplied with water from the hills about Sydenham and Nunhead, and an old-time pleasure-garden stood on its banks, where the citizens would come on summer evenings and sit beside the stream drinking their sack and ale. But by the commencement of the last century all this had changed. The babbling stream had become a foul, stagnant ditch, and the locality known as Jacob's Island, and its neighbourhood, morally and physically, a very cesspool of iniquity.

Wilkinson has given us a view, from the island, of this pestilential spot as it appeared in 1819; while in "Oliver Twist" we have so accurate a word-picture that we may be pardoned for quoting it *in extenso.* At the period Dickens wrote, the island was surrounded by a muddy ditch, then known as Folly Ditch, which, when the tide was in, was some six or eight feet deep and fifteen or twenty wide.

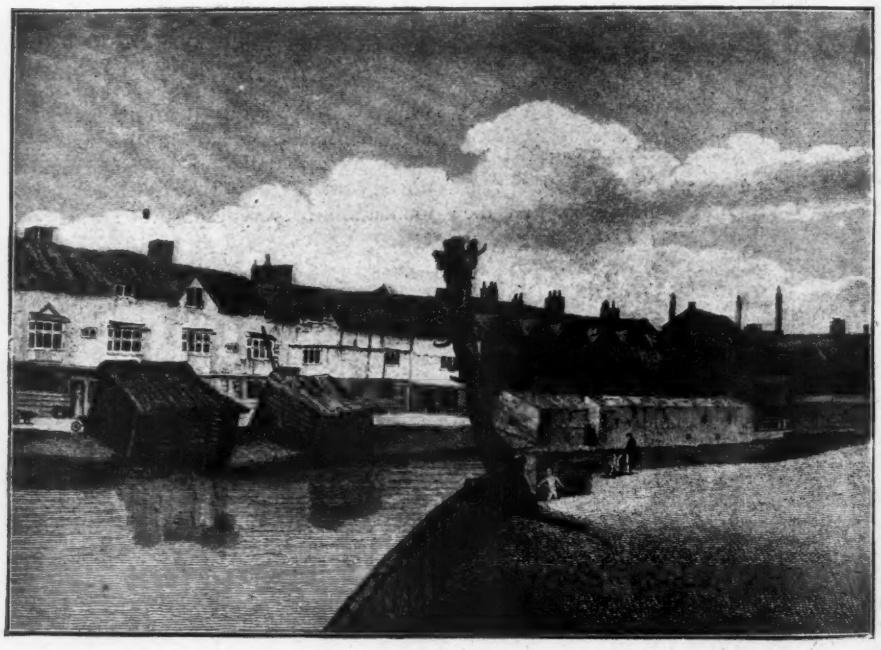
"A stranger, looking from one of the wooden bridges thrown across it at Mill Lane, will see the inhabitants of the houses on either side lowering from their back doors and windows, buckets, pails, domestic utensils of all kinds, in which to haul the water up; and when his eye is turned from these operations to the houses themselves, his utmost astonishment will be excited by the scene before him. Crazy wooden galleries common to the backs of half a dozen houses, with holes from which to look upon the slime beneath; windows, broken and patched, with poles thrust out, on which to dry the linen that is never there; rooms so small, so filthy, so confined, that the air would seem too tainted even for the dirt and squalor which they shelter; wooden chambers thrusting themselves out above the mud, and threatening to fall into it—as some have done; dirt-besmeared walls and decaying foundations; every repulsive lineament of

The Neckinger and Turnpike, Grange Road, Bermondsey. *Circa* 1820

poverty, every loathsome indication of filth, rot, and garbage; all these ornament the banks of Folly Ditch."

Such was the place which has not inaptly been compared to the "Rookery" or "Holy-land" which formerly existed in St. Giles's, and the "shy neighbourhood" of Somers Town. Only very powerful motives for secret residence, or the most dire poverty, could have driven any one to seek refuge in such an awful place. The foul ditch has long since been filled in and turned into a firm road, and the old houses pulled down. Some of the latter showed plainly that they had been adapted to the concealment of crime. Subterranean connection between houses, and windows opening on to the roofs of other buildings, bore witness to its being a place where desperate characters found a sure hiding-place, and where pursuit and detection were rendered almost impossible.

The other South London streams do not come within the scope of our article, for the curious may still see the Wandle at Wandsworth, the Ravensbourne at Lewisham, and the Quaggy at Lee; and it is to be hoped that for many years to come our improved drainage system may save them from the dark and evil fate that has overtaken their less fortunate relatives.



A view from Jacob's Island *Circa* 1819

A Mistaken Vocation

By Ellen Ada Smith

Never morn wore to eve but some heart did break.

"NOW," he said, holding up his unfinished sketch for her inspection, "tell me candidly, am I not improving and is not this more like the nature I am copying?"

To receive her candid opinion he should not have questioned her so anxiously. Sometimes she laughed to herself at the vanity which tempted the young man to paint when he could not paint and more often—since she had come to know him as she thought better—she was grieved that he should waste his chances of earning a livelihood in so hopeless a pursuit.

It was his unconcealed anxiety after a favourable verdict that made her temporise when she felt that the hard unvarnished truth might have been better for him; for she was young and not untender.

"The grass is green," she announced tentatively, "and you certainly paint it green, very green. The sky is blue and you paint yours also—blue; there is bright water below us and in your sketch it certainly glitters. The whole effect is too maplike—but of course one is supposed to see seven counties from this hill."

He was too earnest to be chagrined yet he took her literally:

"But even a genius cannot successfully indicate seven counties!"

"No, no! he would lose them like Pharoah's host in that splendid crimson sea which the sun has left behind it; he might even veil the splendour with a soft golden haze rising from the sun-gladdened earth."

"You speak as if you understood," he said a trifle jealously, "and yet you tell me that you cannot draw even a straight line!"

"No. But my father could and it is given me sometimes to see through his eyes. Besides as the village organist may I not be allowed my occasional inspirations?"

Some did not think her pretty but she had youth on her side and a sparkling animation and energy. She was one who held out both hands for the good gift of life and grasped it with zest whilst acknowledging fearlessly her limitations. Perhaps her companion's inability to do this kept him restless and ill content, for he did not look happy as he regarded his handiwork.

"How is it," he cried passionately, "how is it when my inspirations are just as true as yours—I know—I feel they are—that I fall so far short every time?"

In his earnestness there was nothing of hurt vanity; it was a deeper wound that made him cry out to one who might understand—and she did understand albeit her thoughts answered him better than her words.

"We all fall short; when I feel like that I remember the celebrated frog and return to my proper size. Being a wise Humpty Dumpty I don't climb too high."

But to herself she said:

"He is prisoned up having no gift of outward expression. His ideals are true—true as death and for such it is only the resurrection that will give speech to the dumb lips. Should I not know when I lack the master touch upon the keys just as he lacks technique and the power to blend colour? His inward vision is clear and divining but he sees through a glass darkly—and so he always must until the true dawning."

Not knowing her thoughts he winced a little at her levity; she knew that it must jar but she also knew that he needed a better stimulant than pity.

"You can be painfully practical, Miss Payne—when you choose."

She regarded him not without compunction as he looked away restlessly towards the golden haze, "He feels the bars," she said to herself, but felt that these were no words to address to a man with his living to get.

"I am obliged to be practical," she said cheerily, "my surroundings are by no means 'the airy fabric of a vision' in the cottage that mother and I have begun to love, they are mostly packing cases cunningly contrived to fit higher uses and disguised with cretonne. You see we make the best of things as they are."

He turned to meet her cheery faultfinding, and saw the real solicitude underneath it; he became almost garrulous:

"I suppose it is a sort of obsession—a will-o'-the-wisp dance which leads to the morass, but do you know I gave up quite a decent sort of situation to take up this craft. I suppose you will tell me I was an awful fool?"

"What was the situation?" she inquired cautiously.

"I was a sort of bailiff; I had to superintend fat beasts and that kind of thing."

She sighed genuinely over his rash folly. "You gave up the substance for the shadow with a vengeance. And you may have looked after your fat beasts but you did not look at them to good purpose; the cow in your drawing is out of perspective."

He put his sketch out of sight over his shoulder and prepared to accompany her down into the valley; a scattered patch of dazzling corn here and there amongst the paler fields which had been reaped, suggested that the harvest was very nearly accomplished.

"You don't even damn me with faint praise. You evidently think I should return to my former occupation?"

His voice was bitter with disappointment but she hardened her heart in order to administer the *coup de grâce* to his vaulting ambition.

"I should strongly advise it if they have kept the situation open for you—employers don't as a rule—it is a certainty and means food and comfort—things you evidently lack at present. Mother thinks they half starve you down at the keeper's."

"The cooking is pretty vile," he admitted, "but of course I pay very little; when I went there I expected to 'live rough' as they call it."

"I should imagine you succeeded beyond your expectations," she answered drily. "We have not been nine months in the parish without learning that Mrs. Diment is gifted with a saving knowledge."

"Diment's a good sort and I suppose she feels the claims of the 'hard family' that she is always lamenting over."

It did not take them long to slip down through the murmuring pines to the little ford which could be taken at a flying stride by the more adventurous without troubling the tiny bridge which was the scoff of youth and the necessity of old age.

A little bent sun-bonneted woman leaning over her gate was envious of their lissomness for it recalled her own youth left so far behind.

"I mind the time when I could leap it as easy as you—aye, and when it was broader and deeper than what it be now. I d'low when you'm both gettin' the elderly spread and fallin' abroad you'ill beat round by t'bridge same as we."

She seemed to reckon on their being companions in misfortune and there was a humorsome twinkle in her sharp eyes that appeared to accentuate her belief. Her eyes were perhaps just a trifle too sharp to suit her ripe old age, and in the vernacular of her neighbours it was understood that Ruth Ling had "just about a tongue to her when she was put out."

But she was friendly enough to the two passers-by and they responded in a like spirit. Just to make light of his disappointment to the girl who had spoken bravely, James Murray unslung his sketch and held it out to Ruth who began fumbling automatically after the glasses that were on her nose.

"There Mrs. Ling, Miss Payne de-

clares I can't draw, but I am sure you can give this place a name—even without your glasses!"

Ruth accentuated every wrinkle but even with her glasses she failed of recognition; her natural politeness strove to make the best of it.

"It med be most any place; but I do zim it be out of foreign parts!"

He sighed with a despair that was not all simulated. "You are worse even than Miss Payne; is it possible that I am such a caricaturist than you fail to recognise your own Rosy Ball?"

"Be that Rosy Ball! La now! o' course I've azeed the place every day so to speak and heard tell about it—but I werdn't never there."

He glanced up at the fine hill just to the left glad that this time his sketch was not in fault.

"You are no great traveller, Mrs. Ling, it you have never ventured less than a mile from home."

"It be this way, Mester Murray. Backlong us maidens did have to work and work hard. 'Twas early and late in them days, and 'twasn't left in us to go moiling up a sidling place same as thic slippy Ball. At most we was glad to knitty a bit and pass the time of day at a neighbour's door."

"I am afraid we take life too easily," said Mary Payne, glancing at the toil-worn hands which bore such marks of honourable service, and Ruth did not contradict her, for in truth she thought that music-teaching of week-days and organ-playing on Sunday partook of the nature of holiday tasks with no serious effort about them. But her shrewd eyes softened a little as they looked afar off into the days of her youth.

"No; 'tis just about a difference from what it used to be—and eet I mind 'twas pleasant to sling up milk-bucket and stool and slip droo the medder into the barton. The sun did rise to meet us as we come like a girt dazzlin' fire, and when we was through with the cows we did used to laugh at our queer, long shapes acroping droo the grass. Ah! maidens and buoy-chaps laugh easy enough at that foolish time o' day and we was so light-footed that the shadders seemed to dance as we did move. I was a bit tempery then and because I catched Tummas arm in crook wi' a new dairy hand, I gave her the wickedest cow of the lot—an oncivil beast that would fling as soon as look; if you'ill believe me thic maid got the blind side of the cow just as well as she had of Tummas; she never flinged nor nothing and I was just about mad at the three of them."

"But it all came right, Mrs. Ling?"

"Aye, I spose for me and he wur married up in the fall. Tummas I be tellin' 'bout our courtin' days!"

He came up in his milking apron looking much older and more feeble than his wife; there was something pathetic and apologetic about "Tummas" which subtly suggested that he had overstayed his time. He touched a battered old straw hat to the lady but did not appear to have heard his wife's jesting remark; increasing deafness was setting him more and more apart from his fellows; his way was growing solitary and sad, for Ruth was impatient and irritable with his failing.

"Poor wold man," she said not without latent contempt; "tes a terrible denial to me his being so hard of hearin'."

"And a greater one to him," put in Murray quietly; then he turned directly to Thomas—speaking in a clear kind voice to which the old man responded in a scared grateful way.

"So you are still able to do a little Mr. Ling; but the heat is trying you I can see."

"Aye, I can do a few oddsies eet a bit. I do go a milky up to the farm when they'm short handed or busy harvestin' same as they be now. But I baint hardly able for it in this het."

He was passing in through his gate as one weary and glad to be home when Ruth again addressed him.

"You'd better show 'em the marrer as we've saved."

He turned to her solicitously but in

doubt as to what she had demanded of him; seeing this she raised her exasperated voice to a pitch from which he evidently shrank.

"To be sure, Missus; you do mean the marrer as we've saved for the thanksgiving."

He was quite proud and pleased to introduce them to the marrow which basked in a hot corner only half shielded by its thick hairy leaves. Even sharp tongued Ruth shared his proprietary interest as she narrowly examined the mammoth vegetable.

"My word, father! if it hasn't plimmed since yesterday."

"Tes so big about as my body—and gettin' so yeller as a guinea!" added Thomas, and he stooped painfully to give the marrow an admiring pat.

"You'd never believe but tes so hot as a pudden!"

In imitation of their host and to give him pleasure, both visitors stooped in turn to stroke the marrow, but Ruth still found fault with him.

"La Tummas! you do eye it so covetous. You'm like a cat mouthin' at the sparrers."

"I 'oudn't touch of it!" exclaimed the old man with meek indignation; "I 'ouldn't if it was iver so!"

"And mind you keep to that," cried Ruth, who prided herself on being a Bible Christian, "we've giv un to the Lord and I'd say the same if we hadn't a bit of victuals in house. Tidn't much to give we do know but other hev got what we haint."

They left them then—the old man worn and weary, with more than his age and the burden and heat of the day, and they walked thoughtfully not unaware of tragedy.

"Both their hearts are in the right place. She loves him I dare say dearly, but her sharp temper cannot bear with his deafness, so she makes him miserable; she will probably live longer than he—and be so bitterly sorry."

She listened in silent acquiescence and they parted seriously for they had seen how youthful lovers might drift apart into solitary jarring old age.

The church—so scantily attended at other times—was packed for the harvest thanksgiving, and the space not occupied by human beings was filled to overflowing by the kindly fruits of the earth; the Ling's marrow golden of aspect and hard of heart, gleamed at the foot of the lectern; there where the rich spoils of the sowing and the reaping; first a sheaf with every ear full to bursting—then the tiny rick and lastly upon the altar the homely baked loaf. The chancel was decked with plants from the rectory hot-houses and the scent of white lilies was everywhere. The harvest had been bounteous; no rain had fallen for weeks to mar the ingathering, and intense heat had pulsed and quivered through the still air.

That evening the least weather-wise could foretell a change, for the west, which had glowed fiery red with every sun-setting, was now overcast and brooding; but the heat seemed fiercer than ever and the crowded church with every nook and corner filled in with fruit and flowers was almost suffocating.

Poor old Ling's tired, wistful face was noticeable from its very paleness, it had hardly more colour than his white hair, and energetic Ruth had to nudge him more than once to keep his attention from drifting away into quiet dreams. Another face too gleamed pale and wan from the close, partially screened organ seat; there the light was already so dim that the candles were lighted, and with the anxiety of the choral service resting upon her, Mary Payne wondered how she should get through her duties.

Close to her was James Murray in a chorister's surplice—he was not in the choir; but the lad who should have worn the surplice had been laid up with a touch of the sun so the organist had asked Murray to take his place.

"It doesn't matter if you merely open your mouth," she had told him, "we shall look right at any rate, but I have sometimes thought that you ought to sing very well."

He had laughed, committing himself to nothing save promising that he would help her all he could, but the service had not proceeded very far before she realised that she had discovered by chance a very able coadjutor; he did not dominate or even lead the others, but somehow the choral part of the service was quite different from anything she had evolved out of many careful practices. She felt that if she could only struggle through her own part all would be well, and they reached the sermon without a single failure.

"The harvest is passed; the summer is over and yet we are not saved."

Solemnly the words sounded through the rapidly darkening church; it was less of a thanksgiving address than a grave exhortation lest those who had reaped their bounteous earthly harvest should fall short of the eternal one. The rector was an old man himself and he spoke as one who must soon give an account of his stewardship; it was impressive, the rapid failing of the light—the tense stillness through which fell clearly every solemn word.

Interested and attentive Ruth Ling trusted that all her neighbours including Thomas would profit by such a sound warning; she forgot for the moment that Thomas could not hear well enough to gather the preacher's meaning, and sooth to say he had fallen into a light sleep so that the rising of the congregation was to his well-nigh closed senses as the rippling of quiet waterways—so cool, so peaceful—so full of the "rest after toyle." Even Ruth noting the white bowed head felt a new gentle compassion for his feebleness and did not disturb him as she fumbled after their joint penny.

"The peace of God—which passeth understanding—keep your hearts and minds in——!"

The storm which had been threatening all day burst upon them then drowning his voice and filling the thronged church so that it shook and vibrated. Strong lightning flamed against the painted windows to leave them darker than before. An awe fell upon the people that had the spirit of panic in it. They had just listened to a very solemn warning and their trembling hearts quivered to a touch of supernatural fear. The organist's prelude to the evening hymn was a tremulous performance and a deafening cracking peal of thunder made the choir hesitate and falter in taking up the strain.

A sharp gust bearing the rain with it swept into the church and extinguished some of the feeble lights, and the spirit of possible panic increased until a single voice rose steadily—magnificently, dominating all cowardly fear and stilling the trembling hearts with a power that was not all of earth.

> Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
> The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.

They all knew the beautiful hymn well, but that night it had a newer, deeper meaning for them and the last verse seemed to show heaven itself in sight.

> Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
> Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies,
> Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee,
> In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

The congregation was silent for a little while—that silence which follows the benediction—and then quietly with minds and hearts steady and at peace they rose quietly to leave the house of prayer.

Seeing that Mary Payne's lips were white, James Murray lost no time in getting her out. On leaving the church they seemed to have the whole world to themselves, already the storm was passing and the earth so refreshed and gladdened was exhaling a hundred sweet scents; they rose like incense towards the clearing sky and a pale level sunray set every leaf and blade of grass aglitter.

A new beneficent life quickened in every nook and corner, the grass grew almost in sight and hearing so that nature's angry mood in its passing left thanksgiving behind it. Regardless of the still falling rain the two sat awhile on a fallen tree until the colour crept back into

Mary's face and then they went slowly on.

"And to think that you have been pursuing a shadow—reaching after something of which you have no need and which is not for you—with so great a gift already yours."

"You mean my singing," he answered quite simply, "I've never thought much about it until to-night."

"Who taught you—I want to know that?"

"I have had no teaching except that best of teaching—the hearing of good music. I lived near a cathedral town and attended all the good festivals whenever possible."

He was so matter-of-fact—so like a man undervaluing a treasure which to others was beyond price that she retorted in bitterness:

"And all this time I have been pitying you for having no means of expressing the things you feel—and feel deeply I know. I had thought that strive as you might you must remain dumb until immortality unsealed your lips. I had pitied knowing how this hurts without understanding that you possessed a gift that others would give years of their life even to approach."

He had sometimes thought her cold and unsympathetic when she had tried to crush his vain aspirations, for she had never hinted at her own passion of longing, cherished in silence, after the unattainable. They had changed characters now and it was she who stood unsatisfied without the gates.

He understood then even as she had done, but there was no need for him to simulate coldness or unsympathy; yet he could not speak for her wistful hurry of words gave him no time.

"Can you have been so blind—so ignorant! but at least you must have entered into your heritage this evening. You so lifted up our hearts that all cowardice fell away from them. You are musician—by the grace of God; surely you have no need to ask the way you should go?"

He answered with humility as one beginning to feel the responsibility of his stewardship.

"Do you know I have always felt—so honestly felt—that there was something I had to do outside the ordinary routine of life. I seemed to hear a call without knowing from whence it came or how to answer back. The iteration of it kept me restless and discontented, and because I had always loved painting I thought the answer might lie there. I need not tell you of my utter failure, for you have witnessed it."

"You failed because the answer was wrong; from this hour you must know and love your true calling."

"It seems a little thing to make a fuss over—a voice," he said humbly, "and yet it means more than that—oh so much more! I felt it a power and a blessing—like wings to bear up a fainting soul. Other people would laugh at me for speaking like this but you will not laugh, for you understand."

"Yes," she answered softly, "I understand just as I know—with no power to draw even a straight line—how nature must be the artist's inspiration more than his copybook. You have a message to give but it must be given in your native language."

"May you not be making a mistake about me, Mary?"

She shook her head a little sadly; she was deeply, truly glad for him; yet when only one may enter the promised land the other is left awhile lonely and waiting.

"I am not mistaken · besides you felt the power in yourself, it is no false dawn, but the true one. As I said, you are musician by the grace of God, whereas my little rushlight has need of being trimmed and tended every day—and then it is only a rushlight."

He turned to her quickly but she answered his words before he could utter them.

"No! no! I must tend and trim it for myself—we must each fulfil ourselves—I according to my limitations and you

according to the bounty bestowed—that is the conclusion of the whole matter."

He let it remain so as he watched her into the safe haven of her cottage home and her mother's care. But they clasped hands first, and they knew it was not the end but the beginning, the very time of hope and promise.

Yet for another man and woman the end had come that evening. Old Thomas worn and wearied with life's long day had gone home to rest. Not a hair on his head had been injured, but he had died when his wife had thought him sleeping still. Ruth, of the sharp, impatient temper was left desolate and broken-hearted, for after all she had loved him dearly.

Trades and Tricks in Ireland

IV.—The Fiddler

By Seumas MacManus

Author of "Donegal Fairy Stories," "A Lad of the O'Friels"

WITHOUT the fiddler's aid to wile away the long winter nights, I do not know what we who live among the lone mountains of Ireland would do. True, we have the shanachie, who tells us stories, and the wandering beggarman who carries in to us the strangely distorted news of happenings in the outside world; we have the girls' sprigging camp, and the friendly *ceilidh* (keel-ye) at the neighbour's fireside; but these are pleasures too uniformly quiet. We want an occasional excitant to stir our pulses, and prevent the blood getting sluggish; and the ever-welcome fiddler and his fiddle just supply the much-needed stimulus.

After the hay and corn are harvested, and the potatoes securely housed, there is a little happy lull in the lives of the boys and girls, who for some weeks enjoy a sorely-earned rest. And, just before they have tired of indolence, the happy tidings is borne breathlessly round the parish that "Donal a-Thoorisk has called a dance on Neil Maguire of the Brown Knowe"—which, far from meaning that personal violence in a primitive fashion is to be dealt to the body of Neil, is only our way of saying that Donal, the fiddler, invites the countryside to do Neil Maguire the pleasure of meeting in his (Neil's) house, and making the night merry by stepping to the strains of Donal's fiddle. The fiddler is granted one privilege in common with the priest; for, as the latter may "call a station on" any man in the parish, so the former may, in the winter time, "call a dance upon" any man without the formality of asking for his permission or approval. And anything so churlish as rebellion against the fiddler's mandate has never been known in our part of the world, and never dreamt of.

At third-hand Neil gets news of the honour which the fiddler and his friends mean to do him on a night specified. So, for that night, Neil bestirs himself to get his house in order. He tidies it outside and inside, redds up the kitchen—where the gathering and the dance will be—removes every superfluous article therefrom, and ranges forms and seats around the wall. The little bedroom is snugged and decorated too; for it will have to answer the purposes of a parlour for the reception of a few particular friends and favourites who have tramped a long distance to the dance, and who will need to be refreshed with tea and buttered oat-bread as the night wears on, and likewise before they set their flushed faces for home, in the chilly next

morning. The great majority of the dancers eat not, nor feel need of eating, from the time they have left home in the afternoon till they reach home again next day.

With the trusty fiddle in a green bag, Donal has been seen by the countryside, crossing the hills to the dance-house in the afternoon—and that is the signal for the boys and girls to busk them. With quickened pulses and hastening hands they hurry through their remaining few household duties; and, well washed and brushed, the boys don their coats and the girls their plaid shawls, and strike a bee-line for Neil Maguire's across dykes and ditches.

Sometimes, but—in former days—rarely, the fiddler had a fixed residence, from which he started for the dance-house. Sometimes he stopped wheresoever night overtook him. Generally, he favoured his many friends by staying a week, or several weeks, with each in turn. *Apropos* of this method, we all remember how when this same Donal (our brightest wit in the generation that is now gone) was rather tartly asked by the new-come Father John, "Where do you stop, fiddler?" replied loftily, and confounded the good priest with: "Sir, I have as many stops as a Univarsal"—by which term we knew "The Universal Spelling-Book," the common handbook in our schools in those days.

But, at Neil Maguire's. As night dropped down, and the boys and shawled girls came filing in, Donal's bow began first to scrape, and then to coax such lively strains from the fiddle that the youngsters all were seized with an irresistible craving somewhere in the neighbourhood of their heels, and immediately after half a dozen airy lads and half a dozen blushing *cailins* occupied the space in the middle of the floor, and were beating it with joyous energy.

Usually the fiddler constitutes himself the master of ceremonies also. He calls the dance, and often, likewise, the dancers. But in the case of a pair of popular (or personal) favourites, he might announce "Black Johnny Lafferty and Shiela Shevlin for their pleasure!" Whereupon Black Johnny (so called to distinguish him from cousins of the same name) leads forth the bashful Shiela. They drop a graceful curtsey to the fiddler; and then Black Johnny requests that he will play them up "Resin the Bow," "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," or whatever else may be Shiela's preference—to which, when it is struck up, they foot it nimbly and with a grace and pride that draws the plaudits of the admiring multitude.

After midnight two young men go round with hat or plate to lift the fiddler's fee, which is twopence or threepence from each boy in the house, and totals five, six, seven, or eight shillings. The dancing, which formerly consisted of jigs, reels, and hornpipes only, but in recent days comprises polkas and schottisches likewise, is afterwards continued till morning. But before they disperse the fiddler makes his next announcement, saying: "I have the pleasure of callin' a dance upon Lame Andy Mór of Toorish, for Wensday-come-ei'-days"—which signifies a week from the following Wednesday—"when I want to see all of yous that are here, and all of yous that aren't here, turnin' up, with your best girl under your arms."

Long ago there came to our parish a priest (the same Father John to whom I have before referred) who, looking upon dancing as an institution of the devil, determined to put it down. On the second Sunday he was with us he denounced dances, dancers, and dance-houses from the altar, and threatened the direst penalties upon any man in the parish who would henceforward permit a dance to be held under his roof-tree. Next morning hearing an inquiry for him at the door of Ned McMullen's house of Litirmor, wherein he lodged, he stepped forward into the kitchen, when a ruddy-faced man accosted him with, "Och, so yer reverence is at home. I'm glad of it. Come along here, Nancy and the childre." The ruddy-faced fellow turned into the house a woman with two children in her arms, one on her back, and the greater part of half a score at her heels—and closed the half-door when they were safely within. "What's this?" said the priest. "I'm Micky Mór the fiddler," said the lad, "and there's my wife

and childre that you tuk the mains of support from, off the altar yesterday. Ye can take charge of them now, and I hope you'll make out as good a support for them as I did. Good-bye to your reverence, and good luck to you and them!" And he was hurrying off down the hillside, when Father John ran after him and distressfully implored him to come back, and take away his wife and children, and begin his dances again.

But Donal a-Thoorisk was unquestionably the wittiest fiddler known to our country. His wit was driest of the dry. When Sally Meeham, herself a rather homely-looking specimen of Irish maidenhood, waxed facetious anent his withered looks, it is well remembered how drily he informed her that she "would be the purtiest girl at a tay-party—if there was no wan there but herself."

And when Father Dan, returning with Donal from a wedding, expressed disgust at the fact that Donal carried home twenty-two shillings, whilst he, a priest, had only got sixteen shillings and threepence (the amount of the marriage fee in those days), Donal only said, "Well, it's yer poor father (God rest him!) that's to blame—for not makin' a fiddler of ye."

Father Dan was an outraged man on the Sunday that he discovered a dance proceeding in Murtagh Malone's of Corabbor. He dashed furiously into Murtagh's, and laid about right and left with his stout hazel staff, scattering the sacrilegious ones like chaff. When he had otherwise emptied the house, Donal a-Thoorisk nursing his fiddle still sat coolly upon his seat in the corner. Father Dan was exasperated with the man's effrontery. He strode up to Donal, and shaking the staff under Donal's nose, said, "You grey-headed old reprobate, do you know"*—here Donal deliberately placed his fiddle in position, and held the bow in suspense above it—"do you know the Third Commandment?" For just a moment Donal paused, reflecting; and, still holding fiddle and bow in readiness, then replied, "I might know it by another name. Whistle a bit of it!"

And I think Father Dan would have been superhuman had he restrained himself from doing what he thereupon did—to wit, making smithereens of Donal's fiddle.

* When a dancer wants a rare tune, he says to the fiddler, "Do you know Such-and-such?" And as many tunes are known by different names in different places, he likewise states, if he can, its "other name."

Gnats and Mosquitoes

By John J. Ward

Illustrated with Photo-micrographs taken by the Author

EVERYBODY is familiar with the gnats of summer months, although comparatively few people in England claim a similar acquaintance with mosquitoes. However, when we once really distinguish a gnat from the numerous other small and delicate flying insects which are frequently found in similar situations, we have not only learnt the points of classification which specify the gnat, but at the same time those which distinguish the mosquito. The mosquito and gnat, then, are identical.

It is true there are several kinds of gnats or mosquitoes; in some countries there may be several species in one locality. British representatives probably number from nine to twelve distinct species.

These insects of the genus *Culex* are characterised by being slender bodied, with a single pair of wings, long and fragile legs, long antennæ or feelers, and an elongated sucking-proboscis; which latter organ represents the terrible weapon with which the mosquito sucks the blood of its victims and makes itself so troublesome to man, and of which I shall speak later. The magnified view of the female gnat illustrated at Fig. 1 will make clear the points mentioned.

A gnat being a mosquito, and a mosquito a gnat, it may be asked how, then, is it that gnats do not trouble us like the mosquitoes of warmer countries?

At first glance it might seem that the common British species was a very highly respectable member of its tribe, whose tastes had not become so degraded as some of its fellows. When we learn, however, that this identical species, which is widely distributed, in other countries becomes almost as bloodthirsty as any of its genus, this rather damages its reputation as regards respectability. Especially is this so, during very hot weather when even in England it occasionally reveals its dormant characteristic and develops into the hungry mosquito that gently hums and seeks for blood. Hence, this blood-sucking habit seems on the face of it rather a matter of climate or temperature than anything else.

There is one point regarding these insects which we must not fail to observe, which is that only the female indulges in this blood-sucking habit. The inoffensive male apparently seems to require nothing more nourishing than the choice juices of flowers to sustain it. Even should it become possessed of the desire to feast with its carnivorous spouse, it would be quite unable to do so, inasmuch as Nature has not provided it with the necessary instruments for penetrating the skin, which weapons are highly developed in the female insect.

At Fig. 2 is shown a magnified photograph of the head of the male insect to show its

Fig. 1. A female gnat, magnified about 4 diameters

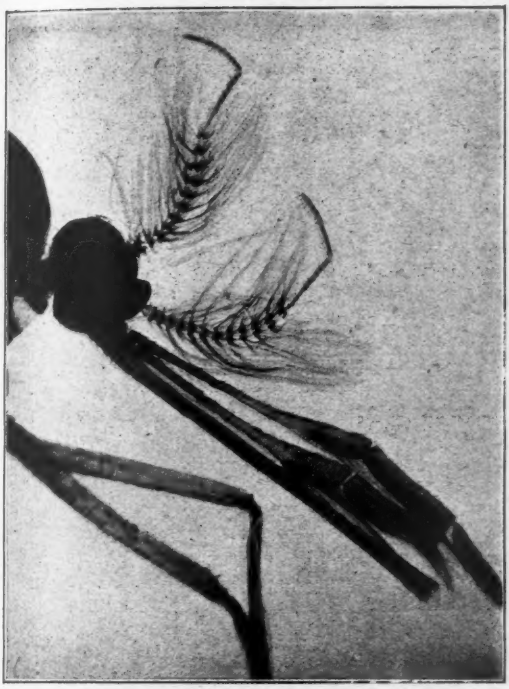


Fig. 2. A magnified side view of the head and mouth organs of the male gnat

mouth organs and feathery antennæ, or "feelers." The latter organs are seen pointing upwards and are composed of fourteen joints, each surrounded with a fringe of long delicate and sensitive hairs. Regarding these, Mayer says, "The hairs on the antennæ of the male gnat vibrate in unison with the notes of a tuning-fork within the range of sounds emitted by the female. The longer hairs vibrate sympathetically with the graver notes, and the shorter with the higher ones," hence we have some reason to regard these as organs of hearing. It is also, then, allowable to suppose that the humming sound made by the female gnat is a means of attracting her mate.

Below these feathery antennæ is the long flexible proboscis, by means of which it sucks honey and other plant juices. Accompanying this sucking-trunk is a pair of "palps," or organs of touch. A portion of its forelegs also appear in the illustration.

The various organs are again shown from another point of view at Fig. 3, where the head with its two large compound eyes can be more readily seen.

If we compare the head of the blood-thirsty female (Fig. 4) with that of the male, we find that the feathery antennæ are not nearly such conspicuous organs, and that its palps have almost disappeared, being reduced to comparatively short stumpy organs. The proboscis seems at first glance to be similar to that of the male, but careful examination reveals an entirely different order of things. Between the proboscis and a thin long upper lip of about the same length are enclosed a series of five lancets and other piercing implements with sharp and serrated points. Although these instruments are extremely delicate, and require considerable magnification to reveal them to the human eye, nevertheless they are beautifully constructed and of great strength, and it is by means of these that the gnat or mosquito is able to penetrate the skin of man and other animals.

The method of attack is to spread out the divided lobes at the extremity of the proboscis on the skin of its victim until a firm contact is obtained. Then the concentrated piercing implements puncture the skin and penetrate deeper and deeper to increase the flow of blood, the proboscis shortening by bowing out in the centre and so keeping the pressure constant while it sucks up the blood. And so the irritating bite of the mosquito comes about, which is often so painful that it has been supposed that poison is injected into the wound, although this is probably only saliva secreted to thin the blood and make it more easily absorbed, for no poison glands have yet been detected.

Although we have only glanced at the mouth organs of these tiny insects we call gnats or mosquitoes, we have seen that a marvellous amount of natural anatomy is displayed by these when viewed by means of the microscope. In a similar manner if

we were to consider in detail other parts of the anatomy of the mosquito so should we reveal equally wonderful details of natural

The insects of the order *Diptera*, to which gnats belong, are noted by the buzzing noise they make during flight, and as this humming

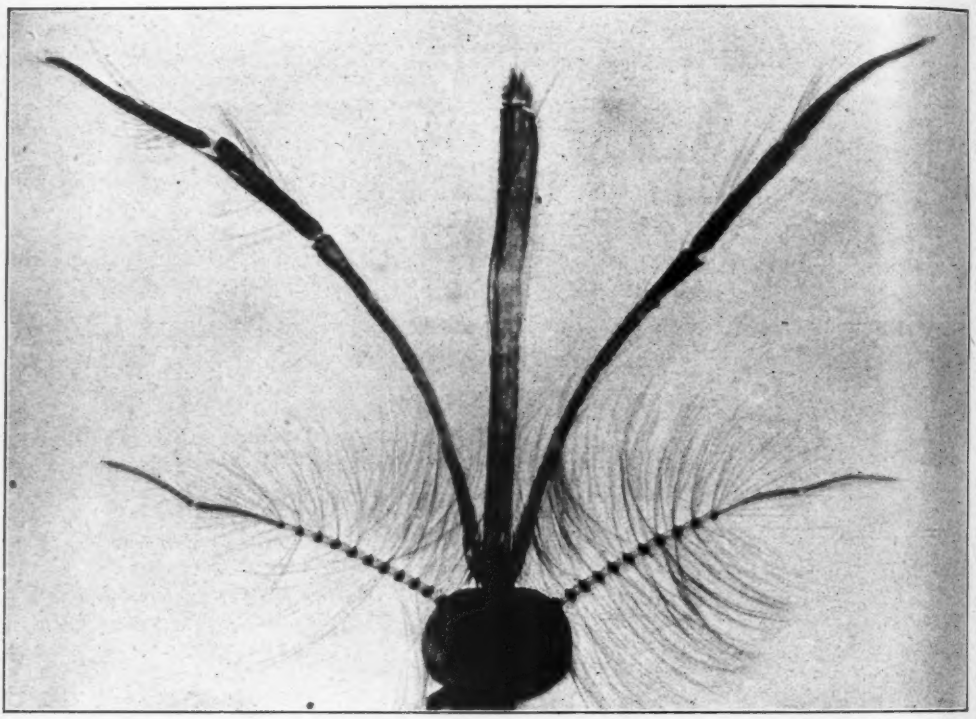


Fig. 3. The head of the male gnat viewed from above

structure. As a proof of this we may glance at another characteristic of this family of insects.

It is well known that the brilliant and various colours of butterflies and moths are due to minute scales and hairs of different hues, arranged like tiles on the roof of a house, about their wings and bodies. Gnats are also clothed in a similar manner with numerous tiny scales, which likewise are revealed by means of the microscope. At Fig. 4 is shown a further magnified view of the first few joints of the second pair of legs of the female gnat illustrated at Fig. 1, which reveals these scales. Fig. 6 shows a portion of the lower of the two wings shown in Fig. 1, also under increased magnifying power.

noise is characteristic of mosquitoes, it is interesting to note how it is produced.

An ingenious instrument known as the "siren," which determines the frequency of vibrations which correspond to a sound of given pitch, throws some light on this singing noise made by the female mosquito during flight. It records that the number of vibrations of the wings required to produce this piping sound is about 3000 per minute. The shriller notes, however, are not produced by wing vibrations but are due to membranes at the edges of the spiracles, or air-passages, vibrated by the passing air-currents.

It should be remembered too that there are various tiny insects that dance in clouds during the summer months besides gnats,

Fig. 4 A few joints of the second pair of legs of the female gnat shown in Fig. 1, further magnified

although these are frequently included under that name. Perhaps the commonest of these insects mistaken for a gnat is that of the midge-fly — *Chironomus plumosus* (Fig. 7), whose feathery antennæ and general contour cause it to somewhat resemble the male gnat.

If, however, we compare the mouth organs of this insect with that of the gnat, we at once observe that the long proboscis is only represented by short fleshy lobes, which cannot bite or penetrate the skin, like the lancets of the former insect. In fact, this is a harmless little insect of the crane-fly or daddy-long-legs class, which in its larval or caterpillar stage is familiar to us as the red blood-worm of ditches and water-butts.

So we see that the main distinguishing feature of the gnat or mosquito is the elongated proboscis, whether the genus be that of the common British species *Culex*, or *Anopheles*, which includes the much-feared malarial-conveying mosquito.

We have now to glance at a few points in the earlier stages of the gnat, for, like other winged insects, it has to go through various metamorphoses before it reaches its perfect form.

The gnat is one of those insects which, like dragon-flies, may-flies, caddis-flies, &c., commences its existence with aquatic habits.

The mother gnat in the early morning deposits sometimes as many as three hundred cigar-shaped eggs, which she retains together by means of her hind pair of legs, until the whole number are deposited. When she has finished laying, the egg-mass has assumed the form of a tiny boat, the eggs being held together by a glutinous secretion. This raft of some two or three hundred embryo gnats

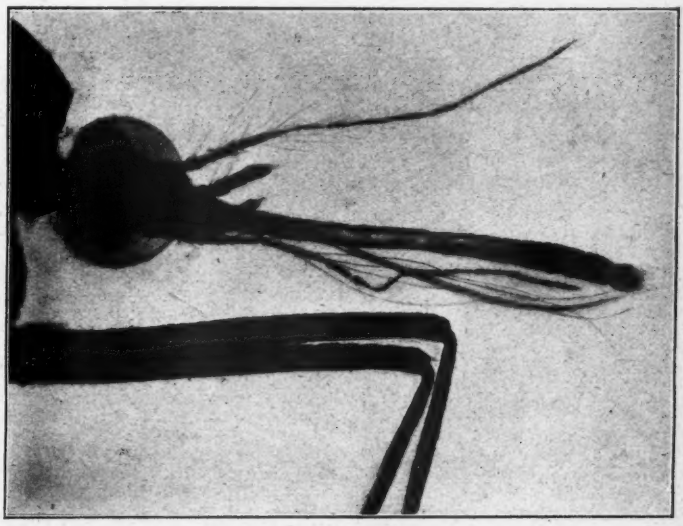


Fig. 5. The head of the female gnat, showing her thread-like lancets and supplemental appendages

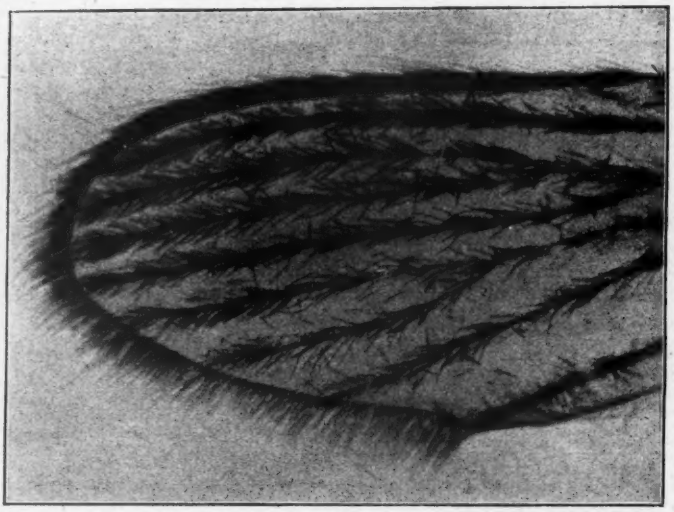


Fig. 6. Part of the lower wing of the gnat shown in Fig. 1, further magnified

she then entrusts to the surface of the water; and the barque is so perfectly adapted to its environment that it may be immersed time after time, but invariably it rises to the surface as buoyant as ever, always eventually floating with the broadest part of the eggs pointing downwards into the water.

At the end of two or three days tossing about on the rippling wavelets, the young gnat larvæ or caterpillars are ready to emerge, and from the broad end of the eggs below the surface of the water a kind of lid or trap-door is pushed open, and out comes the baby gnat.

This infant in the course of two or three weeks, during which time it moults its skin several times, becomes nearly half an inch in length, and is a very quaint creature both in form and habit (Fig. 8). When it is not swimming, it rests near the surface of the water with its head downwards, and what looks like the tip of its tail just outside above the surface.

This portion of its anatomy in contact with the external atmosphere is not its tail, however, but its breathing or respiratory tube, for the young gnat larva is an air-breather, and it is by means of this organ that it takes in its supply of oxygen when it rises to the surface for that purpose. This tube opens at the tip when it reaches the air, and after taking in a fresh supply closes again, after which the larva sinks gently below the surface. When it returns for a fresh air-supply, however, it propels itself by

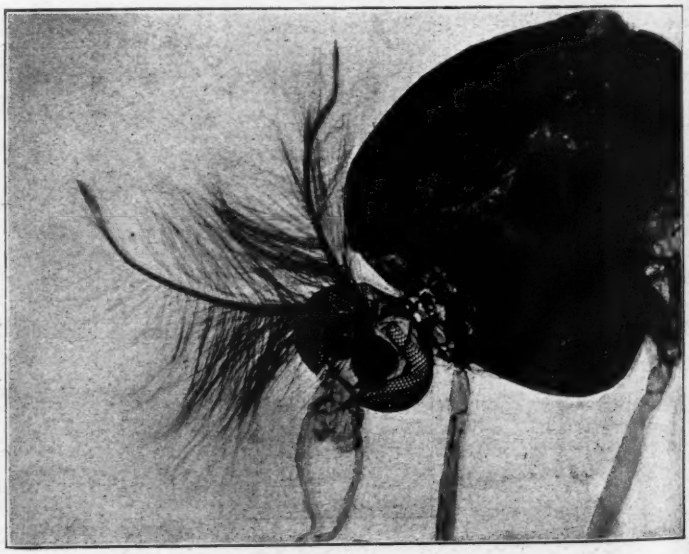


Fig. 7. The magnified head of a midge-fly often mistaken for a gnat

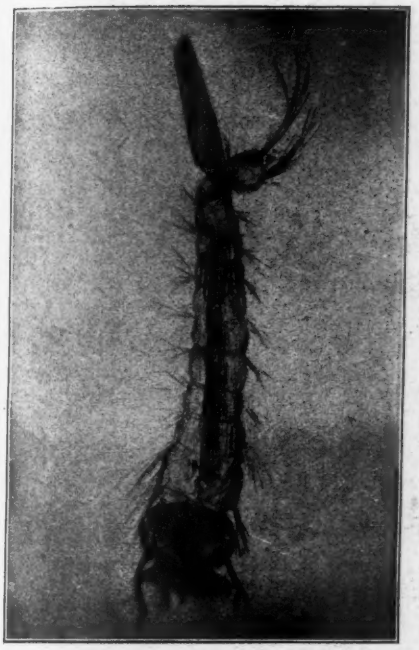


Fig. 8. The larva or caterpillar of the gnat, which breathes through a tube at its tail, and rests in the water head downwards as shown

rapidly jerking through the water by means of its rudder-like tail, of course advancing tail foremost (Fig. 9). Its head (Fig. 10) is likewise an interesting and curious structure, being provided with two large eyes, antennæ, and brushes of hairs, the latter corresponding to the biting mandibles of other insects, which, like these organs, possess the same ultimate function, although they fulfil it in a different manner. These hair-brushes expand and create currents in the water, which entraps tiny animalcules and other food material of the larva, which by this means get conveyed to the other mouth organs.

After about fifteen or sixteen days the larva assumes its pupal or chrysalis form, Fig. 11; at the same time changing its head-downwards attitude into a more horizontal position. But, what is more curious still, gives up taking in air by means of its tail-end breathing-tube.

It is still able to propel itself through the water by means of tail-flaps, although its breathing apparatus has now developed near its head, and stands above the pupa like two tiny twisted horns, which just peep out above the surface of the water while it rests.

In its pupal stage it does not feed, but simply leads a quiet aquatic existence while its wings and other parts develop.

After another twelve or fourteen days the ugly pupa straightens out near the surface of the water so that the thorax portion floats well above the surface; eventually it becomes very dry and splits between the two breathing-horns or tubes.

Then comes the most critical moment in the career of the gnat. It has to perform a most delicate task, and one which it has never attempted before nor can again, fail or

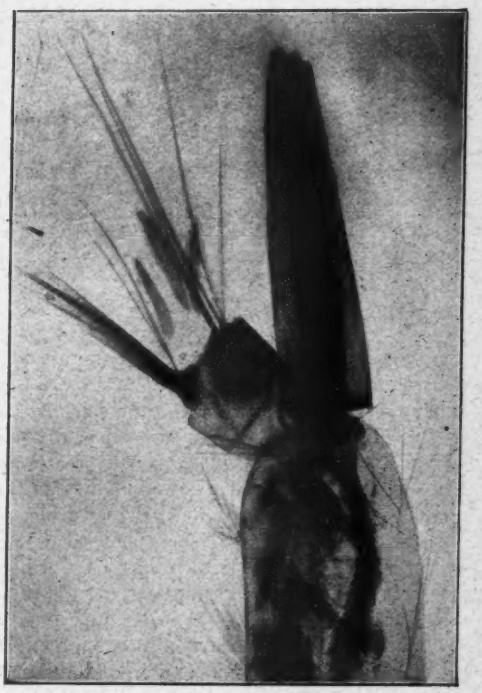


Fig. 9. The breathing-tube and rudder of the gnat larva

otherwise. On the success of it depends the fulfilment of its perfect form or winged state.

The head and thorax of the perfect insect appear through the broken pupa case, followed gradually by the long legs as they are drawn from within, pair by pair. At last, if no sudden gust of wind has occurred at the critical moment when the greater part of its body has emerged, and while its long legs are still encumbered (capsizing the boat and causing its occupant to wet its wings, in which case all is lost), the winged-fly is clear of its pupa-case, and stands doubtfully trimming its wings and pluming itself until it feels courageous enough to trust its weight to its gauzy and iridescent organs of flight. After standing on its empty shell for a short time the necessary impulse seems given it, and so with a good push off from the canoe, which was once a living part of itself, away it soars from the surroundings which it has loved so long, to a new life-sphere with which it has yet no acquaintance.

Fig. 10. The head of the gnat larva

What mysterious influence directs these and similar creatures whose habits have been aquatic for by far the greater part of their lives suddenly and gaily to change them for something so very different, and of which they can have had no experience, it seems difficult to say.

Yet in the case of the female mosquito we might poignantly suggest that it is "blood," "man's blood," that induces it. Certainly by the manner in which her terrible weapons, all of which are so perfectly adapted to penetrate man's tender skin, have been

developed in watery depths, it seems like a premeditated scheme.

Of course, to be quite serious, we should say that this final winged form is Nature's forced into playing such a distressing part as prey to insignificant aquatic insects like gnats.

However, as Nature seems well able to

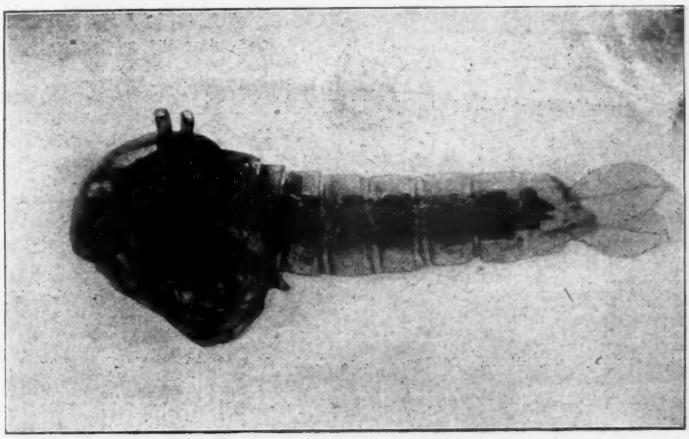


Fig. 11. The pupa or chrysalis of the gnat, through which the dark eye and rudimentary form of the developing insect can be seen

method of arranging for mating and laying of eggs; but this does not explain why such a series of terrible implements should be so carefully organised along with the evil intentions which direct their use,—especially considering the surroundings in which the creature has been developed—against man, or even why man should be conduct her own affairs, it will perhaps be presumptuous to suggest improvements even on this somewhat embarrassing situation; for even man makes many similar demands to those of the mosquito on other living creatures, and therefore he can scarcely expect to have things entirely on his side.

The One Thing Needful

I ASK not of thy faith, O friend
(Tho' faith ranks higher far than blood);
It boots not toward the mighty end,
Unless thou lovest, and art good.
This sums the law, as saith St. Paul,
And lacking this, thou lackest all.

WILLIAM COWAN.

Ruskin's Gardening

By W. G. Collingwood

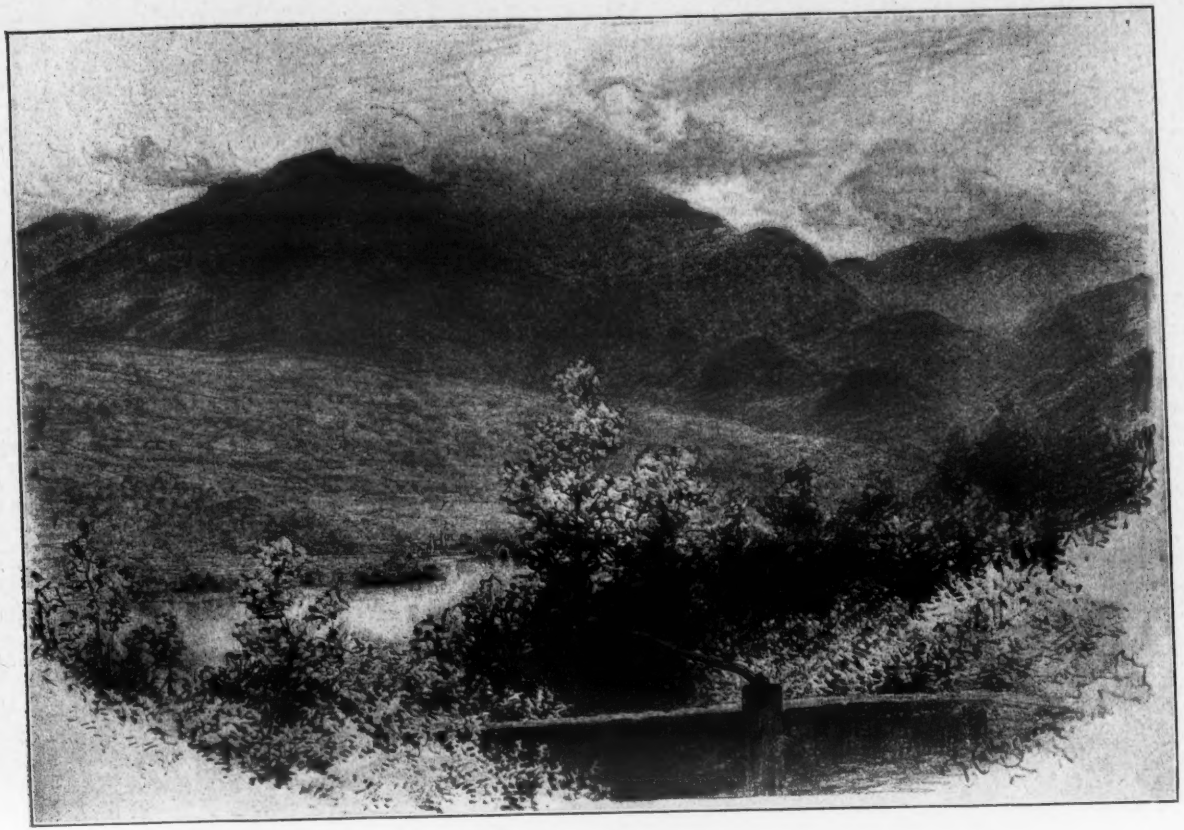
THERE are two quite different sorts of garden lovers—those who raise flowers, and those who look for the landscape effect. I shall be scolded for saying so, but the first often make their gardens into museums; very interesting, no doubt, but not so pleasant to live with as the half-wild bit of ground—lawn, trees and shrubbery, without a pane of glass in evidence—where there are just enough flowers, hardy perennials perhaps, to give a touch of colour in their season, but in the main a sense of green repose. I think the garden which the Lord planted eastward in Eden was like that; a pleasance, where He could walk in the cool of the evening with Adam, and Adam had no need to run away, every minute, to look for slugs.

Ruskin, though he wrote about botany, and tried to be his own Linnæus, and though he loved well enough to see flowers (especially wild ones) on his table and outside his window, yet in his practical gardening was quite the landscapist. He liked making paths and contriving pretty nooks, building steps and bridges, laying out beds, woodcutting and so forth; but I never remember him potting and grafting and layering and budding; and as to the rarity of any plants in his garden, I believe he took far more pleasure in the wood-anemone —Silvia, he called it—than in anything buyable from the nurseryman's catalogue.

The Brantwood gardens as they now are, enlarged and tended by a mistress who loves and understands flowers, and glorified by their charming position on the shore of a mountain lake, are as near the perfect blend of detailed interest and picturesque beauty as anything can be in this northern climate. But they are not Ruskin's gardens. When the first glass-house went up, he used to apologise for it to his visitors; it was to please Mrs. Severn; it was to grow a few grapes for his friends; he did not believe in hot-houses; and he would take you up the steps he had contrived at the back of the house and point out the tiny wild growths in their crannies as he led the way to his own private plot.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in a pleasant essay on Japanese rock-gardens, quoting Ruskin on the beauty of stones, wonders whether he would not have sympathised in these quaint tastes of the Far East. Ruskin had little to say in praise of Japanese art as he knew it, because they could not draw pretty figures, and he had no admiration for dwarfed monsters; but one cannot help thinking that if he had seen Japan, and if it is all that travellers tell us, he might have written some enthusiastic passages on a people who love stones for their own sake and tub themselves daily. To him, his rock-gardens were a joy for ever; and in his working years he set an example of Lake-district landscape-gardening which still, for all I know, remains unfollowed, and is worth a few paragraphs of record. You can see little of it now. During that last decade, when he wandered about his small domain like the ghost of his former self, no one could carry on his work. The paths he made and tended gradually became overgrown, the rocky watercourses were choked with stones, his private plot filled with weeds, for he could no longer dig in it; and now you can only trace what it has been in the little solitude left sacred to memory.

It was in the heart of the wood, approached by the steps and winding path—not gravelled, but true woodland track. About as large as a cottager's kitchen-garden, it was fenced on two sides with a wooden paling, and an old stone wall, mossy and ivied, kept off the trees and their undergrowth on the higher side, up the hill. The trees, when he came, were the coppice of the country, oak and hazel, periodically cut down to the stubs, and used for turning bobbins and burning charcoal. This clearance is always a sad thing for the moment, when the leafy thicket is rased away, leaving bare earth and hacked stumps and the toppings strewn about to rot



Ruskin's Reservoir, Brantwood

into soil; but next spring there are sure to be galaxies of primroses, if not daffodils and bluebells to follow, and foxgloves as the summer goes on; and so the kindness of nature heals the wound. Next year there are shoots from the stubs, a miniature forest which might even attract a Japanese; and as the saplings grow the flowers thin out, until in two or three seasons the children wonder why there are no primroses in the primrose-wood, and cannot believe they are gone to sleep for ten years. In the plantations of larch and timber trees the great bracken takes the place of this aftergrowth of flowerets, shooting up six or eight feet high where a clearing gives it a chance, and then again dwindles as the trees regain their strength, until under a well-grown larchwood there is nothing but the finest soft, deep, tressy grass, not rank and full tinted like the sward of the meadows, but grey-green and delicate and dry, though so thick and rich that there is no easier couch for a woodland dreamer.

When Ruskin came to Brantwood he would have his coppice cut no more. He let it grow, only taking off the weaker shoots and dead wood. It spindled up to great tall stems, slender and sinuous, promising no timber, and past the age for all commercial use or time-honoured wont. Neighbours shook their heads, but they did not know the pictures of Botticelli, and Ruskin had made his coppice into an early Italian altar-piece. Among those slender-pillared aisles you would not be surprised to see goddesses appear out of the green depths; and looking westward, the sun-dazzle of the lake and the dark blue of the mountains gazed in between the leaves. It was what the old Venetians had seen in landward holidays and tried to remember for their backgrounds. That in itself was one form of Ruskin's gardening. To keep his forest at this delightful point of mystery, his billhook and gloves were always lying on the hall table, and after the morning's writing he would go up the Brant (steep) Wood and chop for half an hour before luncheon. It was not the heroic axe-work of Mr. Gladstone, but such pruning as a Garden of Eden required to dress it and to keep it.

Then in that private plot he had his espalier of apples and a little gooseberry patch and a few standard fruit-trees and some strawberries, mixed with flowers. In one corner there were beehives in the old-fashioned penthouse, trailed over with creepers. The fourth side was unfenced, but parted from the wood by a deep and steep watercourse, a succession of cascades (unless the weather were dry, which is not often the case at Coniston) over hard slate rock. He used sometimes humorously to complain of the trouble it cost him to keep the beck clear of stones, and he could deduce you many a lesson in geology on the way his rivulet filled, rather than deepened, its bed.

It was crossed by a rough wooden bridge. I remember at the building of this bridge he was considerably annoyed because the workman, thinking to please him with unusually rude lines, had made the planks so flimsy that it was hardly safe. He insisted on solidity and security, though his stone steps were so irregular as to contradict all the rules which bid you make stairs in a flight equal for fear of tripping your passenger.

Over the bridge and within the wood there were many little hummocks and bosses of rock pushing through the soil, and each with its special interest of fern or flower. Many a visitor must have recalled or repeated—

> Who loved the little rock, and set
> Upon its head the coronet?

while Ruskin led the way, pointing out each trail of ivy (convolvulus not allowed for fear of strangling the stems) and nest of moss, as a gardener of the other species might point out his orchids. Then suddenly out of the wood you came upon the tennis-lawn—another concession to youthful visitors, for he played no athletic games. But in the creation of this glade he took the keenest delight, believing, as he said, in diggings of all sorts. He was the engineer, and the work was done in great part by the young people who were to play tennis on the ground when it was levelled—a rather distant hope, but eventually fulfilled. The tall, thin saplings have run up higher and higher all round the green: on one side you look through their veil to the long expanse of lake; on the

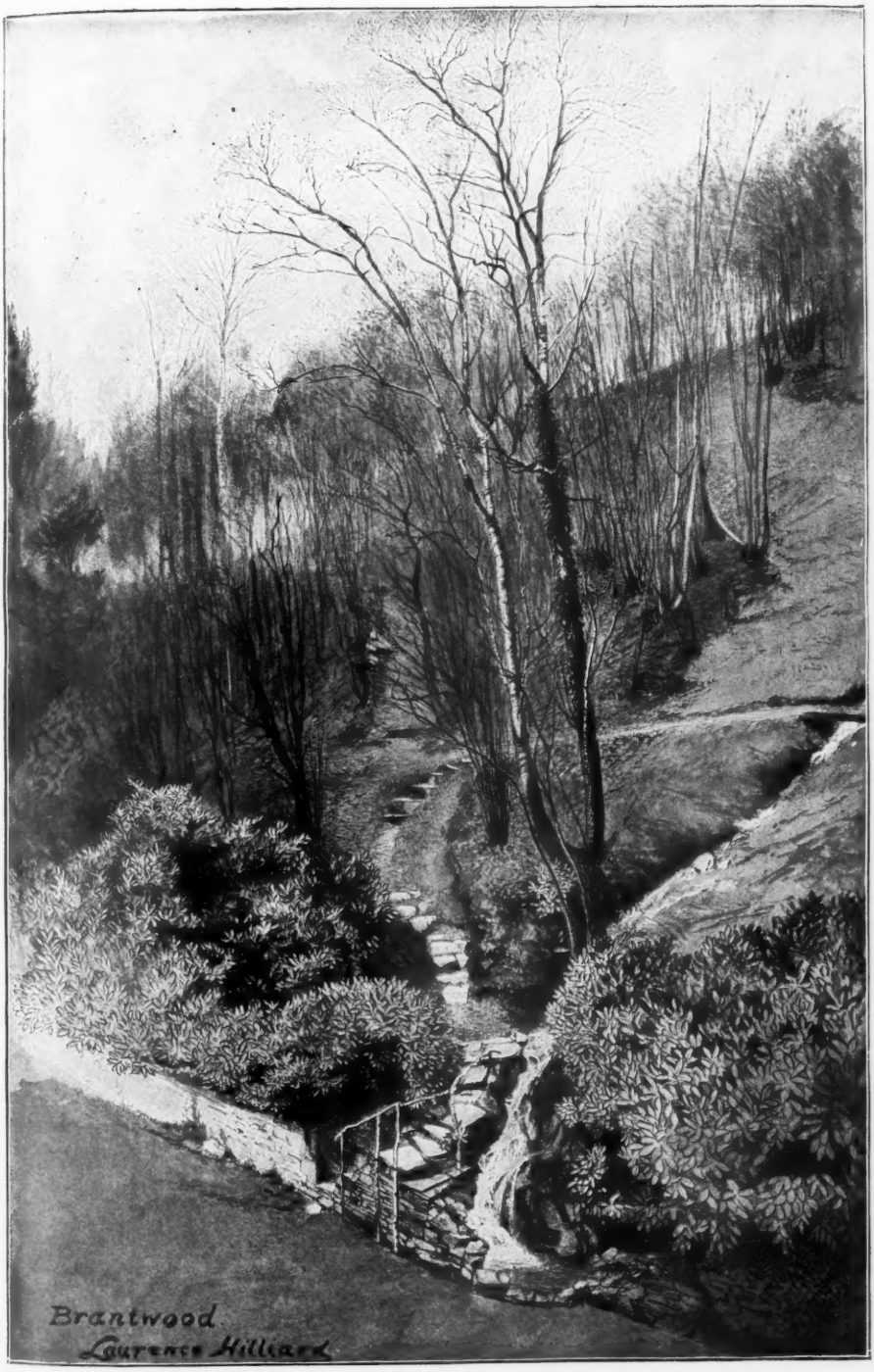
Ruskin's moorland garden

other, up the dark, wooded hill; and on a sunny afternoon it has a curious touch of poetry. There is no statue on a pedestal or fountain playing in a basin, but on the mossy bank, beneath the graceful lines of virginal forestry, Decamerons might have been told. It is an oasis in the North-country farmer's neighbourhood, this Lake district which the tripper thinks just "country" as God made it, quoting Cowper, and not dreaming of the "native's" view that the land is an unroofed mutton-factory with every inch of it "proputty, proputty, proputty."

I do not mean to imply that Ruskin's gardening was wilfully anti-utilitarian. The charm of it was that it brought the natural advantages and local usages into a new light, with just the refinement of feeling which made a flight of steps into a rock-garden and a tennis-ground into a Purist painter's glade. Who but he would have planted his field with narcissus, scattered thinly among the grass, to surprise you with a reminiscence of Vevey? And in the old garden below, though he did not create it, you can trace his feeling in the terraced zigzag of paths, hedged with apple and the cotoneaster which flourishes at Coniston, and filled in with sloping patches of strawberry and gooseberry. The average proprietor would have levelled his walks and capped his dwarf walls with flat slabs. This irregularity and cottage-garden business would have offended those new-comers who buy a bit of nature at the Lakes and improve away all its beauties.

It was in the late 'seventies, when the first illness had forced him to spend most of his time at Brantwood, and in the early 'eighties, before final illness put an end to his activities, that Ruskin, having completed his woodland paths and gardens, and all the "diggings" at his harbour, went higher up the hill for new worlds to conquer. His bit of moor above the wood was opened out into a new sort of garden, quite as charming in its way as any other. It was a steep patch of hillside grandly overlooking the lake, with a foreground of foliage below and a background of mountains above; but as Nature left it—or rather as Nature made it after the original wild growth of oak and birch and holly had been cleared away by the charcoal-burners and sheep-farmers of past centuries. Strongly marked ridges of slate-rock crop out slantwise, across and across the slope, their backs tufted over with heather and juniper, and their hollows holding water in sodden quagmires. Down the slope, from the bogs of the great moor behind, rising to a thousand feet above the sea in some places, there were two little streamlets which leapt the ridges and pooled in the hollows among ferns and mosses. All the green fields and farms of the dalesmen had once been made out of such ground, and many of them at quite as great a height; indeed the actual elevation of this plot nowhere reaches five hundred feet. The problem was to take advantage of whatever useful features the site afforded without destroying its native charm. To drain and clear an intake and put it under grass, or to plant it outright, had been done before; but that was to do away with the moorland character altogether. Just as a portrait-painter studies to pose his sitter in such a light and in such an attitude as to bring out the most individual points and get the revelation of a personality, so Ruskin studied his moor, to develop its resources.

First, there were the streams; and his old theory of saving the water suggested impounding the trickle in a series of reservoirs; it might be useful in case of drought or fire. So we were marshalled with pick and spade every fair afternoon to the "Board of Works," as we called it; and the old game of the Hincksey diggings was played over again. For what reason I never clearly understood, juniper was condemned on the moor as convolvulus in the wood; and every savin-bush, as it is called in the district, was to be uprooted, while the heather was treasured. When the basins were formed he found to his regret that no mere earthen bank would hold the water; and skilled labour had to be called in to build dams of stone and cement, less pretty than the concealed dyke he had intended. But there was some consolation in devising sluices and clever gates with long lever handles, artistically curved, to shut and open the slit. One would have thought, sometimes, to see his eagerness over these inventions, that he had missed his vocation; but every one likes to play at civil engineer-



THE WATERFALL AT BRANTWOOD DOOR

By L. J. Hilliard, 1885 "Ruskin's Gardening"

ing. And when all was done, it was a favourite entertainment to send up somebody to turn the water on and produce a roaring cascade among the laurels opposite the front door.

Next, to illustrate his theory of reclaiming wastes, he set about his moorland garden. At the upper corner of this beck-course there was one ragged bit of ground against the fence wall. From the more rocky parts we were set to carry the soil to make terraces, which we walled up with the rough stones found in plenty under the surface. One wetter patch was planted with cranberries, and some apple- and cherry-trees were planted where the soil was deep and drainage provided. No wall or wire parted this little space of tillage from the wilder moor and its rabbits, for the design was to enlarge the cultivated area and make the moor a paradise of terraces like the top of the purgatorial mount in Dante; and since this fragment of an experiment was completed, when strength no longer allowed him to stride up to this once favourite height, the whole has been left to Nature again. The apple-trees grew, but untended; they still blossom. The cherries have run wild and are left to the birds. The rough steps from the rock-platform to the orchard terrace are disjointed, and fern is creeping through the grass.

> But yet from out the little hill
> Oozes the slender springlet still,

as it did in those old Brantwood days when we picked and shovelled together, first unearthing its miniature ravine; and as perhaps it may—for no one can foretell the fate of any sacred spot—when the pilgrim of the future tries to identify by its help alone the whereabouts of Ruskin's deserted garden.

The Choice

Now what is your choice?
The brown heather brae and the hum of the bee,
Or would you prefer
The swing of the sail and the swish of the sea?

Is't more to your mind
The meadow land sweet and the green of the tree,
Than list to the wave,
The swing of the sail and the swish of the sea?

Your music the lark,
The sad bleat of sheep and cow's low on the lea;
The dream-song I love,
The swing of the sail and the swish of the sea.

To each his desire,
The mountain or meadow or ocean, these three.
But this is my choice,
The swing of the sail and the swish of the sea.

When back to the town,
And labour's long day with its toil wearies me,
What joy to recall
The swing of the sail and the swish of the sea.

I just close my eyes,
And lo, laughing waves rippling over with glee;
Instead of the din,
The swing of the sail and the swish of the sea.

E. Sherwood Gunson.

Sunday Readings for October

By the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham

FIRST SUNDAY

REDEMPTION, ENDOWMENT, SERVICE

Psal. cv. 43, 44, 45. "He brought forth His people with joy and His chosen with gladness; and gave them the lands of the heathen, and they inherited the labours of the people; that they might observe His statutes and keep His laws."

IT is a remark of Dr. Arnold's, I believe, that in the history of Israel we have, on a large scale, the history of the redeemed human soul. Assuredly it is true, for the believing reader of the Bible, that the history of the dealings of God with Israel gives us at every turn teachings and suggestions as to His will and way with the soul.

I do not hesitate to take the three verses at the head of this paper in that light. They are the final cadence of that noble Psalm which casts into a form of choral beauty the history of the Exodus, ushering Israel into Canaan in the full tide of heaven-given victory. They lend themselves (so I hope we shall find) with perfect fitness, under the illumination of other Scriptures, to set out the purposes of God in Christ towards the man whom He redeems and saves.

Consider each main point in turn.

i. Redemption and its joy. Behold the captives of Pharaoh led out into liberty by their Lord. It is His victory altogether:

> Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
> JEHOVAH hath triumph'd; His people are free.

It is a deliverance as magnificent as an almighty Friend can make it. The joy is as radiant as the wonder is divine. The dance and song on that memorable shore, where Israel comes up from the waters while Egypt lies whelmed beneath them, are as if we could watch and listen still.

The "bringing forth" of the soul into the liberty of Christ is only the Exodus repeated in a greater glory, worthy of a deeper and brighter jubilation. Whether we ponder the "Finished Work" of the Lord Jesus in itself, or whether we think of the sinful man's acceptance of it, so that it enters, by faith, into the personal history of his soul, which then humbly claims, if I may dare to put it so, a Bethlehem, and a Calvary, and an Olivet of its own—it is an Exodus of more than mercy; it is a liberation into a "*joy* unspeakable, and full of glory." Do we think the phrase too strong? If so, it is the fault of our faith, not of its object, not of its reason. Let us pray, with a resolute desire, for such a sight of our Egypt, our Exodus, our Canaan, as shall clear our eyes to see our joy more truly as it is.

ii. Endowment, and its fulness. "He gave them the lands of the heathen," "the labours of the people." Here is a feature of Israel's entrance upon Canaan often emphasised in history and psalm. They were not only emancipated; they were endowed. It was no wilderness of field or forest into which the liberated tribes were led. There, ready for their fruition, lay the old wealth of a land which more and more, as modern exploration discloses to us what it was, appears to have been indeed a vast treasury of rich and cultivated resource. Cities, roads, wells, vineyards, cornfields, all were there, ready and in order, transferred by the supreme Possessor from the Amorite to His own Israel.

Here also, imperfect indeed yet abundantly suggestive and impressive, is a parable for the soul. Pardoned, justified, liberated out of the slavery of the fall into the Canaan of filial peace with God in Christ, we see here our call not to freedom only but to wealth. The Lord suffered for us not that we might have a mere wilderness liberty, but that we might be "in everything enriched in Him"; that "in Him," who is our true Promised Land, we might find ready for us, in perfect

order for our use; in fairest beauty for our pleasure, "the unsearchable riches." In our holy inheritance we are to look around and say, with humble but undoubting confidence, "*we have*." We have the promises; we have the Spirit, the "Unction from the Holy One;" we have the Great High Priest; we "have access into the holiest." We have; and so we are called upon not to acquire but to employ. Arise, and let us live upon our wealth.

iii. Obedience to the Giver. "That they might observe His statutes, and keep His laws." Again we read, in Israel, the intended story of the saved soul. By a profound law of spiritual life and order, "we are saved *to serve*." To all eternity, the creature will never find its true ideal satisfied, and so its true bliss secured, except in the inner harmony of loving and adoring loyalty to the Creator. So the heavenly resources of the life of faith, its holy wealth, will be never rightly spent, and therefore never entirely enjoyed, except in the line of His blessed statutes and His dear laws; in the surrender to Him, now and for ever, of the whole being which He has first redeemed and then so wonderfully enriched.

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SECOND SUNDAY

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Amidst the many urgent calls upon the Christian traveller at such a stage of the pilgrimage is a better and better acquaintance with the Holy Bible. Nothing can be a substitute for that, at a time of mingled mental and spiritual trial. On the other hand, nothing is more likely to be silently pushed aside at just such a time than this personal acquaintance with the Bible. The temptation to neglect it may come from many different quarters. One mind is diverted from assiduous Bible-study by a mere consciousness, however vague, that the peculiar character and authority of Scripture is at present widely doubted and freely denied. A subtle sympathy with the current thought of our time lies latent in us all; even where we least like the type of thought we feel it; it stirs to some extent within us; we sympathise with it, not in the sense of approbation but in that of sensibility to influence. Another mind, more active and resisting, is impelled by the unbelief around to a diligent study of "apologetics," and works hard over books which undertake to defend the Bible; a perfectly legitimate and often necessary task, but one which can never take the place of personal acquaintance with the Book.

There are times, and they come very often, when we need to go back to the Bible deliberately, and on purpose, and avowing it to ourselves, *in a spirit of old-fashioned expectation*. We need to open it with the "working hypothesis" (for the sake of argument I may use the phrase and not be misunderstood) that it is just the Book of God, given by Him as His Word to man. We need to invite it to be its own best vindicator by proving its power, when so listened to, to bless the inmost heart, awing it, cheering it, uplifting it, humbling it, sanctifying it through

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and through with a fresh sense of the horror of sin and of the glory of the love and of the will of God.

"Do not read the Bible; learn it." Such was the appeal with which a young Christian man, upon his dying bed, addressed his "young men friends." He had come, happily for him, to a firm faith in the divine truth and authority of the Bible. He had carried that faith into "works," by laboriously studying it, and coveting a close familiarity with its words in detail, learning large quantities of the Bible "by heart," so as to have the Word constantly with him as the companion of his thoughts. And now, just about to step beyond books into eternity, he passed on his experience to those he was leaving, to the young minds of his own generation, as a watchword for their own future; "Learn the Bible."

That is, quite obviously, what the Psalmist means here when he writes that he had "hidden the Word in his heart." He had stored it there, not for concealment, but for readiness for use. It was hidden, not as the talent was hidden in the napkin, but as the golden grain is hidden in the furrow. He got it "by heart," in the double sense of memory and of meditation. And indeed it fructified; it brought forth the fruit of holiness; he did "not sin against" his God.

A venerable godfather of mine, who died not long ago, full of faith and hope, within twenty months of a hundred years old, was a great lover and learner of the Bible. In his own best loved copy of the Book he had written—so his son told me when he was gone—the pregnant words: "This Book will keep you from sin, and sin will keep you from this Book."

Yes, "this Book will keep us from sin." Not mechanically, not perfunctorily, but so that the man who converses spiritually with the stored-up Word shall find that it tends divinely to assimilate his thinking to its own. *Studia abeunt in mores*, writes Erasmus; "Study passes into character," if the "study" is the work of heart and mind alike. The temptation to impurity, to untruth, to injustice, to worldliness, to irritability and causeless anger, to shame of the blessed Name, will fall dead, not living, upon the heart which it finds stored with that Word, and in sympathy with that Word, which at once unveils the face of God and expresses, as with "the pleasant voice of the Mighty One," His "good, and perfect, and acceptable will."

THIRD SUNDAY

THE WORD HIDDEN IN THE HEART—ii.

Psal. cxix. 11. "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

WE reflected last week upon the need of a close personal acquaintance with the Bible, not least in our own time, and upon the spiritual power of it. It is a truth worth reiterating, and infinitely well worth putting to the proof. The committal to memory of words, sacred or secular, is not so large a feature as it used to be in early education. There was perhaps a time when "repetition" in our great schools was practised to an extreme; but I do not think that time is now. There was perhaps a time when in Christian homes the learning by heart of chapters of Scripture, or even of whole Epistles, was made too large a part of teaching; but that is by no means the present risk, if one may judge by the rarity of accurate quotation of the Bible, even in the pulpit. We need to return now from the other and much worse extreme, and to resolve afresh to "hide the Word in the heart," till the hiding-place is redolent of the fragrance of its treasures.

Happy the Christian to whom his Bible is so familiar that it goes not only with him, but within him, wherever he goes. It comes out from its recess in the memory, and talks to him in that dialect of grace and truth which is all its own. It converses with him on his solitary walk, or finds him out, quite as easily, in the deeper and dreary solitude of the world's crowd. It springs up close to the pulses of thought and will when the tempter whispers to him. It meets the foul suggestion, which can defile the whole imagination in a moment, with the reminder that "every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure" It calms the awful struggle of the spirit under

some dead weight of loss or pain by the recollected assurance that "what I do thou knowest not now but thou shalt know hereafter." It brings heavenly companionship all round the solitary pilgrim, till the famished eyes of the bereaved almost see the reunion that is coming; "we also that are alive and remain shall be caught up with them to meet the Lord." It speaks to the believer in the worst straits of life in a voice clear and decided; "He hath said, I will never leave thee." As the man draws upon the wealth "hidden in his heart," he knows how to turn the wakeful hour at midnight, or that often more trying hour of the cold, silent, earliest morning, when sleep flies too soon, into a time of peace and reassurance, and "that blessed hope." He then gathers and arranges the hidden possessions of his "heart." And not the isolated text only, but the wonderful symmetry and correspondence of the vast structure of the Scripture message, bids him tranquilly recollect that his "confidence," even when it is embraced with tears, "hath great recompense of reward." And as he recollects, he realises. As he muses, the fire burns. The sin of a misgiving of his God is exorcised by the heart-hidden Word.

Kindred to the experience of such an hour is that indefinable but profoundly real impression which is sometimes made upon the mind by what I may call the self-evidential power of even a single great typical utterance of that wonderful Book of books. Lately, in the ordinary course of daily devotional study of the New Testament, I arrived at that ever-marvellous passage, the eighth chapter of the Romans. How often had I read it before! Twice, I am almost ashamed to say, have I commented in print upon the Epistle throughout. Yet the chapter seemed to challenge an attention as particular and exploring as if I had never read it; almost as if it were a new treasure unearthed from some convent library of the East. I reached that noble verse, the thirty-seventh, where the Apostle affirms, for himself and for his fellow believers, that "in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." That sentence made on me an impression sudden and peculiar. It was not merely that it was eloquent to the highest degree. It was not merely that there was a tenderness as well as courage in it beyond analysis, but none the less potent on the emotions. I did not contemplate it only as the expression of the heroic certainties of a great soul amidst great trials. I felt in it a solid angle of the vast rock of absolute reality, and my own faith, not by emotion but by the touch of truth, was strong again.

Truth, of the highest order, is apprehended not by the logical faculty only but by the whole spiritual being. To such apprehension, I humbly but boldly assert, that sentence, in that context, in that writing, in that volume, presents itself as irrefragable truth. This more than victory, at once meek and sublime, over the whole range of human ills; this Personage, described without a name, this wonderful "He that loved us"; such things, so spoken of, with all that lies behind them in this Book so multifold yet one, cannot, in the nature of things, be waves on an ocean of illusion. They are of the structure of the Living Stone.

FOURTH SUNDAY

BOLDNESS WITH GOD

Habakkuk i. 2. "O Lord, how long shall I cry, and Thou wilt not hear?"

THESE are strong words to be spoken by messenger to Sender, by servant to Master, by saint to God. They are part of a whole context of similar strong words. Habakkuk returns to his passionate outcry again and again. "How long shall I cry out unto Thee of violence, and Thou wilt not save? Why dost Thou show me iniquity, and cause me to behold grievance? Therefore the law is slacked, and judgment doth never go forth."

So strange is the phenomenon of such an address to God that it has presented to many pious readers an even distressing problem. Our great Elizabethan divine, Richard Hooker, has devoted two sermons to the question, taking for his text those words, "Therefore the law is slacked." He thought it worth his labour elaborately to vindicate

Habakkuk from the charge of having committed the great *sin of despair.*

Certainly the words, as we ponder them, are a shock to one side of Christian feeling. They do, in terms, read almost like a reproach upon the action of the Lord, or rather upon His inaction. In our own time, in a powerful book,* voice has been given to the thoughts of innumerable hearts upon the mysterious "*Silence of God*," His silence kept in face of humanity's sin and sorrow. Habakkuk shows us that the pain of that mystery is no modern thing. It was the silence of the Lord Jehovah which wrung his soul and made him open his prophecy with a cry like this, an almost discord amidst the song before the throne.

And Habakkuk is not alone in the Bible with this startling appeal, I had almost said this displeased protest. Asaph, in Psalm lxxiii, confesses to us how the silence of God had nearly made an infidel of him. Jeremiah (xii. 1) reasons with his heavenly Master about the inexplicable success of the wicked. Job's whole being is tossed in a long tempest over the same problem. Most mysterious of all, we have the sixth chapter of the Revelation, where the veil is lifted from eternity, and we hear the voices of saints who have suffered and are at rest pleading with their Lord, asking how long He will be silent and delay: "How long, O Lord, holy and true, wilt Thou not avenge our blood?"

This last example must not be pressed too far, for the scene is largely, perhaps it is altogether, symbolical. But the other cases of expostulation (we can scarcely use another word) with a silent and apparently passive God are not figurative at all. They show us hearts like our own, burthened with mystery and speaking out their trouble, sometimes in terms almost or altogether impatient, into their Master's ear.

What shall we say? The first remark that arises, and the most obvious, and surely the most consoling and encouraging, is that indeed the God of the saints and prophets is a patient and generous God. He comes into our view here, in His own Word, in scenes and colloquies which He has Himself caused to be "written for our learning," as a Friend indeed, so friendly that He lets a Job, and an Asaph, and a Habakkuk pour out to Him all the embitterment of their souls; and yet only loves them, bears with them, listens to them, and waits to bless them. It is a glorious side-light which is thus thrown upon the Personal Character of our ever-blessed God. How can we describe it better than by that familiar word *generous?* What is it but a long-suffering sympathy? The infinitely Great is great enough to look through the aching eyes of His sincere while unworthy servants, and to feel with the feelings of their bewildered hearts, and to bear with them, as man beareth with his fellow, when he knows more than his fellow knows but loves him well enough to understand and to respect his inability to see the whole meaning of a complex case, and to forecast its end. Such, sublimely greater in measure, yet akin in its personal nature, is the generosity of God.

Then, and therefore, we have here, "written for our learning," a noble and moving encouragement, straight from the heart of this same Friend of friends, to speak to Him all that is in the burthened soul, just as it is. The New Testament repeatedly speaks of the "boldness," the "access with confidence," to which we are invited as we draw near the Holy One. In the Greek, in many of these places, a notable word is used by the Apostles: *parrhêsia*, that is to say, literally, the freedom which can "*say anything*," telling out the very thought, unrelieved, exactly as it is.

It was *parrhêsia* indeed when Habakkuk said, "Why do I pray to Thee, and it seems to result in nothing?" His awful trial told hard on him. He felt as perhaps he should not have felt. But he was perfectly right in telling out his feeling, right *or wrong*, to his Lord. For he was free to "say anything" to Him. And we, we in the light of our revealed nearness to Him in Christ, we indeed are meant to "say anything" to Him, feeling the bewilderment, "but knowing whom we have believed."

* By Sir R. Anderson.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key—"Don Quixote"

THERE are several translations of "Don Quixote," and verbal discrepancies often occur in the different editions of the same translation. This caused a little confusion, but no serious difficulty.

Any of the first four papers deserved a prize. "Connla" failed in one question; but much of her paper was extremely good.

Marks for "Don Quixote":

Dubric, 100; Devenick, 91; Penumbra, 90; Crescent, 89; Wuzzums, 73; Connla, 72; Elpis, 70; M. Kenwigs, 70; Cambridge, 69; Rover, 68; Ion, 68; Carlyon, 64; Dorothy, 64; Goal, 64; Nydia, 63; Patna, 63; Medina, 61; Deirdre, 60; Southern, 59; Trothan, 59; Nell, 59; Sirius, 57; Peg, 56; Spero, 53; Emilia, 53; Plympton, 53; San Toy, 48; Llentrad, 48; Alan, 47; Logan, 47; Cleon, 47; Xantippe, 46; Gnut, 45; Oaks, 43; Eclipse, 43; Lancelot, 42; Déjà, 39; Kia Ora, 34; Margaret, 25; Ivan, 22.

1. On what specific occasions did (*a*) Don Quixote, (*b*) Sancho Panza, knowingly deviate from the truth?

We know on the authority of Cid Hamete Ben Engeli that Don Quixote "would not utter a falsehood though he were to be shot to death with arrows"; but the same author tells us that the knight admitted upon his death-bed that he had invented the marvellous adventures which befell him in the cave of Montesinos, "because it was of a piece and squared with the adventures he had read of in his histories" (1, xxiv.).

Sancho's deviations from the truth are as numerous as the goats of Lope Ruiz. "How many have gone across so far?" said Sancho. "How the devil do I know!" replied Don Quixote. Perhaps the most striking instances of mendacity are his description of his interview with Dulcinea (1, xxxi.) and the minute account he gave the duchess of his ride on Clavileno (2, xli.).

2. What were Sancho Panza's views on

(i.) *Servants' Wages.* He contended that regular wages were preferable to any recompenses in the future, however handsome, not having much faith in the paying powers of knight-errantry (2, vii.). Subsequently as governor he "limited the wages of servants, which before were very extravagant" (2, li.).

ii. *Country Sports.* "Hunting and pastimes are rather for your idle companions than for governors" (2, xxxiv.), and for a plain man he considered "sporting more pleasant when it is at other people's charge" (2, xiii.).

iii. *Kickshaws.* He told the doctor not to give him nice things to eat or "court kickshaws," for they would only throw his stomach "off the hinges" (2, cxlix.).

At first Sancho believed implicitly in his master's knight-errantry, "knowing who he was and having known him from his birth" (1, cxiii.). Afterwards he became incredulous and considered all he said about "chivalry and islands," "pigments or figments or whatever you call them." In the second part he is more than half persuaded of the Don's madness, "though sometimes he comes out with things that are so discreet that Satan himself could not speak better." At the same time he had eaten his bread and nothing should divide them but the sexton's spade.

3. Give concisely Don Quixote's views on

i. *The privileges of knights-errant.* Knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, from customs, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rents, porterage, or ferry dues. No tailor expects payment for their clothes, no inn-keeper presents them with a bill. They are the guests of royalty, beloved of damsels, and ensamples of the world (1, x. xvii. xlvi.).

ii. *The credibility of Homer.* He is to be believed as implicitly as the great mediæval romances. "If these be lies so must it also

be that there was ever a Hector or an Achilles" (1, xlix.). His conceptions of his heroes are, however, idealised. "Ulysses was not so prudent as Homer describes him" (2, iii.).

iii. *The invention of gunpowder.* A diabolical discovery, alien to the spirit of chivalry, whose inventor is "now I believe in hell" (1, xxxviii.) Yet elsewhere he admits that a soldier had better smell of gunpowder than musk (2, xxiv.).

Don Quixote held Sancho to be simple, true, merry and faithful, but slow to appreciate the ideals of knight-errantry (1, xlvi.; 2, xxx.). "If I could, now that I am in my senses, procure him the government of a kingdom I would do it readily, for the sincerity of his heart and the fidelity of his dealings demand it" (2, lxxiv.).

The mutual understanding between knight and squire is one of the most fascinating things in the whole book.

4. Complete the following proverbs:

i. "Honey is not for the *mouth of an ass.*" Sancho's reply to his wife's impatience about the governorship (1, lvii.). Don Quixote turns the proverb against Sancho himself (1, xxviii.).

ii. "Let the hen live *though it be with the pip.*" Quoted by Theresa when her husband says he shall die if he does not get the aforesaid government (2, v.); also used by Sancho to console his master during his forced inactivity after his defeat (2, lxv.).

iii. "The pitcher goes *so often to the well—I say no more,*" said Don Quixote in warning his squire to cease provoking him by disparagement of Dulcinea (1, xxx.).

iv. "Well begun is *half ended.*" The proverb with which Don Quixote encouraged Sancho to begin his task of self-flagellation (3, xli.).

v. "It is not fitting to talk of a halter *in his house who was hanged.*" Used twice: on the occasion of Sancho's mission to Dulcinea he calls himself an ass, and is thereby reminded of the loss of his beloved Dapple (1, xxxv.); also, when Don Quixote reproaches Sancho for his untimely braying (2, xxviii.).

vi. "A sparrow in the hand *is worth more than a bustard (or a vulture) on the wing.*" Sancho endeavours to persuade his master to abandon his profitless devotion to Dulcinea for the alliance with Dorothea (1, xxxi.) Again, he congratulates himself with these words on having chosen the three ass colts instead of the limitless but unsubstantial spoils of the Don's first encounter.

Among the pithiest (and most characteristic) of the remaining proverbs are:

"Patience and shuffle the cards."

"Every man is as heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse."

"Trouts are not to be caught with dry breeches."

"Every man's nose will not make a shoehorn."

"A pound of luck is worth a ton of merit."

"A bad cloak often covers a good drinker."

5. To what incidents do the following refer:

i. "When the valiant flees it is plain that he is over-matched." This refers to Don Quixote's retreat when Sancho brought on his head the wrath of the inhabitants of the "braying town" (2, xxix.).

ii. "I now plainly perceive that judges and governors must be made of brass." Sancho's complaint when the importunities of suitors kept him from his supper (2, xlix.).

iii. "He has done a deed whereby he may lose his soul and not gain his body." The priest's verdict on Don Quixote's conduct in liberating the galley-slaves.

iv. "If I have been well whipped I am come off like a gentleman." Sancho congratulates himself on the result of his second expedition (2, lxxii.).

v. "He who cannot receive an affront can much less give one." This refers to the conduct of the ecclesiastic at the duke's table. Women, children, and churchmen cannot defend themselves from insult and cannot inflict it on others (2, xxxiii.).

6. Show that in the second part of "Don Quixote" Cervantes "sacrificed a great idea to the taste of his contemporaries."

Charles Lamb, in his Elia essay "On the Productions of Modern Art," expressed this opinion: The object of the Cervantes was *tears* not *laughter* and he sinned against Don Quixote when he exposed him in the

second part to the jeers of duennas, and serving-men. Sancho becomes of more importance than his master, and from the moment that he loses his reverence Don Quixote becomes a "treatable lunatic."

This is strong language, but hardly too strong. Don Quixote tilting against the windmills is a heroic figure. It is the world that is out of joint and not himself. The adventure of the fulling mills, the encounter with the flock of sheep, are the natural outcome of the knight's imagination and not artificial delusions. But at the court of the duke and duchess the touch of illusion is gone and vulgar buffoonery has taken its place. There is nothing admirable in the picture of a blind-folded knight sitting solemnly with his squire on a wooden horse filled with combustibles. At the same time it must be admitted that it is in the second part that Don Quixote displays most notably those moral and intellectual characteristics which aroused Lamb's admiration. From an idle romance reader he has become a thoughtful, courteous gentleman, Cervantes himself, and if the second part had not been written Lamb would not have thought it worth his while to attack the artists who devote their attention to the ribs of Rosinante and the rueful countenance of his rider. It is fair to say that the majority of critics are (wrongly I think) against Lamb's view, and that though Hallam comes to the same conclusion he reaches it by a very different path.

7. Quote any allusions in standard literature to the character and exploits of the knight.

"The lowest mind would find in it ('Don Quixote') perpetual and brutal amusement . . . only elevated and peculiar minds discern the full moral beauty. . . ."
RUSKIN, "Modern Painters," vol. i. p. 3.

"Yorrick and Corporal Trim and Uncle Toby have yet no brother but in Don Quixote, far as he lies above them."
CARLYLE, "Essay on Paul Richter."

"'Don Quixote' is perhaps the wittiest and most laughable of all books."
SMOLLETT.

"Colonel Newcome, who was no bad judge, said Sir Roger de Coverley, Sir Charles Grandison, and Don Quixote were the first gentlemen in the world."
THACKERAY, "Newcomes," i. iv.

"Don Quixote is not a man out of his senses, but a man in whom the imagination and the pure reason are so powerful as to make him disregard the evidence of sense when it opposed their conclusions."
COLERIDGE, "Table Talk," August 1832.

"The most determined as well as the earliest bibliomaniac on record."
SCOTT, "Antiquary."

"And if Cervantes had been greater still,
He had made his Don a Donna."
E. B. B., "Aurora Leigh."

"I, like our good Hidalgo, rub my eyes,
And wonder how the film could rise,
Which changed for me a barber's basin straight
Into Mambrino's helm?"
R. B., "A Forgiveness."

"Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away."
BYRON, "Don Juan."

It would be difficult to find an author of repute who has not referred to "Don Quixote."

Examination Paper No. 10

Scott's "Waverley," "Kenilworth," "Bride of Lammermoor"

1.—"With the artistic instinct granted him in the largest measure, Scott had little of the artistic conscience?"

Can any justification be found for the above criticism?

2.—To what class of readers do the Waverley Novels now chiefly appeal?

3.—Estimate the historical value of "Kenilworth."

4.—Compare briefly the characters of Lucy Ashton, Rose Bradwardine, and Amy Robsart.

5.—Explain with reference to the context:

i. "Parcel blind by age and whole blind by kindred."

ii. "Worse heraldry than metal upon metal."

iii. "The little gentleman in black velvet."

iv. "Latin for a tass of brandy."

v. "Before Dudman and Ramhead meet."

vi. "Ours were a comfortable people."

vii. "Old Andrew Ferrara shall lodge his security."

viii. "Bran new frae the mint and ken-speckle a wee bit."

6.—Explain the phrases:

Bacon with reverence—plumdamas—black-pudding and whitehas—a habit or a railly—sarsenet manners—a Tyburn tippet—Jack-pudding to a quacksalver—gawsie cow, goodly calf—twilts, pands and testors.

7. Quote any passages from the texts in which the author deprecates the manners of his own time.

The next examination paper will be on Boswell's "Life of Johnson" (abridged edition).

Our Literary Examination Papers

These papers are set by Mr. H. R. Heatley. They will be marked to scale as in an ordinary school or University examination. Prizes will be awarded to those obtaining the highest marks in each individual paper and also for the best aggregate marks for given terms as follows:

MONTHLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.

HALF-YEARLY PRIZES.—First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

ANNUAL PRIZE.—First prize, £5; second prize, £2; third prize, £1.

In accordance with the markings as given above the first prize of £1 is this month won by

"DUBRIC"

The second prize of 10s. by

"DEVENICK."

During the remainder of the current year the second monthly prize will not be awarded to any competitor who has already won a first prize.

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Examination Editor.

The marks will be published monthly, the total for the month, quarter, half-year, and year, to date. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given: for the present the real names and addresses of the prize-winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Editor must be accepted as final.

As we go to press early with the December number, papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS *not later than October* 12, *addressed to*

The Literary Examination Editor, GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

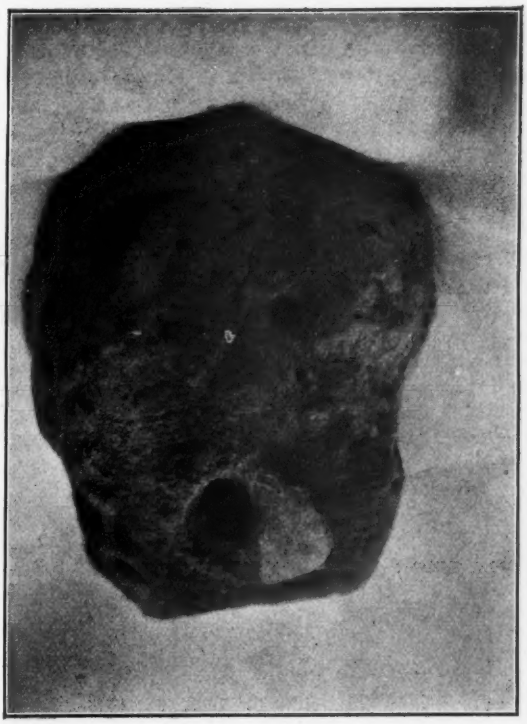
Papers which arrive after October 12 will not be adjudicated upon.

The marks for the October paper will be published in the December number of the magazine—and so on.

Trap-door Spider's tunnel

OF all the trap-door spiders, none makes so perfect a trap-door and tunnel as the Australian species, *Cteniza Cementaria*, whose handiwork is here illustrated. The edges of the tunnel and of the lid are bevelled so that the door fits so accurately it is impossible to discover it when closed. The hinge is a piece of the silken tube which lines the tunnel, the tunnel itself being a thick brown tube resembling bark. The lid is made thinnest near the hinge so that its own weight closes it, and

what is still more wonderful a little piece of the edge of the lid extends over the hinge, and acts as a lever to open the door if any insect walks over it, for the least pressure is sufficient. It seems as if the Great Architect had taught the spider one of the great mechanical powers. The outside of the lid is made to resemble the soil, generally clay, and hooks his hind claws into it and his fore claws into the sides of the tunnel, and, closing the door, holds on like grim death. Sometimes a trap-door spider may be seen with his trap-door opened slightly and he peering out; if discovered he bangs his door and disappears promptly. When he goes out hunting, which is generally at night, he



Trap-door and tunnel of trap-door spider (*Cteniza Cementaria*)

From S. Australia

(*Photographed by Miss Rice*)

in which the tunnel is made. The length of the tunnel of this species is about four or five inches. The inside of the lid is covered with layers of white silk twisted and stiffened with gum. In some species, for instance, the Mason spider, found in the South of France, the trap-door is actually ventilated by little holes which perforate the lining.

The spider when at home lurks at the bottom of his tunnel, and if any enemy succeeds in opening his trap-door he dashes up is in no fear of burglars, feeling sure no enemy will discover the entrance to his house.

The Jamaica trap-door spider makes a very clever door and tunnel, and his tunnel also consists of two tubes, one of bark and one of silk. The Greek species pays more attention to the mechanical and architectural construction of her nest than to the interior decoration, and does not trouble to hang her walls with white silk, nor does she line her

door so elaborately as the Australian or the North African species, which line both nest and door with pure white silk.

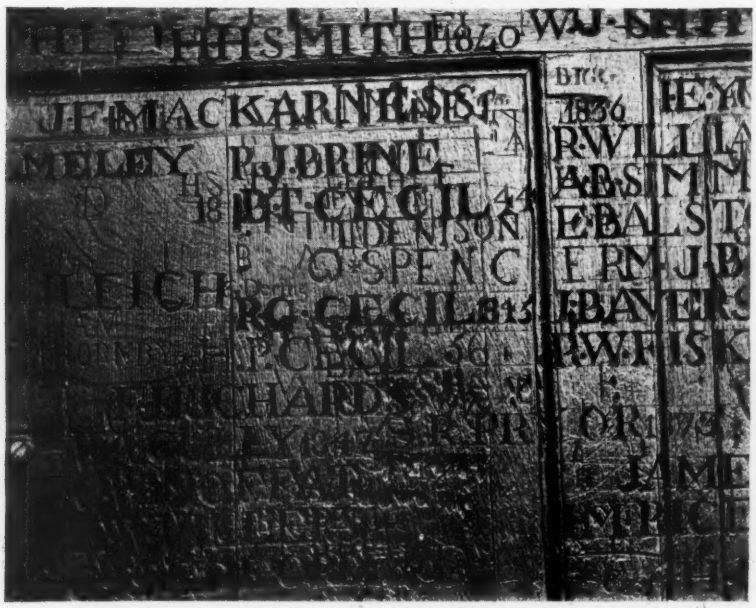
The Mygales, as the trap-door spiders are called, are not unlike a crab in appearance, and they are about the size of a very small crab. DARLEY DALE.

The late Lord Salisbury's school-days

THERE are few reminiscences to be obtained of the early years of the young Lord Robert Cecil. His first school was one kept by Dr. Faithful, at that time Rector of Hatfield. This worthy lived at the old rectory, a country house outside Hatfield, lying some way from the high road, and approached by a considerable drive. One can picture the little lad with his bundle of books, going out of the old red gateway, and finding his way along by the park wall, past where the National School now stands, and so to the rectory and the lessons. At the present day the drive to this house is bridged by the railway, and, whether from this cause, or because of the distance from the church, the rectors of Hatfield have elected to live elsewhere.

There is just one little story connected with these early school-days. It is interesting as showing how soon in his life a disregard for the exigencies of dress (to some extent a family trait) began. Probably Lord Robert was a very little boy at the time, for boys went to Mr. Faithful at the tender age of seven. A schoolfellow remembers that an old nurse, Betty by name, was kept there to look after these little fellows, and that Lord Robert came into the nursery one evening saying: "Oh Betty, I wish I was a cat!" "La! Lord Robert," she replied, "how can you wish yourself a beast?" To which came the answer: "When I think of the many times I must dress and undress before I die, I wish my clothes grew on my back!"

Somewhere about the year 1840 the young Lord Robert Cecil was sent to Eton, being then ten years old, an age slightly below that at which boys are usually sent at the present day. The inquirer who goes to Eton expecting to hear traditions of the learning or precocity of our ex-Prime Minister will



The panel at Eton on which the late Lord Salisbury carved his name

come away sadly disappointed. He seems to have left no mark at all, if we except that of his name, which is carved "R. G. Cecil" on one of the panels of the upper school.

He was in the house of the Rev. W. G. Cookesley, a school character whose reputation survives as an extremely clever but eccentric house-master. This gentleman was also Lord Robert's tutor, and it may be partly owing to this fact that he (Lord Robert) did not specially shine as an Etonian. It is more than possible that Etonians of a later day will hardly realise which was Cookesley's house, and for their benefit we may say that it was that rather ugly building at the end of Baldwin Shore now in the possession of Mr. Heygate. Mr. A. C. James had the house for a considerable number of years, and later on Mr. John Carter and Mr. Rawlins. In Mr. Cookesley's day a dame had part of the building, and in her portion it is said that Mr. W. E. Gladstone boarded some years before his future antagonist arrived under the same roof.

The Provost of Eton, writing about Lord Salisbury's school days, says: "I was at Eton from 1839 to 1845, and his time would be about 1841 or 1842 to 1847-8. He must have been at the last Eton montem, which was in 1844. The Provost at the time was Dr. Hodgson, and the Head Master, Dr. Hawtrey. Among his contemporaries were (certainly) Lord Justice Chitty, Mr. Justice Stephen, Sir Robert Herbert, Lord Cottesloe, and (I think) Lord Dufferin, then Mr. Blackwood."

Probably more could be learnt at Eton about any one of his celebrated contemporaries than about himself, though he was destined in a few years' time to occupy a position of greater influence and prominence than they ever reached. No doubt games were not half a century ago of such importance as at the present day, and from all that is known of his after-life one would not have expected to find the young Lord Robert Cecil a proficient at any one of them.

Probably Eton did not offer many attractions to him. Some men have greatly preferred their school to their college days, but to a mind like Lord Salisbury's there were opportunities at a University, opportunities of indulging in his taste for scientific matters, for metaphysics, and for debate, which no school life could have afforded him.

F. D. How ("Life of Lord Salisbury).

Famous Inkstands

ALTHOUGH the number of inkstands rendered famous by the genius of their whilom owners is anything but proportionate to the aggregate of pens used by celebrities that have been preserved, there have of late been several in the market that were worthy of enshrinement amongst a museum of literary relics.

About a year ago, for instance, an inkstand, once the property of David Garrick and doubtless used by him on many occasions when inditing the thirteen MS. diaries that fetched £60 when put up to auction in the summer of 1900, was knocked down (figuratively speaking) in company with a teacup and other relics of the famous actor. A year and a half ago, moreover, an inkbottle that once belonged to the Wizard of the North and was, at a later date, given to Mrs. Edgar, a cousin of Mungo Park, by Hogg the "Ettrick Shepherd," fetched a sum that was, it is believed, easily eclipsed by the amount given for the inkpot of yet another great Scot, Robert Louis Stevenson.

Whether it was because relics of the author of "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped" are few in number or because it was to be sold for the benefit of a war fund this inkstand, used by Stevenson during his voyages in the Pacific in 1888–90, together with a note from Mr. W. E. Henley attesting its authenticity, after bids of £10 by Sir Gilbert Parker, and £15 by Lieutenant Viscount Kilbourne, was finally knocked down for £25, a sum, we believe, that eclipsed the price given almost two years ago for the travelling inkstand of silver used by Lord Byron, when the same was put up to auction together with a combination gold seal and musical box, and other relics of the poet.

More precious even than the old Sèvres china painted inkstand, once the property of Sir Robert Peel, which fetched £120 15s. in May 1900, is the inkstand used by her

late Majesty when she signed the Australian Commonwealth Bill. This inkstand, together with the pen and table used on the same occasion, was presented by Queen Victoria to the Commonwealth and is now one of the treasured possessions of Sydney.

Another famous inkstand is that which was bequeathed by Lady Scott Spottiswoode on her death in March 1900 to Lady Cameron of Lockie. This silver inkstand is of peculiar value inasmuch as it is one of the few well-authenticated relics of Prince Charles Edward extant.

A few months ago there was added to the list of famous inkstands one which extracted from its recipient, King Edward, a note eulogising the workmanship and ingenuity displayed in the carving. The inkstand in question, which was the loyal gift of a prominent member of the Twickenham District Council, took the form of an old Viking war vessel, and what rendered the present of more than ordinary interest was the fact that the timber from which it was fashioned was taken from a Viking ship wrecked in the Hamble River, Southampton, a thousand years ago. HAROLD MACFARLANE.

A Wycliffe New Testament

THE date of the first translation of the New Testament into English is more or less conjectural. All these early manuscript versions

are naturally of excessive rarity. The production of the Wycliffe New Testament here illustrated is attributed to the year 1425. It recently sold at Sotheby's for £580. The actual text of the Testament is preceded by "A Table to find Easter for 40 years from 1424"; a Calendar follows, and then "A Table of Lessons, Epistles, and Gospels" commencing "Here bigyneth a rule yet tellith in whiche chapitris of ye bible ye mai fynde ye lessoñs, pistlis and gospels yat be rad in ye chirche after ye Uss of Salisburi marked with lettris of ye a, b, c, &c." This Testament once belonged to William Lambarde,

the first historian of Kent county, then to William Herbert, who wrote a History of English Typography, and later to Chas. Mayo, the first Rawlinson Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford. L. W. L.

An Adventure in India in 1656

AMONG some old letters in a private collection to which the writer has had access is one which contains the following account, never before published, of a rather awkward adventure that befell an Englishman in India, in the seventeenth century, while in the service of the East India Company. It gives some notion of the difficulties and dangers that beset those who carried on trade away from home when travelling and transport were so full of risk. The writer of the letter, Hugh Squier, had gone out to Masulipatam, and was doing a little trade on his own account in conjunction with a friend, Abraham Hill, in London, as well as working for the Company. The letter is dated "ye 24th. Septemb. 1656," and after a long explanation relating to business, he gives the following narrative of his adventure, which is here reproduced, with all the quaint spelling and expressions:

"I know not how farr I may depend upon Favour, although in conscience we do deserve some incouragements in respect of our many hazards and hardships, one p'ticuler whereof I shall tell you, and 'tis ye strangest that ever you heard out of a Romans; wch I shall tell you that you may Joyne with me in praysing ye Lord for prolonging my dayes in ye land of ye living.

"On Thursday ye 24th. of July (a day hence forth to be kept holy), Capta White of ye mayflower, Capta Lucas of ye Society, & Capta Loe of ye Virgine, had taken their leave of ye shoare & were going aboard their shipps with all their retinue, & not wthout the Company of neare all ye English march^{ts} on this place, intending to solemnize that day in valedictory ceremonies and then to set saile, and to this purpose we had provided a Comon Country boate of about 30 tons to go off in. So about 9 a clock in a faire morning, we weare all imbarked, being in number about 30 English men wth 20 Blacks; ye Englishmen lay most aloft upon ye poop, only Capta Browne, Capta Lucas, and my self & Ed. King lay just under them in ye hould: and whyles we weare thare serious, & the rest aloft very merry in discourse, going over ye Barre ye boate struck aground, and by meanes of her over greate maynsaile, suddenly oversett, and turned her keell upward. Heerwth as many as weare aloft fell over board; we that weare in hould endeavoured to gett out and comitt ourselves to ye mercy of ye sea, but could not, so suddenly the boate overturned as a man can reckon to ye number of 15. Suddenly we found our selves tumbled togeather in ye water, among chests, cases of liquours, and other such lumber, wth a score of sheep that weare carrying aboard, & as wth in a dish swimming wth ye bottome upwards soe weare we all wthin ye boate & had ye Boates keell in ye Zenith, it was thare as darke as in ye Earth's centre.

"But that aire wch was surprised wthin ye concavous inside of ye Boates hould, wherein we weare at her sudden over turning, prooved sufficient for us (close prisoners) to breath in, & so we 4 Christians & some 20 Gentues sate on ye Thoughts with our heads above water wthinside ye boate, although wthoutside ye boate ye water ran over her, and in this condition we lived 2 hours, in ye mean tyme praying heartily that myne and Friends' estate might fall into mercifull mens hands, and recomending my soul into my Saviour's mercy for salvacoñe, as for my bodies' I had small hopes.

"Capta Lucas after telling me it was impossible to be preserved, and a folly to think it, I answered him that Besides the remembrance of miraculous Jonah in ye Whales Belly, in humane reason it was possible for us to continue alive a long tyme, and if any of these men that weare tost overboard weare saved, They would use some means for us also, Unless they might give us over for dead (as in deed they did), the boate being atopp of us, & water for ye most part a top of ye boate, so that but little of her appeared.

"So I advised Capta Lucas to throw off

all his cloathes that we might be ready to swimme if any opportunity should present, wch hee did, and I also, though I had 30 li in gould besides a little maniscript booke of 7 yeares colleccions in my pockett. Therefore I went wading through ye water and groping about ye inside of ye boate in that most p'fect of darknes untill I found an hollow beame, and thereto I tyed my breeching wth a strong tape, saying to my fellows, This shall be found whatever becomes of me; all this whyle most hyddeous weare the outcryes of ye distracted Gentues calling upon their pagods &c.

"In fine, ye boate running ashoare upon ye sand, and whyles ye water was as high as our necks, wth our feet we digged a pitt in ye sand neare ye boates side, in doing whereof ye current helped us, and then sinking downe into ye water and diveing, krept out under ye side of ye boate one by one. Then after we weare gott out from under ye boate, we founde wee had a water of some 180 paces over, & middle deep to wade through, the current whereof ran so stiff that in attempting to ford it 16 of our company had there p'ished before us, yett ye major part excaping. Capta Lucas and I held each other by ye armes, and (naked) waded through ye current, suckering each other in p'ilous stepps: for if either had but lost his footing and fallen downe, ye violent torrent was so great we should neaver have rise more in this world.

"At last, being gott out of ye water as naked as Adam, we had a mile & a halfe to run to ye Towne, wth ye hott sand scalding under our feet, and ye sun scorching over our heads, & caused all ye skin of our bodies to peell off although we ran a pace; and the first Christian we mett was a good dutch man whoe lent me his hatt and slippers.

"The tyme we continued under ye boate was about 2 houres, the persons lost weare mr Leigh, a tall ancient gentleman, of 62 yeares, & old servant to ye East India Compa. Besides mr Martyn Bradgate, the 2d man in the Compa service at Metchela, also mr Watling who went marchant of ye mayflowre, and three others."

In the same collection of old letters is one which Abraham Hill wrote to his brother Thomas in June 1657, soon after receiving the news of this adventure, and in which he thus mentions it: "By this shipp I had a letter from mr Squier who stayed at Marsalapatam, taking ashoare there halfe of the general stock, & all our particular adventure, intending to invest it there against the shipps returne, but shee in her voyage to Bengala is doubted to be wrackt, no news of her coming in ordinary expectation. Hee acquaints mee that going aboard with Capt. Lucas & some others in a close boat, she was overset & they so underset that they were in water to the necks, and the boat's keell over their heeds, having so much aire inclosed (by the sudden motion of the vessell) that served to keep them alive, thus when they had stayed 2 hours, the boat driving ashoare they made some strange shift to get out, but that was to the sand; whereon they had a mile and half to goe and the sun so hot that the skin peald of their bodys, and some more particulars of there danger hee mentions, but the whole story appears not cleare, & the built of those vessells being unknowne to us, but he accompts it for a wonderfull deliverance."

Hugh Squier does not say whether he recovered his belongings which he had left inside the boat, but most probably he did, as it would not have been a difficult matter to reach it if it remained aground. The latter part of his adventure must have been the most painful, in spite of the good Dutchman's hat and slippers. He ends with the following pious expression of his feelings:

"That ye Lord will teach us to walk worthy of his mercyes and youchsafe me to see you and freinds wth comfort is my dayly prayre and greatest of all temporall desires."

The endorsement on the original letter states that it was received in London in June 1657—about nine months after the date of writing—which gives some idea of the virtual exile to which a man was condemned by a journey to India in those days; especially when we take into account the "many hazards and hardships" attendant upon travellers to such distant lands two hundred and fifty years ago.

R. H. E. Hill, A.R.I.B.A.

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WHEN THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE

By Thom Faed

The Adventurer in Spain*

By S. R. Crockett

Author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Stickit Minister," "The Men of the Moss Hags," &c.

XI.—The Feast of the Dead—And of the Living

FOUR days Don José Valtierra abode among his pines. He had great reason to wish that we were once more well on our way, and I could see that he was nervously excited all the time. But he was a strong, determined man, this Señor Valtierra—open of countenance, large and generous of heart, and evidently, to look at him, a cast-back upon that Gothic type which once filled the Spanish North and gave permanence to its best characteristics.

Besides, there was Miguel Toro to be thought of—and Don José thought of every one. Miguel was desolated to be left again alone. Even the promise that I should before long return, and his master's offer to build him a new house during the winter on the site of the old, failed to arouse him from his melancholy. I think that, perhaps, the result of the injury to his head had not quite passed away. For the little hunchback's most fixed idea was for me to remain in permanence by his fireside and help him with his pine plantations for the term of my natural life.

The new house, however, he would hear nothing of. He held by the old. It was "good enough for him." That was his unfailing retort. He had nothing to live for now; and when the Englishman, his friend, had forsaken him—why, what was there left but that he should go back, as of old, to "gnawing the cud of his silence?"

He had words, this poor Miguel the hunchback.

But a brand-new, French-made stove all the way from Zaragoza on which to do his cooking (suggested by me) and window-frames containing real glass, which could be taken in and out according to the weather, to some extent promised to divert his mind from his troubles during the dreary months of winter. At any rate, he would not be left entirely to "gnaw the cud of his silence."

"For I promise you," said Don José, "that I will send my own carpenter Raphael from the valley farm — a lazy dog, whom you must keep to his work. For of a surety, if I am not here to lay a whip to his back, the rascal will not work. Let me think—yes, I have it, I will leave you a packet of postcards, and you will tell me every day or two how Raphael is working. And since you cannot write and he can, let it be convened between us that when Raphael works well there shall be an 'X' drawn upon the back, but if he is lazy, then instead the postcard shall bear an 'O.'"

By this call upon his mental faculties the little hunchback seemed somewhat relieved, and put away the packet in a drawer with an air of obvious importance.

As we went out, Don José said to me in French, "And that will also tell us that Miguel remains where he is in the meantime—whether that pig Raphael works well or no!"

. . . . .

Clear and crisp as an English after-harvest day or a sunny morning in the Scottish "back-end" was the early hour when we rode away from the abode of the 'Devil among the Stones."

The year was closing in. Not that that makes much difference in Spain, except among the mountains and in the extreme north. But then we were in the north, where, save in the kitchen, even in the greatest houses, there are no fireplaces, and those few generally bricked up with care to prevent draughts!

The little hunchback came with us to the

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WHEN THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE
By Thom Faed

edge of the pines; but he could hardly bid us adieu for falling tears.

"My heart is full!—my heart is full!" he repeated. "Do not forget it, my master and my friend! But there is a promise—you will come back?—yes, with the new year and the opening weather! You will come back, both of you! And then you will see the French stove from Zaragoza with the three *olla* pots all simmering upon it at the one time. Ah! that Cyrilla had been here to busy herself about them. You have not forgotten Cyrilla, my master?"

And Don José, shaking his head gravely, laid his hand upon Miguel's shoulder and told the little hunchback that he, José Lopez Valtierra, would forget the Señorita Cyrilla only when they laid him with his silent kin under the yew-trees of Old Castile.

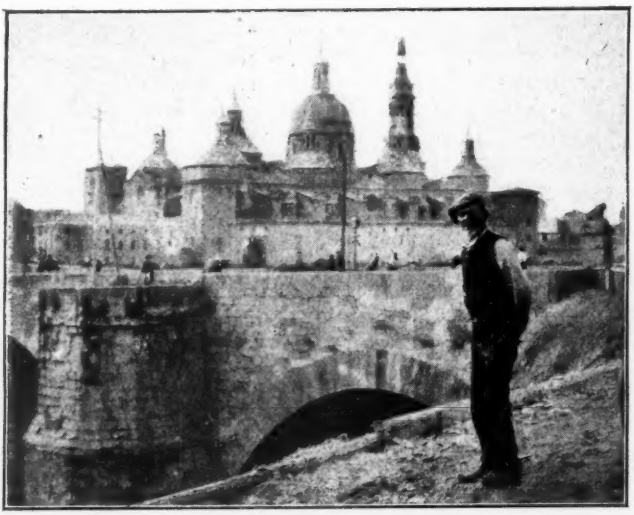
"And that reminds me—" said the hunchback; "it is pitiable—yes, terrible, with the Day of All the Saints, the Feast of the Dead so near—that we cannot even go and lay a wreath upon her grave, you and I, Don José—we who have loved her with a long love! It is denied us! We know not the place of her sepulture!"

And Don José lifted his hat from his head as if in salutation.

"No," he said, gently patting the arm of the forest-guard, "it is true. We know not the place—neither you nor I!"

. . . . . .

Zaragoza lies high, and the winds blow cold there. It is out of the shelter of the Pyrenees, and no kindly pine-woods circle it about. The sun, blazing hot long before noon, takes an appreciable time to vanquish the hoar-frost, even after it rises in the morning. If anywhere the *capa* is welcome, of a surety it is there; and on the morning of *Todos los Santos* (called the Feast of Tosants) Don José and I were glad to come in sight of the famous bridge and see the glancing city roofs, with the hope of finding ourselves in a Christian house before an hour was over.



El Pilar of Zaragoza

But I had my camera strapped behind me, and the famous new cathedral was glittering multi-coloured in the light of the morning, its Oriental pinnacles all busked out with tiles shining gay and rainbow-like in the sun. A few loafers with flat blue Basque caps on their heads obtruded themselves promptly in front of the lens, as if they were

as worthy of being immortalised upon the excellent Edwards' isochromatic films as El Pilar itself. They were, however, not wholly uninteresting as types, but I had much ado to prevent Don José from ordering them to Jericho or (alternatively) riding them down as a knight might have cleared off the rabble who gathered about the tournament palisades.

We entered the capital city of the North on the greatest day of all the year. All Saints' Day is little more than a name in England—not even so much as that in Scotland. But in Spain upon that day the whole world goes forth to adorn the graves of the family dead. And all is done with a gentleness and sweet sorrow, a unanimity of sentiment that to me is infinitely touching.

Even in France there is something of it left, though not much. In cynical Paris it is the sole religious function of the year. Thirty years of republican institutions and the anti-clerical crusade have submerged the Christian religion as an interest for men—all, that is, but the Cult of the Dead. Christianity itself is not even worth talking about, since Renan is not there to do the talking. The Church has become political capital in every village and every commune. Certainly all French families are divided, for or against the Altar. But even so, religion is only a political bone of contention—a weapon for use along with others, such as colonisation, the frontier fortresses, submarine boats, the National Debt, and so forth, in order either to insult or to defend the existing Government. For the rest, religion is left to the women and the priests.

But once a year, the day of "All the Saints" draws forth, to stand uncovered before the Graves of the Dead, socialist deputies and militant anti-clericals, nationalist and Dreyfusard elbow to elbow, majority and minority alike—a strange sight to see at Montparnasse and Père la Chaise.

But to Spain must you go to see the true inwardness of the Feast of the Dead. A little whirl of leaves accompanied us along the bridge as we rode into the town, and even chased us when we turned down a riverside embankment where the onions were hanging over the wall literally in tons. It was not yet ten o'clock, but the streets of the city were already thronged with people, for the most part scrupulously clad in mourning. They were issuing out of churches with little black prayer-books clasped in their right hands. They were entering in a solid stream the great cathedral of El Pilar, which we kept on our left as we took our way quietly towards the dwelling of Don José.

"In the summer," said my host, "I often go to France to drink the waters, and also because things are gayer in France. But in spring and winter I live mostly in Zaragoza, because from there I can the more easily visit my various properties—farms, mines, and forests."

During our journey Don José had said nothing whatever about the picture of Zaida, nor had I so much as seen it, though I knew that he carried it in his pocket-book. Neither had the name of the hunchback's sister crossed his lips. He had been silent upon all that concerned the momentous question of the shepherd Adan, "What do *you* know of Cyrilla Toro?" Yet, for all that, there had been nothing of the nervous anxiety of innocence trying to clear itself, or the equally obvious defiant ease of guilt hiding its ostrich head, about Señor Valtierra.

It was easy to be seen that he was a man familiar with affairs—wondrously exact and businesslike for a great Spanish proprietor. He had promised me a certain explanation. In due time he would give it, just as at the appointed time he would meet his other obligations, financial and commercial.

I cannot help saying here that I admired him more and more. He was cloaked and booted and spurred like a true *Caballero*. Indeed, master and gentleman were written all over him. He was mounted on a magnificent steed. On the contrary, I had only beneath me a stout and very ugly hired mule with a back like an arm-chair, and the Aragonese saddle on which I sat was the very chair itself, equipped with stirrups as large as salt-boxes. Then I still wore *alpargatas* — though now with socks of various colours drawn over them for warmth's sake. My hat possessed no brim, but in revenge was effectively ventilated by a tear in the top, provisionally mended inside with

green oiled silk from my little medicine-case. My coat had once been well cut, but now hung about me in rags of tatters. I still wore *bragas* of white linen—alas! too short and only to be denominated white, as it were, by courtesy, and for the sake of old times. Draped about my shoulders was a striped horse-cloth after the manner of Sitting Bull or some other untamed savage of the West—whom, indeed, with my

I admired him more and more

hair, long unbarbered, escaping through the top of my hat, I must somewhat have resembled.

The magnates of the city saluted my companion and he saluted them, talking all the time to me as to an intimate friend, and including me in any chance conversations with an infinite grace. There is no man in this world who can outdo an honourable Spanish gentleman, even of this present year of grace, in that courtesy which is his by race, by self-respect, by goodwill, and by that heart that is as gracious to the poor as to the rich. Such a man may refuse a beggar (though he seldom does), or he may send a murderer to the garrotte, if such be his duty. But he will do these things feelingly, humanely, with something of the ancient Christian humility of, "There goes Richard Baxter—*save for the grace of God!*"

But, naturally, Don José was more comfortable than I. It seemed as if I must be taking away his character every moment in the eyes of his townsfolk. Suddenly it occurred to me—I note it because matters connected with clothing rarely do so occur—that there ought to be a small leathern trunk of mine in the custody of a certain banker of the city. Upon inquiry of Don José, he said that the bank would, of course, be shut on All Saints' Day, but that the manager, a Frenchman, was a personal friend of his, and that anything I wanted could be effected—probably at once.

"Because, being a Frenchman, and knowing no better," said Don José, smiling, "he does not lie long abed of a morning."

Good Monsieur Emile Fabre turned out to be a man of fifty, with a tufted beard, and with the comfortable, somewhat pursy aspect about him of one securely beneficed for life. But he was bald, amiable, accessible—and so, happily, was my trunk. The banker was willing also to let me have some money on Don José's introduction, though my appearance did not at all tally with the description which had been sent from Paris along with the notice of my letter of credit.

"Never mind," said I, "wait till to-morrow. I have been long in the wilds and if everything is in the box that I expect, I hope by that time not so greatly to disgrace my honourable introducer!"

"Our seals are intact upon the box," said M. Fabre with a touch of severity; "I am sure you will find all within of an exactitude!"

I wished to knock up a barber on the way, and have my hair cut, as we went through the city. But Don José, who evidently could wait no longer, either for his home welcome or for his correspondence, said that there was no need. He could summon a *coiffeur* in a few minutes to do that which might be requisite in my own room. Our horses, he said, had need to be put in stable—which, indeed, was very evidently true of my arm-chair son-of-a-he-ass, for it had been fit for nothing else ever since we left the *piñadas* of Miguel Toro.

We came at last to Don José Valtierra's house, pleasantly retired in a wide and silent square, the centre of which was planted with trees. High walls, in which was a railed gate of gilded iron, contained the front garden. The window-shutters were open to let in the sun and air, a practice which in the North of Spain is not considered so conclusive a proof of lunacy as it is in the smaller towns of the South of France.

There was also to the right an entrance for carriages. So, unlatching this with his own hands, Don José led his horse within a small courtyard, while I followed with my unspeakable mule, scraping and plantigrading along the causeway like a furniture van.

A smartly dressed groom, or general servant—smart at least as to his nether person, ran out to meet Don José, seemingly considerably surprised. He began a copious explanation as to how he had been caught napping, but his master cut him short.

"Is the Señora within?" he said.

"No," answered the man, "I do not think so. Not expecting you, I know that it was the Señora's intention to take Benita, and go out to hear the Great Mass sung in El Pilar. But wait, in a moment I will advertise you!"

"Do not," said Don José; "there is a porter following from the Bank with a trunk. When it arrives, take it up to this gentleman's bedroom—the white room over the garden—and after that send for a barber."

The servant, to whom his master generally referred, after his jovial fashion, as Don Picaro, or Sir Rascal, seemed no little surprised that Don José should introduce such a scarecrow as myself into his house. Afterwards he told me that he quite understood—as soon, that is, as he knew I was an Englishman. He had often been in France with his master and had heard many speak of the "mad English."

But at first it was decidedly embarrassing, for Tomasillo (which was the more ordinary designation of Don José's servant) looked carefully round my chamber to see that nothing of value had been left lying about. I had expected to go to an hotel, and indeed would have preferred it, for it is but seldom in the cities that a Spaniard will invite you into his own house. In the country it is, of course, another thing. I have lived for months at a time as the guest of the great sheep-masters of Leon, passing from house to house and from farm to farm, my only care and occupation being how most fitly to remunerate my generous hosts.

And it was of such a stock that Don José came. He had only transferred the broad hospitalities of a thinly-peopled, well-to-do country to the city in which he made his winter home.

With his own hands he brought me a bath, and with his own hands he filled it. I had got the length of luxuriating in the huge rough towel when the barber was announced. With him came Sir Rascal, that most respectable man, who, having the key of my trunk supplied him, laid out, shook out, dusted out, and brushed out its various

contents, his jaw falling lower with astonishment as each layer of respectability was reached.

While the silent barber—he held of Zaragoza, not of Seville—was doing his work, and while Sir Rascal descended to bring up a selection of proper Spanish hats (of fine soft felt such as is not now worn in England), I bethought me of Don José's question to his servant in the courtyard.

Could it be that Señor Valtierra was again married? Miguel the Hunchback had said nothing of that. I felt sure that he would not have kept silence if he had known. Perhaps the word Señora might designate Don José's mother? Or Juana, his daughter, might have been married, and returned to her father's roof a widow, and with the title of Señora. For the moment I could not solve the puzzle. But as I dressed a body, no longer quite so vile, in the best of undergear and overgear, I resolved that life was worth living—if it were only for the number of things one has yet to find out.

When I issued forth, leaving the contents of the trunk, as if stirred with a long pole, strewed about the room, I was pleased to observe that Don Picaro was thoroughly astonished by my appearance. I was, he informed Señor Valtierra, of a correction to go forth, even with his master, on the great day of Tosants. But Don José was so careless, and he had feared——

He did not venture to state what he feared, but I judge it to have been my torn white trousers and the tufts of hair sticking Indian fashion through the crown of my hat without a brim. For Don Picaro had the greatest care for his master's respectability, always dressing, when on duty, like an undertaker himself—except, as it might be, when it was his night off, and he was going to a ball, on which occasions he favoured the company with a striped waistcoat and a red sash about his waist.

Midway down the stairs I met Don José.

"He will have something to eat first," he said. "It is possible that the Señora may not return, but rather stay with one of her friends to lunch after the *Misa Mayor*, before going out to the cemetery."

I think that, however, he made haste. There was no ceremony at table. Tomasillo (who was of a truth no rascal, though his master affectionately called him one) waited gracefully and silently—that is, as a rule, for once or twice he was tempted to join in the conversation, which he did without servility and with the true Spanish self-respect. His master might call him Don Picaro, if he liked—but it was easy to see that he held himself the equal of any other person whatsoever.

. . . . .

We set out along the street, which was now busier than before. For me I was quite miserable, being attired with that infinite raspy respectability which seems all buckram and swaddling-bands after the free airs that had visited my skin upon the *campo* and in the forest, entering by the wide bottoms of my linen *bragas* and coming out with the perfection of scientific ventilation by the hole in my hat. To the sorrows which afflict just and unjust, I think the wise Singer of Songs might very judiciously have added the affliction of new clothes, of hairy clothes, of clothes which you have to fit instead of their fitting you, clothes that have a spite against your chin, that grip you where you breathe, and fail to touch where you have been accustomed to wear a belt about you, or, better still, the silken sash of Cataluña. *Anathema Maranatha!*

If the demure and modest reader will skip her eyes over the next paragraph, I will tell the rest of the world what I wanted to do at that moment.

. . . . .

(*Pause while the Court is being cleared.*)

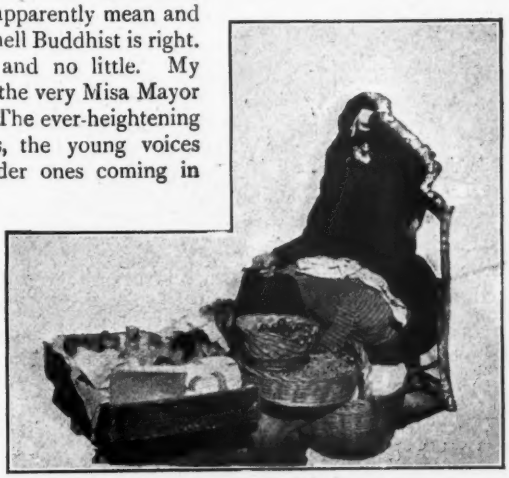
. . . . .

Well, I wanted to scratch! And that not in one place, but comprehensively, and as one determined to do entire justice to the subject. To the comfortable reader the tragedy may not seem very terrible, but on the streets of a great city, in the midst of well-attired crowds, all of whom were at one with their underclothes, it was at least as bad as a violent desire to laugh in church.

In the cathedral things certainly went better. For there at least the crowd pressed about one, and there were pillars—as comforting as those erected by his mythical Grace of

Argyle for the behoof of his oppressed countrymen.

Still all this detracted from the solemnity of the service, and I never knew before how far man was the creature of his sensations, even of the most apparently mean and trivial. The hard-shell Buddhist is right. There is no great and no little. My new clothes spoiled the very Misa Mayor of El Pilar for me. The ever-heightening thrill of the chants, the young voices ringing out, the older ones coming in with a solemn sonorous rumble like chariots jolting over the floor of heaven, the mounting smoky *kopjes* of the incense, the silver tinkle of the bell that sent us all to our knees—I own that they affect me more now, as I sit and write, than they did then. It ought not to have been so. But then it is written that there is a devil told off to attend church-services, in order to keep the people from benefiting by them. Sometimes he even mounts into the pulpit. I walked away from a church door once with a very celebrated preacher, after a thrilling display of oratory which had moved every listener.



The widow's benediction

We walked silently awhile. I did not like to break in upon that solemn pause. I felt that there was still emotion unexpressed in his heart. At last he spoke.

"Did you ever see a church with as many bald heads in it?" he demanded suddenly.

I then directed his attention, with some of the remains of his own earnestness, to the fate of a certain preacher who in another place had called out, "*Go up, Bald Head.*" We were passing a wood at the time, but he said that bears had been a long time extinct in our country. He even gave the date, because he had recently bought an encyclopædia on the instalment plan.

It was, indeed, with something of the same inappropriateness that the unaccustomed excellence of my clothes affected my spirits within the cathedral of El Pilar in the city of Zaragoza.

. . . . . .

Yet so strange is man, that as soon as I got out upon the streets again, the feeling wore off. For one thing, I left my camera in the possession of a friend of Don José's—a friend who kept an orange-stall on the pavement. She was the widow of an officer who had died at his post. But with the customary day-after-to-morrow gratitude of the Spanish Government, her pension, often promised, had never yet arrived. She had refused all private bounty, and instead had set up a well-patronised stall on feast-days and Sundays near the cathedral porch. You could pay anything you liked for an orange or a handful of nuts. To well-dressed persons she returned no change, but instead, the widow's blessing. She was known to all the city, and, I fancy, did not greatly lose by the non-arrival of her official pension.

"The Señora," said Don José, a little discontentedly, "is not in the cathedral. She must therefore have gone on to the cemetery. It is, you understand, the Great Day of the year with us. All the world goes. We shall assuredly find her there."

"Are your folk buried in Zaragoza?" I inquired of him, expecting only an affirmative answer.

But his reply completely undeceived me, so that I showed my surprise.

"By no means," he said; "I hold not of Aragon, but of Old Castile, and my mother was a *Catalana*. We Valtierras find sepulture in Valladolid!"

"Then why has Madame—the Señora, I

mean——?" I began, but stayed myself. If Don José could wait to explain, surely I could wait to hear.

"Oh, it is the custom!" he said, with a certain brusqueness foreign to his open nature. And then, as if repenting him of having spoken thus sharply to a friend, he added, "But in this case the Señora has a special reason."

I noted it as a curious fact that even when speaking French—which, out of a consideration for a guest, he did habitually to me—Don José always spoke of La Señora.

. . . . .

The road to the cemetery of Zaragoza was a curious sight that great day of the Tosants. Vehicles rushed uphill and down by the hundred—great omnibuses and drags, crowded and lurching, their drivers urging on their horses in order to make as many journeys as possible within the hour. There were many private carriages, together with a few horsemen, chiefly officers of the army and police, or farmers from the countryside, who had come in this turmoil Don José moved as through his own *piñadas*, a good head and shoulders above his fellows—great, kindly-humoured, with the ready word and the ready smile, giving no offence and taking none from any man.

Presently, at the foot of the fine Avenida de la Independencia, that entrance worthy of kings, he hailed a returning vehicle.

"The Señora has the carriage," he explained, "and we shall doubtless come back with her. She had no idea I would be here in time."

Then he added, gravely, "And, indeed, no more had I, when I went away!"

The conveyance was a huge swag-tailed waggonette—there were no others. And Don José, after mounting me up beside the driver, stood by the door, inviting women and children, the old or the footsore, to mount and ride.

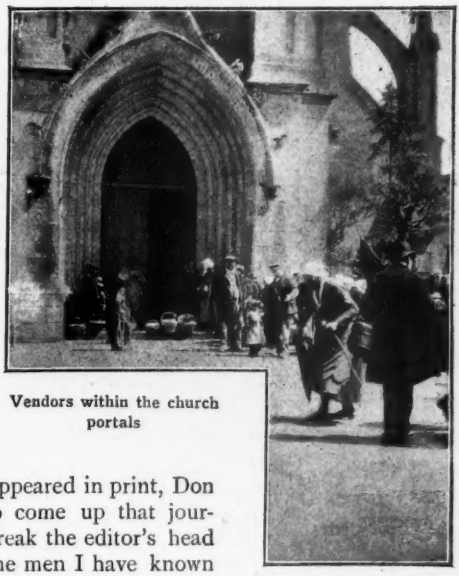
"Lazy fellows may walk afoot—as I myself should do, had I the time!" he cried, "but if this lady will graciously do me the favour to enter, I shall be honoured!"

A procession of seminary priests

to see the sight. Then, surrounding and swallowing up all, there poured out of the city the great stream of the common folk on foot, all in black, and all setting their faces towards the Hill of the Dead. Through

The gracious lady in question was a poor woman in tarnished black mourning, holding a great baby, far too heavy for her to be carrying in her weak thin arms. The carriage was soon filled to overflowing, and many were

the smiles from city magnates passing in their carriage, at Señor Valtierra. For it was soon evident that the good sheep-and-forest-master was considered by all to be an original, and that his actions were commented upon by the entire town. Indeed, I learned afterwards that some of his exploits were only kept out of the city press by a well-grounded fear that, if anything amusing or personal appeared in print, Don José was very likely to come up that journalistic staircase and break the editor's head with a stick! Of all the men I have known in the South, Don José was the most northern in his methods of argument.



Vendors within the church portals

Once (so the story is told) he had a difference with the overseer of one of his farms, a very surly Gallegan, with a most evil temper. Don José knocked him down, and, I fear, thrashed him most un-Britishly while in that position.

"Now," he said, "get up, and if you want to kill me with a knife, you will find me asleep by ten o'clock and *my door will be unlocked!*"

So surprised was the man that he bent his knee and asked Don José's pardon on the spot.

"But," said he uncertainly, "I suppose now you will send me away?"

"Why, not at all!" quoth Señor Valtierra; "why should I? If you are satisfied, I am. You are a good overseer, though you do possess the temper of a foundered mule! If you say nothing about what has passed, why, no more shall I."

. . . . .

"*Maria Purisima!*" as the crowd themselves said (all of them speaking together), how many things there were to see in Zaragoza that day! If, that is, I had only had the time to see them—with a mind clear of little Zaida and her elusive relatives, together with the engrossing private affairs of Miguel the hunchback and brave Don José. For, by all the saints, there were certainly a power of things to be seen in the capital city of Aragon upon the festal-day of Todos los Santos.

Just when we started across the Plaza in the full glory of the sunshine, there came a procession of seminary priests, all going jovially with the rest of the world in the direction of the Hill of the Dead. Sorrow was not on their faces, hardly even of a decent professional sort; for they belonged, with few exceptions, to a distance, and, as in the case of Don José, their folk were buried elsewhere. But the Señor did not offer them the hospitality of his carriage.

"A little exercise will do the Seminarists no harm!" he said grimly; "they are all young and lusty enough, surely! March, then, holy men!"

There were also services going on at most of the churches by the way, and if they did not sell doves within the sacred portals, it was about the only thing they did not vend. I saw one good old Aragonese dame calmly roasting chestnuts well within the portal of a church near the city barrier. And so strong was the affluence of buyers about her, that I question whether she had not a larger congregation than the preacher within. Bakers' shops, open to the street as in the East, comfortably invited the sense of smell with deliciously fresh-baked bread and sweetmeats specially confected for the occasion.

Out of a gloomy archway issued a Monk of the White. He also was on the way to

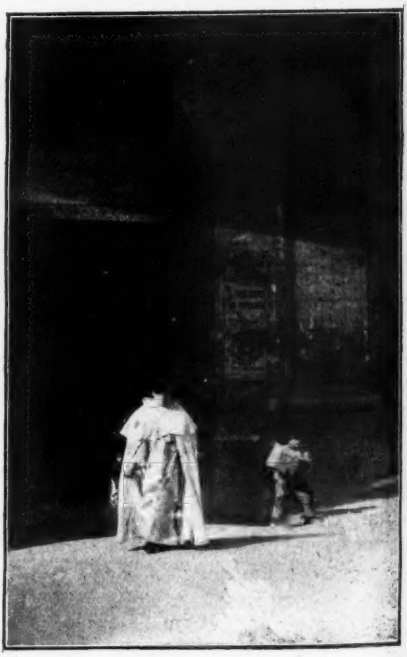
Bakers' shops, open to the street as in the East

mourn, a tin lantern and a candle concealed under his ample cloak, to let his light shine before the graves of his ancestors.

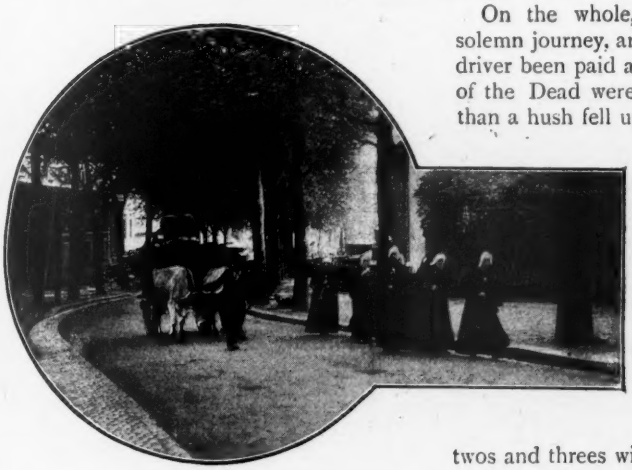
Little processions of nuns, with hushed faces, some of them recently expelled from a hard-hearted neighbouring republic, wended their way down quiet streets, side by side with jingling bullock teams. This was for them one of their days of ingathering. And in a little while they could be seen taking their stand, one here, another there, by the great gates in the glare and the heat and the dust, a little collecting-box in one hand and the other holding an umbrella over their bowed heads —peaceful, with sweet, downcast eyes, not so much asking as receiving the alms of the faithful.

Most interesting perhaps of all (and certainly that which pleased me the most) was an old Aragonese peasant and cultivator resting a moment upon a bench under the trees at the foot of the Plaza. He was dressed in his ancient and picturesque attire. His old wife, too, had donned her best blue-and-yellow for the occasion. The light was good, and I was fortunate in "getting" the group in the only way in which groups are of the least use—that is, without the knowledge of the subjects. One cigarette, you observe, has already been finished by the deft fingers of the old lady. She has very considerately passed this on to calm the nerves or the temper of the husband, excited by the length of the services in church. The smoker, already tasting the pleasures of anticipation, is feeling in his pockets for a match, and, while the old lady is rolling another, a grandson, evidently town-bred, watches her swift manipulation with consuming interest.*

* If any one does not know what the often-named *alpargatas* are: they can be seen in their most primitive form upon the feet of the old peasant in the picture (p. 768). They are a kind of sandal, with a sole of finely-knotted string, above which the wearer generally wears his hose cross-gartered, or, in lieu of hose, his naked legs.



Out of a gloomy archway issued a monk of the White



A little procession of nuns

Our team of three horses started with a vast scraping and clattering of hoofs, and there was a good deal of emulation on the part of the several drivers as to passing each other—so much so that I should not have been surprised if a few additional graves had been required in the cemetery immediately upon our arrival there. Yet Don José rather stimulated his man than otherwise, by demands as to whether he meant to allow that cross-eyed, slack-wristed rascal from the "Gran' Parador" to pass him—the best driver in Zaragoza. And, to my surprise, even the poor widow, with the great heavy softish baby in her arms, developed into an ardent partisan, and, instead of showing any fear, actually laughed aloud as we passed carriage after carriage—Don José giving driver after driver the back of his hand as in a chariot-race in the circus.

Mostly the defeated drivers laughed also, if they were at all good-humoured fellows. "It is only one more of the jests of Don José!" the loser would cry to his next neighbour. But one red-faced, deceitful-looking rascal from the "Fonda Suiza" cursed us as he went by. Whereupon Don José called out that his horse looked as if it had been well used to the task of conveying people to the cemetery on the hill—one at a time!

On the whole, it was not a particularly solemn journey, and yet no sooner had the driver been paid and the gates of the Home of the Dead were in plain sight before us, than a hush fell upon every one. The little woman, erstwhile so excited, put her handkerchief to her eyes and cried quietly into it. A shade came over the faces of the others. Even Don José was silent.

Nevertheless, as an unattached outsider, I paused a moment to note the parties on the scanty grass—women in twos and threes with carts and a couple of tethered mules or so—all of them, even the mules, enjoying impromptu picnics outside the walls. About the gates of the cemetery, as in the town itself, were many gay flower-stalls, their awnings of striped stuff, generally red and yellow in colour. At these wreaths, crucifixes, and plain bouquets were to be got for a few pence. Frequently also, the same stalls sold nuts for the pocket and even herbs for the salad-bowl.

But beneath all this surface levity, the evident sincerity of the people, their true reverence, especially during the time of the vigil by the tombs, their appreciation of any little chance kindness, showed me once again the genuine, solid, and noble characteristics of the Spaniards of the North, who are, spite of all defects and all defeats, one of the finest peoples in the world.

At the upper end of the little mortuary-chapel a solitary light burned. Otherwise it was empty, swept, and garnished. Service was either over or had not yet begun.

Don José took my arm, and, like one who knows his way by heart, moved through the crowd. I had actually to beg that I might be allowed to expose one or two plates upon this strange and, to me, unparalleled scene.

In the richer parts of the cemetery the crowd was not nearly so dense. We were, happily, too early for the great folk. They would come later. Here and there a man in the quiet livery of domestic service in Spain—officer's orderly or what not—was busy

arranging wreaths of flowers, trimming the lamps which would be lit at the approach of darkness, or, above all (and taking the eye before all else), winding about the graves those long streamers of broad purple ribbon with inscriptions in gilt upon them—"To our Well-loved Friend, Estanislao Fraile," and so forth.

In these aristocratic quarters all was of marble, and the lots carefully defined and plotted out. Consequently, save for a few strangers moving about, gazing at the tombs and comparing their dressings, the place was deserted. By-and-by the grandees would arrive — when, as Don José said rather bitterly, "there was nothing for them to do but to adjust their *capas*, kneel down and pray, before going home to supper."

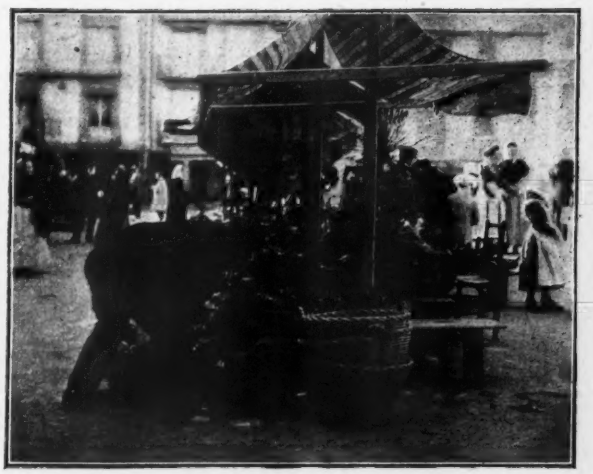
But the chief interest centred in the poorer portions of the cemetery, where the crosses were mostly of wood. There one saw whole families about every burying-place, clustering thick like bees. There were all sorts of decorations too. I saw one very large wreath made of thyme from the hillsides. A woman in her peasant costume and a boy in a blue blouse kept guard over it. Even where there was no cross at all, or any monument

Calming her husband's temper after church

except the regulation number, there was always a diamond-shaped lantern and a penny candle. But (and it was no wonder) Don José, at last losing patience, hurried me past these things, and we turned sharply through a small door into another and apparently wholly private portion of the vast cemetery.

Here there were many avenues of dusky yews, and monuments generally fewer and simpler in taste.

Suddenly we stood before a tall, beautifully-formed tomb of the purest white marble, with only a single line of inscription in raised letters—all, save the little blue shadows which these cast, of the same dead whiteness. There were several wreaths upon the monument, but they, also, were either of white or of the palest blue. To the right, and a little retired, a rose-tree was still thrusting one or two blossoms athwart an artificial rockery. Here, by no means in bad taste, had been constructed a little shrine of the Virgin.



Gay flower-stalls on the way to the city of the dead

The figure stood well back among the foliage, and was certainly beautifully carved, and as different as possible from the tinselled dolls in the churches. Deeply shadowed, the figure of a woman stood beneath, in an attitude of reverence, her hands clasped and looking upward with a kind of wonder, at once mild and sad. I could only see her bent head, together with the curves of her shoulders and waist. Don José held up his hand and we moved softly away.

He did not speak, but, for all that, I knew I had seen the mysterious Señora. Don José put his hand within the flap of his coat, where he kept his pocket-book. He took from it the poor ill-printed photograph he had seen for the first time on the outskirt of the *piñadas* near the hut of Miguel Toros. I had not seen him look at it since; or, indeed, did he now.

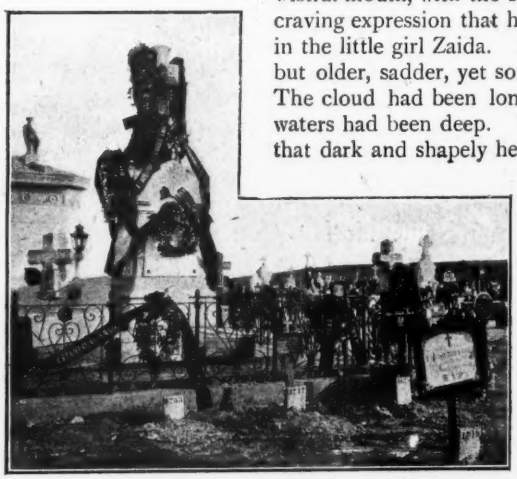
Instead he lifted his finger and pointed to the inscription on the stone of white marble. I read:

TO
FRANCISCA ZAIDA
WHOM
HAVING LOVED, I LOST

In a little mortuary-chapel a solitary light burned

Few words, yet they might almost have served for the universal tombstone inscription of the world—ever since Eve, expelled from the Garden of the Four Rivers, laid away Abel under the soil and wept as she looked out towards the Land of Nod But Don José continued to point, at the same time bending down till his lips almost touched my ear.

"Now is the time," he whispered, "for you to redeem your promise, Señor—or to break a woman's heart. You asked for a reason why I had a right to ask you where abides Zaida, the daughter of Cyrilla Toro. Well, there is your reason!"



The richer part of the cemetery

And his index-finger passed slowly from the tomb of white marble to the figure of the kneeling woman.

"Be gentle with her," he whispered. "Remember, she believes that the child is dead!"

Then he spoke, quite in his natural voice: "CYRILLA!" he said.

As in the great sudden crises of life we generally stand quiet and chill, so also when we are very greatly surprised. At least, I did so now. Even wonder seemed to be lacking. I only grew a little colder.

The woman turned her head at the voice, uncomprehendingly at first. And then, seeing Don José standing there with a smile on his face, she ran to him, suddenly transfigured, crying out, "My husband! My husband!"

While she laid her head on his bosom and sobbed, I thought of Miguel Toro. It was almost his voice—nay, the very accent he had used when he told me how his sister Cyrilla had promised to stay with him for ever and ever.

"Hush!" said Don José, gently touching her on the shoulder, "here is a stranger! To weep is good, beloved—it eases the heart—but not here—not in a public place!"

The lady whom Don José had called his wife lifted up her face, and, even through the mist of tears, the eyes looked out at me.

There was no mistake. These, and no others, were the large passionate eyes, that the wistful mouth, with the self-same eager, love-craving expression that had gone to my heart in the little girl Zaida. All was the same—but older, sadder, yet somehow serener, too. The cloud had been long in passing. The waters had been deep. They had gone over that dark and shapely head. Grief and tears had moulded that full mouth till it was set like Niobe's. Instead of spiced wine, they had given her vinegar to drink. Lover and friend had been put far from her—at least once on a time, in the days of darkness, that had indeed been so. But, thank God—and the man—it was not so any longer!

"*Cyrilla!*" Don José had called her. And I did not doubt for a moment that there before me, in the flesh, stood the woman who as a girl had been Cyrilla Toro—careless, light-hearted, to men a little cruel, the winsome Cyrilla Toro.

I had no idea what was to come next. Behind us, among the yews, I could hear the stir of other visitors. And though the little shrine and the marble monument were apart from the other graves and the path to them little trodden, yet we could by no means count on being alone. For me, I had no initiative. I must leave everything to Don José, who stood still with his arm about this Cyrilla—risen, so far as I was concerned, abruptly, as Lazarus from the very tomb's mouth when they rolled away the stone.

"Cyrilla," said Don José very gently,

"dearest, this stranger brings news that may be good. He is of the English, but has been long in France and Spain, and has wondrously come to learn many things, even concerning that which is closest—closest to your heart! Will you hear him speak?"

It did not seem a very promising opening, but I judged that Señor Valtierra knew his own business best. So I reached out my hand for the photograph. With my other I was about to open the flap of rough brown paper which covered it, when, by a stroke of good fortune, my eyes fell once more on the letters of the inscription. Instinctively I read them aloud:

WHOM, HAVING LOVED, I LOST!

"*But*," I added, looking straight at the Señora, *sometimes the lost are found again!*"

Our Lady of Tears

The Señora kept silence. Either she failed to understand (which afterwards I found to have been the true state of the case) or she did not believe me. At most she had a vague impression that I was endeavouring to administer some sort of amateur ghostly comfort.

Where the poor folk lie

It would not do. It was necessary that I should try again. I did so, handing her the El Seo photograph without a word.

Once more the eyes of Zaida did their work. I thought the Señora would faint. All vestiges of colour left her face. She became white as the marble against which she had been leaning.

"Speak no lies to me!" she cried, turning her great sad eyes on me. "Give me no hopes—I cannot bear them again—not again! I had begun—yes, a little—to forget!"

As usual, words came back to me with a rush. "There *is* a hope, Señora!" I said. "I have come from far to give it you. I bring you the picture of Zaida, the daughter of Don Alonso of Miranda-Aran. She is not dead. She has been brought up by her grandfather, the Bishop of El Seo, and his brother, Don Manuel Sebastian, called the Count of Miranda-Aran."

"But, no—she was stolen away from me—years ago—years ago, I tell you!" she cried; "stolen when she was but a babe—by the Wicked Woman. They told me she was dead. Almost I died! And I would have died altogether but that Don José here, my husband, found me, drew me—saved me—gave me shelter—and rest, and—that love of his which I deserve so little!"

"Hush thee, then, hush! Let us go home! All the rest will be made clear there. Come, Cyrilla!" said Don José, drawing her away affectionately.

"Tell me first when last you saw her," she urged, clutching at me; "is she well? You are sure she lives? It is as you say? Ah! do not deceive a poor woman!"

"At least," I answered, lightly as I could, "she was well a few days ago. She is in France, in the Ariège, safe with one of the truest of women and one of the loyalest of men——!"

A tall tomb of purest white marble

But all the excitement had proved too much for her, and she sank quietly back with a breathing sigh into the arms of her husband. Don José carried her rapidly to the carriage, which was in waiting at a side gate. The crowd everywhere made respectful way. Indeed the incident caused no astonishment whatever.

"Ah, the poor lady, she lost her first, her only babe! I have seen it so written on the tomb!" I heard one woman whisper to another.

"And she has set up a shrine to the Mother of Consolation — *Purisima!* She must, indeed, be a good Christian!" came the answer.

"What better comfort can there be to a mother than to pray to The Mother?" asked the first with uplifted eyes.

You find religion—ay, and true religion

Speak no lies to me

too, though perhaps quite undefiled religion, in every woman's heart in Spain. It is good grain, even though it has not been sifted. Yet who among the doctors is prepared to say how much of religion and how much of superstition is in any human soul?

. . . . . .

Don José lifted Cyrilla out of the carriage and carried her within as easily as if she had been a child. Going up the steps she opened her eyes, and meeting the kindly smile and calm, assuring face of her husband, she said slowly, with a sweet and languid smile, "Now I shall have something to add to the stone in the cemetery by the grotto of our Lady of Tears:

WHOM, HAVING LOST, I FOUND!

Then seeing, or seeming to see, with one of the quick, inexpressible intuitions of women, the shadow upon her husband's face, as if he had been left out in the pronoun "I" which she had used, she added, patting his cheek:

"Ah, José mine, this your little Cyrilla was also lost! For who but you could have found her?"

. . . . . .

Boswell's "Johnson" *

By G. K. Chesterton

NOBODY, it is to be hoped, can raise any objection to a republication of Boswell's "Johnson," but there may be people who will raise an objection to a selection from it. Upon the whole the more cultivated people of the modern world have a tendency to protest against the practice of selecting from such masterpieces, and the phrases "mangling," "truncating," "lopping," and "torturing," are phrases, I imagine, which are kept set up in type in most newspaper offices. But how many people—I am not speaking now of professional literary men or the critics—how many of the ordinary every-day people have read Boswell's "Johnson" in its entirety? It is a very bulky book—or series of books. Its very bulk, I venture to say, frightens many away from the attempt to read it: nay, it forbids them even to possess it. Here, at any rate, is something they *can* read. It is not all of Boswell, certainly; but it is the best of him and much more than any man, having read, can remember. That for certain purposes, and those perhaps the largest, a complete text of any document is preferable, will not be disputed. But if it be maintained that no statement or narrative is of any value if it be fragmentary and selective, the consequences are interesting and somewhat alarming. For it is overwhelmingly probable that almost all the documents, upon which we base our belief in the existence of Jesus Christ, or Socrates, have been mangled and edited again and again. The art of selection has not been invented by modern editors. It is a process which goes on by inevitable operation in all historic things. Every great philosophy, every great religion is founded not upon a diary, but upon a scrap-book. If the world of the future knows nothing more of Boswell's "Johnson" than a selection of some of the most admirable passages, it will be knowing as much (and possibly a little more) than most of us know about the Greek philosophers, or the incomparable wit and wisdom of the mediæval schoolmen. The act of making selections from a writer is simply the crown which awaits his fame; it is the proof of his immortality. If it is really useless for us to judge of anything in samples (and so the most artistic critics tell us), then, certainly, we are all in a most difficult position. There is that interesting

* Reprinted from Boswell's "Johnson" (Isbister's Standard Abridgments, vol. iii. 3*s*. 6*d*. net). Also published in limp lambskin, with photogravure frontispieces and a cover design in gold by H Granville Fell, two volumes, 6*s* net.

object the earth, for instance; we cannot see it in its entirety, except by going to the moon, and then somewhat obscurely; we see as much of it as we can get hold of. The universe itself cannot show us its unity; we have to judge of it in selections. If there is really no justification for dipping into a book, as is the habit of some of us, it seems really doubtful whether there is any justification for dipping into existence, as we all of us do. Whenever, or wherever we are born, we are coming into the middle of something; at whatever time we first begin to take notice, we are reading the last chapter of some story first. Once establish the proposition that good things are useless if they are fragmentary, and all our lives, religion, principles, politics, and habits, become useless indeed. For, whether they are good or bad, they are all fragmentary. I can therefore scarcely admit that a good thing is not good, even in a small quantity; I am prepared to maintain that if one cannot have too much of a good thing one cannot have too little. But it must be admitted that in the case of Boswell a certain extra difficulty arises.

That the book from which the following selections are made is the record of a very great man few will now dispute. The fact which it still requires a certain degree of positiveness and hardihood to maintain is another fact, the fact that it is the record of two very great men. One of these unique figures seems to fill the stage with his stature and the house with his voice; he is emphatic, overpowering, indisputable, a great genius: the other lurks in the background, subordinate, timorous, and eclipsed. He is partly a super, partly a prompter, partly a scene-shifter, partly a carpenter. But when all is said and done he is the writer of the play. He is Boswell, the great dramatist who has made a figure live, like Shakespeare. And at last, after a hundred years and the end of the last echo of Macaulay, he seems to stand some chance of being called before the curtain.

The explanation of Boswell's artistic success which Macaulay gives, to the effect that he gained this great eminence because of his deficiencies, because he was vulgar, and infantile, and pert, and mean, cannot be taken as serious. It is a legitimate rhetorical paradox: it stirs the blood as Macaulay's paradoxes do (and that is no small thing) and it has a certain loose exaggerative truth if it is taken as meaning that some of Boswell's moral deficiencies fitted in with his mission; so did the frivolity of Congreve or the violent life of Burns. But if it is to be taken as meaning that mere curiosity and impertinence can supply the place of insight and a power of portraiture; if it means that a man can became a great biographer by being a snob, the sooner such nonsense, and such evil nonsense, is dismissed the better. We have all known people who gossiped and fawned, who crawled into drawing-rooms and listened at key-holes, but we have not generally noticed that their conversation was a series of subtle and brilliant portraits. And if one of them comes in to talk to us at the moment that we are picking up Boswell's "Johnson," we generally realise sharply which is the more interesting. One of the chief indictments against that sodden and sulky realism which is too common to-day is that it does *not* give a true portrait of a man. It exhibits the things of which a man is ashamed; but the very fact that he is ashamed of them shows that they are not typical of the man or his class and age: it reveals that which is hidden, but if the hidden thing were natural and characteristic it would reveal itself like a flower. It is really preposterous that Boswell should be explained simply as a brilliant eavesdropper. For the fact is that Boswell succeeded in giving a most intimate and powerful picture of a human being without ever having recourse to these privacies and delicacies at all. He wrote nothing about Johnson except what half a score of other people heard; he only describes him as he is on the surface, but he reads the surface like a man of genius. He paints him in the street, but he sees his soul walking there in the sunlight. The fact is in truth an almost inexhaustible evidence of the falsehood of the realistic or keyhole method. The truth about a man comes out much more truly when he is telling his dreams and standards, as Johnson does in these great conversations, than when he is scolding his cook or being scolded by his wife. From the great human Johnson here

presented, with his moods, his transports, his odd tenderness, his odder ferocity, his humour, his humility, his vanity, his love of battle, we can deduce what he would have been like if his cook had been negligent or his wife captious. But from solemn realistic diaries by the cook and the wife we could learn nothing at all. Boswell, so far from being the keyhole snob of biography, is the great destroyer of that snobbishness: if men had been wise, he would have stopped up the keyhole for ever. Nothing could be more significant in this matter than a contrast between Johnson and Carlyle. Of Carlyle we have had all the parlour and bedroom details and he is still a mystery: every revelation leads only to antagonistic revelations. Facts always contradict each other. But Johnson was painted by a genius and accorded to the spirit and there is no more mystery about him.

It would appear to be a singular misfortune of Boswell that people tend to accuse him of those particular biographical vices of which he was not guilty. As has been indicated above, it is not uncommon to speak of him as if he were an unsavoury gossiper and detailer of private things, whereas in truth he achieved a great triumph of psychological analysis without using one private fact or one indiscreet word. In the same way the very word Boswell has passed, for some extraordinary and quite incomprehensible reason, into a symbol for extravagant biographical admiration and humiliating biographical servility. Even Macaulay, who enjoyed Boswell with the whole of that magnificent literary geniality which is to be set against all his errors, took it into his head to describe this tendency in biographers to a cringing eulogy as "the lues Boswellana." And all the time James Boswell simply towers above the whole eighteenth century, as the one man who had discovered that it was not necessary to praise a man in order to admire him. Further than that he was the first who discovered that in biography the suppression of a man's faults did not merely wreck truth, but wrecked his virtues: "I will not," he said, "make my tiger a cat to please anybody." Boswell's life is absolutely soaked with the weaknesses and vanities of Johnson; but they are weaknesses and vanities described with the clearness of an inspired affection. The thing is so artistic that it appears almost to be lifted out of the democracy of the real into the aristocracy of the fictitious. Johnson lives as Uncle Toby and Sir Roger de Coverley live, and that is, no doubt, a very different sense from that in which Harley or St. John, or the Earl of Orford live. The explanation of the whole is merely that Boswell was a great artist, and one of the great men of the eighteenth century.

In a certain sense the very merits of this great book have brought about the difficulties involved in it; the victory of Boswell is proved by his defeat, for he has made this daily and conversational life of Johnson so real that men tend to ask more of it than such a description can give; just as some art critics have maintained that if a statue were coloured in shadow so as precisely to reproduce a human figure, we should only be stri en with a sudden and insupportable sense of disgust that the figure did not move or speak. For it must be remembered that this Samuel Johnson with whom the reader becomes acquainted in these pages is a very different figure by the nature of the case from all the other figures of eighteenth-century literature. The greater number of the ablest modern critics have sat down to argue out with Johnson the views, the fascinating and aggressive views that he utters in this book, precisely as if they were discussing one of the speeches of Fox, or one of the minutes of Warren Hastings, Burke's "French Revolution," or Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." So brilliant and so dexterous are Johnson's utterances that they seem at once to the critic to be brilliant but fallacious essays, dexterous but insufficient Parliamentary speeches. It never occurs to any one that these polished but misleading demonstrations were poured out like remarks on the weather, or curses at a daily paper, and taken down by a man who happened to be listening. They are so good that men have paid to them the supreme and paradoxical compliment: they have not admired them as conversation; they have reviewed them as books.

Nevertheless, every reader should be warned that a certain danger goes with this conventional and over-solemn treatment of the great Johnsonian debates. The truth is that nothing is so delicate, so spiritual, so easy to lose and so difficult to regain as the humorous atmosphere of a social clique. Frivolity is, in a sense, far more sacred than seriousness. Any one who regards this as paradoxical can easily put the matter to a test. Let him ask himself how considerable a number of people there are to whom he would tell, if necessary, a family tragedy. And then let him ask himself how many people there are to whom he would recount, in all its solemn detail, a family joke. There is no bird so wild and shy as the grouse in the gun-room. And it is necessary, even because of the wonderful success of Boswell's biographical art, to endeavour to realise to ourselves the peculiar uproar and frivolity of the table at Johnson's Club. The extraordinary mistakes that have been made by ignoring this are too numerous to mention. For instance, ever since Johnson's time there has been a succession of solemn and eloquent and inane discussions about Johnson's great prejudice against Scotchmen; about whether he was right or wrong, or wise or foolish in hating and excluding them as he did. It is perfectly evident to any one who reads the book with the ordinary sympathies of a human being, that Johnson did not hate or exclude the Scotch at all. Some of his best friends, including Boswell, whom he loved very warmly and very justly, were Scotchmen. It is, in short, perfectly evident that Johnson's hatred of Scotchmen was a standing joke in the circle, recognised as such by him as much as by every one else, and that, whenever an opportunity offered he braced himself for an attack on Scotland in the same way that a recognised humorist would for a comic recitation. Once a Scotchman said to him, in what is obviously a waggish and provocative tone, that after all God made Scotland; "You must remember," said Johnson, "that he made it for Scotchmen; comparisons are odious, but God made hell." There do positively exist in the world people who can read that conversation and think it was serious.

To my Lady Doctor

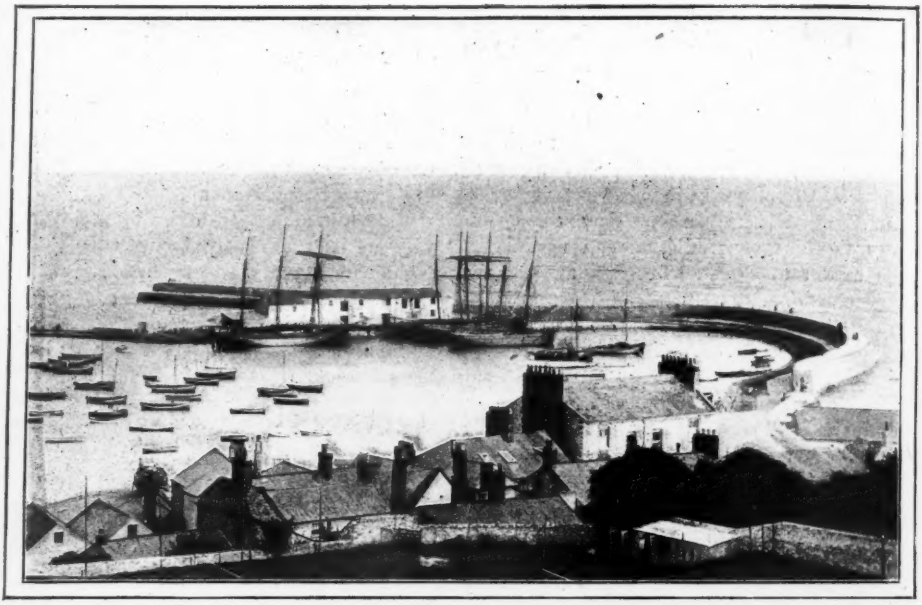
(Written in her Consulting Room.)

You know all the freaks of the lively Bacillus
That dares on our vitals to prey,
The latest devices to cure or to kill us
You've studied for many a day;
If typhoid or "scarlet" their victims are taking,
No Doctor so gentle and wise,
But can you prescribe for a heart that is breaking
For love of your witching brown eyes?

You know how to form a complete diagnosis
Of all poor humanity's woes;
The views of the Congress on Tuberculosis
To you are a poem in prose;
But vain would be Surgery's newest appliance
To banish my sorrow and grief,
No drug that is known to your Medical Science
Could give me a moment's relief!

Throw Physic away then, as Shakespeare directed,
Your lips and your eyes know a spell
More potent than all you have read or dissected
My cardiac torments to quell;
Their magic alone can relieve my condition,
Oh! hasten, to pity incline!
My heart shall for ever be yours, sweet Physician,
If yours in exchange may be mine!

MARY FARRAH.



The Cobb, Lyme Regis

Echo Haunts

By Gertrude Bacon

Illustrated from photographs taken by the Author

ACCORDING to the classic myth, Echo was a mountain nymph who, for unrequited love of the beautiful Narcissus, pined and faded away until only her haunting voice was left, calling softly among the hills. It is among the hills that this mysterious, elusive phenomenon is still chiefly to be noticed; but since the legendary days of the fair Narcissus Echo has sought her love in other and less romantic localities. In caves of the sea and hollows of the mine she makes her home. No tunnel is burrowed under land or water but she appropriates it; and every architect knows to his cost how frequently the wayward fay will take to herself some new-built hall or chamber, and ever afterwards confuse its occupants with her whispering reiterations.

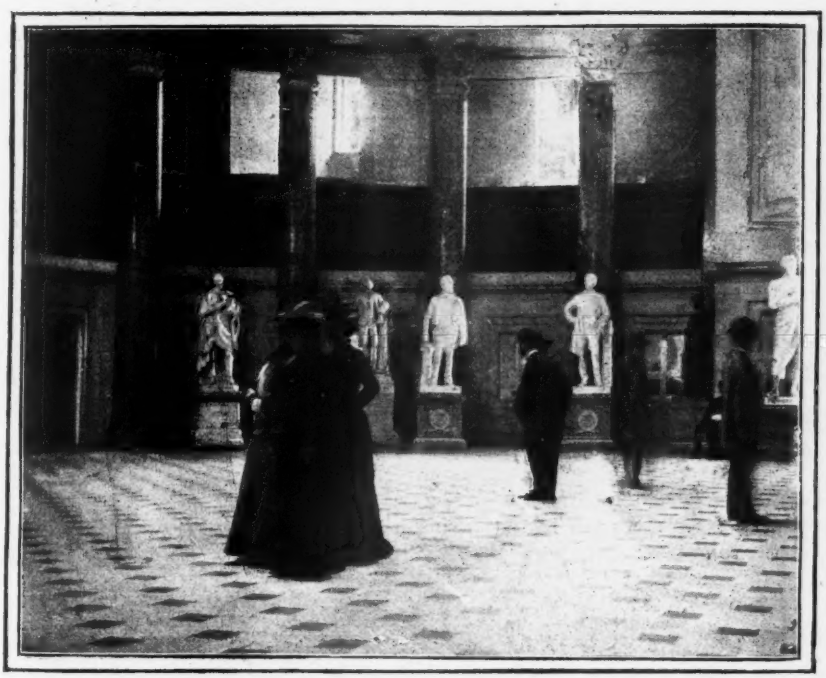
The science of acoustics is, as yet, in its infancy, and men have much to learn before they can solve the mystery of the echo or predict her fleeting moods. Related in general terms the explanation of echoes is simple and easy to understand. Sound, as we know, is conveyed to us by vibrations of the air, which spread around from the source of sound exactly as waves of water spread in ever widening rings when a pebble is thrown into a still lake. Very frequently it happens that these waves of sound, in their outward course, strike against some surface of such a nature that they are, by it, reflected back again without being broken and scattered. And when it occurs that these waves are returned at such an angle as to strike the ear of a listener, we have what we call an echo. Often

more than one reflection goes to the making up of an echo, the sound-waves being thrown from one surface to another in their passage to the ear—just as a billiard-ball will rebound from cushion to cushion on its way round the table.

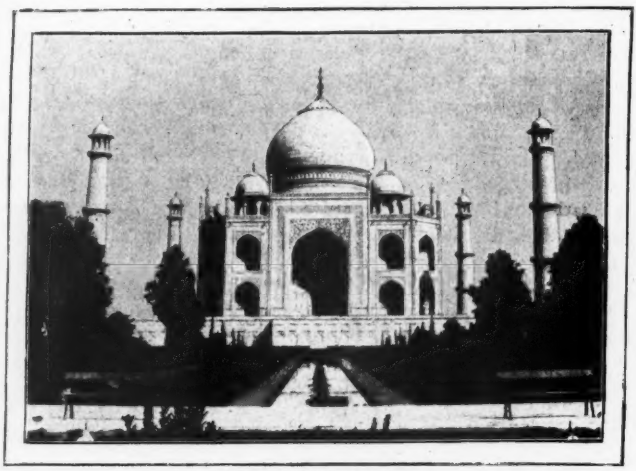
This, roughly, is the cause of the phenomenon. But so endless are the variations of circumstance and environment, and the effects they produce so far-reaching and hard to foresee, that we are continually being taken unawares. Sometimes the echo returns so quickly that it cannot be distinguished from the original sound; and yet its undetected presence is enough to affect seriously the penetration of a voice in a church or theatre. Sometimes one sound will produce several echoes in different directions, which return and return again at different time intervals, to the great distraction of the hearers.

Again the surface of the reflecting object has a great deal to do with the nature of the echo returned. Certain substances seem to have a tendency to absorb the sound waves, and others to reflect them more readily. The striking difference in this way between plaster and marble has been exemplified in the case of the London Stock Exchange. Formerly the interior of this important building was faced with simple lath and plaster, at which time its acoustic properties were satisfactory. Later the walls were covered with smooth polished marble. The result was an improvement in appearance, but this gain was obtained only at a very heavy sacrifice, for with the smooth walls came also the echoes, confusing the voices of the dealers.

Another curious property of sound waves, exemplified in many well-known buildings, is the tendency of the waves to run round a curved apse or gallery, much as a bagatelle ball will run round the curved cushion at the top of the board or a wave of the sea, striking aslant on a shallow bay, will run



Listening for echoes in the Hall of Representatives, Washington

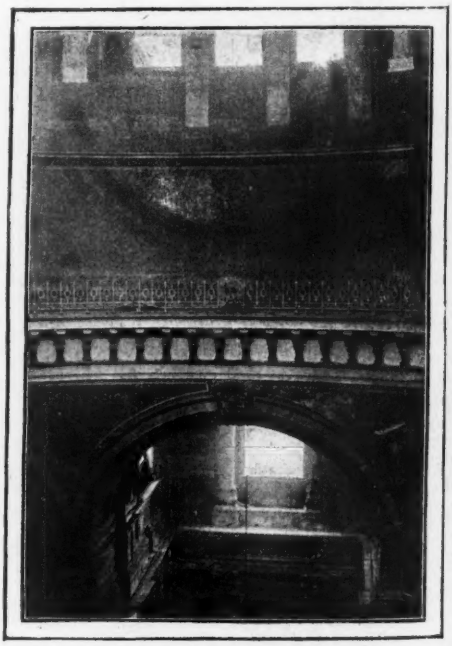


The Taj Mahal, Agra

round the shore. This is the explanation of many familiar acoustic curiosities, notably the famous Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's. Few visitors to our great national Cathedral but have mounted the 160 shallow steps that lead to the wide, gilded gallery and have heard their low whispers carried to each other with the greatest distinctness from across the whole width of the dome. A few minutes' investigation in the gallery will prove that this peculiarity is best shown when the ear is held close to the rounded wall, and the whisper becomes fainter as the listener withdraws further from it. In the same way the observer may notice how, if he stands not exactly opposite the whisperer, but at an intermediate spot, he may hear the whispered words repeated twice over, proving conclusively that the sound waves reach him by coursing along the wall, not by travelling straight across.

A similar effect may be noted at the picturesque seaport town of Lyme Regis. Visitors to this favoured spot are familiar with the ancient stone pier, known as the Cobb, built in a curve around the harbour, its outer wall or parapet rising high above the roadway. The regular curve of this parapet forms in its way a rough outdoor copy of the Whispering Gallery, so that standing close beneath the wall two persons may converse under their breath at a considerable distance apart. In this case the surface of the wall is rough and unfaced. If it were smooth the phenomenon would doubtless be even more striking. Another almost identical instance was, until a few years ago, to be met with at Kingstown Harbour in Ireland. The roadway of East Pier formerly terminated in a sort of crescent, the wall of which formed a natural whispering gallery in the same way as the Cobb when the ear was held close to the wall. The erection of a small fort at the end of the pier has now done away with this peculiarity.

Quite one of the most striking examples of an echo in buildings is the well-known



Whispering Gallery, St. Paul's Cathedral

"Freshman's Knocker" at Trinity College, Cambridge. At the far end of the north cloister of Neville's Court is a small door, forming a private entrance to the Master's Lodge, whereon hangs a substantial time-worn iron knocker. In former days, for the custom seems now to have rather gone out of fashion, it was the wont for 'varsity men to take inexperienced "Freshers" in their first term to this door and point out the knocker, and then lead them to the opposite end of the colonnade beneath the library and show how by striking a particular flagstone with the foot the knocker is made to give a sharp, double rap. Certainly the sound evoked by a loud stamp is quite startlingly like that which the knocker would produce, and frequently ocular demonstration is required to convince the stranger that the handle does not really move.

Everybody has heard the story of the Cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, where the roof is so constructed that the faintest whisper is carried, with perfect distinctness, through a distance of 150 feet from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar. By the irony of fate it once happened that one of these two foci was actually unwittingly chosen for the place of the confessional, and folks were quick to discover how by standing in the other focus they could readily overhear all that passed therein. This led, of course, to the gravest scandals, and the confessional had shortly to be moved. Dionysius, the tyrant, is reported to have contrived what he called his "Ear"—a kind of whispering gallery among the "latomies," or quarries, of Syracuse, from which he could hear the conversation of unsuspecting prisoners in adjoining dungeons.

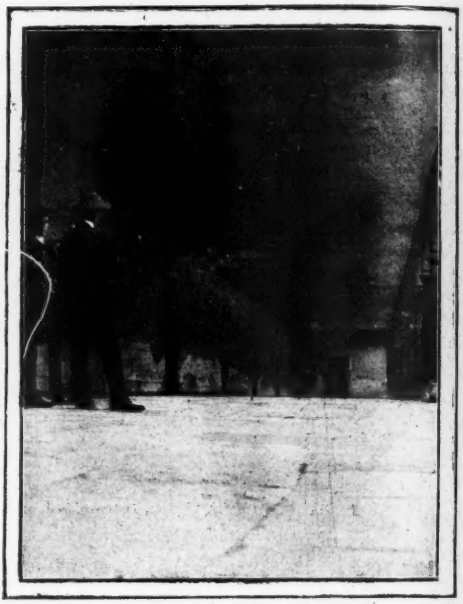
Inspiration Point, Niagara

Many buildings with curved roofs yield surprising acoustical effects, undreamed of by the builders. One of the most noteworthy is to be found in a hall of the mighty Capitol at Washington. It is known as the

Chamber of Representatives, a large room with a polished floor and partly domed roof, filled with statuary of leading men of the United States. From certain spots in this hall the whispers uttered in other carefully chosen places can be overheard. The guides, with whom the building is infested, make full use of this peculiarity to impress visitors, and may be seen marshalling their little parties to the required parts of the room all day long.

A yet more famous American echoing chamber is the Tabernacle of Salt Lake City. Here, when the hall is empty and quiet, the fall of a pin on the floor can literally be heard from all points, and even the feeble sound produced by simply rubbing the hands together is perfectly audible from one end of the building to the other. Similar instances might be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*. In the Abbey of St. Albans the ticking of a watch can be heard from end to end of the church. An octagon gallery in Gloucester Cathedral carries words spoken in a low voice seventy-five feet across the nave. In Paisley is a vaulted Gothic chapel, without pulpit, pew, or ornament, said to have the finest resonance in the world. When the west door is shut the noise is equal to that of a loud clap of thunder, while the striking of a note of music produces reverberations of the most beautiful description.

However this may be, it can well be doubted whether the effect in the Paisley chapel can equal in beauty the glorious echoes that haunt the dome of the Taj Mahal of Agra. Any visitor to this most magnificent of all tombs will carry away with him abiding recollections of the marvellous result which follows when the native guide, standing in the dimly lit interior, raises the weird wailing cry that only an Indian knows how to utter. Up soars the plaintive call into the darkness above, and there in the vast space of the great dome it echoes backwards and forwards in countless melodious reiterations, fainter and faster, until it seems as the voices of a choir of angels holding sweet converse in another world. The effect, indeed, is absolutely unique both in beauty and interest, and forms one of the most noteworthy features in the whole unrivalled building.



Freshman's knocker, Trinity College, Cambridge

Tunnels and enclosed galleries are almost always characterised by curious acoustic effects, brought about by the echoes from vaulted roof or curving sides. At the London Sewage Works, at Barking, is a certain long tunnel, constructed but never used, which repeats most perfectly long sentences. This is only an extreme instance of a common phenomenon. Another case in point is afforded by the famous Tubular Bridge which crosses the Menai Straits. It was specially noticed by Sir John Herschel, who, in his "Treatise on Sound," described how the sound of a blow of a hammer on one of the main piers is returned in succession from each of the cross beams which support the roadway, and from the opposite pier at a distance of 576 feet, and in addition to this the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway. The result is a long succession of sounds of the most complex variety, returned and again returned at varying intervals of time.

The Blowing Stone, Vale of Whitehorse

So far we have noticed only those echoes which are connected with buildings, and for which the hand of man is more or less responsible. As always, however, Nature, by her own unaided means, can produce far finer effects. Who has not heard of the echoes of Killarney—the phantom voices which haunt the lovely Gap of Dunloe! Here the sound of a horn may be heard returning again and again from the crags around, fainter and fainter as it fades among the hills—veritable

Horns of Elfland, faintly blowing.

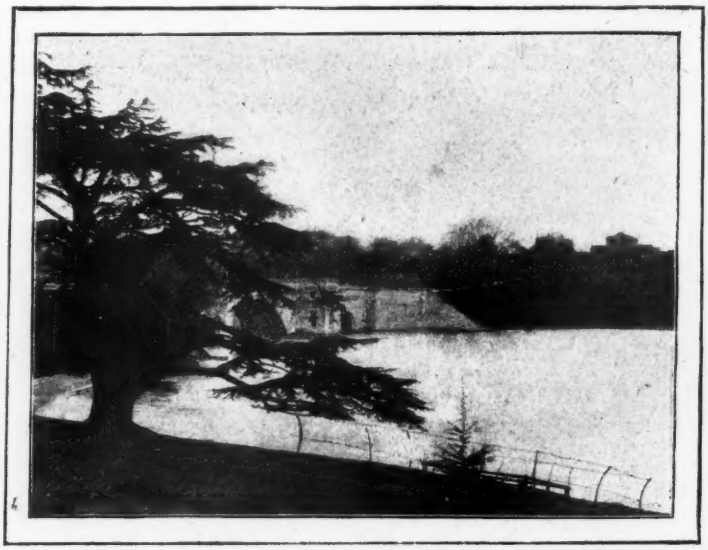
Deep ravines are always favoured hiding-places for the disembodied nymph. Many who have visited Niagara will bear witness to the unrivalled effects to be sometimes noticed in the Great Gorge. The echoes dwelling in the wild depths of the Colorada Cañon are in their way unequalled. Peaceful England holds several similar examples, of course on a smaller scale. At Stansfield, in Essex, is a valley where the rectory stands on a hill nearly three hundred feet above sea level, while in front the ground slopes down a hundred feet to a stream below, and rises nearly two hundred feet on the opposite side. From this house the bells of fourteen or fifteen villages may be distin-

Gap of Dunloe, Killarney

guished, while footsteps, and voices in ordinary conversation, can be heard across the valley at fully half a mile.

At Grassingly, in Wharfedale, is a wide limestone valley of broken surfaces, among a cluster of hills, and here no less than a horn, or the rattle of a pistol-shot, bring forth mighty reverberations that fairly stagger the listener.

In these cases the echoes are unchanging, and can be relied on, year after year, to arrive when thus rudely summoned. In



Scene of the echoes, Woodstock Park

nine echoes can be evoked by a strong voice in calm weather. Similar in nature, though more striking in effect, are the echoes of the Hardanger and other Norwegian Fjords, which can be aroused to loud clamour by a ship's whistle. Natives of mountainous regions take advantage of this peculiarity of their homes, and by specially pitched mountain calls communicate with each other over long ranges of intervening country.

Nor are there wanting vaulted roofs of Nature's own providing to rival the echoing domes of man's construction. A cavern by the sea must surely have been Echo's first and best loved home, so fondly does she cling to it. The thunders of the ocean boom ceaselessly within the rocky caves of Sark, producing weird and grand effects, and in the natural vaults of Cornwall and the Scilly Isles the clap of a hand, the blast of other instances, especially in those where a building, or part of one, plays a part in the effect produced, a once famous echo may be by some alteration either greatly impaired or altogether destroyed. Ancient writers have described an extraordinary echo at Roseneath, in Argyllshire, which repeated eight or ten notes of a trumpet three times over, transposing them into a key a third lower. This has now completely disappeared, and so has the echo at Shipley that once was said to repeat twenty syllables. Yet another famous echo haunt whose glories have departed is Woodstock Park, where, in a lovely and romantic spot, near Rosamund's Well, seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night were formerly recorded as answering the voice of the visitor.

The fable that this wonderful phenomenon may yet be observed is still held to in many

guide- and text-books; but if the reader seeks to investigate for himself, though he will be rewarded for his pains by the beauty of the splendid park and the fine trees by the side of the lake, he will find the echo very sadly deteriorated. The reason is said to be the alteration of the bridge which spans the water and carries the broad road up to Blenheim Palace.

Though perhaps a little wide of our subject, mention may here be pardonably made of a humble retreat in whose narrow and straightened recesses Echo still condescends to cower. Readers of Tom Hughes' "Scouring of the White Horse" will remember his description of the "Blowing Stone," and dwellers in "The Vale of Berks" will be familiar with the huge unhewn block of sarson, which stands hard by the roadside at Kingston Lisle, at the foot of the cruellest hill in all the countryside. This great shapeless block is pierced with a number of natural holes, by applying his mouth to which, and blowing as into a horn, a practised performer can produce a weird, booming sound of extraordinary volume, that floats up over the downs and is said to be audible six miles away. "King Alfred's Horn" the rustics call it, and believe that by its means the good king summoned his forces for the great fight he fought and won a thousand years ago upon the slopes of the neighbouring White Horse Hill.

Echoing Cavern, Sark

Sunday Readings for November

By the Right Rev. Handley G. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham

FIRST SUNDAY

A CHILD OF GOD

"The creation itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God."—Rom. viii. 21 (literally rendered).

FROM a paragraph of supreme interest and significance comes this great promise. In the midst of what is, on the whole, the deepest and largest chapter of spiritual teaching and promise in the whole range of his writings, the Apostle here, on a sudden, lifts the veil from the future of universal creation, of what we commonly mean by Nature. About that creation he tells us two main truths; the first, that it is now in a state and stage of unrest and suffering; the second, that this stage is related to a condition into which the creation is yet to pass as travail is related to birth; a time is coming when the groan shall be stilled, and the tossing quieted, and the constraint exchanged for liberty. It is now an iron age. But the age of gold is not, as to the pagan poets, lost in the vanished past. It lies in the yet curtained future. The year of bliss is in front. The creation is yet to be delivered into a liberty supreme and final, towards which already in mysterious yearnings it may be said to look and to move.

What that liberty shall be, in its details and also in its essence, "it doth not yet appear." But we may reverently conjecture that it shall be the experience of a state in which the Lord of Existence, whose will alone is its ultimate law, shall decree the removal out of His handiwork for ever of all friction and all decay, commanding Nature at last to enter, in a profound transfiguration, upon a state over which all that we mean by death and by dying shall no more have dominion. He who alone knows the inmost truth alike of mind, of force, of matter, as they rest for their being upon Him, shall so readjust them to Himself and Himself to them that the civil wars of creation shall be for ever over, and finite being, in all its regions, shall be at peace within itself. In the kingdom of matter, as in that of spirit, God shall be all in all.

O eternal Life,
After storm and strife,
When, when shall come Thy peaceful glories in?
All things yearn and sigh
Till that hour draws nigh,
Till God's great days of endless calm begin.

He who is "Head over all things to the Church" (Eph. i. 22) is also identically He who is the Cornerstone of Creation, "in Whom all things are held together" (Col. i. 17). He is the very life of both worlds; both worlds at last shall come out into that bright fulfilment of which His Headship is the pledge.

But our highest purpose to-day is not to discuss the future of the universe. It is to direct one simple but illuminating thought upon "the glory of the children of God," and so upon the glory of being a child of God indeed. In a wonderful way the Apostle makes the emancipation of Creation to hinge upon "the manifestation of the sons of God" (ver. 19); its "liberty" is bound up with "the glory of the children of God" (ver. 21). The supreme freedom for the weary universe will not come anyhow; it will come when they, the children of its Maker, enter on the full and eternal fruition of their "adoption; to wit, the redemption of their body" (ver. 23) in the resurrection-bliss.

Think of the testimony of such a truth to the grandeur of the privilege of such a sonship, such a childhood! "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God!" (1 Joh. iii. 1.) By the vastness and splendour of the attendant "deliverance" of Nature, we may estimate in some small

measure the transcendent wonder of that gift of grace, the new birth of sinful men into the very family of the Eternal. And shall we not covet a full and everlasting part and lot in that "adoption," in that "regeneration"? And shall we not aim, in our study of its nature, its conditions, its evidences, as high as possible? If I read the Scriptures aright, I trace in them what I may call concentric circles of divine sonship. There is indicated, though dimly and with reserve, a divine sonship in man's nature and man's race as a whole, such that the creature "made in the image of God" is, as such, His "offspring." There is further revealed a sonship of gracious connexion with Him in His redeeming plan, such that Israel of old was "His son" (Exod. iv. 22), and all now who are baptized into the name of Christ are "His sons." But, shining out with a solemn light as the central circle of all, and seen in passages of weight and number large indeed, appears a supreme sonship, the sonship of the human souls which actually believe, and love, and overcome the world, while "the world knows them not." Read for illustration and evidence that one short but unfathomable book, the First Epistle of St John, and ask if the thought there is not altogether of this inmost and ultimate reality, the sonship of the living saints?

Well, the living saints, be their outward lot what it may be here below, have before them an amazing future. "It doth not yet appear what they shall be." But it doth appear that for the bursting of the bud of what they are into the flower of what they shall be, the whole Universe is waiting, yearning, groaning.

> With them number'd may we be,
> Here and in eternity.

SECOND SUNDAY

MESSAGES FROM THE HIGH-PRIESTLY PRAYER

1. THE GENEROUS MASTER

"They have kept Thy word."—St John xvii. 6.

We owe to the Germans, I believe, that beautiful title for the seventeenth chapter of St John, "the High-Priestly Prayer." Wherever it originated, it is a perfect designation of this sacred passage, "the Holy of Holies of the Bible," as it has been also called. For He who spoke this exalted Intercession, with eyes uplifted to heaven, while His disciples listened around Him, was indeed the supreme "High Priest of our profession," almost in the act of offering up Himself as the Propitiation for our sins. And in this utterance He was doing His High-priestly work as truly as in His act of sacrifice. For the high-priests of Aaron's line, His types and forerunners, were at once sacrificers and intercessors. Every autumn, on the great Atonement Day, when under the open heaven they had done their altar-work outside the sanctuary, they entered, alone, into its curtained recesses, and appeared as intercessors in the Holiest, before the Ark, the Cherubim, and the Glory, pleading for Israel with the plea of the victim's blood.

Our blessed Aaron, the Lord Jesus, had not indeed as yet offered up Himself, actually, on His dread altar upon Golgotha. But that work was all complete in the eternal purpose before the world was. And so nearly was it over now in historical accomplishment, so close to Him now were the Garden and the Cross, that He speaks to His Father as of a deed already done; "I have glorified Thee upon the earth; *I have finished* the work which Thou gavest me to do."

So His prayer is founded on His work. It rests upon His offering. It is an intercession altogether sacerdotal, priestly, high-priestly, in its kind and its power. Surely it was spoken, just then and there, within the very sight and hearing of His followers, that they might the better realise what was to be the tone and burthen of that wonderful "advocacy" which He should carry on for them in the heaven of heavens itself, "seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high."

Let us draw near in humblest reverence, and in the very simplest faith, and listen for ourselves to the blessed Intercessor, as if we also stood beside Him in the Upper Room, or in the Temple court under the Paschal

full-moon, or just at the water's edge before He crossed the Kedron; wherever it was that He spoke to His Father for His Apostles and (ver. 20) for us.

As we listen, one element in the Prayer shall to-day leave itself particularly upon our hearts. I mean its element of a tender and wonderful generosity, if the word may be used without presumption. In the course of praying for the disciples, the Lord, incidentally, speaks about them, by way of description and character. They are "the men whom Thou gavest me out of the world"; the men who are "Thine," and therefore "Mine," in a profound connexion. "They have kept Thy word." "They have known surely that I came out from Thee; they have believed that Thou didst send me." "I am glorified in them." "The world hath hated them, because they are not of the world."

Such is the great Intercessor's view of His followers, and His description of them, in that deep colloquy with the eternal Father's heart. How grand and noble a picture it is! What a group of heroic saints must this be, gathered around their Leader, filled with His Spirit, entering into His purposes, open-eyed to His glory, responsive to His will, true to all the finest touches of His truth and love!

As a fact, how was it? Reverent be all our thoughts of the holy "Apostles of the Lamb." Who are we that we should discuss them lightly, or name without a certain solemn shrinking any even the slightest weakness in men for ever now bound up with their Lord's glory? But it is no irreverence to take and remember their own description of themselves. It is they who with noblest fidelity to truth tell us how dim their insight was, all along, up to and beyond that hour, into the splendour of their Redeemer's being, into the holy awfulness of His atoning work, into the coming triumph of His resurrection. It is they who depict to us Peter, and Thomas, and James, and John, and Philip, in their mistakes of word and conduct; their own protests against His coming sufferings; their flight from beside Him in the Garden; the terrible oaths of denial of Him in the house of Caiaphas; the total failure to expect His victory over the grave.

Such were the men who heard themselves thus spoken of by the Son to the Father when, in their presence, yet as if alone, He lifted up His eyes and prayed.

How shall we explain the beautiful but surprising paradox? I do not think we are to say that the great Advocate, in that act of prayer, viewed them as involved in His merits, clothed in His righteousness, hidden, and so in some sort transfigured, in Himself. No doubt, for glorious purposes, they were, and we ("who believe through their word") are, in mysterious reality, involved, and clothed, and hidden, and transfigured so. But that is in respect of our need of finding, as guilty beings, a sinless welcome to the home of the present love and peace of a reconciled God. It is not in respect of our personal characters, and actual thoughts, and actual exercises of will and affection. And it is of these that Jesus is speaking here.

Two suggestions in elucidation may be made, both drawn from the heart of Christ, both running up in reality into one.

The first is that He, absolutely clear-sighted, saw into those troubled and imperfect hearts to a depth where, by His grace, latent but genuine, lay the seeds, so to speak, of that Pentecostal life which was so soon to be fully theirs, and in which so largely, so luminously, in a true transfiguration, He *was* to be "glorified in them." He saw the seed, and in the seed the flower, as if it bloomed before His eyes.

But then, secondly, He who thus saw, saw with eyes not only absolutely clear but also generous, with a love before which the objects of its regard were beautified and glorified by its own light. It belongs to the supreme personal character of the Son of God to delight to welcome and to praise, to seize the least occasion for it, and to hold up the thing so honoured in a radiancy of kindness which makes it already, to His heart, what He would have it be.

For such a Master who, that gets one glimpse of Him, would not live and die?

THIRD SUNDAY

MESSAGES FROM THE HIGH-PRIESTLY PRAYER

II. THE THEISM OF THE LORD JESUS

"Father, the hour is come. . . . Holy Father. . . . O righteous Father."—St John xvii. 1, 11, 25.

We listened last week to our great High Priest, our Intercessor and Advocate, as He prayed for His Apostles, and for us "who have believed through their word." We observed then that gracious aspect of His prayer, the generous love with which the Master thought and spoke of His servants, looking at their imperfect graces in the light of His own sublimely tender affection, till those graces shone transfigured by that radiancy into something nearer His own bright image.

To-day let us approach and listen again. And our attention now shall be given to an altogether different element of the High-Priestly Prayer. We will follow it, so far as we may, not downward towards its human objects but upwards towards the Hearer of it above, the Father thus invoked by the Son. So listening, so pondering, we shall learn a little of the Theism of Jesus Christ.

"I believe in God." It is the very first article of the Christian creed. It is the first article of creeds not Christian, the Jewish, the Mahometan. It is a confession to which witness is borne, deep and manifold, from every various quarter, first and most weightily by the conscious self of man, then by the whole universe mental and material around it. Conscience and science alike, heard in quiet, affirm the existence, the will, the presence, at once above and within the world, of a personal Majesty, ultimate and supreme.

Yet few are the thoughtful hearts that do not sometimes feel the mystery of their confession more intensely than its certainty. Reason itself sometimes, and imagination often, falter, or seem to falter, questioning in the silence and the dark whether indeed the Personal can be also the Infinite; whether a supreme Free Will can indeed be trusted to be at work under the seemingly absolute uniformity of the world-process; whether the course of experience, alike in the universe or in the individual, accords with the assertion that over everything, always, everywhere, a holy and kind purpose presides. There are hours when even the established disciple passes under the cold shadow of such questions. Perhaps it is in illness, when the body weighs down the spirit. Perhaps there has just happened one of those great public calamities which make even the modern world shrink and pause; a ghastly wreck at sea, or on the railway, or, on the larger scale of things, an eruption of Krakatoa, or of Mont Pelée. (It is said that a perceptible wave of atheist feeling in Europe followed upon the great earthquake at Lisbon, a century and a half ago.) Or the wheels of ruin come over our own hearts; our home is shattered by bereavement; we have often spoken sympathy to others, perhaps a little too easily and glibly, "but now it is come upon *thee*, and thou faintest; it toucheth *thee*, and thou art troubled" (Job iv. 5); and the stricken soul asks, is there indeed a Father who "pitieth His children"? Why does He let things happen, then, which no earthly father would allow, if he could help it, to fall upon his child? Why does He let them happen, *and keep silence all the while?* Such thoughts, if not brought to a halt somehow, may go on till they slide downwards to that dread abyss of Jean Paul Richter's "Vision," where the soul seemed to see, at the centre of the universe, *a socket without an eye.*

Many are the reflections, simple and profound, by which the "mind" whose "loins are girded" (1 Pet. i. 13) *can* bring such thoughts to a halt on the dreadful incline, there to wait for light and power from on high. But I know none of them at once more simple and more deep than that which "remembers Jesus Christ," and listens again to His Theism. Behold this Personage. To His moral glory, unique and supreme, universal conscience witnesses, far beyond the pale of His Church. His transcendence over the law of death is assured by His resurrrection from the grave, without which the world-wide worship of His name at this

day cannot be explained. His contact with an eternal plan is evidenced by His appearance then and there in the world, at the end and issue of a vast avenue of prophecy and preparation. Contemplate His person, His character, His work, His infinite influence. Is He not to be trusted as one who stood in true relations with the unseen and everlasting?

With such thoughts, look upon Him and listen to Him again as He "lifts up His eyes to heaven," and speaks into the other world. What does He see there? Whom does He address? To Jesus Christ, behind all veils, above all mysteries, "eternity" is "inhabited" by One who lives, who loves, who hearkens, who is holy, who is righteous, who is on the throne of things, who is His own sacred FATHER. "O righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee, but I have known Thee. Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world. This is life eternal, to know Thee, and Me whom Thou hast sent. I have finished Thy work. Now come I to Thee."

Come, let us look up through our Master's eyes. Let us ascend upon His words. So we shall at length go where He is gone. And we shall rest meantime, with thoughts like these, in the unalterable certainty that GOD IS LOVE.

FOURTH SUNDAY

PERSONAL CONFIDENCE AND ITS POWER

"I know whom I have believed."—2 Tim. i. 12.

HERE we have two personalities in immediate contact, "nothing between." On the one side is the man believing, this human Ego who asserts this individual knowledge about the Object of an individual reliance. On the other side is that glorious Object, also personal; not "it" but "He," not "which" but "Who." Unnamed, He is however, in the context, unmistakable. He is the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal, whom to trust, in spirit and in truth, is "pardon, and holiness, and heaven."

The man believing, the person who relies, and who affirms his personal knowledge and personal faith, is Paul. His course is very nearly at an end, after all its eventful experiences. "He is ready to be offered"; he is writing his wistful, wonderful farewell to the living man he loves best, with the practically certain prospect, within a few months at latest, of a martyr's death. He is left almost entirely alone as to old companionships. He is shunned by ordinary society, as he never was before, for it is a reign of terror now, and he is its leading designated victim. He is called to the singular sorrow of going down to death amidst the apparent ruin of his whole life's work; for truly to every eye but that of the firmest faith the enterprise of Christianity must have seemed to be on the verge of extinction at the date of the death of St. Paul.

Yet his tone is calm, and his hope is unshaken. Not that he does not feel, and has no tears. As we reflected in an earlier chapter, no writing in the New Testament is so full of deep and strong human emotion as this Second Epistle to Timothy. The critics who would make it out that the "Pastoral Epistles" are a fabrication, untruly signed with the Pauline name, can never duly have weighed this great element of the evidence in their favour, this accent of the suffering heart in the Second Epistle, an accent which religious fabricators of that age were quite incapable of personating. No, this is the writing of a real man in real pain, tenderly conscious of the "tears" (i. 4) of his friend, dwelling with yearning love on the names and memories of other days (i. 5), and alluding, though only alluding, to heart-breaking sorrows and solitudes of his own (ii. 9, iv. 10, 11, 16). The tone, the dialect, is pathetically authentic; the inventor's miserable art could not approach it.

But then, the assurance and repose of this man's spirit, beneath his sorrows, is unbroken. He has no misgivings about his cause; "the foundation of God standeth sure" (ii. 19). And as to himself, far from a sense of collapse and failure, he has an even exulting consciousness of a task accomplished, a victory won, and "a crown of righteousness" ready for him in the hand of a triumphant King (iv. 7, 9); for him, and

for an uncounted multitude besides, who share with him the brightest of all hopes; "not for me only, but for all them also that love His appearing."

What is the secret? Stated as briefly as possible, and in its essence only, it is faith. "He believes, therefore he thus speaks." "This is the victory that overcomes, even his faith." And what is faith? In the sense at once of common language and of divine truth, of the marketplace and of the Bible, faith is trust, it is personal reliance.

This man, awaiting the death-warrant and the executioner, is sure of ultimate success and of eternal life not because he is a philosopher, nor even because he is an inspired prophet of the future, but because he personally relies upon Jesus Christ, who has promised him peace and glory, and who is such that His cause cannot possibly do other than prevail. It matters little whether Paul can so foresee as to be able to say, however vaguely, by what methods the triumph will be won. It is enough that he knows his "glorious Leader"; to know Him is to be sure of himself, for he is joined to Him, and it is to be sure of the outcome of the long campaign, for the Commander is almighty and infallible. The man who belongs to Jesus Christ and who relies on Him may well be at peace. He is lifted above perplexity and disappointment in the arms, and at the heart, of his redeeming King.

Such is always the victory of the saints, over sorrow, over mystery, over everything that threatens. It was Peter's victory when confronted (John vi. 68) with the unfathomable mysteries of Christ's teaching: "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. We believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." It was Martha's victory when wounded to the heart (Joh. xi. 27) by not only her brother's death but the seeming indifference of her Master about it; "Yes, Lord, I believe that Thou art the Christ."

It is a truth of deepest reason as well as of purest revelation, that "we are saved by faith." For the meaning of those words in Holy Scripture is that we are saved by *a trusted Christ*. Here is no mere formula of dogmatic thought. It is the watchword of the living soul which has seen in any measure its "own exceeding need," and has been shut up to that "confidence of self despair" which finds in Christ *alone* the infinitely adequate basis of its reliance.

"I know whom I have trusted; I am persuaded that He is able."

FIFTH SUNDAY

CHRIST OUR ALL

"Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."—1 Cor. i. 30.

In the margin of the Revised Version a rendering of St Paul's Greek here is given, which interprets it, as I believe, better than any other rendering. Quoting the passage consecutively, to include the margin, it runs thus: "Christ Jesus, who was made unto us wisdom from God, both righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." The Apostle's meaning is thus represented to be that the Lord is given to us, by His Father's supreme bounty, to be our "wisdom," our secret and solution for all our perplexities and needs; and that this "wisdom," when applied in detail, takes a threefold aspect, in relation to a threefold primary necessity of the soul of man, man the sinner and the mortal. As regards the problem of guilt and condemnation, Christ Jesus is our "wisdom" in the form of "*righteousness*." As regards the problem of the power and tyranny of besetting sin within us, He is our "wisdom" in the form of "*sanctification*." And as to the last great problem, death and the grave, "this same Jesus" is our "wisdom" in the form of "*redemption*," "to wit (Rom. viii. 23), the redemption of our body."

Even if we retain the "Authorised" rendering, or that given in the text of the Revision, the explanation of the passage will work out much as I have here given it, if we illustrate the great words "righteousness" and "redemption" by St. Paul's own use of them elsewhere, and remember that the "and" which connects "wisdom" with them is a very elastic link-word, and readily lends itself to the meaning "even," where

the context favours. But I repeat my belief that the margin of the Revision is the truest counterpart of the actual wording of the apostolic Greek; and it most certainly gives us this for its message, that Christ Jesus, as our wisdom, is such in this *threefold* aspect of grace and blessing.

Placing the verse before us for our study, let us first very briefly recite afresh to our hearts what these three sides of mercy are.

i. Righteousness. For commentary, we turn to the Roman Epistle, written very nearly at the same time. In it, we open that golden chapter, the third, at the 25th and 26th verses. Take them with their context, and carry on your study over the fourth and fifth chapters, and can you doubt what is meant there by "righteousness," "the righteousness of God?" It is nothing less than His own secret of peace, the acceptance of sinful man, in Christ, as if he were not sinful; His "justification" of "the ungodly" (iv. 5); His welcome of the offender as satisfactory to the very law he has broken—not for no reason, but because the blessed Christ of God, one with the Lawgiver, has become the propitiation for our sins. If words have meaning, that is the message there. And it is the message also here, by the same great messenger. Christ Jesus is our "wisdom," "our thought profound," in face of the problem of our acceptance. For "He is the Lord our Righteousness."

ii. Sanctification. That is to say, an inward hallowing, a willing, self-surrendering, dedication to the holy Lord. Truly the problem here is dark and deep. It is well to be pardoned. It is wonderful to be accepted, justified; which is more than to be pardoned; for pardon need say no more than, "You may go," while acceptance can say no less than, "You may come, even to the heart and home of God." But it is impossible for the living conscience to be ultimately content even with that amazing blessing *isolated from its intended sequel*, the purity of the heart of the accepted man. And what shall inwardly cleanse that polluted recess? Shall toils and tears of ours do it? Shall laceration and mortification of the body do it? Not at the centre, not in the depth. There is only one effectual "wisdom" *there*. It is Christ Jesus, our "sanctification," the personal secret of our inward separation from sin to God. "I have learnt the secret at last," said a naturally passionate man, asked how he had come to be all that was kind and patient. "I used to try to keep my own temper; I now trust it to my Lord to keep for me." He had found Christ Jesus his "wisdom" in the aspect of sanctifying presence, peace, and strength.

iii. Redemption. This, as I have indicated, is to be taken here, following thus *last* upon those other words, as the final redemption, "the redemption of our body," foretold of old by the prophet (Hos. xiii. 14): "I will ransom them from the hand of the grave; I will redeem them from death." How shall it be? Nothing that we can watch seems more final than death, more hopeless than the grave. Our "wisdom" breaks down there, in dust and ashes. But not so the wisdom of God, which is His Son, Christ Jesus. In Him behold death actually conquered, and the human body actually transfigured into immortality. He has given practical proof that "He can subdue all things to Himself." And He has given His word that they who are joined to Him shall share *the whole* of His victory, in body, soul and spirit.

In closing, let us stand back from this wonderful verse and look at it once more, not in its threefoldness but in its unity. Three sublime blessings have passed before us, covering (when we think them out) our whole need as sinners who must die. But they all run up into one thing. Nay, into one Person. They are not abstract propositions about Christ; they are Christ Himself. No distant effects, ejected afar from Him the Cause, are here in view. HE, living, loving, suffering, triumphing, indwelling—HE is ALL.

Therefore the "all" on our side is to accept Him, in all the fulness of what He is, with the open hand of the very simplest personal reliance, taking HIM at His word.

Stories of Authors' Loves

IV.—The Peace that came to Tennyson

By Clara E. Laughlin

TO be a wife, a real, true wife, to any man—his eternally fore-ordained soul's complement—is a mission calling for the most love-inspired and alertly intelligent gifts and graces vouchsafed to woman. Nothing, not even motherhood, gives her so supreme an opportunity. A mother may be all wisdom and all devotion to a child whose temperament and tendencies are distinctly, and by Divine right, opposed to her own in nearly every particular; there is no law of love requiring her to be the soul's complement to each of her offspring or to any of them. Somewhere, to be revealed perhaps by time, perchance not until eternity, that mate exists for each of them; it is hers only to do what she may to make them meet for that union when it comes. But to the father of her children she owes more; to him she is either the one woman in all the world who is best for him in every sense, in every need, or she is no wife at all. Of course, the converse is true; but of the qualities that go farthest towards making marriage a perfect union, God gave the more to woman; hers the supremer capabilities of all the self-sacrifice involved in the mighty undertaking of fusing two in one, and hers being the greater gift, why, *noblesse oblige!* hers the greater opportunity.

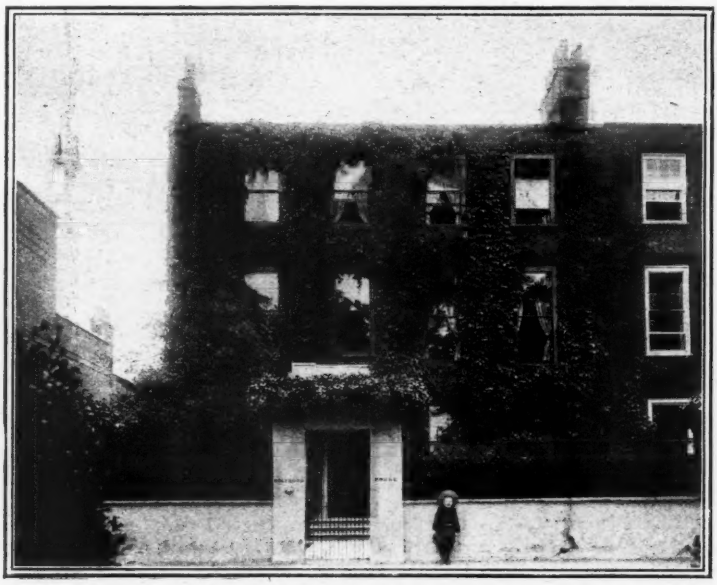
All this being true of the wife of any man, it is twice true of the wife of a man of genius; perhaps it is no wonder so many women have failed in this undertaking, when one comes to think of all it entails. But as example is better than precept, and particularisation than generalisation, here is the story of a great poet by way of illustration:

Alfred Tennyson was always a more or less saturnine individual. "Grand, gloomy, and peculiar," the phrase coined for Napoleon Bonaparte, seems even better fitted to the late Laureate of England. Whereas the disposition of his great contemporary, Browning, was singularly social and sunny and capable of adaptation to the commonplace, that of Tennyson was unsocial and predisposed to melancholy. "I require quiet, and myself to myself, more than any man when I write," he told Miss Sellwood (afterwards his wife) in one of his early letters to her, doubtless in defence of some of his social shortcomings; and in the long, silent stretches, when the thought-seeds were germinating in the poet soul, Tennyson seemed to require quiet and "himself to himself" no less than when in the actual labour of transcribing. Even in his companionships he was prone to choose men who talked little, or at least, men who knew how, at times, to maintain a companionable silence. It is recorded of Carlyle and Tennyson that they

Alfred Lord Tennyson

(*From a drawing by S. Lawrence*)

once sat through a whole long evening, until midnight, or past it, in the Carlyle house in Cheyne Row, without uttering a single word —just smoking, smoking, and feeling a vast content, no doubt, in the knowledge that if company, and his friend Arthur Hallam (he to whom, later, "In Memoriam" was dedicated, in lament for whose untimely taking-off it was written) did the honours of the house where he was such a dear and frequent



Holyrood House ormerly Chapel House, Montpelier Row, Twickenham. Lord Tennyson's home for some years after his marriage. Hallam, the present Baron Tennyson, was born here in 1852

either of them cared to speak he would have an intelligent listener. And Tennyson's love of silence, or his aversion to communication, extended even to correspondence, so that when he did write, his letters were mere good-natured growls of whimsical apology. Rapt in the wondrous maze of his own reveries, seeing visions, dreaming dreams, or terribly intent on observation (a faculty developed in him to the utmost), he simply didn't want to be bothered; that was all!

One spring day in 1830, when Alfred Tennyson, yet a student at Cambridge, albeit with three published volumes of poems to his credit, was home at Somersby Rectory for a vacation, the Sellwoods, a neighbouring family, drove over from Horncastle to call on the Tennysons. Alfred the solitary was out somewhere, roving about in his own good guest, by asking Miss Emily Sellwood to walk with him in the Fairy Wood close by the Rectory. At a turn of the path they came upon Alfred, "who," says his son, "at sight of the slender, beautiful girl of seventeen, in her simple, grey dress, moving 'like a light across those woodland ways,' suddenly said to her, 'Are you a Dryad or an Oread wandering here?'" That was his first glimpse of her who was to be the one perfect woman to him for ever after—there in the lovely Fairy Wood, with the flickering afternoon sunlight playing down upon her through the tender leafage of early spring, so that she seemed to his poet's fancy a thing ethereal added by magic to the beauties of the vernal wood.

Six years later, when his brother Charles married Miss Louisa Sellwood, youngest

sister of Emily, and Alfred, as groomsman, walked into church with Emily as bridesmaid, something of the poetic attraction the slender slip of a seventeen-year-old girl had for the young undergraduate not yet quite turned of his majority seems to have returned at sight of the lovely bridesmaid dropping tears by his side, for to her, soon afterwards, he wrote his sonnet, "The Bridesmaid":

O bridesmaid, ere the happy knot was tied,
Thine eyes so wept that they could hardly see;
Thy sister smiled and said, "No tears for me!
A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride."
And then, the couple standing side by side,
Love lighted down between them full of glee,
And over his left shoulder laughed at thee,
"O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride."
And all at once a pleasant truth I learned,
For while the tender service made thee weep,
I loved thee for the tear thou couldst not hide,
And prest thy hand, and knew the press returned,
And thought, "My life is sick of single sleep;
O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride!"

But not yet did this wish of his come true, although soon afterwards an engagement existed between them and an ardent correspondence began, Alfred having now moved up to the vicinity of London with his widowed mother and the younger brothers and sisters of the family. During these years he was working steadily, doing some of his greatest work, but publishing not at all—biding his time in quiet, preparing to take his place, with the publication of his volume of 1842, with the leading men of letters of his time. But although he was giving his life, all his energies, to poetry, even to the sacrifice of friendly enjoyments and ordinary family sociability, poetry was not as yet paying him anything in return, and he was sore vexed by a great and ever-present lack of pence. He had enough for subsistence, but not enough for luxuries of any sort, often not even enough for a short journey he dearly desired, and certainly not enough, hardly, in remotest prospect, to marry on. So after two or three years of waiting and working, the engagement to Miss Sellwood was broken off, by wish of her family, and all intercourse ceased between them, by order of those too interested in her welfare to allow her to fritter away her youth and love on a man who, so far as discernible results might testify, had apparently accomplished not a single thing in nigh on ten long years.

So, the silent, taciturn Tennyson, shut off from the companionship and intercourse he loved most, shut himself off from all other, and during the next few years the cessation of correspondence between him and his most intimate friends was so complete that in writing the story of his father's life, Hallam Tennyson, to cover this period, had to get survivors of his illustrious father to rack their memories for some impressions of him during those years, what he was about, where he went, and how he seemed to his friends.

With the publication of the 1842 volume, however, Tennyson was justified. It contained, as has been said, some of Tennyson's greatest work, some that he never surpassed, and placed him at once in the forefront of English poetry.

About this time Carlyle, writing to Emerson about him, described him thus:

Alfred Lord Tennyson

(By G. F. Watts, R.A. Portrait painted in 1859. In the possession of Lady Henry Somerset)

"One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusky, dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown and complexion, almost Indian looking, clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy, smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe."

The late Lady Tennyson

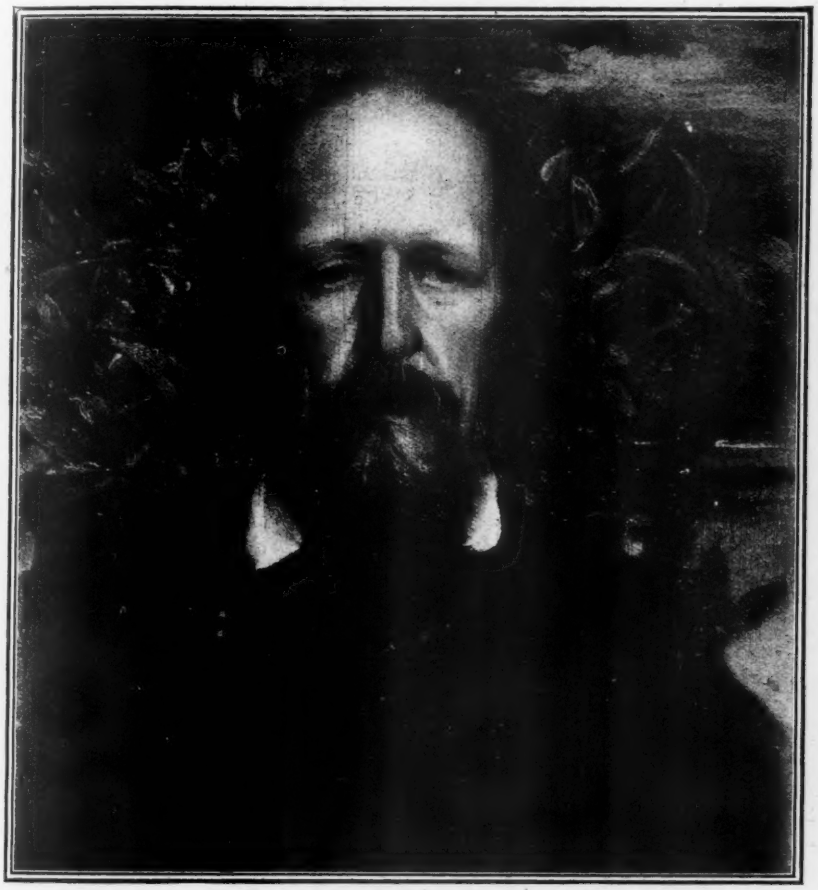
(From the portrait at Aldworth painted by G. F. Watts, R.A.)

Carlyle is constrained to say, however, that he does not enjoy a great deal of Tennyson's society:

"He often skips me, in these brief visits to town; skips everybody, indeed; being a man solitary and sad, as certain men are, dwelling in an element of gloom, carrying a bit of chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into cosmos."

So pronounced, for a matter of fact, were Tennyson's tendencies to gloom, in those years, that he must needs be almost constantly treating for hypochondria, usually with the hydropathic treatment, and his friends were often seriously alarmed for the safety of his mind. The death of Hallam had greatly undone him, and the forces of the man's own great mind working, working, working so constantly, in such concentration, with so little recreative divergence of interest, came nigh to self-destruction. Moreover, with his anxiety to marry, he had invested his little all in a business enterprise of a family friend, who inspired Tennyson with so great enthusiasm for his scheme that the unworldly-

wise poet sold his little estate in Lincolnshire and added to the proceeds even the five hundred pounds left him as a legacy by Arthur Hallam's aunt, to further the industry, uniformly admitted merit of his 1842 volume, in the grant of a life pension of two hundred pounds a year, secured from the Crown by the good offices of Lord Houghton. Honours



Alfred Lord Tennyson

(By G. F. Watts, R.A. From the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery)

which proved an ignominious failure, swallowing his all and returning him nothing. His distress after this failure was so great that his life was actually despaired of. "I have drunk," he writes, "one of those most bitter draughts out of the cup of life, which go near to make men hate the world they move in." But in 1845, soon after this crushing disappointment, Tennyson had a stroke of exceedingly good fortune, earned by the were plenty in these days, too, and life looked not quite so bleak to Tennyson. However, in 1847, the year of the publication of "The Princess," the poet was again under cure for his melancholia and general ill-health, and among his letters we find him writing from the sanitarium at Umberslade:

"They tell me not to read, not to think; but they might as well tell me not to live. I lack something of the woman's long-en-

during patience in these matters. It is a terribly long process, but then what price is too high for health, and health of mind is so involved with health of body."

And again from the same place:

"At this moment my own family do not know where I am: I have not written home, nor shall write I dare say for some time; to be sure I am not at any time much in the habit of writing home, and so my people know my ways and forgive them."

If his growing fame gave him any great happiness in these years, there is no evidence of it in his letters or journals, or in the letters of his friends. He was restless, constantly moving from place to place, meeting many of the celebrities of his time, maintaining friendship with a few of them, but on the whole, as Carlyle said of him, "a man solitary and sad, . . . dwelling in an element of gloom," smoking "infinite tobacco" and writing with infinite labour—thinking wonderful thoughts, though, for those were the years when he was working on "In Memoriam," sounding the depths and scaling the heights of the greatest requiem ever sung, the most comforting poem, perhaps, ever written since the shepherd-king of Israel, the man of many sorrows, wrote "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

All these years Tennyson held no communication with the one person whose approval meant more to him than all else. But one thinks it was to her he wrote the lines in "The Princess":

To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they win her; for indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

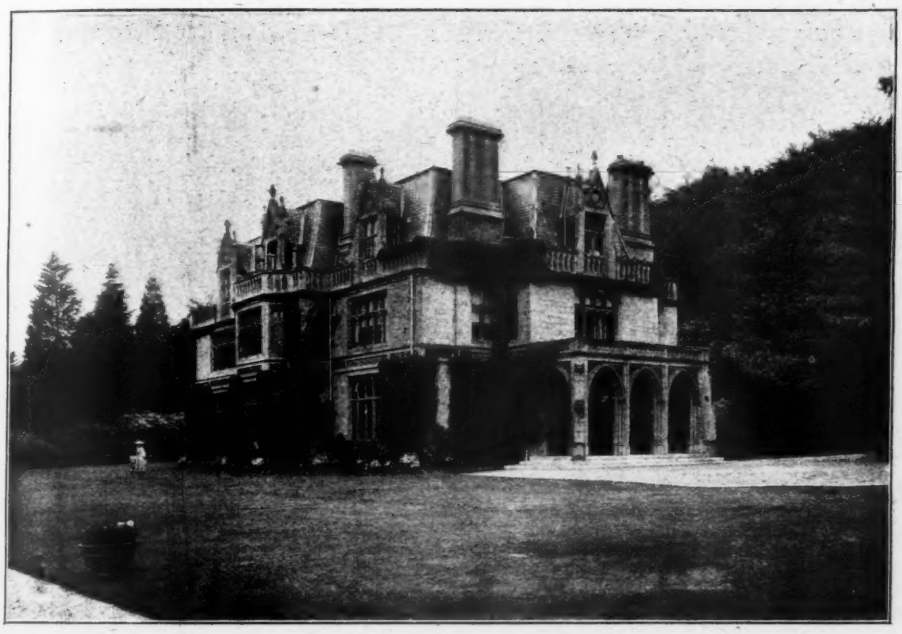
(*Frith, photo, Reigate*)

Farringford, the late Lord Tennyson's home in the Isle of Wight

At any rate, he kept high faith with his "maiden passion," and so, to her everlasting honour and glory, did Emily Sellwood keep faith with hers. In 1850 the poet and his lady met at the home of a mutual friend, after ten years of separation. He was past

orty then, and she, the "Dryad or Oread" of Fairy Wood, was a quiet, delicate, spirituelle woman of seven-and-thirty, frail in body, with the great repose of one who has suffered much and over much been triumphant.

fine taste of the late vicar, and therefore filled with the very choicest specimens of mediæval art, chiefly obtained from the remains of the celebrated Abbey of St. Bertin, near St. Omer, sacked during the first French Revolution."



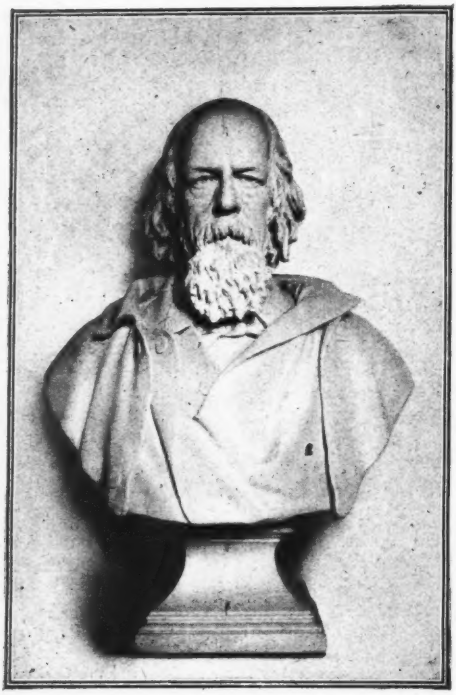
(*Frith, photo, Reigate*)

Aldworth, the late Lord Tennyson's home at Haslemere

At this time "In Memoriam" was ready for the press, and the publisher had promised Tennyson a small yearly royalty on it and his other poems, which, with his Crown grant and a few other small moneys, made the poor poet feel, at last, that he could honourably offer Miss Sellwood a home. It was all very quietly and quickly settled, and on June 13, 1850, the month which saw the publication of "In Memoriam," there was a wedding "of the quietest" in Shiplake Church, "one of the grand old village churches," Miss Mitford says, "which give so much of character to English landscape. A large and beautiful pile it is . . . the tower, half-clothed with ivy; . . . famed far and near for its magnificent oak carving and the rich painted glass of its windows, collected, long before such adornments were fashionable, by the

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Rawnsley, vicar of the church, Mrs. Rawnsley being a cousin of Miss Sellwood's, and the meeting between the lovers after their long separation having taken place under her roof. So hurried were the simple preparations for the marriage, that when the wedding-day came the dresses ordered for the bride had not arrived; even the wedding-cake was missing. But Tennyson liked it all the better for that. The little wedding-party was of the smallest, all close relatives of the bride and groom; and there, before the beautiful old altar, in the superb, vaulted church, stained with soft-toned rose and green and indigo by the sunlight pouring through the wonderful painted windows, the great, handsome poet, "Hercules as well as Apollo," clasped the fragile little hand of Emily Sellwood and

grappled to himself a staff and stay which never failed his mighty spirit in its mightiest needs from that day thenceforth, until, releasing it for a brief season, he slipped out to sea to meet his Pilot, leaving behind him "no sadness of farewells," but only a subdued joy in his investiture with immortality.



Alfred Lord Tennyson. (Posthumous bust.)
(*Modelled by F. J. Williamson. In the National Portrait Gallery*)

In after-life he used to say of that June morning, "The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her."

"With her," writes his son, "he always discussed what he was working at; she transcribed his poems; to her and no one else he referred for a final criticism before publishing. She, with her tender, spiritual nature, and instinctive nobility of thought was always by his side, a ready, cheerful, courageous, wise and sympathetic counsellor. It was she who shielded his sensitive spirit from the annoyances and trials of life, answering (for example) the innumerable letters addressed to him from all parts of the world. By her quiet sense of humour, by her selfless devotion, by 'her faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,' she helped him also to the utmost in the hours of his depression and sorrow."

And to her he wrote the dedication of "Enoch Arden":

Dear, near and true,—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall,—take this and pray that he
Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself; and after praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise;
And after autumn past—if left to pass
His autumn into seeming-leafless days—
Draw toward the long frost and longest night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.

This was written in 1864, when they had been married fourteen years. Nearly thirty years after, in 1892, when the majestic old poet, past his four-score mark by several years, was concluding the last volume of poems he was ever to give to the world, he wrote this dedication for the book, addressed to her:

There on the top of the down,
The wild heather round me and over me June's high blue,
When I look'd at the bracken so bright and the heather so brown,
I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,
This, and my love together,
To you that are seventy-seven,
With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,
And a fancy as summer-new
As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather.

Serene and sweet she walked by his side for more than forty years, quickening his insight, strengthening his faith, fulfilling his every heart's desire; and when the eventide was come,

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark . . .

she was still there, nor let go his hand until he put it in that of the Pilot himself when he had "crossed the bar."

The Silence of Janet

By Chameleon

I

"ANDRA, Andra, my man, I jest canna pairt wi' ye, I canna dae it, it jest fair kills me."

"Whist, my bonnie lass, whist. The time'll wear awa', it'll no seem that lang, and I'se warran' it'll be my hindmaist trip, and mind ye, my dearie, y've gotten the bairns."

"Oh aye, I ken fine, but a' the aine o' them winna mak' up for my ain man"; and with that Janet flung herself weeping on to Andrew's shoulder.

"Janet, woman," he said, hoarsely, "gang ben the hoose. I hear the wean greetin'." Janet took one long despairing look at Andrew, their souls met in their eyes, "Haste ye back," she sobbed, as she vanished into the cottage; Andrew straightened himself, made one long, hasty stride towards the door, stopped, and shook his head sadly. "Fat for?" he murmured, "it would be a' to dae again"; then shouldering his bundle he disappeared over the crest of the hill.

The Cargills' cottage faced the sea on the desolate, wind-blown, north-east coast of Scotland. The cold grey-blue sea rolled and crashed over shingle, or further east crawled sullenly over half a mile of weed-strewn sand. Between the sand and the agricultural land stretched a hilly waste of glaucous grey "bent," which further inland gave place to short, dry, crisp grass links, covered with whin and thyme. There were no trees visible for miles, only here and there a group of dog-roses relieved the monotony of the vegetation. Andrew had been born, and his wife Janet had lived in the district all her life. From the time of their marriage fourteen years before this story began, Janet had never slept one night from home. Andrew was but twenty-one, and Janet eighteen when their first child was born; since then Andrew had made seven voyages, but Janet, with nine children, amongst them twins, had never got further from home than the little country town where her people lived. With her baby the next lot at her heels, and the bigger bairns to "set to school," she had her work cut out for her and had little time to fret and pine after the husband who came and went every few months. But now, it was different; he was off to Australia, to the other side of the world. It was before the time of steamers and of weekly posts; so this was indeed a real parting, a separation for months, if not for years.

"Puir folk wi' a family havna muckle time to greet and girn," and Andrew was hardly out of sight before Janet dried her eyes, and set her baby to her breast, "the bairnies manna be hungered though my hert brakes," she murmured, as she stirred the porridge. Weeks passed into months, and now and again from some far port a letter come "frae faither," and then the elder children gathered large-eyed round their mother to hear what "faither" said about the places they "learnt on the map at the schule," and for that day the play would be—to dig through the sand and get to "faither on the other side of the world"—but, always before the tunnel was half big enough the relentless tide would turn, and three or four cruel waves would destroy all. Later came a letter telling how "faither" had left his ship and gone up country to dig for gold, and by-and-by little bits of that gold in the shape of money orders came home to Janet, with many loving hopeful words about that "grand day when he would chance on a monster nugget and return rolling in gold!" The younger children had, of course, forgotten what their father was like; but to the elder children he was as a god knowing good and evil, for he had been "everywhere over the sea," he was at the diggings now, probably in a cavern of gold, and filling his "hanky" with nuggets to send home to them! "Oh!" they used to cry, "if we could only dig deep enough to meet him half way, but the tide comes in so quick!" Then—with a shout of delight

they would be off again once more to try their strength against the encroachments of the mighty ocean. At such times Janet would lift the bairn who had never seen his father to her heart, give him a fierce hug, less indeed for himself than for the sake of the father "whose vera living image he was."

At home life went on in this fashion for about three years, whilst under the burning Australian sun Andrew was starving and slaving for gold. He and a chum had a small mine of their own, and every penny which Andrew could spare was sent home to the wife and the bairns. Every night, before the sleep of sheer exhaustion laid hold of him, he would turn towards home, and his tired thoughts flew in confused torrents to God, Janet, and the bairns. The lonely man under the lonely sky felt comforted as he remembered that "Janet had aye the bairns for company." Once a month, with hands unused to any labour but that of the pick and the "cradle," he would write home, and as there was no post-office within hundreds of miles he had to confide his precious letter to the carrier, and to trust him with the little bag of gold dust which was to be enclosed to the wife in the shape of a money order. The carrier departed with this golden treasure, and once a month he returned with Janet's letter bearing its precious breath of home and love, and as Andrew took it he seemed to take with it the village of St. Skea; the narrow envelope of rough, thin, yellowish paper, fly-blown and common, seemed to contain everything—wife and bairns and home; the wind-blown links, the peculiar tarry smell of a fishing village, the very cottage window where this envelope had been displayed amidst oranges, sweeties, and wool, the post-office in fact which did duty as a general shop, dwelling-house, and savings-bank; every little insignificant item of home life once so commonplace and unnoted seemed to rush vividly before him till his hands trembled and his eyes grew so dim that he could hardly open, far less read, the little details about the children's growth, the marriage of one neighbour, the death of another; all the scanty scraps catalogued, but sparsely commented on, which formed the bulk of Janet's letter. It was never at the first reading that Andrew enjoyed his wife's letter, but later on every detail was gloated over and dwelt on; and as the fierce, unshadowed southern sun seemed to stand still over Andrew's head, he pined with an unutterable heart-sickness for a taste of the north wind, and a mouthful of easterly haar!

After this manner husband and wife were in touch with each other for three years, and then—there followed month after month with no letters; at his end Andrew waited in vain. At first he wrote to Janet, fearing that she was ill, and still sending his gold dust, still hoping, longing, praying for "a line." But no answer came. At last Andrew doggedly made up his mind that "Janet was wearied o' him, and maybe had ta'en up wi' anither man, which he kent she had the richt to dae gin she liket, after this prolonged absence." Steadily Andrew set himself to turn his thoughts from bonnie Scotland and to concentrate them with national determination on the work in hand. Night and day he and his mate worked and dreamt of gold—of nothing but gold, yet, dream-like, the realisation evaded them. New carriers came and went, but they carried nothing more for Andrew; he had long ago ceased "expecting," had turned "dour," and sought no better company than his own. This went on for six years, at the end of which time Andrew's mate "had enough of it," and went home almost penniless, leaving Andrew to worry on as best he could. And Janet—Janet with her nine bairns—Janet with no "man" and no money—Janet a deserted wife and mother—how was she faring, what was she enduring? Long after Andrew had ceased to write she continued writing, for at first she never doubted but that there had been some mistake, and that presently a whole bundle of letters would come together. Then, when this did not happen, she "misdoubted but that her letters would be lying drooned at the bottom o' thae terrible seas." At last, when a whole year of twelve long, empty months crawled slowly behind her, she broke down and cried with an exceeding bitter cry that God and man had forgotten her and that she was a widow indeed, "for

Andra's no deid," she would say; "I ken fine he's living. Ye'll no persuade me that ony evil could come ower him and me no ken." She ceased writing—she that was so proud of "her schulin," her "hand of write." She closed her lips to her neighbours and spoke no more, even to the bairns, of their father; for Janet was a proud woman, and sought neither help nor counsel, even from her own folk. Up in the morning almost before sunrise, she "kept" her house, turned out her children with the best, wove nets, knitted stockings and jerseys, made common country "wrappers," worked indeed in thousands of ways, so as to be "beholden to no man;" and after the bairns were bedded, she would put her work into a creel and away with it to the fishing villages round about, where all respected and sympathised with her in her desire to keep her head above water and do for herself. Outwardly it was a busy life, with sufficient mechanical occupation to destroy remembrance, to destroy thought, almost, indeed, to kill love for the man she had married. But though Janet's fingers were busy, her heart was unoccupied and burnt within her. Her active brain was alive to everything, her listening ears open to every childish, half-suppressed questioning from those lips and eyes which recalled so vividly the father whose name she now so unwillingly uttered. Janet was a loyal wife, and "the bairnies were Andra's as well as hers, so it was no for her to speak ill o' the faither," only, for herself, she had put love past—hidden it from herself, as she had hidden—not burnt—all the letters of those first precious years of wife-hood. Still, she could destroy neither the love nor the letters, —they were both "put past to await the Judgment Day, when the secrets of all hearts will be revealed." "For it wasna my blame," she murmured; "I wrote and better wrote." Then she would rise, light the lamp, and begin some work which required her undivided attention.

It was in the summer of the sixth year, after all communication had ceased between Andrew and Janet, that George Crail (who had been Andrew's mate in Australia) came home to his village, some ten miles from St. Skea. News of this sort travels fast, but it was some time before any one ventured to mention his name before Janet, and it was not until George had spoken of her several times that a neighbour's wife "chanced to mention" to Janet that he was on a visit at his father's.

Janet was at the pump when she was told, and with true delicacy of feeling the neighbour "jest cudna luke, but I heard the handle o' the pump gae clanking up and doon like mad and nae water coming—and that tell't me that Janet, puir stock, was fell put aboot. Janet gied a richt queer kind o' laugh, and then she speered gin ony o' us had had a crack wi' him." I said, "Ou, ay, Jock Thompson had been awa' haverin' wi' him. She speered nae mair, but gied me a nod, and syne gaed ben the hoose."

"Ben the hoose" in a restless, nervous fashion Janet did her day's work; but, after the children came home from school, she said to the eldest girl, "I'm awa', Jessie, an erran'. Ye maun keep the hoose and the bairns. Mind ye didna let Elsie near the fire."

"Ou, aye, mither. Will ye be lang awa'?"

"I didna rightly ken, lassie. Ye can bed yoursel' and the bairns, but didna steek the door."

It was a wild, windy evening when Janet, with the pretence of a basket over her arm, set out to try and get a sight of her husband's mate. She had not fairly made up her mind what she was going to do, how she was to see him, to get him alone, or what, if she should see him, she would ask or say. She only knew that she could not go to bed and sleep, feeling that she was within ten miles of the possibility of seeing one who had so lately seen—Andrew. As she got near the village she thought she would likely meet him hanging over the gate just outside, for she knew the ways of her menkind, and she could surely get some chance of drawing him apart and getting just "twa three words" with him out of hearing of the other men. She was right. As she drew nearer she could hear Crail's voice laying down the law on foreign affairs to his old but untravelled companions.

Janet's knees were knocking together as she slowly passed the group.

"George Crail," she said, "why, that's never you, man?"

"Ay, is't," he replied, "an yer jest the body I'm seekin'. Woman," he said, without a moment's warning, "woman, ye've spielt a gude man and fatna a wye is that o' daein'? ye've jest ruined Andrew."

"Fatna Andra?" Janet gasped to gain time. "There's mair Andra's than ane in this warld."

"Ye ken fine, Mistress Cargill—ye that has keepit his name a thae years, the mither o' his bairns!"

"Faither and mither too, gin it comes to that, Maister Crail," retorted Janet; "muckle their father has dune for them thae sax year back."

"Haud yer whist, ye leein lummer, and he sending a'thing hame ilka month and ye —ye never sae much as letting him ken ye received it, puir Andra!"

"Ilka month weel I wat! that lasted jest the three year — twise that since I had the scrape o' a pen, sax year, Geordie, syne I named Andra to ony ane but mysel—for I thocht shame." And with that Janet broke into long restrained sobs.

Geordie stared

"Mistress Cargill," he said, "are ye raving—or am I? I was wi' Andra a' the time till six months syne, he wrote, and ye wrote—the first three year, and then yer letters drappit, and yet he wrote even on, and he sent ye maist a' he had, and ye never answered, and syne he waited, and aifter a year and a day and never a word—syne—he drappit too. Oh lassie, lassie, his hert was sair, and he thocht ye werna sweer to get rid o' him."

"Sweer to get rid o' him, wi' his bairnies roond my knee, and at my breast! Na, na, Geordie, there's mair intult than meets the een. Man, are ye speakin' God's truth to me the nicht?" Janet paused white as death, stony and quiet now.

"As God's abune us twa, Mistress Cargill, Andra believes himsel' deserted—by you—he's proud is Andra, he never cast it up to you, he never but aince named you to me a' these sax years, but I ken brawly," and the man's strong voice shook.

"Geordie, write—tell him I've had him in my hert and nane but him for a' these years, it's some mistak, some mischief, but—it's no me."

"I misdoubt, mistress, that carrier man has played fause. Andra was that trustful like, he aye ga'ed him the letters an' the gold, and maybe—he jest took advantage of ye baith."

"Ay—but gin he stole Andra's letters fat for sud he tak mine?"

"Weel, either wise, Andra would had kent fine ye hadna had ony, ye aye tellt him a' thing."

"Ay did I—my ain m[illegible]! Oh, Geordie, Geordie, to think o't—to think that ony body wi' a hert in them should rieve twa! —write, Geordie, write the nicht man, for I canna, maybe he wudna open my letter, write and tell him to come awa hame—to me—and his bairns" Janet's voice broke—she laid both her hands in Geordie's and then Janet took up her basket and strode swiftly home over the dark wind-blown high-lying roads.

It was a year after that before Andrew got home. News came that he had landed, and that he would arrive next day. News came in the shortest of notes.

"Wife—I will be at the station at four to-morrow—Andrew."

Mad with joy, the family some of whom were now come to man and womanhood, set their hearts on "meeting father at the train."

Janet said nothing, but when the time came she appeared without her shawl and bonnet, her set white face and quivering lips contradicting her apparently calm indifference.

"Mither ye'll be late," said Jessie, bristling with importance.

"What for, lassie?"

"Why, to meet faither, it wants the quarter now."

"I'm no to go to the station, lassie. I—I—canna be fashed—na, na, he can jest come to me here."

"Mither!" said the astonished daughter, "mither, are ye no caring?"

Janet just "ga'ed her a look" and swept ben out of the kitchen.

"Peter," Jessie whispered to her brother, "never did I see mither carry on like that. Fat ails her, think you?"

"Oh, weel—I dinna ken, puir mither! she's maybe agein a bit, and disna want faither to see her hair sae streakit and grey." Peter had come early to the courtin' time and was particular as to women's looks. "Come awa, the train will be in and there's plenty o' us wantin' mither."

There on the platform they stood ranged in a row "looking out for father." A grown-up son and daughter, the twins halflins, and the other five catching each other up in the various stages of wisdom and stature. Andrew with grizzling beard and toil-worn hands recognised them sooner than they him.

"My bairnies," he said, holding out his hands as the tears chased each other shamelessly down his hairy cheeks, "my ain bairnies—far's yer mither?"

"She wudna come, she's waiting ye at grandmither's," Jessie said, speaking for all; Peter, dumbfoundered and shy of all emotion, had turned aside to read the time tables pasted on the wall. With a glance at his eldest son, Andrew pulled himself together, produced a pipe and a tobacco pouch, and with a "hae" to Peter, "d'ye ye smoke, lad?" lighted his own and handed the match flaming in the hollow of his hand to his son. Peter nodded, and the little party marched voiceless on to "grandmother's."

The door was open and "grandmother" was standing behind it, she reached out one withered shaky hand to Andrew as he entered followed by the awestruck children. "Bairns," she said, "gang to yer tea in the kitchen, I'm coming, and you, lad," turning to Andrew, "gang ben, she's waiting for ye."

"Andra, my man!" "Janet, my ain dear woman!" And then the voices ceased, and the silence that followed was more eloquent than any speech. Side by side they sat on the horsehair sofa, hand locked in hand, just looking and looking into each other's eyes.

"Andra," she said, "there's ower muckle for us to say, we canna begin to it."

"Janet, my wife, we needna sure gae back upon it, we ken it was a mistake, we're baith thegether aince again, fat mair need we seek?"

"Never to pairt mair, Andra, never again."

"Never again, so help me God!" said Andrew very solemnly; and then with one long kiss they rose and joined granny and the bairns.

II

Andrew and his wife settled down once more in their quiet little village; Andrew had to look about for work, for he had never found "gold" to any extent, and what he did find he had spent, having had no heart to save.

About a year after his return he read in the newspaper that the mine where he had worked so long and made so little had turned up trumps, and that if he had not sold his share he would have been a rich man now. He did not, however, take this to heart. He and Janet and the younger children were very happy together. He had got work that he liked on a yacht. He was employed never far or long from home, he earned good wages and was content.

For some years everything went on well, but one cold spring day some business connected with the yacht took him to Aberdeen, where he caught a chill. He felt so terribly ill that he thought he would put his pride in his pocket and ask for hospitality from his wife's niece, "who was married there on a sea captain," a great lady who kept "a servant." At any other time he would have passed her door without even "cryin' in," for she had the reputation of being that "stuck up" since her marriage that she looked down on every one connected with the ordinary seafaring business. She was a "captain's lady" and "owed it to herself to keep her place;" Andrew, however, felt so lonely and so ill, that he fell back on the blood-relationship which in his idea ought to carry all before it. He rang the bell and asked for Mrs. Captain Whitton without any great misgivings. Mrs. Captain Whitton came sailing into the room, after keeping him waiting about ten minutes, dressed in

her second best gown, with a large miniature locket of the absent captain at her neck, and a tray with cake and wine in her hand.

"Is that you, Uncle Andrew?" she said. "The servant couldn't make out who you were exactly."

"Weel, it's me, Jemima. I was passing, and to tell the truth I felt so queer like I thought I'd jest see if you could let me bide for the night."

"Well, uncle, you don't look very well, I'm bound to say. Try a scrap of cake and a glass of sherry wine. I'm sure I'll be glad to give you a bed, for the captain's away and nobody's likely to look in—so—you see ye'll not be in the way or meet in with anybody to signify. Just sit down and I'll tell the servant to put the sheets on the bed and be back."

It was not a very warm welcome, but Andrew felt too ill to move elsewhere, though he would have done his best had he overheard Mrs. Whitton's directions to her lass.

"Oh, ye needn't trouble much, he's just a vera distant relation and not accustomed to good wyes. You can put the cotton sheets on the wee back room—that'll do well enough."

"No fire?"

"No, certainly not, the chimney smokes. Oh, I don't believe it's damp, it's not more than six months since the bed was slept in, and there's no time for all that fyking. Just put on the sheets and be done with it."

And so Andrew's chill got worse instead of better, and when the doctor was called, he said it was double pneumonia, that a person with any sense would have seen how ill he was, that his wife had better be sent for, but—that he didn't think she could arrive in time.

It was a wild-eyed white-faced trembling woman who marched into "grandmother's" on that bitter cold March afternoon, "Mither" she said, and her stiff blue lips hardly moved, "mither, I've just looked in to say that Andra's deid, and I'm awa to Aberdeen."

"Janet!" shrieked grandmother, "what sets ye to say siccan a thing?"

Janet put a telegram into her mother's shaking hand.

"Lassie," she moaned, "ye ken I canna see wantin' my glasses—fat is it?"

"It's from Elizabeth, and it says, 'Come, Andra here dangerously ill.' Ay," she continued, "but I ken better, my man's deid."

"My girl, fat for should ye think that? She disna say that—ill's no deid."

"But I ken, mither, I ken he's deid, and I'm his mairrit wife—and, oh, you a' said he was deid years and years ago. I kent then he was living, jest as brawly as I ken to-day that he is—dead——!"

And with that Janet, who had never let go the handle of the door, turned and fled up the street to catch the train to Aberdeen.

Janet arrived to find her husband dead. She brought his body home and laid it with his kin in a little melancholy churchyard on the top of a barren rock. At high tide the waves almost encircle the promontory, and in a storm the white-flecked foam is driven over and across the desolate little mounds which are so much exposed to their violence that nothing grows save that brave little rosy blossom the wild sea pink. Janet's heart broke that day, broke at a sorrow so unforeseen, so apparently unnecessary.

She did not, however, die, but all her tenderness died with Andrew, and she seemed often hard and unsympathetic to her own children and grandchildren. She became a very lonely old woman, who insisted on living her own life, thinking her ain thochts in her own way, in her own home—which she declined to move out of or to let any one share with her.

Now and then Jessie, her eldest married daughter, who lived not far off, would go to "keep mither company for a bit." One day her mother, being out at the back getting "kindling," Jessie thought she would try and make mother's bed—for at "eighty-seven it's hard to shake up a feather mattress proper like, and it gets into lumps." Whilst she was doing this, the end of the bolster opened, and out of it fell bundles of letters.

Jessie could not have wondered more had they been pound notes. She picked up one, and recognised her father's handwriting—it was from Australia, and she saw her own name; but the door opened suddenly,

and Janet from the threshold saw what had happened.

"Fu dar you meddle wi' my bed? Time after time havena I tellt you to let it a be." Her fury choked her, almost it seemed as if a stroke must follow.

"Mither, mither, I didna ken. I didna mean it, they fell out—is't faither's letters?"

No answer came from the trembling form which had sunk on to the bolster.

"Mither, mither, didna tak on; mither, forgie me."

Janet raised herself, the replaced letters were gathered up once more into their hiding place. "Girl," she said, solemnly, "haud up yer hand and swear afore God in heaven that ye'll speak of this to nane, to nae living soul, but that when I'm coffined ye'll lay my Andra's letters neist my heart unread by ony—swear!"

And Jessie took the big family Bible in one hand and her mother's wrinkled hard-worked hand in the other, and as she swore solemnly to do what her mother bade her, the wild wind whistled round the lonely cottage, the waves beat upon the shore, and Jessie greeting went home to her own house.

Trades and Tricks in Ireland

V.—The Scholar

By Seumas MacManus

Author of "Donegal Fairy Stories," "A Lad of the O'Friels"

RESPECT for, and love of, learning has always been a marked characteristic of our people. And the poorest and most unlettered Irish parents are those who set the greatest store by it, and make the greatest sacrifices in order that their children may obtain an education and that one of them may mount up to a profession.

To-day, when education is general because easily obtained, the love of learning is marked with us; but in former days, when learning was (by the penal laws) a crime and the schoolmaster a criminal, that love was far more signally marked, and the efforts made to procure an education extraordinary indeed.

In those days, Munster (Southern Ireland) was looked to as the seat of learning. There schoolmasters and their hedge-schools flourished despite the rigours of laws that aimed at extirpating wolves and schoolmasters, and that placed a price on the head of both. These hunted schoolmasters, who often hid in briar-covered ditches till the hounds of the law had passed over, were learned in classic lore, which they imparted to their pupils (who came from far and near) in classes gathered underneath a whitethorn hedgerow. Frequently there were two parallel lines of whitethorns, forming an alley open at both ends, so that if the hunters, surprising them, entered at one end they escaped by the other outlet.

To these southern academic groves to seek for the seeds of knowledge earnest poor boys would travel on foot from the extreme North of Ireland. If, as was frequently the case, their people were blessed by God with but little of this world's wealth, these boys journeyed south and there remained for some years in the character of poor scholars.

On his journey the poor scholar claimed food and lodging where he would, and the best the house could afford was always with respect and hearty goodwill laid at his service. When he reached his destination,

finding the master, at whose feet he would sit, it was the duty of the countryside to house him and board him as they did their own families whilst he remained in their midst. So to the homes of each of his fellow scholars he went on successive weeks.

On those brave and noble and patriotic hedge schoolmasters I recently wrote a few verses, which I here transcribe:

When the night from Erin's hills shall lift 'twere shame if we forget
One band of unsung heroes to whom Freedom owes a debt;
When we brim high cups to brave ones, then their memory let us pledge
Who gathered their ragged classes behind a friendly hedge.

By stealth they met their pupils far in glen's deep-hidden nook,
And taught them many a lesson was never in English book:
There was more than wordy logic shown to use in wise debate,
Nor was *amo* yet the only verb they gave tc conjugate!

When hunted on the heathery hill, and through the shadowy wo.
They climbed the cliff, they dared the mere, they stemmed the tumbling flood;
Their blanket was the clammy mist, their bed the wind-swept bent;
And in fitful sleep they dreamt the breath of blood-hounds on their scent.

Their lore was not the brightest, nor their store, mayhap, the best,
But they fostered love undying in each young Irish breast;
And through the dread, dread Night, and long, that steeped our Island then,
The lamps of hope and fires of faith were fed by these brave men.

. . . . .

The grass waves green above them; soft sleep is theirs for aye;
The hunt is over, and the cold; the hunger passed away.
O hold them high and holy! and their memory proudly pledge
Who gathered their ragged classes behind a friendly hedge.

When the poor scholar had completed his hedge-school course, he stole out of the country on a smuggling smack and voyaged to the Low Countries, to France or to Spain, there to enter college, and, after some years, probably stole again into Ireland a priest in lay disguise.

When the legal restrictions on education in Ireland were removed, schools of a very poor and old-world class quickly and thickly sprang up. Sometimes the schoolmaster was lucky enough to have the use of an old barn; sometimes he rented a little room; and often he held his school in some charitable person's kitchen. Frequently half a dozen of the more comfortable farmers of a countryside clubbed together to employ a teacher. Then two of them travelled south, making inquiries as they went, until they secured a schoolmaster, whom they brought home rejoicing. He lived and taught of nights week about in the kitchen of each.

Many of those teachers of the old school—for they disappeared forty years and more after—made the etiquette, politeness, and the gentle graces of Continental countries a most important feature of their curriculum. If a beggarman lodged complaint that a scholar, whom he had met and addressed upon the road, neglected to curtsey to him, the master publicly reproved, and perhaps personally punished the misdemeanant next school-day.

"Vosther" and "Gough" (with its rhymed rules), both then and in later days, were the great standard arithmetics. And arithmetic and spelling were the two great features of a sound education. The solution of intricate mathematical puzzles and the spelling of polysyllabic words were then the great tests of a superior scholar. When a lad could (by any method) estimate the value of a horse at a farthing for the first nail in his shoe and a ha'penny for the second, and so on in proportion, and then spell *Antitrinitarian* (in syllabic fashion) he was popularly supposed to have attained the goal of human knowledge.

In those days, forty years ago, the schoolmaster was paid the magnificent salary of fifteen pounds a year, in addition to which

each pupil was supposed to pay him one penny per week, as school fees. Master Kildea, who was a simple soul, often had trouble collecting his penny fee. "Boys," he would lecture them with simple sincerity, "you may think that because I have a sure and steady salary of fifteen pounds yearly therefore I stand in no need of supplemental school-pennies. But I do solemnly assure you—and trust you will believe me—that when I have fed and clad myself and my wife and children for twelve months, I have not so very much of my salary remaining. Boys, I do solemnly assure you that I am not so passing rich as most of you, and of your parents, seem to conclude. And notwithstanding my salary, I could find uses, many uses, for the school-pennies also."

Of Masther Mick Maguire, of Kinawley, one of the last types of the old school, very many comical stories are told. Masther Mick, in his later years, missed more school-days than pleased Police-Sergeant Maloney, who had a child attending Mick's academy. Now this sergeant was a mean and stingy fellow, who forgot to send with his child the Monday school-penny oftener than would be expected of an honest man. The sergeant, exasperated with the masther's bad attendance at school, one day wrote for headline in his child's copy-book:

> Masters should be regular in their attendance.

As was expected, Mick saw the line next day, and—did not wince; but set for the child a new copy:

> Sergeants should be regular in their pay,
> Otherwise have less to say.

In those days individual teaching was the system used. The master, sitting at his desk, called up each boy in turn, heard him his lessons, taught him a new rule, wrote him a headline, set him new tasks, and dismissed him to his seat—calling up another lad to go through the same routine. But this system became extinct more than a score of years ago, supplanted by the Class system.

In the remote mountainous parts of Ireland, pupils still have to walk great distances to school. A three or four miles' tramp over bog, and moor, and mountain, in storm or shine, hail, rain, or snow, is a common enough morning and evening experience for barefoot and poorly clad children, yet if you enter a mountain shieling on a winter night you may find the little boy and girl stretched full length upon the floor by the hearth, and straining their eyes to spell their little lessons by a flickering firelight. Sometimes their father splits up the bog-fir into long thin *spails*, a bundle of which he keeps seasoning in the chimney, for the use of the youngsters at their lessons. He will light the *spails* one by one, and hold them whilst the "tasks" are being greedily committed to memory.

During school-hours the chief relaxation consists in matching the boys (*sub rosa*) to fight after school hours. There is no play-hour, and the children partake of no lunch. Yet, when they are dismissed at three o'clock, or at half-past three, they make little haste for home. At the turn of the road a few boxing-matches come off, to the edification of everybody and the damage of a few. At the cross-roads the different districts line up and stone each other, the victorious party wresting the ground foot by foot from the yielding, until the latter are driven a mile upon their way, and then totally routed. Then they break up into bands of marauders bent upon working all the mischief they possibly can upon everybody in their line of march and everybody out of their line of march—for, to them, a little fun is worth a few miles of *détour*. And, finally, if there is any unprotected property that can be damaged it is a godsend to the villains: if, then, the enraged owner appears on the scene and gives chase for a mile or two—during which he is decoyed into all the traps that villainous young minds can devise—the day is crowned with success. And the scholar reaches home as night falls, and hungrily devours the tail of a herring and the pile of potatoes which his poor mother has had such concern to keep warm in the ashes for him for many hours gone.

Lava bed of Asama-Yama, one of the great active volcanoes of Japan. The bed is four miles long, and the lava rises forty feet high. The bed was made in 1783, when whole villages were buried beneath the stream

Asama-Yama

A Volcano in Japan

By S. Ballard

FIVE o'clock is not an hour at which one enjoys getting up, and yet as we run down the hill to join the horses, which are waiting for us by the old Buddha image at the bend of the stream, we wonder why we are not always up and out by six o'clock. There has been heavy rain in the night, and the flowers in the hedgerows are drenched, but the clouds are lifting from off the mountains, and there is every likelihood of a fine day for our expedition to the lava bed of Asama-Yama.

Japan is the land of volcanoes. Here you have every variety, from the peerless, but now extinct Fugi, which towers up twelve thousand feet in the sky, to little active piping hot volcanoes, which are so hot that you can boil an egg by sticking it into the earth, and in so doing you must take care not to burn your fingers.

These active volcanoes are of course much more interesting than the extinct ones. It is so disappointing when you have toiled up Fugi to find nothing but a cold lifeless crater.

I like my volcanoes hot and active! And as a volcano Asama-yama is delightful, it is always doing something. You sit on the balcony and look up at a great mountain, eight thousand feet high, with little white clouds floating about it. There is not a sign of life, nothing to make you suspect that a mighty fire is burning inside. But suddenly a column of smoke darts out and soars up to

the sky in angry looking masses, and before long your dress is covered with powdery ashes which are driven about by the wind.

Is it safe to live near Asama? is the repeatedly asked question, and I own that I should not care to live too near, but I think that there is safety with five miles between the base and one's house, especially when it is a hilly country so that the lava could not pour down on to one; but there have been some awful irruptions. The worst on record was in 1783, when there must have been a perfectly appalling scene, for the lava came pouring down the mountain side like a mighty river, sweeping away villages and every vestige of life before it. Even now more than a hundred years after, you may ride for miles round the base without seeing a moving creature, not a bird sings, only when you come to a stream, there are generally a few big black moths hovering over it, and you are glad at last to see a sign of life.

The great river of solid lava is one of the most curious sights of Japan; on eitherside of the lava are long stretches of cindery ground on which a deposit of soil has gradually collected, so that firs and shrubs can lead a struggling, wind-swept existence, but the lava bed itself is nothing but miles of grim fantastic rocks. The lava bed is some distance from the nearest village so one has to see it on horseback. We start a party of four ladies with four "bettos" or grooms for the horses. It does seem absurd to need a man for each horse, but these horses are untrained, vicious beasts, that bite each other and fight in the most alarming way, and many doleful tales are told by people who chose to dispense with their bettos.

We ride along single file, which is rather unsociable, but you never see two people riding abreast in Japan, to do so would be to court misfortune in the shape of a horse fight.

Our road first leads us across a wide plain, and then we turn up a lane that takes us in the direction of the mountain. All the way one's eyes are feasted by the carpet of flowers around one. Blue scabias; pink

Asama-Yama active

meadow-sweet, reminding one of the banks of English rivers; tall white feathering spikes of Herb Christopher, yellow lilies; Scotch thistles: feathering grasses, all growing with a luxuriance that is rarely seen at home; and in looking at the tall and more showy flowers one must not forget the exquisite little white star of the grass of Parnassus, which waves above the moss just as it does on the banks of some Scotch loch.

A mountain footpath in Japan, with hedges and carpets of flowers and feathered grass

As we ascend the flowers become rarer, and we come to a region of firs and grass with a few silver birches. All along the road at stated intervals are stone representations of Kwannon Sama, the Goddess of Mercy, or Jizo Sama the patron saint of travellers. They are very roughly carved, but with a background of fir-trees form a picturesque feature of the road.

Suddenly we become aware that a gentle little something is falling on us and an examination of our umbrellas shows that it is small ashes that are pattering down, just a gentle reminder that we are in the neighbourhood of a great invisible furnace. Further on the leaves and grass are quite white from the same cause, and one thinks with a shudder of what an awful mass of fire there must be to send ashes over miles of ground. As we turn a corner we come upon a woe-begone looking pair of riders, and recognise two friends, who had ascended Asama the previous night with the hope of seeing the sunrise from the summit. They had a doleful tale to tell; it poured with rain, they had been drenched, and then a shower of stones came out of the crater, and in fact, as a pleasure trip, they said that they very much preferred the ascent of the extinct Fugi!

After a ride of about three hours we come to the Wakasare tea-house, where our bettos expect us to alight and rest. The word tea-

house calls up visions of dainty little rooms and smiling maidens who bring tea and quaint looking cakes, but we find nothing of the kind here.

A large farmhouse with a high, thatched roof, the front is all open, and we see a great wood fire, on which is hanging a kettle, suspended from smoke-blackened rafters; cocks and hens run in and out, and some dirty children are indulging in the world-wide amusement of mud pies.

My betto is far behind, and so when I see horses in front of the house I scream in an agonised way for some one to come and take mine, for of all things I dread most fighting horses.

Some one runs out, and I dismount and sit down on a bench at the door, while the "good wife" brings cups of "barley tea," which is the chief beverage of the country people of this neighbourhood. We rest a little while, and the bettos produce boxes of rice, which they literally ram down their throats with their chopsticks. Before we start again we borrow a kettle and teapot, which they insist on tying on to the horses, and with these jingling at our sides, we proceed on our way over about three miles of cinders.

The scene from here is curious. We are low down on the mountain-side, near its spreading base; on the right we see the sun shining in grassy valleys far away, while on the left the mountain is looking very black and threatening. Around are miles of cinders, on which soil has gradually been deposited, so that shrubs and fir-trees are leading an unhappy, starved existence. The path is almost undistinguishable, but the figures of the Goddess of Mercy have become more frequent, so we cannot stray far.

The horses stumble dreadfully over the cinders, and after an hour of very slow riding we are glad when we come to tall trees and grass, and are told by the bettos to dismount.

Through the trees we see what appears to be a wall, forty feet high, rising sheer in front of us.

This is the lava bed.

How the lava came to pile itself up in such high masses instead of spreading itself over the country, I suppose, not even geologists can guess. Here it is, and one has to climb up this wall of rocks to get a view right over it.

We all start on the climb, but before we have got half way up, one of our party declares that she can do no more. She says that it makes her giddy to see down the deep holes between the rocks, and all our exhortations do not induce her to go one step further. We who persevere are rewarded by being able to sit on a pinnacle of lava and see the great stream from its source, where it issues out of the crater, until it gradually ceases, down in the valley below, there being about four miles from source to finish.

As we are sitting there we are somewhat surprised to see a Japanese policeman daintily picking his way over the lava towards us. He is clad in the most correct policeman's attire, white gloves and cap, while his sword dangles by his side, and threatens to trip him up at every step. As he approaches we wonder if we are going to be run in for trespass, or what is going to happen, but when we accost him in our politest Japanese, we find that he is merely sight-seeing like ourselves. He and his sword look so incongruous, he reminds one of a Roman Catholic priest I had seen two weeks before, while ascending Fugi. This poor man, belonging to a church whose rule is "always, in all places and at all times," apparently could not discard his cassock even on Fugi; and in the eyes of the Japanese pilgrims ascending the mountain, it was truly wonderful to see a man going down the cindery slope with a fierce wind blowing a petticoat all about him.

After we have gazed long enough at the lava bed we turn our thoughts to more everyday matters and prepare for lunch. One betto collects wood, while another gets water in the kettle from a place where, in some mysterious way, icy cold water comes dripping from below the lava rocks. Our lunch has to be substantial, for we had our breakfast by six, and do not mean to be home till seven o'clock. Bread and butter, meat, cake, tea, tomatoes, and peaches are the contents of our basket. Tomatoes and

peaches sound luxurious, but when tomatoes are twopence the pound, and delicious peaches are three farthings each, one can afford luxuries.

As we eat, some one hears a rumbly sound, and begins fervently to hope that Asama is not going to "irrupt."

What should we do if it irrupted?

"Run down into the valley," says one. "Climb the highest trees," says another. But whatever we were to do, there is no doubt that we would speedily be reduced to a few cinders, for the lava comes rushing down at the rate of water.

A by-path in Japan; shrine to Kwannon Sama, the Goddess of Mercy

And so we are all agreed that though we are glad to have seen the lava beds, we hope that we may never see the hot lava issuing out of Asama-yama.

The Sultan Abdul-Hamid

An Unwilling Pilgrim

By an ex-Attaché in the Turkish Foreign Office

NONE of the previous Sultans has been so little prodigal of his person as Abdul - Hamid. Abdul - Aziz willingly showed himself to the crowd, and loved to be in close touch with his people. As to Abdul-Medjid, the father of the present Sultan, a phrase of his well illustrates his bravery and noble fatalistic spirit. A few days after a serious rebellion by the garrison of the Beylerbey Palace, as he was driving in a carriage to the heights of Top-Hané, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a regiment, at the head of which was Seraskier Riza Pasha.

"What is the meaning of this unusual show of force?" demanded the Padishah, surprised.

"We are here to guard your Majesty," was the reply.

"Disperse the troops!" commanded Abdul-Medjid. "If I am to die at the hands of one of my subjects—well, let my destiny be fulfilled!"

During the first few years of his reign the present Sultan showed himself to his people from time to time. But since the unfortunate ending to the Russo-Turkish war, for which he felt a little guilty, and since his first acts of violence and cruel suppressions, which began about that time, and, above all, since the mad attempt by Ali-Souavi — that audacious partisan of Mourad, who, at the head of a handful of men, forced the gates of Tcheragan Palace, intending to drag forth a dethroned emperor, and was massacred with all his companions—Abdul-Hamid has gradually kept away from the capital. Since then, isolated from the rest of the universe on the heights of Yildiz, defended by thick walls, barracks, and body-guards, the voluntary captive, in spite of the extraordinary precautions with which he is surrounded, supports with difficulty the burden of an existence filled with suspicion and terror.

So some idea can be had of the anguish that seizes his soul when he is obliged once a year to emerge from his retreat and come in close contact with the crowd he fears, and to pass through the city he abhors, in order to attend the ceremony of Hirkaï-Cherif—adoration of the Cloak of the Prophet and other sacred relics. This grand religious festival is held at Stamboul Palace, which is situated a considerable way from Yildiz. The distance seems incommensurable to the unhappy Sultan, cruelly haunted as he is by a fixed idea of dangers to which this accursed pilgrimage exposes him. There is not the slightest doubt that he would have done away with it long ago if he had dared touch a time-honoured custom sacred in the eyes of the people. But, thus compelled by tradition, he submits to the ordeal with a terror that he plainly shows long before the fifteenth day of Ramazan, the day fixed for the ceremony.

Almost in a state of panic, owing to the master's apprehensions, his Minister of Police, his courtiers, and his spies endeavour to surpass each other in a show of zeal, and dream of nothing but conspiracies and attacks.

A month in advance all the official and secret police is on foot, and as the fatal day draws closer the precautions are doubled. A larger number of the houses on the route that the Imperial procession will take are the object of the most minute searches, and their occupants, who are all entered on the police registers, are strictly forbidden to appear at their windows until his Majesty has passed. An order is issued for all gun-makers to close their shops on that day, and, it hardly seems credible, all the pharmacists and druggists are ordered to remove from their shops the inflammable or explosive substances they have in stock.* The day

* Here is what the Constantinople correspondent of the *Times* said regarding this subject on January 6, 1899:—"Because of the explosive properties of chlorate potassium, the importation of this drug into Turkey was prohibited a few years ago. Yet the druggists and pharmacists have obtained permission to import small quantities for medical purposes. This quantity has been strictly limited, so that it could not be put to any illegal use by those

of the ceremony, early in the morning, the quarters of Bechiktach, Galata, and Stamboul, present unusual animation. Gangs of workmen work feverishly to throw over the streets and bridges—which are always repaved for the occasion—a thick layer of sand; engineers, accompanied by police, make a minute inspection of the sewers, water and gas pipes, and every place that could possibly be mined. The streets are encumbered with troops who are to form a double barrier between the Padishah and his people; but if this human barrier were not there it would still be difficult, not to say impossible, for Abdul-Hamid's subjects to catch a glimpse of their sovereign.

Crouching at the back of a victoria—he never rides in a closed carriage, fearing not to be able to get out quick enough in case of an accident—the raised hood of which conceals a steel shield between the outside leather and the cloth lining, the Sultan, with his two magnificent horses at full gallop, passes like the wind, surrounded by a living fortress of *aides-de-camp* and courtiers, who hide him almost completely from the gaze of the crowd. Usually his favourite son, Prince Burhaneddin-Effendi, is seated on his left, and opposite him formerly sat Marshal Ghazi Osman Pasha, the illustrious defender of Plevna, who died three years ago. The Marshal owed this honour less to the affection or favour of his master than to the popularity he himself enjoyed, as in the Sultan's eyes he thus presented a certain guarantee of protection and security for his own person.

Woe to the dervish, the humble employee, or bold subject who would dare advance to tend the Sultan a petition or other document. He would instantly disappear and never be seen again.*

Eunuchs and palace runners, attired in superb costumes, their hands crossed over their bosoms in sign of respect, precede the Imperial carriage on a run.

The luxury and beauty of the carriages and liveries, the glittering uniforms of the horsemen acting as escort, form a striking contrast with the look of consternation impressed on the face of the unwilling pilgrim. Bent double, his shoulders sloping, his consumptive body buried in the loose folds of a long dark overcoat, his thin face of a pallor that even his rouge cannot entirely conceal, his enormous red fez pulled down over his eyes, his long hooked nose, his badly dyed beard, lantern-shaped jaws, and sombre glances, uneasy and fugitive, which his piercing eyes cast ceaselessly around him, the Sultan is that day particularly repellent-looking and of neither imposing nor royal demeanour.

For the last few years even this rapid gallop across the city has been considered too dangerous, and on the advice of his former Minister of Police, Nazim Pasha, Abdul-Hamid follows a new itinerary to Top-Capou, which avoids crossing the Karakeuï Bridge. He first goes in the carriage as far as the Dolma-Bagtché Palace, where he embarks on his steam launch *Techrifié*, which takes him to the Pointe du Vieux Sérail. The police meantime do not lessen their vigilance in the streets of Galata and on the Kara-

handling it. But as it is possible that the respective supplies kept on hand by the 230 pharmacists and druggists of the capital might be all procured by a regicide, and used in an attempt on the sovereign, on the morning of the ceremony of Hirkaï-Cherif, orders were issued to visit all these pharmaceutical establishments and seize the jars containing the chlorate potassium. The raids had all to be made at the same time, so recalcitrants could not hide their chlorate. These operations took place yesterday, and thus has been once more conjured the danger always apprehended on the occasion of his Majesty's pilgrimage to Top-Capou."

* In this relation let us mention one incident that redounds to the Sultan's credit. The occasion is so rare that we cannot let it escape. As he was returning to Yildiz from the Dolma-Bagtché Palace, where he had accompanied William II., a stranger suddenly threw into the Imperial carriage a heavy package that fell between the Sultan's feet. One may imagine the mortal terror of the poor monarch during those first few seconds while expecting the explosion of the mysterious projectile. Courageous grooms examined the package and it was a bundle of rags, in the middle of which was a live baby. On its linen was pinned a respectful note, in which an indigent father recommended his last-born, whom he himself could not support, to the Imperial charity. The Sultan, enchanted, doubtless, to be let off so cheap, accepted favourably this unconventional plea, and the child has been brought up at Yildiz at his Majesty's expense.

keuï Bridge, for no one is supposed to know, nor does know exactly, until the moment of his Majesty's departure, which route it will please him to take. The Sultan prefers to leave the public in the dark on this score by making preparations on several routes at once. This prevents the crowd massing in too great numbers on any point that the procession may pass.

As soon as he disembarks at the Pointe du Sérail the Padishah gets into another carriage, which drives rapidly through the Babi-Houmayoun gate of the Top-Capou Palace, and draws up in front of Babi-Seaded (Gate of Happiness). Here the sovereign alights, and, followed by the high dignitaries and functionaries of the State, proceeds to the sanctuary where the sacred relics are carefully guarded.

Then the ceremony begins.

In the vast hall, in which float rare perfumes from the burning censers, the Sultan raises with his own hands the sumptuous shawls masking the Cloak of the Prophet. During this time choristers and reciters chant sacred texts. Then, at a sign from his Majesty, the Grand Vizier, the Sheik-ul-Islam, and other high functionaries pass one by one before the sovereign. Each receives from his hands a scarf, on which is written a verse from the Koran, and which has just been sanctified by contact with the holy relic.

After the ministers and officials comes the turn of the Imperial princes, of the Validé-Sultana and the ladies of the harem, who arrived long before his Majesty.

At the close of the ceremony, during the entire time of which the Sultan has not ceased for a moment watching the movements and scrutinising the faces of those around him—for the fear of an attack does not leave him even in the sanctuary—Abdul-Hamid withdraws to the Bagdad pavilion, where he has presents of money distributed to his guards.

Soon afterwards, twenty-one guns having announced to the faithful the end of the fifteenth day of Ramazan, the sovereign generally stays at Top-Capou for *iftar*,* and later in the evening returns to Yildiz with the same ceremonial, but with greater haste than when he came—overjoyed to find himself still alive and to think he has another whole year to live in peace before submitting again to the frightful martyrdom.

The personal presence of the Sultan is again obligatory at another public ceremony—which has ended by assuming a private character—the solemnity of Selamlyk, celebrated every Friday.

Formerly it took place in the Bechiktach Mosque, not far from the Dolma-Bagtché Palace, as in the time of the Sultans Abdul-Aziz and Mourad. But since his residence has been removed to Yildiz, Abdul-Hamid, wishing to shorten this weekly ceremony as much as possible, and at the same time to avoid exposing his person to the crowd, had a new mosque—the Mosque Hamidié—built in the immediate neighbourhood of his palace. In this edifice he has displayed excellent taste. It would, indeed, be difficult to conceive of anything more graceful and beautiful than this frail white mosque, with its slight minaret soaring like an arrow to the blue sky, and adorned with dainty stone lace, raising its slender outlines amid marvellous scenery, and having for a background the silvery waters of the Bosphorus shimmering in a rich frame of verdure.

In front of this mosque and enclosed by gilt railings is a vast sanded court, in which each Friday gathers a brilliant assemblage. Facing the court and against the palace wall are two unpretentious pavilions, modern in style, through the windows of which a privileged public may feast their gaze on the spectacle to be enacted.

About eleven o'clock, to the strains of martial music, bodies of troops, infantry and cavalry both, arrive at Yildiz, after passing through the principal streets of the capital, and take up positions near the Mosque Hamidié. But the part they play is limited, so to speak, to forming a picturesque background to the scene. Order is really maintained by bodies of marine infantry and troops of the Sultan's own body-guard, whose barracks are in the immediate neighbourhood of the palace, and who are selected from the famous turbulent Albanian battalions and the magnificent Zouave regiments from Tripoli.

* Dinner, which terminates the day of fasting during the month of Ramazan.

These last soldiers, particularly, attract the attention of foreigners. Medium in height, with flashing dark eyes, they are all fine-looking fellows, and appear athletic and graceful as they march past in their picturesque uniform—blue tunic with red borders, baggy red trousers, white gaiters, and green turban.

As soon as the guards have taken up their respective positions the scene becomes more and more animated. Long lines of carriages, almost all driven by resplendent *cawass*, bring from the city members of the foreign colonies and the tourists authorised by their respective embassies,* who, after having presented their cards to the chamberlains on duty, take the seats allotted to them in the rooms of the first pavilion. The foreign princes and other illustrious personages passing through Constantinople, as well as the members of the diplomatic body, occupy seats in luxurious reception rooms of the grand pavilion, which is situated close to the first. Those foreign spectators who have good legs prefer to stand on the terrace of the first pavilion, where their long wait is at last well repaid by the magnificent view they enjoy of every detail of the ceremony.

It goes without saying that here, as everywhere else, a number of polyglot spies slip in among the guests and take in every word and gesture. Woe to the enterprising tourist ill-advised enough to point a Kodak at the Imperial procession! . . . Abdul Hamid—acting in this as faithful guardian of the sacred law forbidding the reproduction of a Mussulman's features—will not consent to sit for a photograph, and even goes to the extreme—for the last two years—of forbidding photographers to take views of his capital. Consequently, a snap-shot portrait of the Sultan is exceedingly rare, and the only Abdul-Hamid the European public knows is the portrait taken when he was still prince and twenty-seven years younger.

As half-past eleven strikes, the moment for the appearance of the procession has come. The officers of the guard make a final inspection of their men, and the crowd, restrained by the cavalry from approaching the mosque too closely, presses eagerly forward. Eunuchs with bestial faces, and attired in long black frock-coats, cross the court and proceed to the mosque. Some of them carry in their hands bags containing the slippers that the Sultan may want to wear on his entrance, also money which he sometimes distributes on leaving the mosque, perfumes for censers, etc. Followed by several domestics, an enormous negro, more hideous than the others, crosses the court-yard with a slouching gait. It is his Highness the Grand Eunuch of the Imperial Harem, who bears the official title of *Dar-us-seadet-us-cherifé-aghassy*, or Guardian of the Gates of Felicity. His Highness the Grand Eunuch is a considerable personage, fully conscious of the importance of his high functions.

On days of grand ceremony, that is to say when a foreign sovereign or prince is present at Selamlyk, the presence of a few ladies of the harem is an added attraction to the brilliancy of the picturesque scene. A dozen gala coaches of the Validé-Sultana, the princesses (daughters of the Sultan), or the ladies of their suite, pass slowly by, preceded by the eunuchs and runners in livery before the troops, who present arms, pass through the gilded gates, and enter the court of the mosque, where the horses are immediately unharnessed. The Sultan's sons arrive separately on horseback and in brilliant uniforms, with their respective suites of *aides-de-camp* and servitors, and take up their place in front of the diplomatic pavilion. Nothing could be more amusing than to see the youngest of these princes decked out in general's or colonel's uniforms, giving them-

* After the assassination of the King of Italy and the attack on the Shah of Persia in Paris, which coincided with the discovery at Barcelona of a list drawn up by Anarchists of the sovereigns condemned to death by them, on which, immediately after the name of Humbert I., came that of Abdul-Hamid, the Sultan, terrified, sent a circular-letter to the embassies and foreign legations informing them that henceforth no European visitor would be admitted to Selamlyk without a personal card of introduction signed by his ambassador. Moreover, most severe measures have since been taken to assure the safety of the Turkish sovereign during the ceremony.

selves military airs and responding gravely to the respectful salutes of the personages whom they meet.

A few minutes more pass in an impressive and solemn wait. There is not a sound, not a breath. The dazzling mid-day sun is reflected a hundredfold on the gold of the uniforms and the glittering arms of the motionless and beautiful troops. Then one sees appear on the gallery of the minaret the sombre silhouette of the *muezzin*,* who, in a shrill and plaintive voice, calls the crowd to prayer, and at the same instant, in the midst of a confused tumult, the central door of the palace opens wide and lets out a gilded flow of pashas, ministers, and high functionaries of the Court, composing the civil and military households of his Majesty, who escort the Imperial carriage. Amid the glittering of the sabres and bayonets rises a formidable clamour, twice repeated, and which drowns the brass instruments playing the Hamidié March, "Padischahymyz tchok yacha" (Long life to our Padishah)!

The old Sultans, and formerly Abdul-Hamid himself, went to Selamlyk on horseback, but for the last few years it is in a carriage that he slowly descends the slope leading to the mosque. Facing him is seated the Minister for War or the marshal commanding his guard.

The Sultan is dressed the same as on the day of Hirkaï-Cherif, but feeling safer; and knowing he is the chief point of interest for numerous foreigners of distinction, he looks better here, and responds by an amiable glance or a wave of the hand to the respectful demonstrations of the public in the pavilions. The desire to look well before his guests, to appear full of health, at peace, and affable, is one of his constant preoccupations. Behind the Imperial household come grooms and eunuchs, holding by the bridles magnificent Arabian horses, richly harnessed. The brilliant procession crosses the grand court to the strains of the "Hamidié March," and stops before the mosque. His Majesty then gets out of the carriage, goes up the steps of the terrace, from which he again bows to the crowd, and disappears inside the sacred edifice.

The Sheik-ul-Islam, the Minister of Evkaf,* the Ulémas, and the Imams who had preceded him, come to meet him, while a *hademé*,† raising his hand with the gesture of the prophets, pronounces these traditional words: "Padishah! *Be not proud. Remember there is a God greater than thou!*"—words which are carried off on the wings of the wind.

In the Mosque, from the place reserved for him, the Sultan watches the service unseen. He does not take part in the prayer, but instead of saying his *namaz* busies himself in profane manner, giving orders concerning the ceremony, running over the list of the persons present, and sending them the Imperial compliments by his chamberlains. This is the reason why the very fact of being often present at Selamlyk is one of the best ways of flattering Abdul-Hamid and of currying his favour. Towards the close of the religious ceremony a two-seated phaeton, drawn by a pair of superb white horses led by the bridle, is brought up and stationed in front of the entrance to the mosque. This vehicle is used for the Sultan's return, and he usually gets in alone and drives himself.

He no sooner picks up the reins than the thoroughbreds start off at a fast trot, and the crowd of courtiers, generals, pashas, sheiks, and eunuchs dash after him like a pack of hounds, some on foot, others on horseback, elbowing, pushing, and jostling one another, each exerting all his cunning and agility to overtake the Imperial phaeton and, by dint of servile eagerness and temennahs attract to themselves the attention of the master, who remains impassible and indifferent.

On reaching his palace his Majesty takes a short rest, gives audience to a few members of the diplomatic corps, and immediately afterwards once more sets to work on the hard task he has undertaken—the preservation of his own existence and the destruction of the Empire!

* Turkish priest.

* Minister of Public Worship.

† Subordinate officer in the Sultan's service.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key—Wordsworth's Poems

THE Wordsworth paper brought out a number of new competitors and proved eminently satisfactory. It is wonderful how a really inspiring author improves the work all round—as usual great use has been made in the Key of answers actually sent in.

Dubric, 100; Ion, 97; Crescent, 94; Connla, 92; Penumbra, 92; Alclutha, 91; M. Kenwigs, 88; Logan, 81; Penworth, 81; Elpis, 80; Eclipse, 80; Zarah, 80; Carlyon, 77; Wuzzums, 77; Spero, 74; Tafira, 74; Cumbrian, 73; Heather, 72; Dorothy, 72; Moa, 71; Southern, 70; Deirdre, 70; Violet, 70; Scotia, 70; Petrol, 70; Dalbriada, 69; Trothan, 69; Uawarrie, 68; Rover, 67; Anio, 65; Nell, 65; Tannie, 64; Victoire, 64; Plympton, 64; Goal, 63; San Toy, 62; Nen, 62; Hexe, 62; Stedige, 60; Lancelot, 60; Furith, 60; Myra, 60; Linden, 59; Hamel, 56; Derwent, 55; Emilia, 51; Déjà, 51; Cécilie, 51; Wales, 50; Romola, 49; Aherlow, 49; Onza, 48; Veritas, 47; Devenick, 47; Lavender, 42; Lotis, 41; Puella, 37; Wini, 37; Potatoe, 36; Peg, 33; Mercury, 33; Audacity, 27; Ivan, 20.

1. The work which Wordsworth set himself to accomplish in his earlier poems was nothing less than the reconstitution of the art of poetry on another basis. Strephon and Chloe were to be banished to the unsubstantial realm to which they belonged, and the rough dalesman, the wandering potter, the tattered gypsy were to take their place, and in their own homely tongue to illustrate the elementary passions. With this purpose he laid down two fundamental laws: (1) that nothing that affects humanity is too trivial for poetic treatment; (2) that the language of poetry differs in no essential from that of prose.

Besides this avowed purpose there was another which he hardly defined as yet; to approach Nature as a lover, to interpret the divine language of her silence and thus to re-unite man with the sources of his being.

That he succeeded in the end is shown by the whole course of subsequent poetry; but he succeeded in spite of himself. A want of humour and a curious lack of the critical faculty led him to strain his theory beyond the breaking point. It is perfectly true that in "the things of every day" there is an aspect which, if rightly seized, transmutes them into poetry; and when "the light of Heaven" was upon him, no man has had this gift so largely as Wordsworth. But it does not follow that their ordinary aspect is, in itself, poetical. There is poetry in the simplicity of the little maiden who nightly took her porringer to sup beside her brother's grave, or in the innocent fiction of the youthful philosopher who did not like weathercocks; but there is little doubt that Wordsworth prided himself more on Harry Gill's waistcoats and the inanities of Betty Foy; or that he attached more importance to his famous description of "a washing-tub" than to that of

"A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

2. Identify the following passages, adding a note where desirable:

i. Call not the royal Swede unfortunate
Who never did to fortune bend the knee.

Sonnet, 1809.

Gustavus IV. of Sweden (1792–1809), the steady opponent of Napoleon I. His refusal to enforce the Berlin decrees against British commerce cost him his throne.

ii. Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy.

Ode, "Intimations of Immortality."

The doctrine of pre-existence, which the

Cambridge Platonist, Henry Vaughan, had already taught—

"Happy those early days when I
Shined in my angel infancy,
And felt through all this fleshy dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness."
"The Retreat."

iii. With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.
Sonnet, "Scorn Not the Sonnet," 1827.

"Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he
R. Browning, "House."

iv. Mourn hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn.
Dion iv.

Dion, the pupil of Plato, became autocrat of Syracuse and was assassinated. The figure of the Attic river-god, bending over the urn, is taken from the Elgin Marbles.

v. For them a bond of brotherhood is broken.
"The Excursion," Book I.

The wanderer invests the waters of the spring at which he had been wont to see Margaret with a human sympathy and sense of loss.

vi. A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword.
"To the Spade of a Friend."

A poem which Matthew Arnold prided himself on being able to read "with pleasure and edification."

3. Put into a concrete form the subtle ideas which underlie the apparent simplicity of the following lines:

i. Alas! the gratitude of man
Has oftener left me mourning.
"Simon Lee."

Deep gratitude expressed for trifling services shows how rare an occurrence kindness is in the lives of the unfortunate.

ii. The thought of death sits easy on the man
Who has been born and dies among the mountains.
"The Brothers."

The thought is more fully developed in "The Excursion," Book I.:

But in the mountain did he *feel* his faith,
All things, responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality.

iii. To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
"Ode."

A beautiful passage, but I am not quite sure that it has a meaning, at any rate that can be put into words—why "tears"?

We may compare Tennyson—"Little flower, but if I could understand . . . I should know what God and man is."

iv. A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him.
"Peter Bell."

The opposite side of the medal. Much truth had passed over Peter's head in vain. He was one of those "hewers of wood and drawers of water who think that it is to give them wood to hew and water to draw that the pine forests cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and the great rivers move like His eternity."

RUSKIN, "Modern Painters," vol. ii.

v. I looked at her and looked again.
And did not wish her mine.
"The Two April Mornings."

Many explanations could be suggested. Matthew is resigned to the divine will which has made him childless, and at the same time his grief is of the kind that refuses comfort. The complexity of the human soul admits of conflicting emotions.

vi. Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?
"Expostulation and Reply."

Wordsworth believes:

"That there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress,
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness."

It is the spirit of Quakerism applied to poetry.

4. i. "This will never do, it is longer, weaker, and tamer——"

FRANCIS JEFFREY on "The Excursion." *Edinburgh Review*, Nov. 1814.

ii. "In power of intellect, in lofty conception, in the depth of feeling——"

WILLIAM HAZLITT on "The Excursion." —The Round Table.

It is a clear evidence of the unevenness of Wordsworth's writing that by resolutely shutting our eyes to one half of the truth each of these criticisms can be justified. "The Excursion" is long and promised to be much longer; it is devoid of incident, and like all philosophical treatises it is unsatisfactory as a poetical work. There are large portions of it that come fairly under the description of "interminable prosing" (North), and if the sole duty of a reviewer were summed up in the famous motto of the *Edinburgh*: "Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur," Jeffrey would not be remembered after ninety years chiefly by this unlucky criticism. But the judge of literature who fails to see and proclaim the merits of an author errs more deeply than he who fails to see his defects. Jeffrey claimed to have crushed "The Excursion"; as Southey says he could as easily have crushed Skiddaw.

The "conception" of the poem is "lofty," for it is the same as Milton's "to justify the ways of God to Men," and as to its "power of intellect" we have the united testimony of Coleridge, George Eliot, and John Stuart Mill. It is, however, in parts, not as a whole, that Wordsworth is strongest in "The Excursion," and it is in such episodes as the stories of Margaret and of Ellen that we find the "depth of feeling at once simple and sublime" which is claimed for it by Hazlitt. No poem has more purple patches and they show up the brighter beside the homespun grey. For instance, the description of sunrise during the Education of the Wanderer.

"He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass in gladness lay
Beneath him: Far and wide—the clouds were touched
And in their silent faces could he read
Unutterable love."

And that great sunset at the close of the Second Book:

"The appearance, instantaneously disclosed
Was of a mighty city."

A picture of Turner's in words.

5. To what do the following phrases refer?

i. The poet's darling.—The daisy "To the Daisy."

ii. The good old rule.

"the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."
"Rob Roy's Grave."

iii. The holy time—evening.
Sonnet—"It is a beauteous evening."

iv. The most difficult of tasks.

"to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain."
"The Excursion," Book IV.

v. Love's favourite seat.

"feeble woman's breast."
"Laodamia."

vi. Nature's old felicities.
"Rocks, rivers, and clear lakes."
"The Trossachs."

vii. The best part of a good man's life.—His little unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

"Tintern Abbey."

6. Give a reference or two to show that Wordsworth had a special power of revealing "that simplest yet most complex germ of humanity"—the mind of a child.

Before evolutionists and psychologists had proclaimed their doctrine on the house-tops, Wordsworth wrote "The Child is Father to the Man." He possessed a sort of divine simplicity that enabled him to enter into the mind of a child, but he wrote about them, not for them, and we need not be surprised that, as the old dalesman told Canon Rawnsley, they were "not vara fond of him." "The best philosopher" has not yet come into his philosophy. He is busy

about "some little plan, a chart, some fragment from his dream of human life." He does not want to hear about himself, yet his "nature is not therefore less divine." We learn from Wordsworth how anthropomorphic a child is ("The Pet Lamb"), how easily consoled ("Alice Fell's Cloak"), how unconscious of death and unmoved by "talk" ("We are Seven"), how imitative (Ode on the "Intimations of Immortality"), and how self-sufficient ("Characteristics of a Child Three Years Old"). But the two most suggestive passages are, perhaps, "I am older, Annie, than you" ("Foresight"), and the one alluded to above, "at Kilve there was no weathercock." Besides the obvious moral that a child dwells in a world of its own and resents the intrusion of its elders, it has not struck the somewhat unimaginative parent that, from the point of view of a child, who lives only in the moment, little Edward's reason is a perfectly proper one to give. There are many of us who would be puzzled to account more rationally for our own likings and dislikes.

Examination Paper No. 11

Boswell's "Johnson" (abridged)

1. What claim had Dr. Johnson to the title of "the first literary character of a great nation?"

2. Examine Lord Macaulay's statement that there is not "a single remark of Boswell's on literature, politics, religion, or society which is not either commonplace or absurd."

3. What were the main characteristics of Johnson's conversation? Give instances in which he seems to have been in advance of his age—or the reverse.

4. Quote accurately from Johnson's Dictionary his explanation of the words "oats," "Tory," "pensioner," and mention any other famous definitions from the same work.

5. Give in full Johnson's views on truthfulness and political economy, and briefly his utterances on—gaming, greenhouses, time-serving, corporal punishment, female artists, Derby china, the marriage service, happiness, and bull-dogs.

6. Of whom and under what circumstances were the following said?

i. "Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit."

ii. "This shows his good principles."

iii. "No man could have paid a handsomer compliment."

iv. "His talk is of bullocks."

v. "His moral character is very bad."

vi. "Un politique aux choux et aux raves."

vii. "You put me in mind of Sappho in Ovid."

7. Express in the Doctor's "characteristical manner" the following statements:

i. I disagree with your political views.

ii. I am inclined to distrust your word.

iii. This is inferior mutton.

iv. I have no idea how much money can be made in this line.

v. It has not wit enough to keep it sweet.

The next examination paper will be a general paper on subjects already read.

Our Literary Examination Papers

These papers are set by Mr. H. R. Heatley. They will be marked to scale as in an ordinary school or University examination. Prizes will be awarded to those obtaining the highest marks in each individual paper and also for the best aggregate marks for given terms as follows:

MONTHLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.

HALF-YEARLY PRIZES.—First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

ANNUAL PRIZE.—First prize, £5; second prize, £2; third prize, £1.

In accordance with the markings as given above the first prize of £1 is this month won by

"DUBRIC"

The second prize of 10s. by

"ION"

THIRD QUARTER.—1, Dubric, 292; 2, Penumbra, 279; 3, Connla, 264.

During the remainder of the current year the second monthly prize will not be awarded to any competitor who has already won a first prize.

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Examination Editor.

The marks will be published monthly, the total for the month, quarter, half-year, and year, to date. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given: for the present the real names and addresses of the prize-winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to

The Literary Examination Editor,
GOOD WORDS,
15 Tavistock Street,
Covent Garden,
London, W.C.

Papers which arrive after November 20 will not be adjudicated upon.

The marks for the November paper will be published in the January number of the magazine—and so on.

Court Dwarfs and Jesters

THERE are many penalties even now attached to high birth, but the days are long gone by since the possession of a dwarf was necessary to the self-respect of a noble family. Yet such Lady Mary Wortley Montagu assures us to have been the case on the Continent at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when she describes several she saw at Vienna as "ugly as demons and bedaubed with jewels." English ladies at the same time, with that irrational instinct which sometimes leads them to adopt the least useful part of a foreign fashion, preferred to keep monkeys, apparently because they were small and ugly. For, strange as it may seem, there was reason in this Continental custom; at least it was a direct descendant of a usage of venerable antiquity. In the old days of despotic power absolute princes and great nobles lived in the state of isolation that is now experienced by a British Admiral on his flag-ship. There was no one in whose presence they could unbend or with whom they could converse familiarly without loss of dignity. It was, therefore, a gift from Providence if some crack-brained retainer could be found who, under pretext of amusing his master's guests, could bandy jest with him and occasionally in the guise of folly insinuate some wholesome truth that it imported him to know in earnest.

Hence, Alexander the Great, Dionysius of Syracuse, Augustus and his successors, each had his jester, and in the Middle Ages the Court fool became a recognised office with all its paraphernalia of motley-jerkin and cap and bells.

The system of keeping Court fools died out in England with the Stuarts, the last being the famous Archie Armstrong, whose death characteristically occurred April 1, 1646. It is unpleasant to remember that at a later period imbecile and weak-minded persons were kept by ordinary noblemen to entertain the company by the degrading spectacle of their infirmity of temper.

What the jester was to the absolute monarch the dwarf was to the ladies tied by the iron-bound etiquette of Teutonic Courts during the eighteenth century. Nature will

out, and the affection which duty bade them repress before their equals was lavished without stint on those diminutive beings who seemed set apart from the ordinary rule of humanity. When it happened, as in the case of the Polish Dwarf, Count Boruwlaski,* who fascinated English society in the eighteenth century, that smallness of stature was combined with elegance and humour, the enthusiasm of the fair admirers was apt to know no bounds.

This combination of qualities was, however, exceedingly rare in dwarfs, and the ordinary specimen we read of must really have been singularly unattractive. Nicholas Ferry, the famous Bébé, to whom Stanislaus I. was so much attached, was weak both in body and mind. His nose was deformed, his features marked with small-pox, and one shoulder was higher than the other. He was the son of peasants, nine inches long at birth, and used to be cradled in a shoe packed with wool. He attained the height of three feet six inches, but he could never be taught to read and write. He died an old man at the age of twenty-two.

Occasionally the possession of a dwarf has proved of political use. Richebourg, a retainer of the Orleans family, was only twenty-three inches high, and during the Revolutionary period carried important despatches out of Paris, disguised as a baby in his nurse's arms. This remarkable dwarf lived till he was ninety, and died in Paris in 1858.

In England, according to the ancient ballad, Court dwarfs have a highly respectable origin:

> In Arthur's Court Tom Thumb did live,
> A man of mickle might.
> The best of all the Table Round
> And eke a doughty knight.
> His stature but an inch in height
> A quarter of a span.
> Then think you not this little knight
> Was proved a valiant man?

Count Boruwlaski

From a plaster cast by Bononi in the University Museum, Durham

(Photo by J. R. Edis, Durham)

The earliest authenticated English dwarf, however, was Jeffery Hudson, 1619–1682, who is familiar to all readers of Sir Walter Scott. His first appearance at Court was in a pie served at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham to Charles I. and Henrietta Maria.

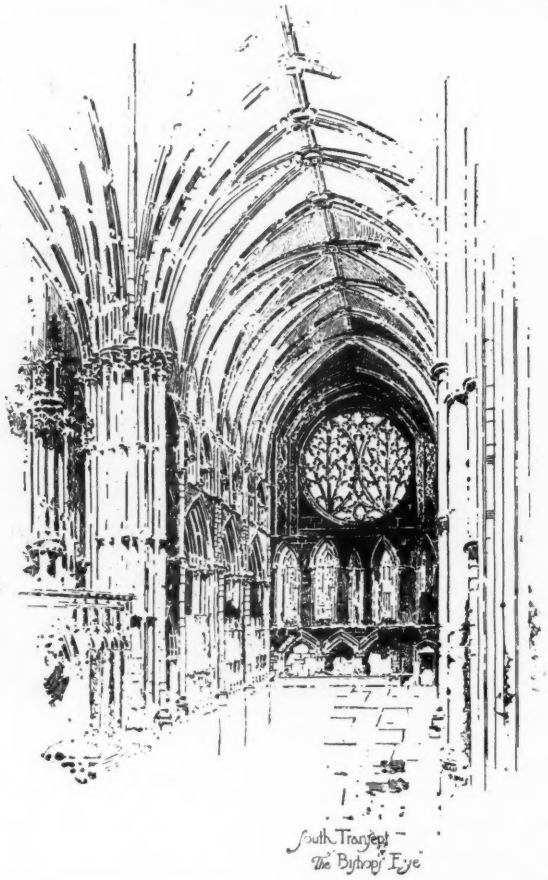
* Boruwlaski wrote an interesting account of his Life, which was recently republished under the title of "The Life and Love Letters of a Dwarf." (3s. 6d.) The little book gives a faithful and curious account of his birth, education, marriage, and reception in the principal Courts of Europe.

When eight years old he was only eighteen or twenty inches high, and remained stationary till he was thirty, when he grew to the height of three feet nine inches. He was sent to France on important business for the Queen and was captured on his return by Dunkirk pirates, losing £2500 of his own, besides many valuable presents belonging to his mistress. He was a consequential little person with a head much too large for his body, but there was "nothing positively ugly in his countenance."

He was a man of undoubted courage, and not only charged with his troop to Newbury abreast of Prince Rupert, but actually slew in a duel the Honourable Master Crofts, who had the hardihood to arm himself, instead of a pistol, only with a "foolish engine which children are wont in their roguery to use for spouting water—in short, a squirt." He was knighted in jest by the Merry Monarch, but was implicated in the Popish Plot and died in prison in the sixty-third year of his age.

Henrietta Maria also had a pair of dwarfs, Gibson and Anne, whose combined height was only seven feet two inches. They had nine children, five of whom lived to be of the ordinary size.

The last dwarf kept in a private family in England belonged to Mr. Beakford, the author of "Vathek," but many have appeared from time to time in public exhibitions.



"The Dean's Eye" and "The Bishop's Eye," Lincoln Cathedral

Each of the transepts, or cross-aisles, of Lincoln Cathedral has a circular or rose window in its front. These round windows—rather a rare feature in an English church—formed part of St. Hugh's original plan. The *Metrical Chronicle* tells that they were meant to symbolise the two eyes of the church; that to the north, on which side lay the deanery, signifying the "Dean's Eye," watchfully open to guard against the snares of Lucifer, the Evil One, who, according to Isa. xiv. 13, "sits in the sides of the north"; that to the south, overlooking the episcopal palace, the "Bishop's Eye," inviting the genial influence of the Holy Spirit. The present Bishop's Eye has delicate flowing tracery of Decorated date, a century later than the window which originally occupied its place, and which, like the Dean's Eye, had what we call plate-tracery of the Early English style.

"The City Glorious"

I

THERE is a city glorious,
Pictured in childhood's days,
Lit by the magic splendour
Of fancy's faery rays;
"We shall enter it when we're older,
And all its rare beauties scan,"—
So dreams the boy, as he thinks with joy
Of the day when he'll be a man.

But the city seems mean and squalid
When he reaches its gates at last,
For the visions of youth soon vanish
When the days of youth are past!

II

There is a city glorious,
Seen as the sunlight dies
And the storm-clouds pile their bastions
Aloft in the western skies;
Its ramparts stand out so clearly,
Aglow with the fading light,
We can almost hear the words of cheer,
As the watchmen call "good night";

But its walls grow dim and formless
As the shadows of night fall fast,
And it melts into misty ruin
Ere the light of the day is past!

III

There is a City Glorious,—
No mortal has seen it yet,—
Its walls are ablaze with jasper,
Each gate in a pearl is set.
Bright Angels surround its portals,
Its streets with glad songs resound,
No trouble or care can enter there,
No anxious heart be found;—

Oh, City of Golden Glory,
When we enter thy gates at last
All the shadows of earth shall vanish,
All the sorrows of earth be past!

A. FREWEN AYLWARD.

The Source of the Sun's Heat

PERHAPS, from a practical point of view, the most comprehensive and important problem of science is: How is the sun's heat kept up? Before the laws of heat were fully apprehended this question was not supposed to offer any difficulties. Even to this day it is supposed by those not acquainted with the subject, that the heat which we receive from the sun may arise in some way from the passage of its rays through our atmosphere, and that, as a matter of fact, the sun may not radiate any actual heat at all—may not be an extremely hot body. But, modern science shows that heat cannot be produced except by the expenditure of some form of energy. The energy of the sun is necessarily limited in quantity and is continually being lost through radiation.

It is very easy to imagine the sun as being something like a white-hot cannon ball, which is cooling off by sending its heat in all direc-

tions, as such a ball does. We know by actual observation how much heat the sun sends to us. It may be expressed in the following way:

Imagine a shallow basin with a flat bottom, and a depth of one centimetre, that is, about four-tenths of an inch. Let the basin be filled with water, the latter then being one centimetre deep. Expose such a basin to the rays of the vertical sun. The heat which the sun will radiate to them will be sufficient to warm the water about three and a half or four degrees Centigrade, or not very far from seven degrees Fahrenheit, in one minute. It follows that if we suppose a thin spherical shell of water, one centimetre thick, of the same radius as the earth's orbit, and having the sun in its centre, that shell of water will be heated with the rapidity just mentioned. The heat which it receives will be the total amount radiated by the sun, We can thus define how much heat the sun loses every minute, day, and year.

A very simple calculation will show that if the sun were of the nature of a white-hot ball it would cool off so rapidly that its heat could not last more than a few centuries. But it has in all probability lasted millions of years. Whence, then, comes the supply? The answer of modern science to this question is that the heat radiated from the sun is supplied by the contraction of size as heat is lost. We all know that in many cases when motion is destroyed heat is produced. When a cannon-shot is fired at the armour-plate of a ship of war, the mere stroke of the shot makes both plate and shot hot. The blacksmith can make iron hot by hammering it.

These facts have been generalised into the statement that whenever a body falls and is stopped in its fall by friction, or by a stroke of any sort, heat is produced. From the law governing the case, we know that the water of Niagara, after it strikes the bottom of the falls, must be about one quarter of a degree warmer than it was during the fall. We also know that a hot body contracts in volume when cooled. The contraction of a gaseous body, such as we believe the sun to be, is greater than that of a solid or liquid. The heat of the sun is radiated from streams of matter constantly rising from the interior, which radiate their heat when they reach the surface. Being cooled they fall back again, and the heat caused by this fall is what keeps the sun hot.

It may seem almost impossible that heat sufficient to last for millions of years could be generated in this way; but the known force of gravity at the surface of the sun enables us to make exact computations on the subject. It is thus found that in order to keep up the supply of heat it is only necessary that the diameter of the sun should contract about a mile in twenty-five years—or four miles in a century. This amount would not be perceptible until after thousands of years. Yet the process of contraction must come to an end some time. Therefore, if this view is correct, the life of the sun must have a limit. What its limit may be we cannot say with exactness, we only know that it is several millions of years, but not many millions.

The same theory implies that the sun was larger in former times than it is now, and must have been larger and larger every year that we go back into its history. There was a time when it must have been as large as the whole solar system. In this case it could have been nothing but a nebula. We thus have the theory that the sun and solar system have resulted from the contraction of a nebula—through millions of years. This view is familiarly known as the nebular hypothesis.

The question whether the nebula hypothesis is to be accepted as a proved result of science is one on which opinions differ. There are many facts which support it—such as the interior heat of the earth and the revolution and rotation of the planets all in the same direction. But cautious and conservative minds will want some further proof of the theory before they regard it as absolutely established. Even if we accept it, we still have open the question: How did the nebula itself originate, and how did it begin to contract? This brings us to the boundary where science can propound a question but cannot answer it.

PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB
("Astronomy for Everybody").

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MINDING BABY

By A. Neuhuys

The Adventurer in Spain*

By S. R. Crockett

Author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Stickit Minister," "The Men of the Moss Hags," &c.

XII.—How Love Came Home

IMMEDIATELY in front of Don José's windows women were teasing "flock" mattresses with the easy friendliness of Spain. A thin icy drizzle was falling, which made the men who hurried by draw tighter about their throats the folds of their *capas*. But for all the difference the weather made to these busy workers, it might have been the soft airs of spring which were visiting them. I could not help hoping that the people to whom the mattresses belonged might be equally indifferent to "th' heat o' the sun, and the furious winter's rages!"

I sat and looked down at these women, wondering with that curious automatic "other half of the brain" what they were, how and where they lived, who had been their "playmates and companions," if they were wedded or single—while at the same time all my being was taking in, with a keen and delighted wonder, every detail of the story of Cyrilla Toro, told me by her own lips—her husband, Don José, acting meantime as suggester, prompter, brake, and the man who lets down the curtain.

For in spite of all, Cyrilla Valtierra retained much of the old Cyrilla—though every trait was curiously blurred and altered, as if some exquisite work of art had been dipped into a fiery bath of metal, from which it emerged as precious, perhaps—but different.

No, the fine gold had not grown dim—only its most glittering facets had been overlaid. That which had been the head of a winsome, mischievous girl had become sweet and patient—emergent from suffering, like, let us say, that "other Mary," when at the end of things John took her to his own home.

. . . . . .

While I had been sitting in the great, somewhat bare room, waiting for Doña Cyrilla and her husband (for once Don José had to take the second place), I cast my thoughts back and noted how curiously the story of Little Zaida had pursued me ever since I entered the country. I saw how I had been led on from point to point—from less to more—from ignorance to knowledge. The man in whose care Zaida was now, Biño the faithful, had brought me into Spain, and

Women were teasing flock mattresses

* Copyright, 1903, in the United States of America, by S. R. Crockett.

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had served me ever since, with complete though intermittent loyalty. Zaida's great uncle, Don Manuel Sebastian, had been my first host—and, perhaps, take him altogether, was the greatest figure the Peninsula had revealed to me. Her second cousins had taught me how to smuggle, according to its various shades of black, white, and grey. Zaida's grandfather it was who had showed to me the beauty of holiness, in a threadbare violet gown in the garden-garth of La Delicia near by the City of El Seo. It was the father of Zaida's foster-mother, one Rodil, a caravan merchant, who had brought me into her presence. In his company the trustfulness of that bright young face had first greeted my eyes, among the blackened ruins of Miranda-Aran.

All unexpectedly I had come upon the history of her father Alonso, that unworthy son of Armandus, Bishop of El Seo. Last of all I had heard the story of Cyrilla, her mother, who at the first had seemed almost equally unworthy, in that she could attempt to bring dishonour upon one of those rare souls, too, who truly walk with God.

The Carlist camp and the various connubial and adventurous excuses of my companions had brought me to the strange stone hut of the forest guard among the pine woods of Señor Valtierra. There for the first time I had heard the true story of the girlhood of Zaida's mother, how Cyrilla Toro had been no adventuress, however gay and unthoughtful for herself, or even careless of the feelings of others. I heard how she had taken her life in her hand and gone forth, not counting the reproach. Such a woman could not be reckoned either selfish or ignoble.

But till Don José came walking his horse upward through the *piñadas*, till he found me doing the duties of forest-guard among his pines, till he had taken my photograph of the little maid in his hand, till he had stood marble-pale at Shepherd Adan's question, I had believed (what I now knew to be false) that the Frenchwoman's Pool ended all. The little shrine of the Virgin seen on the Day-of-All-the-Saints, and the empty tomb with its simple inscription, had told me the rest. So, sitting thus and watching the flock-pickers on the wet pavement, I heard feet on the stair, and rose to receive Don José and his wife.

Already Cyrilla looked more composed and happier than on the day before. She held my hand in a long clasp.

"I know now that what you told me is true," she said, "my little girl lives God has revealed it to me in the night!"

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How did I know these things? How does a woman know anything about a man? Perhaps the Señor in his wisdom thinks that she needs first to see it printed in a book?

So went many days, and somehow by-and-by, in the quiet of these summer hours, there fell a constraint upon my heart. My brother was far away in the *piñadas*. The work of the household was soon done. Within that door, as it were, ever present to my heart, there lay a man praying—yes, praying that I might open it and only smile upon him—no more. Sometimes the thought drove me out into the shadows of the woods. And I tried to do—well, as I was used to do of yore, such a long time ago—sit and sew, watching the road for the cavaliers, cloaked with blue, cinctured with vermilion, horsemen young and bold, who came riding upon horses, all to show themselves off before me!

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I saw, clearly as in a vision (sitting there in the woods), the little room, the open window with the shutters closed on the cross-hasp, and one ray of green sunlight wavering through the fig-tree on the whitewash of the walls. And on the bed lay a man, very quiet, with swathed head, who only watched the shut door, and—yes, as I said before, prayed for the sound of my footsteps along the flagged passage.

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wanted to "mother" Don Alonso, the wounded man—not knowing that—well, what I know now. Almost as in after days with my babe, I lifted him and laid him. And it ended as, I suppose, all very wise people would have foreseen from the beginning—I loved him.

But, being no more than a young and ignorant girl I did not know, I could not foresee. How could I? Had I not always been sufficient for everything that came my way before? Aye, truly—and something more! Perhaps if Don José, my friend, had been near me the end might have been different. I do not know. At any rate, so it was.

And when Don Alonso grew better, and was able to go out among the trees, he must needs have my arm, and, after every few steps, rest. Then he seemed to depend on me more than ever. But, all the same, there came suddenly upon me one day the sense that I was bound—captured—taken as in a net I have seen a wild thing of the forest. I struggled to be loose, and tried my most desperate to free myself. But I think, like the bird in the meshes, I only ruffled my wings and lay panting.

. . . . .

Then one day, late in the evening, we came home together, he and I, thinking no evil. And lo! we found my brother (who had passed us in the deep places of the wood, unseen himself) angry with a terrible anger. And that night we fled together and—I have never seen Miguel Toro since!

After that, he told me that we must go very far away—across the mountains into France. But first I caused Alonso to accompany me to Father Gregory, who, choosing between two evils, and knowing from a child my nature, gave us that blessing which a priest can give, and said the Holy Mass over our heads as we knelt to take communion. It was, I know, no strict marriage, but it held as well as another. Nevertheless, Alonso promised that in France we should be wedded again according to the law of that State. For, desiring safety, he had made himself of the French nation.

It was the height of summer, and the mountains were mostly as bare of snow as the palm of your hand. So sometimes we walked and sometimes we rode in ox-waggons, abiding in cabins of the shepherds and *metairies* by the wayside—till at last there came the *charettes*, the white roads like spread tables, and the long descent into France.

He was taking me to his home, he said, and I was content. Who, indeed, would not have been?

Aye, and to make me love him more, at Toulouse he kept his word. We were married duly, and after the mayor's room in the town-house, we went also to another church and heard words said over us by a French priest. But my real marriage was done by Father Gregory, who knew all from the beginning, and can witness even to this day if in aught I have spoken untruly. He is in this city now, and even ere we go we shall seek him. Nay, José, it is my wish that this stranger shall know all—all. If he gives me back my Zaida, why—there is nothing I would refuse to him which my tongue can utter.

But in Toulouse, after a week or two, I found Don Alonso strangely altered. He had lived in the city before, and had work that kept him much away, in cafés and places where men meet and come forth smelling of tobacco and wine. Moreover, this work of his—I know it now, though I did not then—was to spy upon his fellow countrymen, and to find out their secrets. He used to go off on long journeys to Bayonne, to St. Jean de Luz, to Biarritz, even to Bordeaux. Wherever the Carlista exiles were gathered together, there went Alonso of Miranda-Aran. And they welcomed him for the sake of his people and his good name, telling him their secrets and thinking no evil.

Nor, indeed, did I, though I was lonely—very lonely—having then no children, but instead—as is the custom of women—the need to cry, to be 'made of' and petted, which—but, after all, you are but two men! How can I expect you to understand? No, I bore it all for love's sake, and in a way was happy enough. Till one terrible day a woman laughed at me in the street and called after me, so that I set my fingers in my ears. No, not for my own sake, for not a word did

I believe. But for the sake of the innocent thing that should one day be. Yes, that was it. Nevertheless I went home and cried alone. Then in the evening, after it was dark, came this woman again, and when like a simpleton I opened the door, she pushed past me, clamouring! Yes, mad—I do indeed think she was mad! For she cried out upon me that this house was hers, that it had been hers for a long season—that my husband Alonso was hers—yes, had been hers for years, before ever he set eyes on me!

At the first I stood dumb, not taking in a word, far less believing it. For I loved this man and had followed him to a far land. So I called the officers and had her put forth. But as she went she cursed the babe unborn with a great evil, and promised that it should die unbaptised, for that which I had done to her. She would keep her word, she said, blaspheming. She was, as I thought, but a poor street-trull, decked out with gewgaws. My husband could never—no, never—have looked at such. I loved him too well even to soil my soul with thinking it.

A woman laughed at me in the street

But on the next day, a neighbour who dwelt in the same house—a woman who, perhaps because I was younger or better to look upon than she, wished me no good—took me aside and told me that it was all true. And because even then I would not believe, she brought in other neighbours to testify to her story.

And so in the dulling afternoon I was left

there—alone. I sat down and wrote a letter to Alonso—who had been my husband—at Bayonne he was. But he never answered, going instead to Spain—as they told me, with this woman. But that, at least, was false. *She* abode in the city and waited for her vengeance. *But Alonso was dead already.*

So in the fulness of the time the child was born—Francisca Zaida, I called her—the name coming to me in a dream as if written in letters of fire. In the blackness of such sorrow as I pray that no woman may know—that is and live—this pearl of price came into my arms.

But the neighbours went in and out, making much of me and of the child—especially the woman who had given me the evil information about my husband. And when I was again about the house—well of body, and able to care for the babe, lo, this woman bade me come quickly one night to her room, for that one of her children had fallen unconscious, and she knew not what to do. So, as I had the skill in simples which one learns in woods and in the country, I went, the babe Zaida being fast asleep.

Also, about that time my heart began to uplift in me, for I said to myself—after all, it is of the nature of the men of our country, at least in cities. Moreover, it had been finished, as even the woman herself said, before ever he had set eyes on me. Perhaps, I thought, that was the reason that he used to sit, and look so long and sadly at me—because he did not dare to tell me!

So in my heart of hearts, I even began to forgive my husband, and wrote the second time to tell him so. And though he lay still with the red earth over him, long or ever the letter reached him, still I am glad to think now that I wrote *that* to him for a last farewell. Yes, José, do not smite the table—I *am* glad!

Well, feeling the life thus coming back, and, happy in the beauty of my babe, I went not unwillingly to help the other woman's child. Also, being lonely, it is woman's nature to wish to speak to some one of her babe and its beauty. But when I got there—lo, it was all nothing. The boy sat eating an orange. But, I remained awhile talking—oh, to think upon the folly of it now!

And when I went back to my own chamber above, and bent over the cradle, to look and worship the babe—*my little Zaida was gone!*

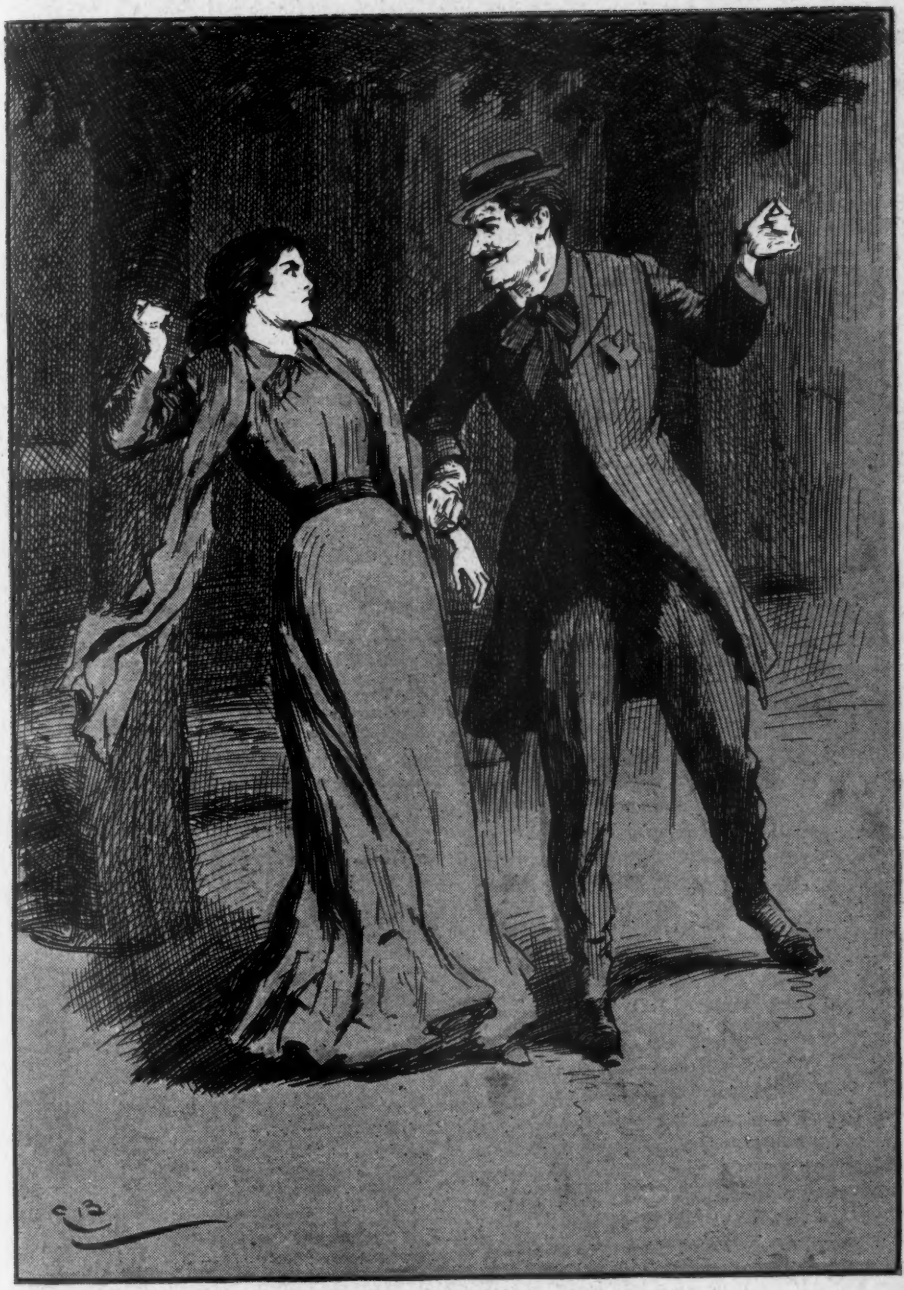
. . . . . .

Ah, Señor, whatever my sins (and indeed my own heart condemns me), surely I, a poor girl, had not deserved that! Even Father Gregory says so. Yet God entered into judgment with me. I never thought to find Him gracious again. And indeed it has taken Him a long time!

My child was gone, and without waiting for more than to look about the house (for, I thought, some one might have hidden her for a jest) I ran out into the night! The streets were busy with many people, And some mocked at me, while others—oh! that Don José had been there! The evil beasts! Then I went to the police folk, but they would do nothing. They would send and inquire—oh yes, to-morrow. The commissary would present himself. But at present it was impossible. He was dining. Besides, the child would surely turn up. Who wanted to steal a child? So once more I ran back to ask of the neighbours. But they mocked at me, or at least so it appeared to me. For the house was hateful to me; all the more that there was one there who said loudly that Alonso, my husband, owed him money, and that everything in the house was his and not mine any more. I must take nothing away. I did not care. I only wanted the babe, and I would go. Oh, right gladly!

Perhaps I did not understand. You see, I did not then speak the French language as I do now. Mayhap some of them wished to be kind. But this I know, they would not help me to find my babe. So I ran out again into the darkness. It was in the beautiful spring weather, but, as is the custom there in the twilight, the chill wind of the Midi was blowing.

Now, there was no doubt in my mind at all as to who had done this thing. It was the Evil Woman. She and no other had taken my child—his child—all to be revenged on me. She would seek him with the child, and (so in my folly I told myself) bribe him to love her with the beautiful babe that was mine alone. Now I am wiser. I know that when



I flashed a knife before his eyes

women seek to win men, they do not take them other women's children.

[Here Don José gently stroked his wife's hand.]

Well (she continued, calming herself), I cannot tell much more. Those lighted streets —they seemed to pursue me. I asked a man passing along a boulevard, where there were trees and shops with closed shutters, if I was upon the right way to Spain. He caught me by the wrist, laughing. But in a moment I flashed a knife before his eyes, clear in the yellow shine of the gas-lamps. Ha! if he had not fled, there had been one dog the less in Toulouse that night! So I went on and on till I was clear of the town and the dreadful spying of the lamps. Then bit by bit there came back to me the learning of the stars, which had been taught me by my brother in the *piñadas* on the hillsides. Easily I found that strange North Star, on which the world turns, and I set my back to it. Any road, so I thought, must end by taking me to Spain so long as I kept my back steadily to that star.

How far it might be to my own land I knew not. We had come by train part of the way, my husband and I. But now, I had not even thought to take what money there was in the house. It was little—my husband having promised to send me more from Bayonne. Only two sous did I possess in all the world. And I was a woman with a child to find, wandering in search of her through the world—weak also, the faintness of child-bearing being still upon me.

. . . . .

For the rest I know not much. I went on till I fell down. And when I could I rose up again. Sometimes it was day, and then again it was would-be night—without any reason. I was wet with the rains and presently dry again in the wind. Here and there people spoke to me, and some—though whom I remember not now—must have been kind to me, giving me food and drink. And always I made inquiry for a woman—and a babe the most beautiful in the world, a maid-child called Zaida. *But the woman was hateful to look upon.*

I am sure they thought that I was mad. Yet all the same—perhaps the more because of that—they let me go on. However, ask as I would, high or low, hill-land or valley, none had seen any such woman. Indeed, all my journey is now but a blur to myself. One night I remember I was high among the hills, and there fell a spring storm, called a *bourrasque*. How the snow swooped down! For I was high up, and I hid me behind a rock, and said, "Now all will be well! I shall sleep and wake no more! Then, maybe, I shall find my babe! At the worst, I shall not know!"

Whether or not I would have remembered, God only knows! But that I would at least have died every shepherd on the hills, every forest-guard, every smuggler can tell you. Not that I was sorry for that—save when I thought of those who should bring up Zaida perhaps to be devilish—like the Woman. I laid me down, for it seemed warmer behind the stones. And strange lights flashed before my eyes, and were gone. And in my head fiery balls began, small as garden peas, but they grew and burst at last great as thunderbolts. And then—*I remembered God.* Utterly I had forgotten Him—not, I mean, as every one forgets Him except when they are in want of something, but I had forgotten that there was such a thing as God! There are people who doubt even that, you say? Ah, well, then, I say this—they have never sought their own little babe through a snowstorm upon the Pyrenees!

There *is* a God—I, Cyrilla, know it, for I cried to Him out of the depths—yes, bitterly I cried, reproaching Him that He had entered into judgment with me—with me, who had never missed making monthly my confession to Father Gregory—with me who had ever loved the Holy Virgin—she who had but one Child—but One—even as I!

And I vowed—oh, Señor, I would tell you if I could! I am hiding nothing, but indeed what I vowed I cannot remember. And the storm came on worse and worse every moment, and I never a whit the colder. I heard the winds howling, and sometimes a fleck of snow would drive behind my rock. But it came not about me, save as a bank to break the blast. That was because the God who held the storm in the hollow of His hand made Himself a shelter about me. At

least, Father Gregory says so, and who should know if not he? He is such a good man. But as for Cyrilla, she only wanted to die.

At last I fell asleep, expecting never to wake—hoping it, indeed!

. . . . . .

And lo! Señor, listen to this, for indeed it is very wonderful. When I came to myself, it was upon the arm of Don José here! He had followed me step by step—aye, all the way from Toulouse, as a shepherd searches all the hills for his lost lamb.

For he knew long aforetime where it was that Don Alonso had his home—indeed, it was a thing known to many. A man like Don Alonso cannot be hid. To gain his living he must be known and so far approved of many. And he had pretty ways—pretty and manly, too. But though Don José had been in Toulouse—yes, often during the time I was there, putting Juana into the Convent of the Sacred Heart (for, after all, she had decided to be a nun), he had never once come near me. And for that I do not quite forgive, even yet. Though if you ask him—of course, like a man, he has his answer ready.

But as soon as he knew that Alonso, my husband, had been slain and I left alone, at once widow and mother (for he knew of that, too), lonely in a strange city, he had left all behind him and come to seek me! It had been his idea to put me into Juana's convent, that I might be sheltered till things should clear themselves a little. For, oh! his heart is big and true and wise—yes, it is, José mine, and I will say it to the stranger. But, indeed, he knows it well of his own seeing, for none can be so long with my José without seeing the manner of man he is. Oh! José, why—*why* did you give your love to a poor, foolish, broken thing like me?

. . . . . .

And then—yes, I will go on with the story. There is not much more to tell now—no, not much. Don José set the police folk on the track, together with the telegraph and all those things that I had not known how to use. And he followed after step by step as they traced me from village to village. And at the last, called the Hospital of the Mountain Foot, he arrived just at the storm's beginning. Whereupon he had gotten together many men, with promises of silver and gold, doubtless, as is his way, also horses and dogs, and had tracked me over the mountains, through the snow-drifts, casting a wide net and fetching a compass about me. But though it was all wise and good, I know indeed, as Father Gregory says—that it was God who guided Don José to the Rock—He to whom I had cried in the dark out of a heart made desolate—yes, Señor, a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit and a wife of youth, as it had been, refused.

That is what Father Gregory says. And, indeed, he has reason. For one more tossed with tempest than Cyrilla Toro there was not that day between the Land of the Living and the Place of the Dead.

So Don José, finding me there, under the great rock with the snow all about, drew me out, and, awaking slowly, I lay still, knowing only that I was safe, and that there was no more for me to do. Ah! it is good to know that, if you are a woman and weak. He took me to the Lady Superior of Juana's convent, for she was then, as now, with the sisters—aye, and of the best of them, full of love and kindness as ever, Juana, my sister.

And after that, for long and long, I stood out, and would not come to him—because, after that night, somehow my head would not get well. And even now there are times—when—yes, José, I will tell—when I am not kind even to him—mourning for my child. But all that will be past now when I have found Zaida, the babe whom I counted as dead.

But once there came a time when Don José stayed away a long season—many weeks. And I was lonely and afraid—most of all fearing myself. So then I knew that I could not do without him. And I spoke to Juana, who knew all things, and she to the Mother Superior, and between them they sent word by telegraph to Don José, a message costing many francs. In the nunnery they still speak about the cost. But he paid them all back. And when at last he came, I told him how I had tried—but could not do without him any more!

Small mountain railways climbing asthmatically

Whereat he said that, being no longer of the youngest of men, it was a pity that so much good time had been wasted. So we were married and he brought me here. But even in the warm shining of his love and the great safe covert of his heart, there has been within me, night and day, an ache—an emptiness—until——

(Here she reached me out her hand for the first time, adding only this word :)

"But now my heart is full—full!"

. . . . .

Then to this absorbed audience of two I told all the tale which, having told it before, I need not repeat—the story of my meeting with the Sebastians, concerning Zaida and Miranda Aran, of the soiling of the bishop's robe on the day of the enthronement, of Andrés and his wife. Last of all I spoke of the Frenchwoman's Pool, and of what had taken place there.

And at this Cyrilla, who had been listening with the apple of her full throat rising and falling, as if she were drinking alternate draughts of sweet and bitter, suddenly sprang to her feet. Her husband's arm shot out as if to restrain her.

"Oh, then she is dead!" she cried, her eyes shining—"the Evil Woman! I am glad she is dead. God is good. She took my babe. She tried to take my husband. She would have drowned my Zaida, if she could. But there is a God after all, who punishes iniquity. It is *not* 'all the same!' And she knew it before she died—I am so glad—so glad! Ah, before she passed, when the waters were black in her throat, then even as I, she knew the bitterness of death!"

For this Cyrilla was of the old race of Spanish women, and made no pretence, in the sudden volcanic outpouring of her heart, long pent up, to the milder virtues of forgiveness. I judge that a fairly ancient type of woman spake in these words of Cyrilla Toro.

Her husband tried to soothe her.

"After all she is dead! Let be!" he said, touching his wife, and endeavouring to draw her again down to her place by his side.

"I am glad of it—glad of it!" she cried, clenching her hands convulsively by her side, as if she would bury her nails in the flesh.

Moving his head ever so slightly, Don José signalled to me to go out. He followed me to the door, and, under pretext of closing it, came a step without. And as I went he whispered, "These fits come upon her—though now but rarely. Leave us for a little—I and only I can manage her. For this cause I have not told her brother till they are fit to be brought together. Because you know our poor Miguel's head is sometimes troubled also. It is the sorrow that has fallen upon these two. Go now. In a little I will come! I think your news is the best medicine after all. It will not be long."

. . . . .

I went. I waited. But instead it was Cyrilla who came herself to find me, with clasped hands and gentle petitionary grace.

"I am sorry," she said. "Sometimes I forget myself, when I think on the Evil One. But you, who know, will forgive me. I

promise you, the day I take Zaida to my bosom, I will forgive—*even her!* At least, I will try."

And from that and from what followed after, I learned that a bad woman may sometimes forgive, but a truly good one—*never*. She says it over to herself that she does—but even, in the saying of it, up leaps the eternal unforgiveness, eager, poignant, not to be denied. Yet one day that rancour also will depart, dissolved and lost in the first cool wash of eternity. Doubt it not!

. . . . . .

Once more then we journeyed from Zaragoza to El Seo—first on one of the great through lines of Spain—then more laboriously on small mountain railways, climbing asthmatically up towards the summits of the hills, with engineers who lit their pipes as their train plunged into a tunnel and had them finished to the last huge whiff ere the king's lieges again saw daylight.

At last we came to a little wayside station, beyond which, owing to the disturbed state of the country, even the construction trains did not "function." Here we found mules and horses, ordered by Don José to carry us to El Seo, that minutest of all the cathedral cities of Spain, where as yet the hoot of the steam whistle hath never been heard, nor have flakes of *briquette* dust defiled the clean land.

Of El Seo nothing remains to be said.

The Bishop resting, staff in hand, outside the little Cathedral

A woman coming from confession passed us with her eyes in a handkerchief

Even in the snell bite of the oncoming winter, it could not look otherwise than what it is ever—the veritable City of Dream.

We found the Bishop, simple in his tastes as always, resting staff in hand, upon a seat just outside the little cathedral, his feet deep in the fallen leaves, and his beautifully clear-cut face turned towards the setting sun. I went forward alone to salute him, and he came to himself as with a start from his deep reverie.

He knew of Don José Valtierra by name, and that made the explanation easier. We had left Cyrilla at the *fonda*, in my old room, where some of my smuggler traps still remained, with no little of that "bloom of time" upon them, which comes so readily in dusty Spain.

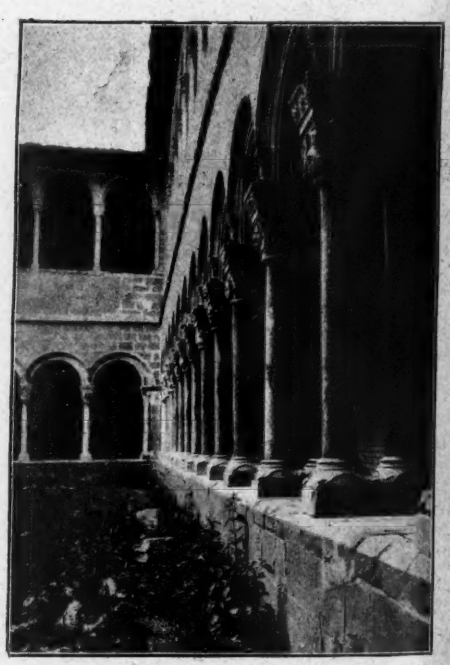
Perhaps the habit of listening to confessions helped the good Bishop Armandus to believe us. Men who daily hear such histories in the way of their profession do not hastily discredit anything. All things are possible to them that believe—even Belief.

And as he listened, this good man of the silver locks—the simple cooing of his cathedral doves in the belfry above alternating with the chimes that told the quarters—he nodded his head in gentlest sympathy. He had loved and yearned over the little maid. But here was one with a greater right.

"Well, then," he said, "even now I will go and speak with your wife, Don José!" rising from his seat, with what I could not but see was increasing difficulty.

As we passed down one side of the quiet cathedral square, a woman coming from confession by some side door, passed us with her eyes in a handkerchief. The bishop raised his hand in almost imperceptible benediction. I did not see the woman look up. But, whether or no, he had blessed her unknown sorrow. It was, I thought to myself, very characteristic of the man.

By gloomy cloisters we went, the Bishop



By gloomy cloisters we went

leading, then through a disused arcade, with the sunshine flickering sparsely between the pillars, and so emerged at last upon the back of the inn. In another minute we were at the door of the room, and Cyrilla was kneeling before the grandfather of her child.

Don José drew me away.

"This concerns us not!" he said; "she is neither my child nor yours!" And truly it did not; but, for all that, I knew the Bishop's way of dealing with souls—and was content.

It was the better part of an hour that we had to wait there in the chill little hall of the *fonda*. Before half of the time was over I had perused all the labels with which the third-rate commercial traveller in Spain lards the hostel of his choice—under the hat-pegs, chiefly, and spattered round the flyblown receptacle for letters (heaven help their senders!) like bullet marks round the eye of a target.

At last Cyrilla came forth to us, like one who has been shaken to the very springs of life, but with a new light moist in her eye, a quiver of the lip which broke anon April fashion into a smile, and with some of the good Bishop's own serenity upon her face.

"You will wait," he said; "all of you must be guests of mine. In my palace it is not permitted. But you will go to La Delicia, and to-morrow I and my brothers will wait upon you. To-night Don Manuel is to arrive in El Seo."

Don José and I looked at each other.

"Good," said our four eyes, "that will save us the long pilgrimage to San Severino!"

The Bishop would have ordered out the state coach, but I managed to get an opportunity of warning Don José.

"No, no, my lord Bishop, that I cannot accept!" he cried. "It will do the Señora good to walk, if you will graciously permit!"

To which Bishop Armandus agreed with a sigh—perhaps in part a sigh of relief. For I think the good prelate stood not a little in awe of Baltasar, his coachman and *macero*. Also he might well be anxious lest the coach would reconstitute itself into its component staves upon the cobble-stones of the descent into the valley.

Incomparably more beautiful than ever was La Delicia—the river flowing clearer—the autumn leaves lying ankle-deep upon the ground, the glamour of Indian summer in the air—the distance all marled and aerial seen through the framework of the trees—like a dream within a dream. Upon the little island stood the crosses which the banished monks had set up to their brethren. From a tangled disarray of cords, I gathered that certain of the tribe of the washerwomen occasionally used these for drying-poles. I

The sunshine flickering sparsely between the pillars

was shocked, but the moment after I remembered that probably the dead monks did not mind—certainly not the living Bishop.

The morrow came, and with it the Bishop and Don Manuel Sebastian — the elder brother looking the younger by twenty years.

The tale was told by Don José, this time entirely. And as he listened the stern, grey-headed Chief of the Sebastians set a considering knuckle to the squareness of his chin. It was a strange story. But, then, Don José Valtierra was not a man to speak aught but the proven truth. He had no rights save those of head of the family—but in Spain these count for something even to this day. Also was I, who vouched for these things,

not the Englishman and his friend? Yes; he, Don Manuel Sebastian, would go with us to Les Cabanes in the Ariége—that is, if his brother gave him full powers to act for him.

The Bishop's anathema died away in a murmur; but, as for me, I thought of the Frenchwoman's Pool, and what had been cast therein. Truly the Word held fast.

Incomparably more beautiful than ever was La Delicia

That, right gladly, the Bishop would do. His work was to abide in his place and pray.

"Dominea, labia mea aperies. Et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam," he murmured.

"Only," he added, "let all be done for the happiness of the little one. Because, said He not, 'Whoso shall offend one of these . . . it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into . . . into——'"

It was after the ancient cavalier fashion that we crossed the Pyrenees — Cyrilla mostly pensive, Don José and Don Manuel finding much to say to each other, while, so long as there was a carriage road and a possible vehicle, I wrapped my Aragonese *capa* about me, and sat aloft with the driver.

High up on the sierras, beyond the wintry granges with the snow-clouds drearily surging above them, and the wind whistling through

their naked trees, at a turn of the pass we came on the true promoter of fraternity among the nations.

"Now there are no more Pyrenees!" said, somewhat hastily, Napoleon the Great. However, it turned out not to be so. For this snowed-up road-engine, abandoned to the weather, was the true pioneer of civilisation. The snow lay thick upon chimney and fore-roller. It had drifted into the cab, which looked like a freshly-filled salt-cellar. The van where the men had lived (with "Villa Plein Air" rudely painted in red above the door) was snow-covered from stem to stern. But in a year or two there would be another practicable pass added to the few existing carriage-roads out of France into Spain—and of that consummation, "Ville Plein Air," with its attendant monster, was the symbol and silent forerunner.

It was still snowing thickly when we entered the valley of the Ariége, and struck the high road which leads towards Les Cabanes. But as we went on we found less and less snow on the low-lying lands, so that presently an actual cyclist trundled past us, a little bumpily, it is true, but quite efficiently. Clearly we were approaching another civilisation.

There is no inn at Les Cabanes (that is, to call an inn, though there are two which call themselves hotels), and it was a neighbouring proprietor, M. de Gudane, a friend of Don José's, who had been forewarned to receive us. No news whatever of our journey had been sent to Biño or his family.

It was curious that I, still mounted aloft, should again be the first to see Marinessia. As at El Seo, she was at the fountain, with a placard of the last Fourteenth of July *fête* over her head. She was filling her pails, and looked at the carriage, wonderingly, as it went trundling past. A little way along I got quietly down and sent the others on to the house of M. de Gudane.

It was hardly fair, I thought, to spring a mine under the household arrangements of two such good friends as Biño and Marinessia, without giving them at least some warning.

So I spoke freely to Marinessia—that is to Madame Biño (and as I called her that name for the first time, she blushed brightly). Biño, it seemed, was absent at the farm along the river-side. As usual Zaida was at the convent school, but presently Marinessia would be going to fetch her. All was well. The little girl had been not the least trouble, and both of them already loved her. She seemed to be happy in the place where she was.

Now Marinessia was of those who really love right, and who strive to do it for its own sake.

"No," she said, when I proposed some middle course, "a child should go to her mother. That is just. I will help you all I can. Count upon that."

"I fear," I said, "I have done you an ill turn, Marinessia."

She smiled cheerfully, as she relieved me of the pitchers at the top of the hill which led to their house.

"You did me one turn so good that now whatever else you do is right!" And with her pitcher on the top step, and one hand resting on her hip as before, she indicated

The glamour of Indian summer in the air

Biño coming slowly up the road, guiding a team of oxen with a wand of office.

. . . .

Not till the morrow did we see Zaida. It was a day of festival. The sun was trying hard to shine through a haze of cloud, thick as a nun's veil. Don José and his wife had come early in the afternoon to Biño's house. Cyrilla was to see Zaida for the first time in a religious procession, so that if any crisis of nerves should supervene, it might be well over before the child was presented to her. This was Don Manuel's idea. He had had experience of Isidra, and I do not doubt that the thought of that daughter at home, stealing out to listen by the mound, over which in spring the Lent Lilies were blowing, made his grave face seem even graver. For to Isidra the unhappy there could never come any such resurrection of love.

Wintry granges with snow-clouds drearily surging above them

The true promoter of fraternity among nations

So we waited there, Marinessia and Biño well to the front, on the balcony at which Zaida would look up and smile as she passed. At the next window, dissembled behind the curtains, sat Cyrilla, with Don José close by her side. Behind and also unseen, I stood shoulder to shoulder with Don Manuel Sebastian. No one of us said a word. Not even the sound of our breathing was heard.

At last the procession came, passing slowly along the face of the ancient monastery, to the eye half religious institution, half stable. There were a few people assembled to see them enter, mostly relatives of the children—but the Ariége is not a department favourable to street processions of a religious nature—at least, its rulers are not. But, standing out well against the thin drift of snow which sheeted the roads under that November sky, the neat black-and-white of the pupils of the convent was succeeded by three tall and gloomy shapes, who were the Sisters themselves. Veiled and hooded, they stalked solemnly along, looking like the witches out of Macbeth, save that the last of them read steadily in her Prayer Book as she went. Then came a row of little girls, who last season had made their first communion.

They wore still the white robes of innocence.

First among these was Zaida. She looked up and smiled back at Marinessia. But for the gloomy sisterhood so near, I think, she would have kissed her hand.

At that all of us moved closer to Zaida's mother, expecting some wild scene of passion. But instead, Cyrilla only clutched her husband's arm more tightly, following the procession with her eyes till it was lost under the archway of the ancient church.

Then Cyrilla sighed, a deep long sigh, and turning to me, she said very simply, "You have spoken the truth! It *is* my Zaida—but, *why have they done her hair like that?*"

Upon which, as may be imagined, there fell a great relief among us, while Marinessia explained that when Zaida left the house her coiffure had been becomingly arranged, but that at the convent the Mother Superior had her own ideas about decorum in hair-dressing. Then, quite suddenly, there came an unexpected trembling about the mouth of Cyrilla. The tears welled up into her eyes. Her husband touched her arm warningly, for in many things she was still the child-woman.

"Well," she pouted, but answering nevertheless to the check, "she smiled and kissed her hand to Marinessia—and—and—she did not see me, her mother! She never once looked!"

"Nonsense, dearest," said Don José, practically; "it was impossible for her to see you. But it will not be long till she is here. Let us discuss what is to be done with her. You cannot win a child's heart—nor a woman's for that matter—all in a moment. Now, it is my opinion that for the present Zaida is better where she is, at the convent school, and under the care of these kind folk!"

"But I want her," cried Cyrilla. "*I* have the right! Am I not her mother?"

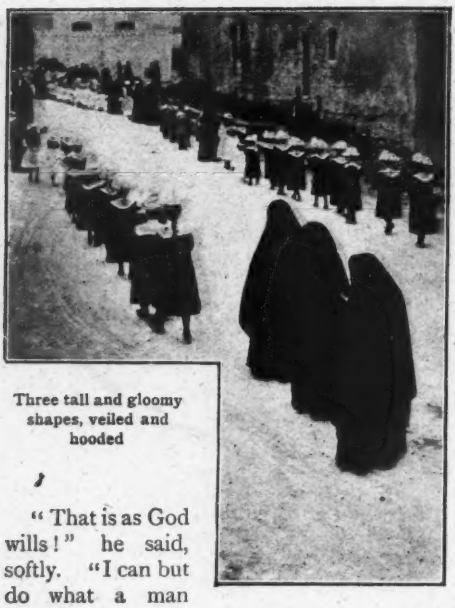
And at heart and in spite of my friendship for Biño, I think I was of her faction—that is Cyrilla's. But after all it was Don José who had the contract on his hands. My reason agreed that he knew best.

"There is Monsieur de Gudane," said Don José, "he has a new house which he does not use. It is good and fit and habitable. I will hire it from him, Cyrilla mine, and you shall stay there all the winter—seeing Zaida every day, having her with you every Sunday and Thursday, and gradually—the love will come!"

"But I want it to come at once!" cried the old Cyrilla, her throat swelling as she spoke.

Her husband made a little helpless movement with his hands.

Madame Biño was at the fountain



Three tall and gloomy shapes, veiled and hooded

"That is as God wills!" he said, softly. "I can but do what a man can!"

"Well," said Cyrilla, "I shall also will it very much to come—and perhaps that also may help! It used to."

Don José looked about him, I think for assistance, but all of us were silent. Our feeling was that every man must rule his own house, and that with his heart-joy or his heart-bitterness, the stranger would be singularly unwise to intermeddle.

Then she added a further query.

"And as to Miguel, my brother?"

"Oh," said Don José, with clearly affected ease, "Miguel would not leave his beloved pine-woods for anything. But this will we do. We will go on with the building of a new house there in spite of him—the one which we have so long intended to begin—Cyrilla, as soon as you were better. Then we shall all go and stay with him in the spring."

"No," said Cyrilla, "he has waited long—just because I was naughty and unhappy—because I would have hurt him with my angers. But now I am cured, and I want us to be all together. This is what you will do, José. You will buy the place here from Monsieur de Gudane, or give him something in exchange for it. You can if you will—oh, easily!"

Don José made a little grimace, and shrugged his shoulders half humorously at us. But I think that in our hearts we were all glad to see the strong man, the wilful man, doing word for word as a woman bade him. And Biño from his corner glanced meaningly at Marinessia, as if to say that he also had had his medicine out of the same bottle. In which he was wrong, for Marinessia Alva was no wilful child-woman, nor had been all the days of her.

"Well," said Don José at last, "perhaps the thing might be managed so far as M. de Gudane is concerned. He is to some extent indebted to me. But you do not know Miguel—he would never leave his beloved *piñadas*. I fear we must wait and go to him!"

Cyrilla rose to her feet with the quick gesture which denotes the consciousness of power.

"What!" she cried, "not know Miguel Toro—my own brother? I will show you, foolish Don José! This minute will I write a letter that will bring Miguel to me as fast as hoof of horse can move through the valleys and over the mountains—your horses, too! Oh, yes, he cannot read, but he will take it down to the curé of the village. All will be as I say."

And, rising, she went to a table, and, with Marinessia standing by to supply her with materials, she wrote a few words:

"Miguel, come to your Cyrilla. She has been nigh unto death, nearer even than you. But she has found life. Don José, her husband, gave her that. She has found her child. The Englishman gave her that. She has found her soul. God gave her that. And now she wants her own brother. You alone can give her that! Come, Miguel, my brother!"

She handed the letter to her husband to read. He nodded his head slowly.

"You have the great heart, Cyrilla. He will come to you, and also—I think—the love of the child."

"You think—I know!" said Cyrilla, proudly.

But at that moment there came a whirl-

wind of steps on the stairway. A vision of flower-wreaths and whiteness tore impetuously in, shedding hood and cloak as it came.

"My Englishman—my Englishman!" Zaida cried. "He has come! They told me — they whispered it along the benches during the service—that there were strangers here—one of them with a great black box under his arm. And I knew—oh, I knew—ah, there he is!"

And with all the old *élan*, and some added avoirdupois to give weight to her assault, she sprang right off the ground into my arms.

I led her to where Cyrilla was sitting—now pale as the useless marble of the monument under the yew trees in Zaragoza.

"Do you know who this is?" I said. Zaida stared long; and then, though without taking away her eyes, she slowly shook her head.

"It is your mother!" said I, feeling that on this occasion curtness was the best kindness.

Promptly and all unexpectedly Zaida began to weep.

"No, not another!" she said. "I love Marinessia, but—there is the Sister Agnes who teaches me—and—the Lady Superior who—scolds me, and Sister Agatha in the kitchen, they all say that they are my mothers. But—my dear mother is dead!"

The colour came flooding back into Cyrilla's face. She was on her own ground now. Her eyes brightened with a kind of joy—the joy of the winning of love.

"Look, Zaida!" she said, slowly, "look in my eyes. Am I like those who tell you that they will be mothers to you—Sister Agnes and the others at the convent?"

With a gesture of infinite tenderness Cyrilla opened her arms. I could see her bosom heave. Her face seemed fairly to shine with love.

"Come, baby!" she murmured. "Come to me—I and no other am your mother!"

"My mother is dead!" The voice of Zaida came again—but in a whisper this time. Indeed, it was only by the movement of her lips that I could make out what she said.

"No, Zaida, she is not dead," Cyrilla answered. "The Englishman has brought her back to you—I am your true mother. Come, baby!"

Zaida half turned to me for confirmation, but somehow she could not loose herself from the drawing power of these wondrous eyes, so like her own.

And as I looked I saw that mother and daughter were alike—line for line, expression for expression, the love and the need to be loved, their equal danger and their equal joy, shining equally from the face of each.

"Come, baby mine!"

Coo of ringdoves on tree-tops in the summer heats, tender voices of lovers hid deep in bower, the grave sweet melody of a far-heard psalm, sung on a communion Sabbath day—all are sweet; but there is nothing on earth like the voice of a mother calling upon her child to love her.

With a sharp cry, Zaida suddenly broke. She cast herself impulsively into Cyrilla's arms.

"Mother! My mother!"

. . . . .

As for me I went out then—to take the northward train. I had no more to do; and what could I see of better, or sweeter, or more godlike, if I travelled the world over?

And as I issued forth through the door, two doves in the niche above were caressing each other with low murmurings. Perhaps they too were mother and child, lost and found!

At any rate it was a good omen, and I turned into the little white station to take my ticket with joy in my heart.

THE END.

The Noctes Ambrosianæ

THERE is an irresistible charm in the quality of pure humour which places its happy possessor on a pinnacle of popularity beyond the reach of those who have the misfortune to lack it, be they ever so erudite.

This gift, one of the rarest, and a widespread recognition of its worth, was meted out in full to Professor Wilson; and it is with genuine pleasure that those who remember Christopher North hail the new publication of his greatest work, the "Noctes Ambrosianæ,"* in a form which promises once more to revive something of the popularity accorded to it in the early part of last century.

These imaginary dialogues, as is well known, were contributed to "Blackwood's Magazine" between the years 1822 and 1835; but from the seventy-one numbers which form the whole series, only thirty-nine can be authenticated as the exclusive work of Professor Wilson. This portion of the "Noctes" has long been familiar to the public in Ferrier's four-volume edition, a lengthy work, where much space is occupied in criticism of contemporary art, in reviewing books that have had their day, and in political discussions which possess small interest now that the vital points at issue have long been forgotten.

The spirit of the complete "Noctes" however, was never to be found in its critical pages, even when the circumstance of the hour invested them with special interest. The worth of the book is to be found now, where it always lay, in scenes of the lightest humour, so spontaneous and natural that they appeal to every reader, and in a masterly treatment of those common needs and vital hopes that bind so close this human brotherhood, and which the inexorable hand of time itself is powerless to change.

Professor Wilson combined in a remarkable degree the most divers qualities, and we find them focused in the "Noctes" on his principal spokesman, the Ettrick Shepherd, who is idealised by Christopher North, from the slightest material supplied in the character of James Hogg, into one of the most intense personalities that has ever been portrayed.

In the "Noctes" Hogg's originality amounts to genius; he reviews life with a shrewd honesty peculiarly his own, his mere presence being enough to purge every vestige of humbug from the conversation. His love of nature inspires him like a religion. Morning, noon and night he haunts the hill, as part of the scene, or rather as the medium through which Nature herself speaks to us. Not a turn of her changeful mood escapes his receptive eye. The snow-silent forest—the wind-swept lonely moor—the great kind night soothing tumultuous day—the fierce sun blazing on heathery height, or piercing aslant deep down some tangled glen, where birch and bracken twine their tender arms about the burn to stay his brawling flight within some silver pool; the breath of summer scenting the earth, the air, the very light itself—a thousand radiant joys meet but to melt around him in one delicious dream.

The book holds many subjects—poetry, philosophy, romance, religion—the groping of the tired spirit towards that unseen world where thought is free to wander, untrammelled by the weary toil and petty worries of our daily life—the mystery of that force behind life which expresses itself in the Divine beauty of nature, and in that power more Divine a thousand times, by which man, at his best struggling through failure, yet turns with ever persistent courage to the right—these and similar subjects which have absorbed the highest efforts of human thought from age to age, absorbed also the attention of this historical supper-party; but such was the erratic versatility of Wilson's genius, that the most solemn religious or philosophic reflections are interspersed with scenes of absurd revelry and mingled with explosions of witty and personal abuse, which cannot

* "The Noctes Ambrosianæ" is the fourth volume in Isbister's Standard Abridgment Series (3s. 6d. net). Also published in 2 vols., limp lambskin, with photogravure frontispieces, and cover design in gold, by H. Granville Fell (6s. net).

fail to delight the reader from their laughable unexpectedness.

To those familiar with the "Noctes" in its younger days, a score of well-remembered passages at once rise to the mind. There is the bathing scene at Portobello, when Timothy and Hogg are surprised in mid-ocean by a boat full of ladies; or the haggis deluge, where death in its most painful form stares the jovial party in the face; or we have the Shepherd in his shower bath (afraid to pull the string yet determined to do it, come what will).

There are chapters where they fight and cry, and many many chapters where they eat and drink—indeed, the spirit of Glenlivet may truly be said to brood over and sustain the whole party; and when we soberly join their quiet retreat, it is impossible not to notice that the friends at and the whisky on the table seem in some mysterious way to share a common vitality, which makes their witty or poetic flow dependent on the gradual but unfailing ebb of—the punch bowl. A fragrant steam wreaths and shrouds them in an intoxicating atmosphere peculiarly their own. Hogg brews and eats, and better brews and talks, and brews yet again and sings, for, says he, speaking of himself (we quote throughout from the abridgment):

"You're better worth sittin' wi' at ten than aucht, and at twal than at ten, and durin' the sma' hours you're just intolerable good company—scarcely bearable at a', ane waxes sae truly wutty and out o' a' measure devertin." His humour inspires the party; even Timothy, short of breath, though long of body, can be pressed to sing a song. Hogg, however, with an eye to the main chance, sober or the reverse, manages sometimes to squeeze things even more valuable than music out of old Christopher:

"*North.*—I have bequeathed you Magog in my settlement, James. With it, and Tickler's Cremona, many a cheerful night will you spend when we two old codgers have laid off life's pack—

> At our feet a green grass turf
> And at our head a stone.

"*Shepherd.*—You and Mr. Tickler are very good at leaving me things in your wull; but I would prefer something in haun—ay—ay, Mr. North, my man—gin you do hae the grace to sen' out to Altrive in a letter the twenty guineas a sheet——

"*North.*—It shall be done, James.

"*Shepherd.*—Or rather suppose—to save yourself the trouble o' writin', which I ken you detest, and me the postage—ye just tak' out your red Turkey the noo, and fling me ower a twenty-pun' Bank post-bill—and for the sake o' auld lang syne, ye may keep the shillings to yoursel'.

"*North.*—The evening is beginning to get rather cold, and I feel the air, from the draught of that door, in that painful crick of my neck——

"*Shepherd.*—That's a' a flam. Ye hae nae crick o' your neck. Oh, sir, you're growin' unco' hard—just a verra Joseph Hume. Speak o' siller, that's to say o' payin' o't awa, and you're as deaf's a nit; but be there but a whusper o' payin't intil your haun, and you're as gleg o' hearin' as a mowdiewart.

"*North.*—Then, my dear friend, there is a receipt for your last article—'The Shepherd's Calendar.'

"*Shepherd.*—Twa tens! Come noo, sirs, let me pay the reckoning."

Hogg, however, is angry with North whether he hoards his money or spends it.

"*Shepherd.*—And hae ye walked up like twa fules, frae Bawhannan Lodge, in sic an eerie nicht, knee deep in mire, glaur and sludge?

"*Tickler.*—One of North's coach horses is sick, and the other lame, and——

"*Shepherd.*—And as for the hackney cotch——

"*Tickler.*—The meanest of miseries!

"*Shepherd.*—It's waur than sleepin' in damp sheets. Ye haena sat twa hunder yards till your breeks are glued to the clammy seat, that fin's saft and hard aneath you, at ane and the same time, in a maist unaccountable manner. The auld cracked, stained, faded, tarnished, red leather lining stinks like a tan-yard. Gin you want to let down the window or pu'd up it's a' alike; ye keep rugging at the lang slobbery worsted till it comes aff wi' a tear in your haun' and leaves you at the mercy o' wind and weather—then what a sharp continual rattle o' wheels: far waur

than a cart; intolerable aneuch ower the macadam, but, Lord hae mercy on us, when you're on the causeway! Ye could swear the wheels were o' different sizes; up wi' the tae side, doun wi' the tither, sae that nae man can be sufficiently sober to keep his balance. Puch! puch! what dung like straw aneath your soles; and as for the roof, sae laigh, that ye canna keep on your hat, or it'll be dunshed doun atower your ee-brees; then if there's sax or eight o' you in ae fare——

"*Tickler.* Why don't you keep your own carriage, James?

"*Shepherd.*—So I do—a gig; but when I happen to foregather wi' sic scrubs as you, that grudge the expense o' a yeckipage o' their ane, I maun submit to a glass cotch and its abominations. Catch me keepin' a cotch. It costs Mr. North five guineas a hurl, and him that's gettin' sae narrow too. . . ."

One of the Shepherd's characteristic features was his unwillingness to indulge in any pastime because it happened to be the fashion. When he visited London, however, it seemed a pity to return to the forest without having seen even the inside of a theatre. His criticism of the performance, late as it is by more than three-quarters of a century, might well serve us with expressions to condemn the deplorable and entirely abhorrent tendencies of some of our popular plays to-day. We must, however, refer the reader to the abridgment for its denouncement, having merely space to quote a few lines:

"*Shepherd.*— . . . I was in ane o' the houses—ance and but ance; I gaed there out o' regard to some freens, and I ever after stayed awa out o' regard to myself. . . . The performance was queer by name and queer by nature—the first I wasna able to remember, and the second I shall never be able to forget."

How thankful he is to be once more back in the forest. He says in one of his fine passages, after writing of town life:

"Wad it no be relief to rise, at Mount Benger, just a wee bit dim, dewy half-hour afore the sun; and when a' the household were yet asleep in the heaven o' mornin' dreams, to dauner awa down to the soun' o' the water fa', that ye skently see glimmerin, in the uncertain twilight? . . . Wad it no be relief to see green glitterin' Nature becomin' distincter and distincter far and wide ower vale and braes, and hills and mountains, till, ere you can finish the impremeditated prayer that God's beautiful creation has breathed into your heart—earth and heaven are in broad daylight, and—solemn thocht!—another mornin' is added to the span of man's mortal years?

"*Tickler.*—'O rus!'

"*Shepherd.*—A' the larks are awa up wi' their sangs to heaven—a' the linties are low doun in the broom wi' theirs . . . the trouts are loupin' in the water, and the lambs are rinnin' races on the braes, and gin I were there to see, perhaps the wild swan is amang the water-lilies of St. Mary's loch, or say rather the Loch o' the Lowes, for that is a lonelier water, and far up amang the shadows o' the hills. . . . Returnin' back hame the wife and weans are at the door—and isna my wee Jamie a fine fallow, wi' his licht blue cunnin' ee, and that bashfu' lovin' lauch, when he sees his father—and that saft and low forest voice, that gars me, every time I see the blessed face o' him, thank God for His goodness, and my heart overflow wi' what is surely happiness, if there be sic a thing as happiness on this inexplicable earth?"

There is certainly no lack of happiness throughout the book, indeed the fun is often uproarious, and it is interesting to note that, from the profound earnestness of the literature which immediately preceded the "Noctes," the Shepherd in that work seems to stand forth as typical of the reaction which expressed itself in this exuberant effervescence of animal life.

Mr. Hogg was sometimes annoyed at the liberties taken with his name, but more often he writes in this kindly spirit:

"My friends in general have been of opinion that he (Wilson) has amused himself and the public too often at my expense; but, except in one instance, which terminated very ill for me, and in which I had no more concern than the man in the moon, I never discovered any evil design on his part, and thought it all excellent sport."

Wilson writes:

"My dear Shepherd,— . . . As for the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' that is a subject in which I am chiefly concerned; and there shall never be another with you in it, *if indeed that be disagreeable to you!* But all the idiots in existence shall never persuade me that in these dialogues you are not respected and honoured, and that they have not spread the fame of your genius and your virtues all over Europe, America, Asia, and Africa. If there be another man who has done more for your fame than *I* have done, let me know in what region of the moon he has taken up his abode. But let the 'Noctes' drop, or let us talk upon the subject if you choose; that we may find out which of us is insane, perhaps *both*."

Here is another letter from Wilson to the Shepherd, which shows the intimacy of their relations:

My dear Hogg,—I am in Edinburgh and wish to be out of it. . . . If you will meet me at Moffat on October 6th, I will walk or mail it with you to Elleray, and treat you there with fowls and Irish whiskey. Immediately on receipt of this, write a letter to me at Mr. Smith's book shop, Hutcheson Street, Glasgow, saying positively if you will or will not do so. If you don't, I will lick you, and fish up Douglas Burn before you, next time I come to Ettrick. . . . You are right in not making verses when you can catch trout. . . . Francis Jeffrey leaves Edinburgh this very day for Holland and France. . . . Wordsworth is dished; Southey is in purgatory; Scott is dying; Byron is married; Moore has lost his manliness; Coleridge is always in a fog; Joanna Baillie is writing a system of cookery. Montgomery is in a madhouse, or ought to be. Hogg is herding sheep in Ettrick forest; and Wilson has taken the plague. O wretched writers! Unfortunate bards! What is Bobby Millar's back shop to do this winter? . . . The northern Highlanders' do not admire 'Waverley,' so I presume the south Highlanders despise 'Guy Mannering.' The Westmoreland peasants think Wordsworth a fool. In Borrowdale Southey is not known to exist. I met ten men at Hawick who did not think Hogg a poet, and the whole city of Glasgow think me a madman. So much for the voice of the people being the voice of God. I left my snuff-box in your cottage. Take care of it."

One can get a very good idea of a man from his private letters; but a page copied from a pocket-book, written only for his own use, reveals the writer's life and peculiarities in a remarkable manner.

In an old diary and account book of Christopher North's, date 1801, the following notes occur:

"For barley sugar at my old man's most excellent 6*d*."

[This item is to be found several times on one page.]

"Ran three miles on the Paisley road for a wager against a chaise, along with Andrew Napier; beat them both.

"Finished my poem on 'Slavery.'

"Began an essay on the faculty of imagination.

"Reid owes me 2*s*. 6*d*.; do not expect ever to get it.

"List of cocks for a main with W. and T.

"1. A heavy cock from Dobinson, £5 8*s*.

"2. do. Keene, £5 8*s*. (etc.)

"Of these 13 are to be chosen for the main, and perhaps two byes.

"For collection at two churches, 1*s*. 6*d*. Mr. Polock, from Govan, preached.

"Wrote an account of the Massacre of Glencoe.

"Stayed at home all day and wrote an Essay on 'Stoical Philosophy.'"

At a later date the two following memoranda occur together:

"Small black muffled hen set herself with about eight eggs on Monday night or Tuesday morning, July 7.

"Expect that a volume will be completed. May the Almighty enlighten my mind so that I may benefit my fellow creatures and discharge the duties of my life."

There are curious contrasts in the "Noctes," in the notes in Wilson's diaries, and in his own life. He would, for instance, nearly kill a man for maltreating a horse, at

the same time be capable of giving infinite anxiety to a boat full of people, by tumbling from his seat among them, and struggling in the water as if in the last extremities of drowning.

He often, too, pursued a high-handed tone with his guests. On one occasion, the well-known Hartley Coleridge visited Wilson at Elleray, and was forcibly detained there for many weeks, under surveillance, that he might complete, free from his evil demon, some literary work promised to the printers.

When the writing was done, his friends assembled to receive and make much of him. But—with the unlocking of the door—poor Hartley, without word of adieu, shot like an arrow from the house, and never stopped running till his figure was lost among the trees—too hurt even to give expression to his wounded feelings.

And the Shepherd, also, how painful it is to recall that the daffing, and taking of his name in vain, resulted at length in grievously vexing that kind man, and estranging both himself and his family from the Wilsons, a circumstance which Christopher North never ceased to regret to his dying day. Turning, however, from those far back episodes, which are beyond the memory of all but the oldest, the mind travels down to that date, within the recollection of many, which saw Wilson's closing days. We find him, shorn of physical and mental strength, merely an old man propped by pillows, trying to write reviews* by the light of a candle on his knees, which gutters woefully over book and bed. Again, a year later, when with stricken hand, no longer able to hold a pen, he yet had strength with feeble skill to "sort" his well-thumbed fly-book and draw with trembling fingers the gay "Professor" or deadly spider across the coverlet, dreaming the while of rippling Douglas burn or sparkling Ettrick Water.

There are some things, however, like the "Noctes," that are all the better of being abridged, and a record of sad last scenes is one of them. It is a relief to turn to the racy vigour of the book, to let the Shepherd speak for himself, which he is very well able to do, indeed none better; and there is not the slightest doubt but that, bound as he now is into one volume, good sayings and all, he will find a prominent place in the library of every man who has the gumption to know the difference between good literature and bad.

* The writing of the last article sent by Wilson to the printers was so illegible that, even after Mr. Blackwood offered double pay, the compositors could hardly make it out.

A Sidelight on Comic Journalism

Some Pictorial Jokes that have miscarried, by Robert Seymour, Thackeray, Linley Sambourne and Charles Keene

By George Somes Layard

IT is a curious, though certain fact, that men and things as often become famous by reason of their failures as of their successes. This is, no doubt, largely because, as Dr. Smiles points out, we learn wisdom from failure much more often than from success; we often discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery. Horne Tooke used to say of his studies in intellectual philosophy that he had become all the better acquainted with the country through having had the good luck sometimes to lose his way. So we discover a curious condition of compensation.

It is my purpose in this article to bring together some pictorial jokes which have miscarried, and which, on account of this failure, have excited more interest and amusement than thousands of their fellows which have been aimed with precision and directness.

The first I shall mention is dealt with on page 315 of that delightful book, "The History of *Punch*," by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, under the heading, "An Unfathomable Joke," and I cannot do better than introduce my subject by quoting his account.

"In 1847," the writer says, "Thackeray contributed a 'social' picture (to *Punch*) which is to this day a wonder to all beholders. It is entitled 'Horrid Tragedy in Private Life,' and represents a room in which two ladies (or a lady and a servant) are in a state of the greatest alarm. What the meaning of it all is, there is nothing whatever to indicate (unless it be that something has fallen on the taller lady's dress), and, on its appearance, the *Man in the Moon* offered a reward of £500 and a free pardon to any one who would publish an explanation.* The reward was never claimed; and Thackeray's contribution remains one of *Punch's* prize puzzles, unsolved and apparently unsolvable."

Since Mr. Spielmann wrote this, however, Mrs. Ritchie has treated of the matter in her introduction to her father's "Contributions to *Punch*" in the "Biographical Edition." She says: "The room was my father's

* The offer of the *Man in the Moon* ran as follows:—"FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD—Notice is hereby given that a reward of £500 will be paid, and a free pardon granted, to the designer of a cut in a recent number of *Punch* called 'Horrible (*sic*) Tragedy in Domestic (*sic*) Life,' upon that gentleman appearing before the MAN IN THE MOON, and satisfactorily explaining the meaning of the illustration in question."

Thackeray's "Unfathomable Joke"

(Reproduced by the kind permission of the proprietors of "Punch")

study, where two little girls (Mrs. Ritchie and her sister) were found by him, dressed up in various table-cloths and curtains. One was enacting a queen, and was ordering the

spent a good deal of its exuberant existence in poking fun at its far more successful contemporary.

It is, however, certain that the attack did

Robert Seymour's "Pictorial Frenzy" from "Figaro in London"

rival sovereign off to instant execution, when he came home unexpectedly and drew them then and there!"

I pointed this out to Mr. Spielmann, and in reply he wrote justly, "The interpretation rather deepens the mystery, as a further reference to the drawing reveals no hint of queen, rivalry, or execution—only two silly girls, one of them simpering. It is an extraordinary example—I think the most extraordinary I know of—of a drawing utterly failing to tell its intended story."

The woodcut which we here reproduce is to be found on page 59, vol. xii.

No record remains of how Thackeray and the *Punch* authorities took the sally of their lively rival, the *Man in the Moon*, which, under the editorship of Angus B. Reach, not pass unheeded, for we shall find that, when occasion again arose, the precedent of offering a satirical reward for a solution was at a later date adopted by the editor of *Punch* himself, and thus the bitterness of any outside detraction cleverly discounted.

Punch had, by the time the like failure recurred, with which I shall deal more fully below, learnt the lesson that to laugh forthwith, and so encourage the laughter of others, at one's own mistakes is the surest and best way of disarming criticism. *J'ai ris*, says Piron; *me voilà désarmé.*

It must not, however, be supposed that even the *Man in the Moon* showed originality in the manner in which it attempted in this instance to turn the laugh of the public against *Punch*. The idea had originated

thirteen years before (long ere the *Man in the Moon* or *Punch* had even been dreamed of) in the brain of one of the wittiest and most brilliant of the young men of "the thirties."

The story is interesting and worth dwelling upon.

In the year 1831 the well-known collaborative connection between Gilbert Abbott à Beckett and Robert Seymour had its beginning. Royalty, members of Parliament, and all things smug and self-satisfied were henceforth to be under the watchful superintendence of the not too scrupulous echo of a Parisian prototype, *Figaro in London*. These two brilliant young men (à Beckett was not yet out of his teens), constituted themselves the champions of the democracy. Their methods were not profound. They had no prophetic vision, and chronicled their literary and pictorial impressions as they presented themselves from week to week. They were brilliant *skaters* on the smooth surface of things. The blades of their imagination were not penetrating enough to send them tripping, by which with their noses to the foot-level they might have seen that there was something below as well as above them. They were undignified, as the young will be. They went in for the primitive appeal to the god of Combats, and thought hard hitting (and reckless) was the finest of fighting. They constituted themselves sort of eye-for-eye and tooth-for-tooth deities behind their pen and pencil. The world did not take them very seriously, but revelled in their witty writings and unsparing caricature, and justified their existence by demanding an enormous issue of their little paper. So

A variation on Lord Brougham's "wonderful nose," after Robert Seymour's lithograph in the *Looking Glass*

things went merrily on for three years, until the first sign of the house being divided against itself was evidenced by the appearance of *Figaro*, unillustrated, on August 16, 1834. Hitherto every number had contained, at least, one woodcut designed by Seymour.

A variation on Lord Brougham's "wonderful nose," after Robert Seymour's lithograph in the *Looking-Glass*

How the quarrel began is not altogether clear. Faults of temper there probably were on both sides. And the private quarrel was brought to public issue by a sarcastic article about Seymour's drawing (here reproduced) which had been sent in without consultation and explanation on Saturday, August 30, 1834. These were à Beckett's remarks upon it:

"The above caricature is so purely hierographical that we decline any attempt at explaining it. The artist, when he conceived it, must have been under some strange and painful influence which we cannot possibly attempt either to enter or elucidate. We suspect that he was labouring under some frightful stagnation of his vital functions, and the result has been a vivid affair, which we can only describe as —pictorial frenzy. The fact is that our caricaturist has been so long and deeply impregnated with the horrible aspect of political affairs, that his mind has at last become in some degree impressed with a hectic extravagance that has now vented itself in caricature. . . . It would almost be impiety in us to attempt a solution of the sacred mystery, and we can only pay a tribute of reverence to the artist's over-excited imagination and morbid fancy. If, however, any of our readers can solve the pious problem, and tell us what the deuce is the meaning of the above design, we would gladly bestow on him a reward of £100, for he who solved the Sphinx would be but

a fool in comparison with the gentleman who can make head or tail of the caricature that surmounts the present article."

This was the prototype of the sarcastic offer which the *Man in the Moon* made on the occasion of Thackeray's abortive picture referred to above.

Seymour, who took the sneer perhaps more seriously than it was meant, treated it as an open act of hostility, and forthwith resigned and was no more to be seen in the pages of *Figaro* until it passed from the hands of à Beckett to those of Henry Mayhew, who assumed the editorship in January 1835. Seymour then again became its illustrator, and so continued till his death in 1836. On the bitter quarrel which was meanwhile waged between the former friends, there is no need to dwell. The foolish suggestion that Seymour's suicide, two years later, was attributable to à Beckett's "cruelty" must he put in the same collection with the ridiculous "Rossetti - killed - Moxon" fable.

But to return to the woodcut, which surely is not by any means so incomprehensible as the editor would have his readers to believe. Lord Brougham was the popular idol and law-reformer, and to the democratic supporters of *Figaro* nothing could be more pleasingly to the point than his demolition of the *Times*. That his nose, "the wonderful nose," should be the offensive weapon was also a humorous idea, and we find it repeated by Seymour three times in McClean's con-

A variation on Lord Brougham's "wonderful nose," after Robert Seymour's lithograph in the *Looking Glass*

temporary monthly sheet of caricature, the *Looking-Glass*, in the same month of the same year. I reproduce the lithographs for the sake of comparison.

It is pretty evident that there had

long been friction between the editor and Seymour, as there afterwards was between Dickens and the same artist, and that it only wanted a slight cause to bring matters to a crisis.

So much for what I imagine to be the first recorded occasion on which a pecuniary reward was offered for the solution of what was alleged to be an unintelligible joke.

We now pass on to two somewhat similar historical emergencies.

The first will be found on page 166 of volume lxxxii. of *Punch* (April 8, 1882). Mr. Linley Sambourne had gone away for his holiday, and had sent in, without verbal explanation, a cartoon in which he had chosen his own subject. He had explained his design to no one, and the editor, not being able to make head or tail of it, preferred to let it explain itself.

The design, which is here reproduced, like most of this clever artist's, is, as will be seen, a finely decorative one, but is certainly as incomprehensible to the mind as it is attractive to the eye. Mr. Gladstone, as a huge bird, hovers over a terrified weasel (labelled "minority") which lies on its back in an old-fashioned candle-extinguisher (labelled "Cloture majority 36"), which is suspended in mid-air in front of an angry sky!

Underneath is the following legend:

"A Parliamentary Puzzle.

"Designed and drawn by 'Subtle Sam,' our own inimitable artist, who has gone away for the recess, without leaving the key to this enigma behind him. Being loth to compromise ourselves by a decided expression of opinion, we shrewdly guess that some allusion to the result of last Thursday's debate on the Amendment is intended. Should this meet the eye of the wanderer, 'S.S.' is implored to return to his distracted senses and all will be forgiven."

This piece of pleasantry went no further, and had no unpleasant consequences. It remains to this day another of *Punch's* prize puzzles, unsolved and apparently unsolvable.

With the second, things were different. In this Charles Keene was the sufferer and, I incline to think, took the matter too seriously, showing considerable and somewhat unnecessary annoyance. He should have been the first to laugh at the failure of his own jest and thus have disarmed criticism.

I remember a delightful after-luncheon chat with Mr. John Clayton at the "Hogarth" Club, when I was first put in possession of the amusing details. These, supplemented by a letter written by Keene himself on the subject, and kindly put at my disposal by the recipient, the late Mr. Andrew Tuer, made the whole episode complete. I shall conclude my collection of Pictorial Jokes that have miscarried by repeating, together with a sequel not hitherto published, the history of its inception, publication and inefficacy, together with the final offer and award for its best solution, by which *Punch* came well out of the awkward position of having to explain one of his own jokes.

In the early part of the year 1886, Mr. John Clayton, the senior partner in the well-known firm of Clayton and Bell, had taken his seat in an omnibus at Oxford Circus. The 'bus was bound for Westminster, but the conductor, not content with the three syllables which his duty required him to reiterate, shouted from stentorian lungs, "Westmin-i-ster! Westmin-i-ster!"

Mr. Clayton bore with this for some time, and then something whispered to him that he should take a "rise" out of the bellowing Bœotian.

"My good man," he said, slyly glancing at his fellow passengers, "are you aware that you give yourself quite unnecessary trouble in putting in a fourth syllable? You are not going to take us to see a person, but a building—not a clergyman, but a church. Our destination is Westminster—not "Westmin-i-ster!"

For a moment the conductor stared blankly at his interlocutor, and the passengers began to titter. Then a gleam of intelligence seemed to sweep across his features, as though conviction were imminent; but this was only for a moment. Suddenly the depressed look of impending penitence was changed into the exultant look of impending triumph, and turning upon his mentor—or, perhaps Mr. Clayton will forgive me for saying, his tormentor—he

said deliberately, and looking him full in the face, "What's the good of the 'W,' then?"

The daring irrelevancy of the question, and the hopelessness of dealing with it on use it for a *Punch* "social." In vain Mr. Clayton endeavoured to turn him from his purpose, saying he was convinced that the average reader would see nothing in it. But

Mr. Linley Sambourne's "Parliamentary Puzzle"

(Reproduced by the kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch")

any recognised principle of repartee, so confused Mr. Clayton that he sank back absolutely nonplussed, amidst the inextinguishable laughter of his fellow passengers.

"Away y' go, Bill!" cried the conductor, hopping up on to the monkey-board. He had gained a glorious victory.

This story Mr. Clayton, making the most of his discomfiture, related to Keene at their next meeting. The artist relished the incident amazingly, and at once said he would Keene was not to be hindered, and in due course there appeared, on November 27 of the same year, the "C. K." drawing (here reproduced) entitled "Philological," and subscribed with the following legend:

BUS CONDUCTOR (*shouting from the footboard*): "Wes'-min-i-ster! Wes'-min-i-ster! Wes'-min-i-ster!"

ACCURATE PASSENGER (*though in a hurry, he'd borne it for ten minutes, when*——): "Look here, Conductor! Surely you must mean 'Minster' which is a building—you understand—not a clergyman—

a pastor of any—ah—religious denomination. I imagine we are going to the part of this ancient city famous for that venerable edifice——"

CONDUCTOR: "Then wha's the good o' the 'W'?"

The drawing was exquisitely suggestive of the drollery of the incident, but, it must be confessed, the story was atrociously handled in the "legend." As a result, letters of remonstrance, of sarcasm, and of entreaty, poured into the Fleet Street office. Amongst numerous other papers the *Globe* took notice of it, and said on November 24: "Mr. Punch is requested to explain C. K.'s joke, Wha's the good o' the 'W.,' in this week's issue?"

To these *Punch* replied on December 4:

"TO EVERYBODY.

"In answer to questions which have appeared in newspapers all over the world, and also to those contained in letters from innumerable correspondents, as to the meaning of a pictorial joke signed with the well-known initials C. K. and entitled 'Philological,' which appeared on page 254 of the number for November 27, *Mr. Punch*, with every wish to calm the public mind, which during the recent fogs has been so greatly exercised on this subject, has great pleasure in announcing *urbi et orbi*, that the artist will give a prize, the nature and value of which will be fixed by the donor, and that *Mr. Punch* himself will supplement this with an additional prize of one copy of his Royal Jubilee Almanac for 1887, to any one, anywhere, who, having full possession of his reason, and being in the perfect enjoyment of his liberty, shall offer such a solution as shall be within distinctly measurable distance of the exact point of the original joke intended to be set forth in the above-mentioned prize-puzzle picture. And hereto we set our hand and seal.

"(Signed) PUNCH."

"Philological," by Charles Keene

(Reproduced by the kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch")

On December 18 the subject was again referred to under an editorial headed "Philological." In this it was announced that the nearest approach to a complete solution had been reached by a "Constant Subscriber" near Oxford, to whom the prizes had been duly posted. It concluded by saying that the dialogue was actually overheard; that the conductor only meant to chaff the old gentleman by posing him with an utterly absurd and pointless question, just as Charles II. posed the Royal Society; and that what sounds a wonderfully good joke when overheard at the moment, does not always improve by keeping, &c. &c.

Keene's view of the matter may be seen on pp. 370–2 of "The Life and Letters of Charles Keene of *Punch*."

The latest reference to the matter was made in the early pages of the *Westminster Gazette* (Feb. 1, 1893), under the title "Westmin-i-ster," and was as follows:

"The only qualms that we have felt about our name is that the newsboys and others who call papers might decline to mouth all our three syllables. But we have been much comforted by recalling the fact that Charles Keene's omnibus conductor in *Punch* (on a famous occasion that many will recall), not only accomplished all three syllables but insisted on adding a fourth!"

The Archdeacon's Visitation

By Victor L. Whitechurch

TRUDGING across the fields between Cranstead and Little Drayford there came a man of some fifty or more years of age in the garb of a clergyman. But a very seedy-looking garb. His coat had turned various shades of green with age and exposure to the weather of years, and a close inspection would have revealed the fact that it was almost threadbare at the seams, while the sleeves had been turned up more than once, and showed bare wrists, destitute of cuffs. His trousers were worn and baggy at the knees, on one of which appeared an unmistakable darn. His boots had lost their shape through patches, and his soft, clerical hat was very limp in the brim. He carried a large umbrella in one hand, and an ancient bag in the other. He walked with a quick, though rather shambling step, and with the air of one who had trudged over the same path many times, knowing the very moment when he came to a stile without raising his head to see it.

At one of the stiles he paused and sat down, taking off his hat to catch the breeze. His clean-shaven face was careworn and marked with many wrinkles, his eyes were sad, with a weary, patient look in them. His thin hair was prematurely grey. There was in his face that soft, melancholy look which distinguishes a man who is a scholar and a sufferer in the school of human nature.

He had put his umbrella and bag on the ground beside him, and, as he sat there, he pulled a letter from his pocket and read it. It was a printed letter, and it read as follows, the words in italics being filled up in ink:

"DEAR SIR,—According to my purpose of paying a personal visit to all the parishes in the Archdeaconry of Redminster, I hope to have the pleasure of visiting the parish of *Little Drayford* on the *28th inst.*

"I purpose arriving at your *Vicarage about twelve* o'clock. I shall be glad to receive a reply on the enclosed post-card to know if this will be convenient to you.

"I remain,

"Yours very truly,

"S. G. WEST.

"Archdeacon of Redminster.

"The Reverend *James Townsend*,

"Incumbent of *Little Drayford*."

"The first time I have ever been honoured with a visit from a dignitary," he murmured with a sad smile, "and I wish he'd chosen the afternoon. But we must do the best we can for him."

He turned the paper over and consulted it carefully. On the back was a list of the things he was going to purchase at Cranstead to provide a lunch for the archdeacon, including a bottle of two-shilling claret. He pencilled down the probable cost of each item, added it up, replaced the paper, feeling to see if a precious coin was still in his waistcoat pocket, after which he resumed his journey, saying rather dolefully:

"There won't be much change out of that half-sovereign—Faith will have to be content with her old boots for another month, I fear. Ah, well, it's fortunate that archdeacons' visits, like angels', are few and far between. It cost Abraham something to entertain the latter," he went on to himself quaintly, "so I suppose I mustn't grumble."

Now the Venerable Samuel Gregory West, Archdeacon of Redminster, was new to his office, and a little bit puffed up accordingly. He had been vicar of a large and fashionable parish in the diocese, where, with the help of his staff of curates, he had made a name for himself as a wonderful organiser. He was also powerful in the pulpit and learned withal. So was he not just the man to be made an archdeacon? Everybody, when they saw him in new apron, gaiters, and

rosetted hat, said he looked an archdeacon every inch—and his inches, in breadth if not in height, were many. He was a pompous little man and, like most little men, had a great idea of his own importance. Nevertheless, he had a kindly heart at the bottom of his pomposity, a heart that was sometimes "getatable."

He came in with a flourish of trumpets, a suitable accompaniment for his first "charge," only, unlike military traditions, the "charge" preceded the trumpeting. The former was given at Redminster and the latter came from the clergy who heard it. They were pleased with him. It was evident that he meant to be "thorough." The announcement that he intended visiting every parish by turn was hailed with great satisfaction, especially by the married incumbents, who knew their wives would rejoice in entertaining a dignitary.

And he was carrying out his intentions too. He found it a pleasant duty. They lunched him well; they showed him objects of ecclesiastical interest; they looked up the histories of their churches and parishes before he came, to impress him with their scholarship; they told him, deferentially, some rare old clerical jokes, and they roared with laughter when he told them one in return, pretending they had never heard it before, for thus do great men earn for themselves reputations as great wits. And when he made just a few "leetle suggestions" as to alterations in their services or improvements in various parochial matters, they received such suggestions with thankfulness, and failed to carry them out if they did not agree with them.

In its turn came Little Drayford, a remote village, five miles from the nearest railway station—Cranstead. When the archdeacon looked up the incumbent in the directory he found that he had been there some fifteen years. Beyond that he knew nothing about him. This state of affairs is not unusual in ecclesiastical matters.

Now, it so happened that on this particular occasion the worthy archdeacon made an error, he dated his visit on the printed letter for the 28th. He entered it in his diary for the 27th. And so it came to pass that just about the time that the vicar had completed his purchases and spent his half-sovereign, a fly drove up to the vicarage door and a pair of well-shaped legs in gaiters stepped out of it, the owner thereof telling the driver to come for him at four o'clock. Off drove the fly, and the archdeacon rang the bell.

The door was opened by a little girl of about seven, a pretty, fair-haired child, who gazed at the archdeacon's apron with rounded eyes.

"Is Mr. Townsend at home?"

"No, he's not."

"Oh!" he glanced at his watch, and saw that he was some minutes before his time.

"I'll come in and wait for him, then. Are you his little daughter?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps your mother's at home, eh?" went on the archdeacon, as he hung his hat up in the hall.

A pained look swept across the child's face.

"I haven't got a mother—she's dead," she said, simply.

"Oh! dear, dear! I'm so sorry."

He was. His voice was kindly, and he patted the child on the head.

"And have you got any brothers or sisters?"

"No."

"So you take care of your father, eh? And who takes care of you?"

"Father—and Susan. Susan's gone down the village. I'm all by myself in the house."

The child had a vague notion that apologies ought to be made. The stranger was distinguished.

"I see. You're the mistress just now, eh? In command of all the servants."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"We've only got Susan," she said; "there isn't any one else."

She had led the way into her father's study. He took a seat. She stood before him. Close by was a small table, on which was a copy-book with the ink still wet.

"Ah," said the archdeacon, "you're a good little girl, I see. Doing lessons. That's right. Who teaches you?"

"Father."

"And when will your father be in?"

"He said he wouldn't be back till nearly half past one."

"Half past one! Why—where has he gone?"

"He's walked into Cranstead."

"Dear me, that's very strange!" said the archdeacon, a little annoyed. "And why has he gone there?"

"He's gone to buy a dinner for an arch—arch—archangel—I think," said the child, solemnly. Her memory of long words was a little shaky.

"What?"

"He's coming to-morrow," she went on. "Father had a letter from him. I heard him talking about it to Susan, because he asked her what he should get for dinner."

A sudden light broke in upon the archdeacon's mind. He looked at the child kindly.

"And has he walked all the way to Cranstead to get a dinner for this—this archdeacon, I think it must be, eh?"

She nodded.

"And did he think the archdeacon would want a special dinner?"

"Oh, yes! And it'll cost a lot! Does an archdeacon always have good dinners given him?"

"Generally, I think."

"I wish my father was one! He doesn't have good dinners. Father wanted to give me a new pair of boots and he wanted some collars. But we shan't have them now—not yet. And I heard Susan say a naughty word. What do you think she said to father?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, my dear," said the archdeacon, wondering much and having his eyes opened withal.

"She said, 'Drat the arch — archangel——"

"Archdeacon!"

"Yes—archdeacon. And father scolded her. But she didn't mind. She's been with father ever so long, you know—long before mother died. But she oughtn't to say naughty words. She's an old woman, and she ought to know better. You wouldn't have said, 'Drat the archdeacon!' would you?"

"Well," said that amused functionary, "I don't know what I might have said under the circumstances. Now I want to talk to you. What's your name?"

"Faith—Faith Townsend."

"And your father's very poor?"

The child looked at him doubtfully.

"He doesn't like people to know it," she said with some hesitation.

"You needn't mind telling me," he said, taking her hand and drawing her towards him. "I'm a friend of your father's and I want to know. You come and sit on my knee. That's right. I had a little girl like you once."

His thoughts had gone back twenty years.

"Is she grown up?"

"No, Faith. She went where your mother's gone. Now, we're going to talk about your father. You shall tell me all about him."

Gradually he drew the simple story from her child-like lips, and for once his "visitation" resulted in a knowledge of one of the parishes in his archdeaconry. He heard of a life of uncomplaining self-denial, of frugality that savoured of starvation, of a fireless study in winter, of a patient struggle for the necessities of food and clothing, of untiring work and devotion to the poor and the sick, of little deeds of love and kindness that the child had had unconsciously impressed upon her memory.

And in the middle of it all the door opened, and a tall, angular, bony woman came in.

"This is Susan," said the little girl confidentially.

"Did you want to see the vicar, sir?" asked the woman, with a little contemptuous sniff. She had seen the rosetted hat in the hall.

"Yes," replied the archdeacon, "I'm waiting for him."

"He'll be in in a few minutes," said Susan. "Might I ask, sir——"

He interrupted her with a wave of his hand.

"You leave me with Susan, my dear," he whispered to the little girl. The latter went out of the room.

"Might I ask if he was expecting you, sir?"

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake, my good

woman. Mr. Townsend was expecting me to-morrow. It's my fault, I suppose."

There was another sniff. She looked quite capable of "dratting" the archdeacon to his face.

"It's very unfortunate, sir," she said," because it's not easy to provide things on a moment's notice. The fact is," and she looked at him without a blush, "Mr. Townsend is dining late to-day, and prefers a light lunch."

The archdeacon looked at her with a semi-quizzical smile.

"I am sorry to put you out. But I am in the same case. I dine late, and shall be perfectly satisfied with a light lunch, too."

Wrath, pride, civility, and truthfulness fought hard for mastery within the breast of honest Susan.

"If you don't mind taking things as they are——" she began, and stopped short.

"I much prefer taking things as they are."

"I'm glad to hear it, sir," replied Susan, and this time with a more decided sniff than ever. "Those as takes things as they are sometimes sees things as they are, and—there's the master!"

A click was heard at the front door.

"You get the dinner—h'm, lunch—ready," said the archdeacon, "and don't worry."

He walked into the hall. There stood the vicar gazing aghast at the hat on the rack. He was hot, dusty and tired. His bag was packed. The end of a leg of mutton and the neck of a wine bottle protruded from it conspicuously. He put it down on the floor with confusion, as he turned and met the archdeacon's outstretched hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Townsend," said the latter, in a cheery and non-official voice, "I fear there has been a mistake, and that to-morrow was the day I notified you for my visit."

"Really—I don't know—I own I didn't expect you to-day. Please come into my study, archdeacon. I am so sorry, so very sorry."

"Now, don't you mention it. I expect it is I who ought to apologise."

"I have your letter in my pocket—here it is," said the poor vicar, fumbling in his waistcoat and producing it, oblivious of the fact that it contained private memoranda.

"Ah, it is my fault," said the archdeacon, as he took it from him and glanced over it. "Now, look here," he went on, kindly, still holding the letter in his hand and looking at the pathetic figure before him, "don't you worry over it or put yourself out for me, Mr. Townsend. These things will happen sometimes, you know."

"But—but—" stammered the vicar; "there's nothing to eat—at least—that is——"

Susan appeared at the door, malignantly triumphant.

"Lunch is ready, sir!" she said. "Perhaps the gentleman would like to have a wash first."

And she led the archdeacon upstairs.

Before he took off his coat to wash, the latter glanced again at the letter he held in his hand. Casually he turned it over. And this is what he saw:

	s.	d.
Leg of mutton	4	0
Bottle of claret	2	0
Block jelly		4½
Tinned apricots		10½
Two wine glasses		6
Two new vegetable dishes . .	2	0
	9	9

An amused smile broke over his face, followed the next instant by rather a sad expression.

"No," he said to himself, "I thought I was doing things rather well. But now I find I'm really not worth nine and ninepence. Poor fellow, poor fellow!"

Meanwhile Faith had burst into the study.

"Who is he, daddy?" she said. "I like him. He's a nice gentleman."

The vicar gave a sigh.

"He's the archdeacon, dear," he said, "mind you behave very nicely."

"O-o-oh!" she ejaculated.

The situation was too awful for words. She could only think of Susan's terrible remark, and that the archdeacon knew of it. What would he say? Fancy knowing that Susan had "dratted" him! It was appalling.

The vicar slipped into his one good coat and then they went in to lunch.

An open tin of sardines, bread and cheese—and water!

The vicar feebly apologised. The archdeacon would not hear of it, but set to work with a will. Then Susan entered with a decanter of claret, and presently brought in a dish of preserved apricots, besides the plain rice pudding.

She had discovered the bag in the hall, and had done her duty. But it was a grim satisfaction to her to know that the archdeacon would never taste the leg of mutton!

Gradually the vicar recovered from his confusion. The archdeacon drew him out. Afterwards they went to see the church, and had a walk round the village. And when the archdeacon departed he knew that Mr. Townsend was a scholar and a worker. Nor had he made any "leetle suggestions." This time he had had them made to him—silently. He kissed Faith, who had become suddenly shy. He nodded to Susan affably as she opened the door for him, and he shook the vicar heartily by the hand, protesting that he had spent a very pleasant day.

In the fly he smiled several times to himself most complacently.

And the first thing he did when he got home was to write the following letter:

"My dear Sir Thomas,

"I have not forgotten to reply to your request of last week. You ask me if I can recommend any one of the clergy in my archdeaconry for appointment to the vacant living of Hurston, which is in your gift. You cannot do better than to offer it to Mr. Townsend, the vicar of Little Drayford, and I shall consider it a personal favour if you can kindly see your way to doing so. He is suited for it in every respect. I know him to be a scholar and a gentleman, a man of earnestness and simplicity of life, and anxious to do all in his power for the good of those around him.

"Believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"S. G. West.

"Sir Thomas Bearfield, Bart."

"There!" he soliloquised with satisfaction, "Hurston is worth four hundred a year, and Little Drayford is under a hundred. And to think that I was going to recommend young Winbrook, who has a clear thousand a year of his own coming to him, to Sir Thomas! I'm very glad I made that mistake in the date!"

Subsequently Susan recalled her remark, much to Faith's satisfaction. Still, her language was scarcely ecclesiastical. "Bless him, he's a dear old trump!" was her reference to the archdeacon.

The vicar often wondered what became of that letter with the pencilled items. He had his suspicion. Next time he entertained the archdeacon it was at Hurston. It was a good lunch, too, and the archdeacon had no scruples in doing justice to it.

"I believe I have to thank you, archdeacon, for my preferment?"

"No, not me!"

And his eyes rested on the child with a merry twinkle.

The Simpson Memorial Window, Wesley Chapel, City Road. Unveiled Nov 14, 1902

American Memorials in London

By Julian King Colford

PREACHER, President, patriot, poet, philanthropist, is the way this theme divides itself in rhetorical phrase; translated, it would read: Simpson, Lincoln, Lowell, Longfellow, Peabody—five names written high in the hall of fame, names immortal in life and letters, names for ever illustrious in character and achievement.

London is the throne-room of the nations, the high altar where the worthiest of the worthy are enshrined in "storied urn and animated bust." This Imperial city is discriminating and ethical in the choice of her memorials, and seeks only Imperial men upon whom to lay the wreath of her high honours. The young life of the Western world has put her stamp here in five notable instances. Memorials have been erected to men recognised on both sides of the Atlantic as statesmen, sages, and philanthropists.

In the ancient church where John Wesley preached, the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, unveiled, on November 14, 1902, a memorial window to Bishop Matthew Simpson. The address was a fruitful conception of the great war bishop's character and career. The location of this memorial is significant. This church was founded and built by the great father of Methodism in 1778. When the great preacher died thirteen years later, the number of his followers on both sides of the Atlantic had reached 119,000. When in 1891 the Œcumenical Council was held in this cradle of Methodism, the number of adherents called upon eight figures to write the host, 24,899,421. Let those who would know the genius and spirit which inaugurated this mighty movement read "Wesley's Journal."* Fiction does not travel in the same category of interest. Near this building John Wesley died, and within the churchyard his sacred ashes lie. The old pulpit still remains, but the interior has been greatly modernised. Two of the columns supporting the galleries are contributions from American Methodists. The window now in question is the inspiration of Bishop Vincent. It was made in Münich, and in glorious colouring represents Paul preaching at Athens. In the lower left-hand corner is a miniature of the peer of American bishops. There also may be read the inscription:

> Erected by American Methodists to the memory of Bishop Simpson. He was born 21st June, 1811, and died 18th June, 1884. He was a holy man, an eloquent and mighty preacher, and a great bishop.

Bishop Simpson was a typical American. His boyhood was spent in poverty and obscurity. By sheer perseverance, pluck, and push, he forged his way to the front ranks of the English-speaking world. When he entered college he walked a distance of ninety miles to reach the place, and started his college career with the munificent sum of three dollars and twenty-five cents in his possession. Years on he was to be a college president, a preacher and orator, on whose every word listening thousands were to hang in breathless awe; a great bishop, whose administration brought development and power to his Church; a patriot and adviser to President Lincoln. Those were tragic days when the integrity of the Union hung in the balance, and there is deepest pathos in the sight of preacher and President counselling and praying the Union into blessed perpetuity. And when the martyred chieftain was laid away in the grave in his old Illinois home, the sad heart of the nation turned to Bishop Simpson to voice their grief, and by common consent he was chosen as the one fit man to express their love and sorrow. His marvellous gift of speech many times compelled his audiences to stand to their feet. This he did with thrilling effect in Exeter Hall, London, when Americans and Englishmen gathered to express their horror and indignation when President Garfield was struck down by the

* Isbister and Co., Ltd., London.

Interior of Wesley Chapel, City Road, showing Wesley's old pulpit and the two memorial columns contributed by American Methodists

assassin; his touching tribute on this memorable occasion, and his beautiful allusion to the sympathy of the Queen of the greatest Empire of the world, aroused his audience to the deepest pitch of enthusiasm and sympathy.

Let us now turn our steps to the Lincoln tower of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road. Rowland Hill, whose name is linked with the great preachers of any time, founded Surrey Chapel eighteen years before the close of the eighteenth century. Newman Hall, a man of rare genius and catholic spirit, succeeded him, and under his splendid leadership this superb edifice was erected. Mr. F. B. Meyer, known as a man whose ministry is full of the richest fruit, more than maintains the mighty impulses of the past. While the building was still in the hands of the architects Dr. Hall conceived the idea of dedicating the tower to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President—the presiding genius over the destinies of more than four millions of bondmen. Within this tower sleeps Rowland Hill, and the tablet of dedication on the walls looks down upon the epitaph of the great preacher—two liberators still making conquests. Here you may read:

LINCOLN TOWER

Inaugurated 4th July A.D. 1876, by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart. The memorial stone was laid 9th July 1874, by the American Minister to this country. The cost (£7000) was defrayed equally by English and American contributions obtained by the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B. It was built in commemoration of the abolition of slavery effected in 1865 by PRESIDENT LINCOLN: and as a token of international brotherhood.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

Following on from President to patriot, we make our way to Westminster Abbey, England's Temple of Fame. The way leads through the old grey cloisters until we come to the Chapter House, the "cradle of all free parliaments." It is almost the largest Chapter House in England. Here Parliament assembled for three hundred years; here the abbots and monks used to sit in solemn council; here, in later days, the State records were kept. On the right as you enter this holy of holies, with its octagonal walls, a window, rich in colour, commemorates America's patriot poet. There are four sections to this massive memorial. The left panel holds a shield borne by angels with the arms of the United States of America. There are other angels holding shields containing the arms of Harvard University, the United Kingdom, and the arms of Westminster. The two figures to the right are those of St. Botolph and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The third panel holds a massive figure of Sir Launfal, the angel with the Holy Grail, and Sir Launfal and the Leper. The last section contains figures of St. Ambrose and the emancipation of slaves. Below the reveal of the window there is set in high relief the head of the poet, with the inscription:

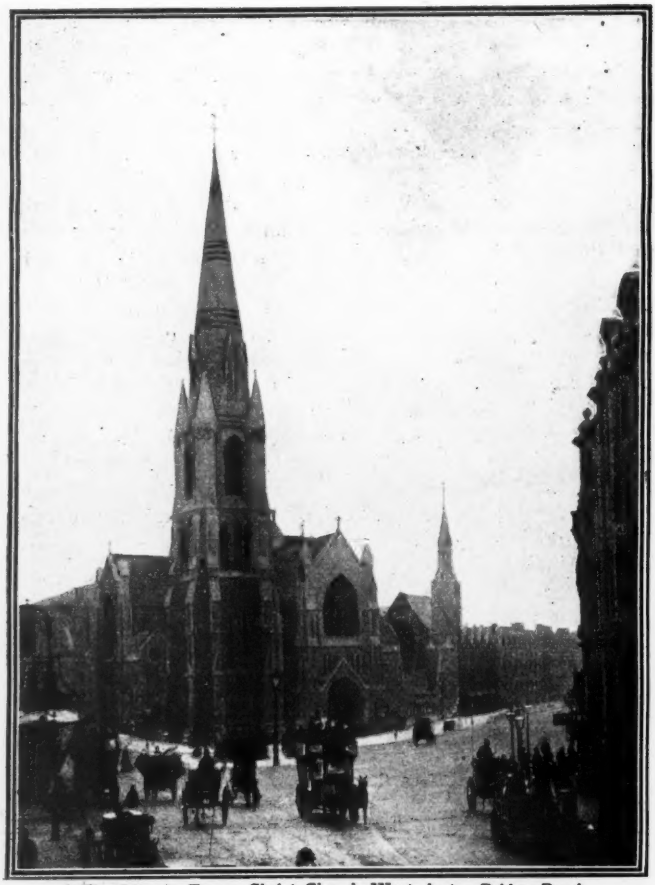
This tablet and the window above were placed here in memory of James Russel Lowell, United States Minister at the Court of St. James from 1880 to 1885, by his English friends.

VERITAS.
Born 22 Feb., 1819.
Died August 1891.

Great, noble, and loyal as they were, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Longfellow retreated to their books when the war-drum was heard in the land. Lowell plunged into the fray with voice and pen, he added strength to the candidature of Lincoln for the Presidency; his "Bigelow Papers" were a potent factor in the mighty issues of those stirring days; his clear ringing call is:

There comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side.

In song that lives on he welcomed the battle-scarred veterans when they came home with tattered banners. Lowell reached the climax of popular favour while Ambassador to Great Britain. This mission was thrust upon him. He was selected by common consent as the one fittest man for the post; he obeyed the call, though, as he himself lamented, at the cost of literature. To borrow the figure of a great German poet, this patriot singer was a



The Lincoln Tower, Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road

rare flower of genius planted in a Puritan vase.

Linked in fellowship, friendship, and song were Lowell and Longfellow. These men were neighbours in the homeland; they were, and are still, the two prime ministers of American poetry. Gentle Longfellow, impetuous Lowell, master singers.

Retracing our steps into the mysterious awe of the silent Abbey, sublime in its loneliness and stillness, inspiring in the memories it recalls, we are surrounded by the names and the bones of the mighty dead. Grouped lovingly in the Poets' Corner are poets, dramatists, and authors. Here rest Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Dr. Johnson, and Macaulay. Amid this wondrous assembly loving hands have placed a bust of Longfellow, the most widely known of any American man of letters, both poet and interpreter. And thus it is that Lowell and Longfellow are neighbours still. Within a few feet of the white marble face of the man who loved the sky and was alive to the tender influence of the seasons, and retold the story to men, they brought Tennyson after his great spirit had crossed the bar, to hold silent fellowship. Before we go the chiselled words on the marble must be recorded:

HENRY WADSWORTH
LONGFELLOW

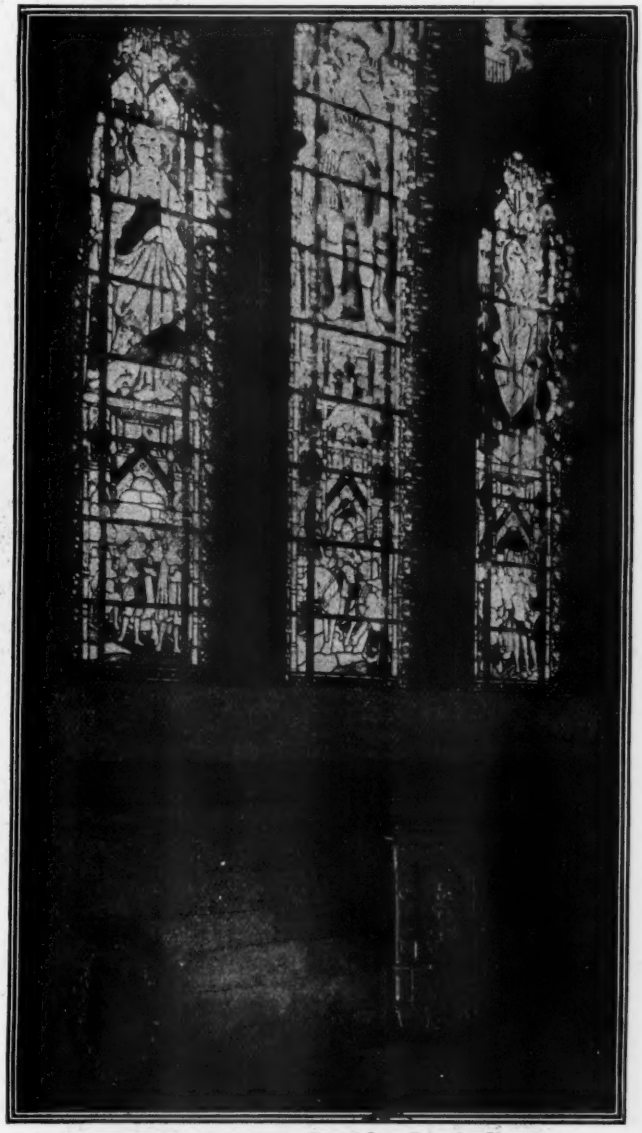
This bust was placed among the memorials of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet. 1884.

Surely it was of such a spot as this, and to be turned alike to describe the influence of his own life and literature, that he wrote:

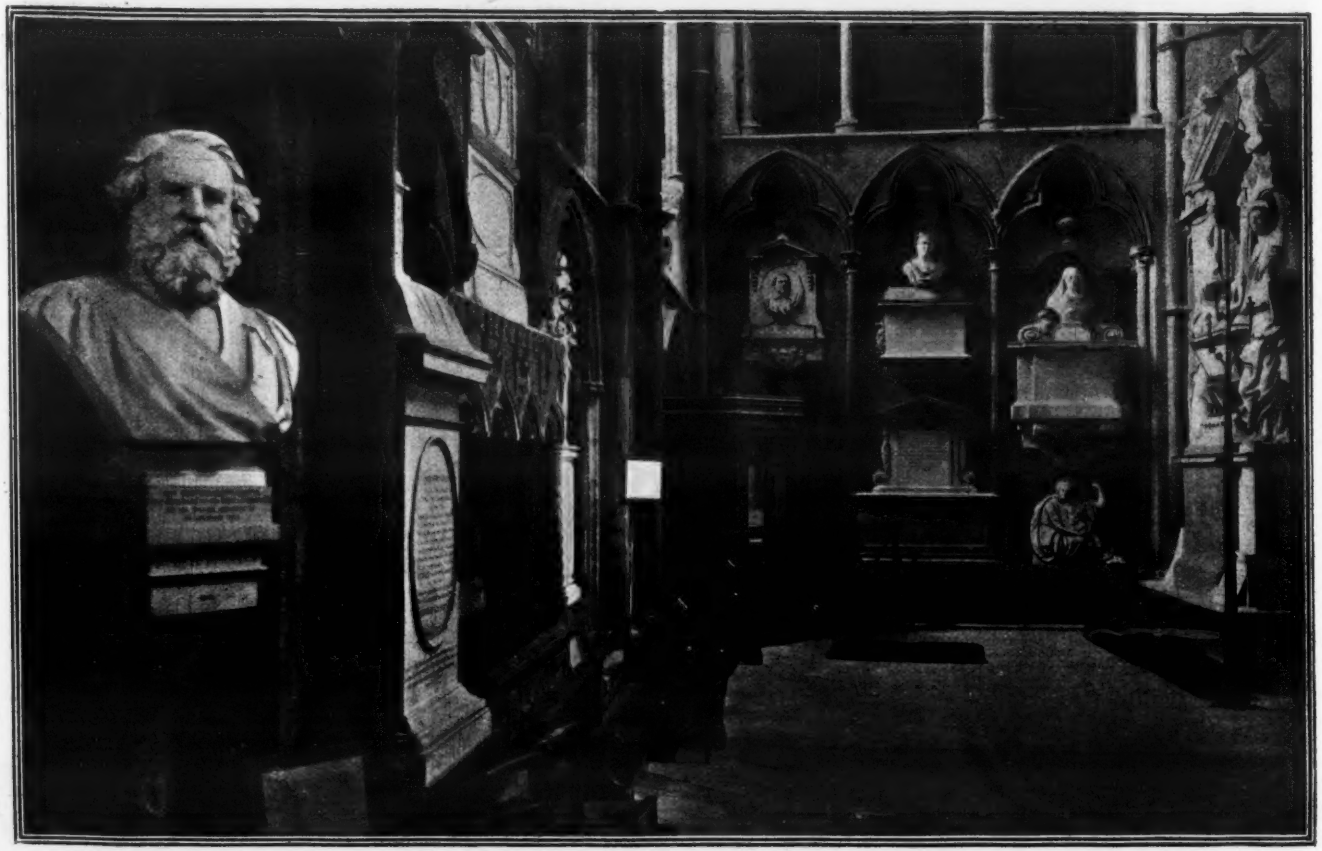
Men felt thy heavenly influence, and it stole
Like balm into their hearts, and all was peace,
And even the air they breathed, the light they saw,
Became religion.

The right use of wealth becomes a saviour of potent quality. There is not, therefore, so marked a contrast between cloister and altar and shrine and the very centre of trade's busiest mart when we find at the latter, presented by the sculptor's art, the benevolent face of George Peabody. This man lived on both sides of the Atlantic, he wrought on both shores, he built for two worlds, his name is precious wherever libraries smile or a poor man toils. You must seek

the place of his birth in a humble, four-roomed two-storey house in Danvers, Massachusetts. A poor lad he made his way to a clerkship in a grocery store, and the end was the greatest financial achievement. Founding a home and a business on these far shores, his banking house became one of the commercial features of the Metropolis. It was Peabody who negotiated the sale of Maryland bonds when other financiers failed, and then gave the commission to the State, £40,000. It was Peabody who aided the home Government when the red hell of war blazed over her fair fields. This man had a genius for making money, he had a heart also for the worthy bestowment of his wealth. He lived for the glory of God and the good of his fellows. To Danvers he gave a library and equipment of £50,000. Amid the awful stress of London's poverty his princely heart came to the rescue. £500,000 he expended for the housing of the poor. These buildings, with their 11,367 rooms, furnish shelter for 19,914 people. This munificent gift, with rental and interest, swells the amount to £1,000,170. It was Peabody who sent Dr. Kane after the intrepid Franklin amid the snows of the far North. Queen Victoria offered him a Baronetcy, together with the dignity of other honours. The simple-hearted man said "No. All I want is a letter from the Queen that I may carry back to my native land." The letter came, also a magnificent and costly miniature of the "Mother Queen." For the enlightenment and education of the freed slaves of America he gave another £700,000. The Congress of the United States voted him a gold medal. But all earthly honours could



Memorial window to James Russel Lowell in the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey



Bust of Longfellow

The Poets Corner, Westminster Abbey

not hold him here. On November 4, 1869, the death shades stole upon him, and he said: "It is a great mystery, I shall know all soon." His funeral was held in Westminster Abbey, the highest honour England can give to the illustrious dead. The Queen sent his body home in the warship *Monarch*, and America welcomed with sorrow his sacred dust. In 1869 there came from the deft chisel of W. W. Story a life-like statue of the man. The Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., together with Mr. Motley, the American Minister, unveiled it. This striking figure is located in the very heart of the world's mightiest city. The simple wording on the granite base is eloquent:

GEORGE PEABODY

MDCCCLXIX.

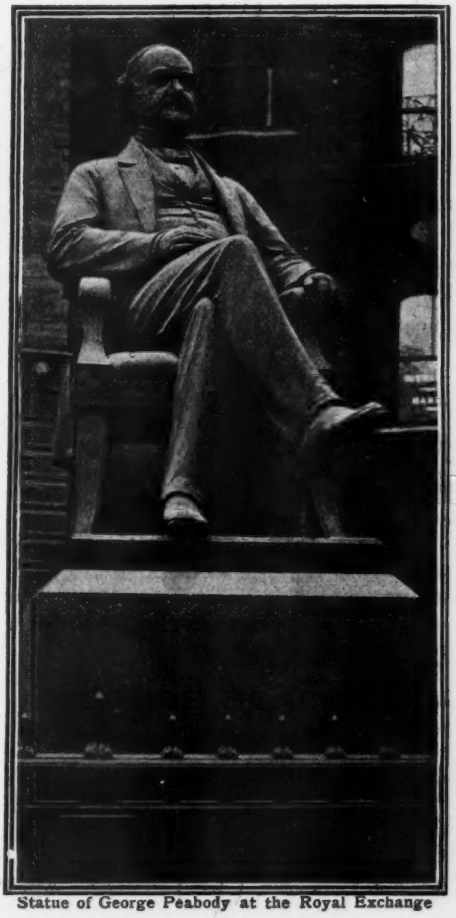
His name is eulogy enough.

There is fascination woven fold on fold about these noble memorials. They quicken the pulse-beat, they link us with a great and mighty past; they epitomise the victories of peace, the triumph of letters, the glory and blessing of philanthropy; they put a laurel wreath on the highest in worth and work; they bring into resurrection glory manhood's perpetual prime.

Wesley lies buried in the little old graveyard by his church in City Road, the rumble of the city's traffic thunders on—nothing wakes him. But what journal can describe the journeys of his influence. The great circuit rider still rides on and hundreds of thousands of grateful hearts are inspired to Christian service by his life and work.

Bishop Simpson died not when men laid him away for the resurrection. Among the helpful and stimulating influences working at this moment for the making of a better manhood in the Western world, are to be found the faith, work and eloquence of the friend of Lincoln. At that name, the name of the Great Emancipator, the world bends the knee. Wherever libraries smile, wherever men love freedom and justice, the name of the Martyred President will find sacred audience.

The grey old Abbey will receive the crumbling touches of time, the Lowell window and the Longfellow bust may become things



Statue of George Peabody at the Royal Exchange

of the past, but so long as faith holds her throne in the human heart, men will sing the songs of these mighty singers.

That miracle of all time is, the poor have the Gospel preached to them. Peabody was a master preacher. Few may note the bronze figure at the gates of trade, but the poor and lowly shall feel for unnumbered generations the tender touch of his generous hand—an honour kings might crave.

Let the shimmering light that steals through these historic windows, the aspiration that appeals to us in the upreach of the church spire, the enduring qualities in the marble and bronze, create the resolve

That we can make our lives sublime,

Sunday Readings for December

By the Right Rev. Handley G. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham

FIRST SUNDAY

"THIS SAME JESUS IN LIKE MANNER"

"This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."—Acts i. 11.

AS the year of our common calendar runs out to its close, the ancient seasons of the Christian year begin their course. Advent, the Season of the Coming, is upon us with December. The sunset of time is annually preluded by the commemoration of the rising of the eternal day.

We cannot claim any conscious original purpose for the arrangement. It has come to pass we hardly know how. But it is a recurring fact, however caused, full of solemn and of heart-uplifting significance.

The Coming of Our Lord. The words to be sure have a double reference, and may lead us, according to connexion, to ponder either His "coming in great humility" as the Infant of Bethlehem, or His promised glorious Return. To-day however we will think only of this latter. Later, with the Christmas glory before our eyes, we will speak of the former.

There is no need to recall at any length the occasion of the words at the head of this paper. It was the moment after the Ascension. The "eleven disciples" were following their Lord upward with longing eyes, from that eastward spur of Olivet of which we thought in an earlier paper, when on a sudden beside them stood two "men," in bright, luminous clothing, and spoke the words before us.

Stier, at the close of his *Words of the Lord Jesus*, makes some beautiful comments on this utterance of the angels, dwelling on the fraternal sympathy it displays, and even on the *local* sympathy, if we may phrase it so, which comes out in the address; "Ye men of *Galilee*." But we will not linger over this; it is just one of those many examples of angelic brotherhood with man which we dealt with some weeks ago. All that we will particularly remember now is that this most definite of predictions about the Glorious Return *is* angelic; it is a report upon the purposes of Heaven brought to us from within the veil by the heavenly ones themselves.

What does it say to us?

First and most conspicuously, perhaps with more perfect distinctness than any other prediction of the Second Coming, it assures us of its absolute "literality." The language of that Oriental book, the Bible, is rich in the figurative element. Take for example Psal. xviii., where David sums up the divine deliverances he had experienced, and observe how he throws his thought into the shapes of the earthquake, the thunderstorm, and a manifestation of Jehovah as miraculous as that at Sinai. Yet in all David's recorded history nothing of that kind, we may say emphatically nothing, appears. The Lord's "advent" for David's deliverance was in reality a succession of providential interpositions in which miracle was at most a very subordinate element; and the Psalm sums it all up in a magnificent figure. We are tempted to ask, may not the final fulfilment of the purpose of God take the same form? May not the "coming of the Son of Man" prove to be, in reality, no more than a grand series of events, providential to be sure, but not "miraculous";

> No living Lord, whom man once saw,
> Nought but some vast event,
> Some gradual, self-working law,
> In large embodiment?

Not so, say the angels of the Ascension. In one supreme respect at least, "that blessed hope, the appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour," will be full of a sublime "literalism." For not only shall the central Figure be supremely personal, "this same Jesus." He shall "so come, *in like manner as*" He was seen going into heaven.

Yes, in the unknown future to which we move incessantly forward, this thing is known, this point is fixed. There shall be an hour, as distinct and single as the hour of His retreat from earth, when to earth He shall return. From the deep Unseen *He* shall, "in like manner," come again within the range of human senses, of human vision. Be the attendant mysteries what they may, this shall be true; "every eye shall see HIM."

Can anything be more penetrating, more fit to touch the conscience, than that simple prospect, when we reflect that no veil, no film of interposition, shall in that day float between our very eyes and the personal presence of "Jesus Christ the Righteous"? that we shall give account then not through any intermediary courts of investigation but face to face with Personal, Eternal, Incarnate, Truth and Holiness? Think it out sometimes. Realise, if it is possible, what it would be to be called, to-morrow, to some specified spot upon this earth, to have an interview of account with Jesus Christ, immediate and direct.

On the other hand, for the servant who is at once "found in Him" and true to Him, what can measure the bliss of that prospect of sight? A beloved friend of mine, years ago, in a solemn dream, saw the Return. Three glorious figures were beheld, through her chamber window, advancing in the sky. One she knew not; one was the archangel; the Other was—the LORD. And at *that* sight all the unknown springs of love and joy within the soul rose in blissful power *to fill* the being; and she woke.

Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on the way:
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall shew Thee
All our hearts could never say.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE LAST COMMAND

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth."—Acts i. 8.

THE Revised Version gives us one change of rendering here which is to be observed. Instead of "witnesses unto me," it reads, "my witnesses"; and this is a closer rendering of the Greek of St. Luke, or at least a rendering more likely to be quite close. Yet the difference, while we notice it, is not such as to negative, but rather to include, the meaning of the Authorized Version. The thought which it accentuates is that the "witnesses" *belong to* Christ as their Master, and exist, as witnesses, for His ends. The other rendering rather puts to the front the thought that Christ is to be the matter of their witness; they are to be "witnesses *unto Him*." But in either view *they are to be witnesses.* They are to be, not enquirers, thinkers, philosophers; they are not to set out upon a mission of mental or moral research and discovery; they are not even to be, primarily, prophets of righteousness and judgment. They are to bear witness, to offer a personal testimony to the world; to inform it of a revealed certainty, of something which they know and which it needs. And the whole record of the Gospels, and of the Acts as the sequel to that record, tells us beyond mistake what that revealed certainty is; it is nothing less and nothing other than our Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

The two Versions together thus contribute to assure us this, about the Apostles first, but then also, to the end, about the believing Church which was to carry on their work; they were, and we are, to be witnesses to the world of Jesus Christ, as those who belong to Him, purchased by His blood, and appropriated by His grace, on purpose that we may be such.

This is the very last command of the Lord. He stands, as He utters it, with His feet upon the steps of the heavenly throne. As all through His earthly ministry, so now, almost from the place of bliss itself, "He commends Himself." He sends His followers out into the world on purpose, as their work of works, to bear a testimony. And that testimony is to be borne, first and last, to Himself. Man's immeasurable need is to be met by telling man, as only those who personally know can tell, about the Son of God and Man, the one Name of Life, Christ Jesus the Lord.

As we approach the year's close, and while we muse (as we mused last Sunday) upon the Second Coming, it will be well once more definitely, solemnly, and with great simplicity, to recollect this final edict and charge of Him whom we love, and whom we look forward to see face to face, "this same Jesus."

The world has many religions, some of them older than Christianity, as Brahmanism and Buddhism, some later, as Mahometanism; not to speak of Judaism (whose relation to Christianity sets it apart), and the countless minor phases of belief. Through the disturbing, often wofully distorting, medium of the non-Christian creeds, some great original truths unquestionably shine. At the very least and lowest, the persuasion of unseen personal power is maintained by them. And behind them all the human conscience, the candle of the Lord, however dim, however its lantern blots its light, says something to man everywhere of temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come. The Christian missionary, wise and sympathetic, never willingly forgets this in dealing with pagan or with Moslem. Nay, he finds in this recollection his best foothold for advance in the name of Christ upon the non-Christian soul. But all the more, not the less, he knows that what that soul needs unspeakably, in order that it may find out aright both itself and its God, is precisely what not the most exalted non-Christian creed can give it, namely, Jesus Christ. So he addresses himself with his whole being, keeping that being, by a watchful faith, filled with Jesus Christ, to be His witness, a witness unto Him.

"Our sacred books in the Far East have many noble moral precepts. But your sacred Book alone shows how such things may be done." So said a young Oriental to me, a nominal Buddhist, a Japanese student at Cambridge. It was twenty-one years ago, in Moody's enquiry-room. The youth was just then trembling on the verge of the discovery of his Lord, of whom that great "witness" had spoken as only they speak who have heard Him speak to them. Within a few weeks from that day I baptized Nathaniel Kenzo, a convinced and rejoicing believer. He had found the heavenly secret which comes to us not by investigation from below but by revelation from above, from the very heart of God. "Eye had not seen, nor ear heard, but God revealed it to him by His Spirit."

"Occupy till I come." He who gave us that last command, to witness unto Him, expects the obedience of His Church, and is coming, when "the times and seasons in the Father's power" have run out, to enquire into the results. He knows HIMSELF to be the world's supreme and vital need, and He has equipped us to convey Him to the world.

As a fact, one half of the human race have not yet heard His sacred name. And eighteen ages and two thirds are gone. His Return may well be drawing very near. Shall we, shall believing Christendom, awake at length, at length, to the conviction that we exist as His witnesses, to witness unto Him?

THIRD SUNDAY

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE LORD

"God sent forth His Son, born of a woman."—Gal. iv. 4 (R.V.).

"THE time draws near the Birth of Christ." The old year is sighing to its end, under the shadows of December. But the sigh is lost, for the believing Christian, in the song of Bethlehem. Time says, "we die, we perish, we all perish." But the Lord of Eternity comes into time, and takes up the existence of the children of time into His own, and says, "Behold, I make all things new; because I live, ye shall live also."

"Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb." So says that old and glorious song of our Faith, *Te Deum laudamus*, sung now for some fifteen centuries upon this poor earth, just as we sing it now. Sacred, unfathomable, is the mystery of that Virgin Birth. We can scarcely wonder that it has been doubted, discredited, even denied, within the Church itself; pronounced even by devout minds to be not altogether an article of faith; to be separable from the

truth of the Incarnation, the *Menschwerdung*, God's becoming also Man; so that we may hold fast this latter and yet think the story of Matt. i. and Luke i. and ii. a poem, a myth, a dream. For my part, with profound conviction, I dare to say that so it cannot be. Not to dwell on the fulness of St. Luke's story, and its primeval date (for such is its date to all but an artificial critique), and the countless fine touches of internal evidence to its solid structure of sober fact,* consider a point of thought about it which lies near to the essence of our belief. If the Son of Mary were indeed the Son of Joseph too, He would assuredly have come into human being, as we come, *a human person*, separate and individual. He would not have come as God made Man, one blessed Person for ever, so that it was the identically same Christ who, "for us men and our salvation, came down from heaven," lived, suffered, rose again, ascended, and shall return. He would have come as *a man*, who might indeed have been then "possessed" by the divine Son, but could never, to all eternity, be personally identical with Him. He would be such that we could never say, looking up to the Throne, and to Him who sits there by the Father's side, as He sate there before the world was (Joh. xvii. 5), "*Thou* wast made flesh for us; *Thou* didst die for us; *Thou* art able to be touched with our infirmities, for *Thou* wast tempted like as we are, yet without sin." All that wealth of "everlasting comfort and good hope" which comes with the thought that "the Son of God loved me and gave HIMSELF for me" (Gal. iii. 20) would disappear, as to any power of ours to grasp it as a fact, if we must think of our dear Lord (were it possible) as two persons, one "possessed" by the other; *a man* taken up and used by the eternal Son of God; and not, as our sure faith affirms Him to be, our One Lord, One Life, One everlasting Hope and Friend.

Let us hold fast the Birth of Jesus of the holy Virgin, by the Holy Ghost. It is no mere abstract tenet of correct belief. It is an element, infinitely sacred and tender, of the very life of our spiritual peace and strength.

That granted, that secured, then let us give ourselves in thankful simplicity of thought to the wonder, joy, and gratitude which only the full truth of the Annunciation and the Nativity can ensure.

Dear are the names of classic story
That thro' the bosom strike a living thrill;
Olympian snows reflect unfading glory
And Heliconian springs run music still;
And Troy and Athens yet retain
Their spell for pleasure and for pain;
But there is that which passes them—
'Tis Thy fair story, Bethlehem!

"His Son, born of a woman." Supreme wonder, tenderest consolation, spring of a hope which cannot possibly make ashamed! Here is solved, in a fact, in a Person, for ever, that old riddle of the mind of man, how the Infinite and the Finite can really, absolutely, meet. Behold the CAUSE of all things, "the Mighty God," without whom were not made "Arcturus and his sons, and the sweet influences of Pleiades, and the bands of Orion," aye, and the angelic orders, the principalities and powers of heaven. Behold HIM, wrapt in swaddling clothes, laid in a manger! He has entered human life *by our door;* for He is a Mother's own Son. He is one with us indeed, in the profound bond of a common nature. And He, no other, even He, is one with the eternal Father too.

Blessed Birthday, dear to eternity and to time! Let us hasten with our Birthday Gift and lay it at His feet—ourselves, our hearts, our all!

From the Father's glory,
From the Virgin's womb,
Infant and Eternal,
Saviour, Thou art come.

Older than Creation,
Cause of things that are;
Younger than the Mother-Maid,
Tender Morning Star.

Goal and rest for ever
Of the life-worn mind;
To the little children
Infinitely kind.

* Elaborately and skilfully brought out in a great book of sixty years ago, W. H. Mill's *Mythical Interpretation of the Gospels*.

FOURTH SUNDAY

HIS FACE: THEIR FOREHEADS

"They shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads."—Rev. xxii. 4.

We have come to the last Sunday of the year. Does it not seem as if it was but a week or two ago that we thought over, on its first Sunday, the promise of the Presence "all the days"? To-day, as in the Psalmist's time, "we pass our years as a tale that is told," and seem to hear already the hush that will succeed the tale, as the night falls upon the listening circle by the fire, and they part for sleep.

But the Word of God, which so fully recognizes the deep pathos of time, is rich in antidotes to it. One such antidote we sought to use last Sunday, the supreme remedy, the Coming into time of the eternal Son of God, made one with man. Another, virtually related to this, yet also to be contemplated apart, is before us here in this great promise of the eternal future. True always to itself, the Bible, "the Book of Hope," closes its oracles with the revelation of a beginning which has no end. It lifts us beyond "the shadow of our night" to the prospect of a life out of which the pathos of time is exorcised for ever. Resting that prospect not upon emotions, however tender, but upon the Person and Word of the risen and glorified Redeemer, who is the Morning Star (xxii. 16) of the final day, it bids us be sure that there shall come in at length for the life-worn soul of believing man a state as full as divine love can make it of sorrowless as well as sinless perfectness, in which "He that sitteth on the throne" will "make all things *new*."

No tremulous joy, no tear-besprinkled happiness, bearing a relic of sorrow in its heart, is promised us in the Scripture doctrine of the future. Ours is a "hope full," to its brim, "of immortality." We look for a world where, as the Rabbis have somewhere wonderfully said, the blessed grow not older but younger as they live on in heaven.

Out of this last outburst of the Oracle of Hope let us take this short sentence, and think upon its double glory.

i. "They shall see His face." Here is the supreme promise of the Gospel. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God" (Matt. v. 8). "Now we see by a mirror, in a riddle; but then, face to face" (1 Cor. xiii. 12, literally). "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty" (Isai. xxxiii. 17). Throughout the long Christian ages, this hope of "the beatific Vision," that sight of the Lord which makes absolutely blessed, has shone before the eyes of the Church on her pilgrimage, as the ultimate rest and glory. So it must be. Heaven is to be the scene of an endless life. That prospect, apart from the sight of God, would be even terrible; it would more than realize the sorrowful Tithonus-legend of the Greeks, the woe of the being who, asking for immortality, forgot to ask also for immortal youth. Nothing but the Vision can keep the finite creature new and young for ever. But that can; each for himself, all for one another, and for the Lord, the blessed shall be for ever crowned with an unfading, yea, a blossoming life, seeing Him.

"His face." And whose, exactly, is that fair and vivifying Countenance? It is not the presence of a "God in the abstract," a benignant but nameless Deity. Look at the verse preceding, and know that it is the face of God in Christ. What else is meant when the seer of the Revelation, using to the last the peculiar imagery of his great prophecy, looking into the Holy City and discoursing there its everlasting centre of order and of love, writes that "the throne of God *and of the Lamb* shall be in it, and His (not Their but His) servants shall serve Him"? For ever they shall, on the mount of the Vision, "worship the Son in the Father, and love the Father in the Son."

ii. "His name shall be in their foreheads." His Name, the transcript of His Character, the celestial family likeness of His children, shall shine unmistakable upon those white tablets, the foreheads of the glorified. "They shall be like Him, seeing Him as He is." Observe that significant touch in the picture, "in *their foreheads*." No vague and (so to speak) inarticulate radiance circles the throne of God and the Lamb. It is a multitude

which cannot be numbered. But it is no mere mass, no mere aggregated unit. It is a host of faces. Look, the very foreheads are to be seen; each forehead there, as it is here, the seat and the expression of personal character, of individual thought, and will, and affection; no two precisely alike there, any more than here, while all are suffused with the inner oneness of the family of God. Each happy personality, while one with Him, and in Him one with all, is *itself* for all eternity, sustained by Him unwearied in its blissful identity, and so contributing *itself*, that individual centre of life and love, to the joy of all.

"'Tis heaven at last." So sings Horatius Bonar in a poem full of his own characteristic mingled pathos and joy, imagining what it will be to look round at length, and lo, beyond all the travelling, it is veritably the eternal home!

So shall it be for us, "when rolling years have ceased to move," through the great mercy of our God in Christ. As I think that thought, I seem to see it embodied in a certain inscription, on a marble slab, on the southern outer wall of a village church, the church of Oberhofen, which looks from its gentle eminence across the waters of the Lake of Thun. The stone bears the name of an English woman, long departed, and it seems, by what its English legend implies, to tell us that she had in her time tasted deep of the cup of loneliness and sorrow. But now, so its words of triumphant faith, grandly adapted from Isaiah, assure us, all this is over, and the Vision has satisfied the solitary pilgrim's eyes: THE LORD IS MY EVERLASTING LIGHT, AND THE DAYS OF MY MOURNING ARE ENDED.

Trades and Tricks in Ireland

VI.—The Vagabond

By Seumas MacManus

Author of "Donegal Fairy Stories," "A Lad of the O'Friels"

THE term vagabond with us has not exactly the same meaning that it bears in the wider world without. It implies in the person who bears it a certain amount of wit, which, flavouring his rascality, appeals to us strongly, and makes us more than partial to him—every time he outwits some person other than ourselves.

Hughie Doherty was the rarest vagabond known in my part of the country in my young days. Hughie did not follow vagabondage as a profession. He only took it up as a relaxation. Hughie was a third labourer, a third fisherman, and a third vagabond.

Hughie earned his bread in the sweat of his brow—when he could not get it otherwise. But the bread which he earned by the misapplication of his wits tasted doubly sweet to him.

He was a huge humorist, moreover, who loved the art too, for the art's sake, and who could afford to work rascality on an unoffending neighbour just for the enjoyment of the thing.

Old Charlie Keerins fetched Hughie to the shore to cut wrack one morning. The wrack (which makes an excellent manure) grows beneath the water upon the stones and flags which extend so far out from the beach that the sea-weed is cut only on occasion of great ebbs of the tide. On this day, when Charlie with his horse and cart, and Hughie therein, reached the working-ground, the tide had unfortunately turned, and was fast flowing in again. "Hughie," said Charlie, "this is a lost mornin's work—the

tide's comin'." This meant no day's pay for Hughie; so he boldly faced the situation. "Blatheration, Misther Keerins," Hughie said, "the tide's only ebbin' yet." "Are ye sure?" "As sure as there's a head on me body. And as it isn't yet far enough out, I think you might save time by dhrivin' off to Neil McAlloone's forge, and gettin' that far front shoe fastened on the mare. By the time you get that done and reach back, I'll have every bud of wrack cut and piled for ye. Hurry yerself."

Poor Charlie set off. It was three miles to Neil's forge. He had patiently to wait his turn there. And when he reached the shore again the tide was, to his consternation, full in; there was no sign of Hughie Doherty; and no trace of wrack, cut and piled. He whipped up the mare, made haste towards home, and when he reached it, inquired of Molly (his wife) if there was any tidings of Hughie Doherty. "Surely," Molly said, "Hughie, poor fellow, reached home an hour ago and got his dinner and his day's pay. He sayed yous had made a fine mornin's work; and that he came home by the short cut over the hills, while you were coming round the road with a cart-load!" It was a long twelve months before Charlie Keerins's wrath had evaporated.

But, next spring, for want of a better man, he had to employ Hughie again—this time, in company with other labourers, to set potatoes upon a distant farm. As Charlie Keerins was very stingy, he never gave a mid-day meal to his labourers in the short days of February. "Misther Keerins," said Hughie, when the workmen were going off in the morning, "what time will we be expectin' the dinner to come to us?" "Ye'll get a dinner and supper all in one when ye come home in the evenin', sir," said Charlie tartly. "Don't be afeard of starvin', for the Big Mill's grindin' away," said he, attempting a joke at Hughie's expense.

Hughie made no reply. But at about one o'clock that day he stuck his spade in the ridge and straightened himself, and said his stomach was whispering "Dinner-time" to him. His companions laughed. If yous want your dinner, and a good one, boys, come with me," he said. "Who'll pay for it?" they asked. "Charlie Keerins," he said. He led them to Owen a-Tolan's little country-shop, and, passing into the kitchen, said, "I suppose we've come too early, Mrs. Tolan?" "What for?" she asked in surprise. "Dinner," said Hughie. "Didn't young Micky Hannon fetch ye Misther Keerins's ordher?" "The sorra bit of him," said Mrs. Tolan. "Phew!" said Hughie, "I tell ye, boys, this is a nice how-d'ye-do! The young schaymer—the imp of the divil!—must 'a' stopped to see the cock-fights at Tullinasrone. May the divil break the nadger's neck! And us as hungry as we are! Misther Keerins, ma'am, started the young rapscallion off with the message to ye at the same minute he started us off to the farm in the mornin'. The dinner was ordhered for one o'clock." "Oh, sure, if yous can only afford half an hour," said Mrs. Tolan, "I'll give yous a dinner would do a lord."

And a choice meal they had—and a full one. For ten days they were working on this farm. Each day they got a grand meal from Mrs. Tolan, and each evening they made most strenuous efforts to eat double quantity at Charlie Keerins's table, and succeeded pretty well. A fortnight later Charlie Keerins received Mrs. Tolan's bill for dining his men for ten days. Mrs. Tolan herself brought in the bill to him. She had owed him some pounds for hay; she set one account against the other, and gave him with the bill five shillings of a balance—"which clears you and me, Misther Keerins," she said.

And when Charlie Keerins cornered Hughie, a week later, at Micky Blake's, the shoemaker's, and let burst upon him the storm of his wrath, Hughie calmly smoked his pipe till Charlie gave in from want of further wind and words, and then said, "Misther Keerins, don't be afeerd of starvation—the Big Mill's still grindin' away!"

Hughie used to fish in Barney Boyle's boat. Around the winter they went off most fine days, and set the long lines. When they divided their haul, the fish were of so many sizes and varieties that it was not easy making an impartial division of the "take" among the crew. A usual plan of distribu-

tion is to divide the catch into as many heaps as there are shares to be made. (The owner of the boat gets two shares, and his comrades each one share.) Then one of the party is blindfolded, and another, touching with a stick each heap in turn, asks the blindfolded one, "Whose share is this?" And the latter thus allots the shares by chance.

Now, on one such occasion one heap contained a rare turbot, which was properly of the value of a share in itself. But Donal a-Byrne, who had made the division, put many fine fish into the same heap, with the greedy intention of securing that pile for himself. Hughie Doherty was the blindfolded one. Donal had let Hughie know privately that he wished this particular pile to come to himself. "When the rod's laid on it, Hughie, I'll give a sneeze as a sign to you, and you'll say, 'That share goes to Donal a-Byrne,' do ye undherstan'?" "I undherstan'," said Hughie. And, accordingly, when a particular heap was reached upon which Donal a-Byrne sneezed, and Hughie was asked, "Whose share's this?" he promptly replied, "That share's me own!"

On another occasion when Hughie and Donal and Micky Hegarty fished the one little boat, Hughie went alone to haul the lines on a morning that Micky and Donal could not get to the shore in time. They told him they would be there for the division of the fish. Hughie carried to the shore with him three creels. When Donal and Micky arrived, a few hours later, Hughie had the lines lifted and the fish divided—the three creels were each about three-fourths filled. "Now, boys," Hughie generously said, "yous two take your pick of the three creels, and I'll only ax the one that's left." Donal lifted each creel, and, of course, chose the weightiest—one that was very much weightier than the others. Micky chose the creel next in weight. Then the very lightest only fell to poor Hughie. Yet the advantage was that Hughie trotted past his perspiring comrades, as he tripped home with his own load. And when Donal and Micky reached home and emptied their creels, they found they had been hauling home several chunks of rock which rested in the bottoms of their creels!

At the turf-cutting one day, Hughie made Pat Brogan tie one of his (Pat's) own shoes, to Conal a-Fiel's dog, sending it off over the country, under the belief that it was Myles Monahan's shoe. In the evening, when the turf-workers sat down to put on their shoes, poor Pat discovered the trick he had been playing on himself—and he set off over the country, inquiring for "a red dog, runnin' mad, with my shoe rattlin' at its tail!"

And on a Hallow Eve night, when the young fellows were playing annoying tricks upon cranky Dan Connell, the cooper, Hughie stole a wheel off Dan's cart, and set it rolling down the brae from the foot of which Dan's house faced upwards. The wheel, as Hughie intended, crashed through Dan's door, and dealt not a little destruction within before it came to rest. In a thorough rage Dan seized an axe and chopped the wheel into firewood. "Now the natarnal scoundhrils can buy a new wheel if they like for whosomiver owned that one," Dan said. It was only next morning that he discovered he had smashed up his own wheel.

And Hughie Doherty had to clear the country for six months.

Things and other Things

Literary Examination Papers

Report and Key—Scott's "Waverley," "Kenilworth," "Bride of Lammermoor"

THE Literary Examination Editor regrets that, owing to the exigencies of the Press, it was necessary to curtail the time allowed to competitors in October. The number of papers was diminished, and many were accompanied by apologies for haste.

Marks for Scott's "Waverley," "Kenilworth," and "Bride of Lammermoor":

Connla, 100, Penumbra, 100; Dubric, 92; Crescent, 83; Devenick, 76; M. Kenwigs, 73; Trothan, 70; Logan, 69, Southern, 69; Carlyon, 67; Deirdre, 65; Eclipse, 61; Tannie, 59; Wuzzums, 58; Elpis, 55; Ædh, 54; Llentrad, 54; Nell, 53; Peg, 52; Firefly, 50; Scotia, 49; Margaret, 47; Plympton, 46; Spero, 44; Myra, 41; Déjà, 41; Veritas, 35; Ivan, 30.

1. "With the artistic instinct granted him in the largest measure, Scott had little of the artistic conscience."

There is much justification for this criticism. With Scott's astonishing genius was more than the usual admixture of the commercial instinct. No man before him had found such a gold mine in literature; no man since has worked it more industriously. He was a ready writer, and the public waited greedily for each production. Abbotsford must be built, furnished, and kept up on a system of feudal display. Later on there were debts, which (all honour to Scott) must be paid in full. But there is no question that his work suffered from this prodigality, and that his popularity served as an excuse for that "easy writing" which Sheridan has characterised as "d—d hard reading." In his Journal (January 8, 1826) we find: "J. B. writes me seriously on the carelessness of my style. I don't think I am more careless than usual, but I dare say he is right." Again (April 22, 1826): "J. G. L. kindly points out some solecisms in my style, as 'amid' for *amidst*, 'scarce' for *scarcely*, &c., &c. Well, I will try to remember all this. But, after all, I write grammar as I speak, to make my meaning clear, and a solecism in point of composition, like a Scotch word in speaking, is indifferent to me." This is not a doctrine that should be held by any responsible writer even in private, far less by one who holds the unquestioned position of Sir Walter Scott.

2. "To what class of readers do the Waverley Novels now chiefly appeal?"

Outside the select few who still read literature as a matter of course, the chief readers of Scott are now the young and the old. From grown-up youth to late middle age he is generally left on the shelf. But to the young his books appeal with the authentic voice of Romance. There is no boy of imagination who would not put lance in rest for such a heroine as Rebecca or Edith Plantagenet; no girl but in her dreams would see herself crowned queen of the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. It is gallant reading, honest and brave, like its author. For the old the charm works otherwise. The diffuseness, the flagging of action are no drawback to the leisure of age; and the tolerant wisdom of Scott, his quiet twinkle of humour and antique courtesy appeal with especial force to those of long experience in the ways of a world which he too found difficult enough. The middle-aged and the hobbledehoy prefer a more highly seasoned diet; they have grown out of one stage and not yet entered the other, but with the two ends of life the Waverley Novels still hold their own, and it is due to their wise and healthy outlook that this should be so. It is however fair to say that among one particular and not unimportant class, the users of free libraries, while Scott is more popular than Thackeray and even than Charles Dickens, he yields the palm to Emma Jane Worboise and Mrs. Henry Wood! A preference so preposterous

may well make the boldest pause before laying down a general law.

3. "Estimate the historical value of 'Kenilworth.'"

As a picture of the times the historical value of "Kenilworth" is very high; as a record of fact it has no value whatever. The marriage of Lord Robert Dudley with Anne (not Amy) Robsart was not secret, but took place at Court on June 4, 1549, in the presence of King Edward VI., and could not have been unknown to Elizabeth (Froude, iv. 526; vi. 422). The tragic death of the Countess at Cumnor Place occurred in 1560, fifteen years before the famous revels at Kenilworth.

Even granting the date of the novel, 1575, Sir Walter commits anachronisms worthy of Shakespeare himself. In 1575 Shakespeare was eleven years old, yet Elizabeth quotes "Troilus and Cressida" as freely as the heroes of that play quoted Aristotle. Raleigh, who recites so effectively the sugared compliments of the yet unwritten "Midsummer Night's Dream" has got no business to be there. In 1575 he was trailing a pike in the Netherlands. Spenser was still at Cambridge, and had not written the "Faerie Queene." Sidney's "Arcadia" was as yet unpublished. In fact in "Kenilworth" as in an early Italian masterpiece, three or four acts of a drama are represented on the same canvas.

Undoubtedly this juggling with dates is a matter to be regretted, and leads to confusion in the mind of the reader which might easily have been avoided, but in a higher sense "Kenilworth" is true history. It reveals to us Elizabeth and her lords and ladies in the very fashion in which they lived. Here is the Queen herself, "with the head of a man and the heart of a woman," her wisdom and her vanity, her fondness for money and her generosity, her love for a handsome man and her admiration for a brave one. Here is wise Burleigh—her good demon, bluff Surrey, rough Hudson, courtly Raleigh. These are historical truths in whatever framework they are set.

4. "Compare briefly the characters of Lucy Ashton, Rose Bradwardine, and Amy Robsart."

There is something faint and almost spectral about the character of Lucy Ashton, which in a book less magnificently planned than "The Bride of Lammermoor" might detach the reader's sympathy from her fortunes. Where Rose Bradwardine's honest common-sense would have broken her way to her lover through all Lady Ashton's intrigues—where Amy Robsart would have flashed out defiance at Fate and parents alike, Lucy succumbs with scarcely a struggle. Yet her exquisite gentleness makes her as pathetic a figure as any in English literature. In her fragile grace she can only cling to parents and lover alike, and in the withering atmosphere of their mortal hate she has no refuge but death. Rose Bradwardine has the necessary power of self-assertion which Lucy lacks; it is easy to foresee that she will guide her rather wavering Waverley—which, according to Ruskin, is the final course of all Scott's heroines—through life with discretion, and the same good judgment leads her into resolute though maidenly action where his safety and honour are concerned. Amy Robsart is yet another and most feminine type. With a pride which nothing but her love can reconcile to the compromising circumstances in which she has placed herself, the essential weakness of her character fails to command respect from Leicester or his satellites, and her fitful self-assertion constitutes a danger which they must remove at all hazards. Yet Amy is lovable because she loves and suffers, and where Lucy Ashton would have perished without troubling her gaolers and Rose Bradwardine's honesty would have saved her from Leicester's ambiguities, Amy hesitates always and is lost, struggling to the last as violently and helplessly as a caged bird. The impulsiveness of her character is at once its fault and its charm.

5. Explain with reference to the context:

i. "Parcel blind by age and whole blind by kindred" ("Kenilworth," chap. 1).

Dickie Sludge (chap. 12) shrewdly estimates the worth of his grandmother's tribute to his beauty. She is partly blind by age and wholly blinded by family feeling.

ii. "Worse heraldry than metal upon metal" ("Kenilworth," chap. 12).

Patience in dealing with such a villain as Varney is as misplaced, according to Master Mumblazon, as "metal upon metal." For the sake of contrast in heraldry metal was not permitted upon metal or colour upon colour. (A rule which it may be remarked Scott transgressed in his description of the arms of Marmion, and also of the Black Knight in "Ivanhoe.")

iii. "The little gentleman in black velvet" ("Waverley," chap. 11). The Laird of Balmawhapple demands a bumper to the mole which indirectly caused the death of William III.

iv. "Latin for a tass of brandy" ("Bride of Lammermoor," chap. 26).

Sir Walter is thinking of Swift.

Lord Smart: Well, Tom, can you tell me what's Latin for a candle?

Neverout: O, my lord, I know that—Brandy is Latin for a goose and tace is Latin for a candle. (See Journal, March 23, 1827. And compare Macaulay's "Each slice of goose shall introduce a thimbleful of brandy.")

v. "Before Dudman and Ramhead meet" ("Kenilworth," chap. 4). Two headlands on the Cornish coast. The expression is proverbial.

vi. "Ours were a comfortable people" ("Kenilworth," chap. 11).

Dame Crank, the Papist laundress, regrets the days when the Roman Catholics had the upper hand, and the abbots of Abingdon could exorcise the devil and all his friends when they became troublesome.

vii. "Old Andrew Ferrara shall lodge his security" (Waverley," chap. 50).

Fergus MacIvor is ready to offer the sword as forcible bail for Waverley's father and uncle who were in prison. The Ferrara blades were famous in Scotland.

viii. "Bran new frae the Mint and kenspeckle a wee bit" ("Bride of Lammermoor," chap. 18).

Caleb recommends his master to change the Lord Keeper's gold pieces as being too easily recognisable in a country where gold was rare enough at the time.

6. "Explain the phrases":

"Bacon with reverence," an apology for naming such a homely food in the presence of people of quality.

"Plumdamas," a confection of damson (damascene) plums.

"Black pudding and whitehas," (1) Sausages made of blood; (2) Sausages made of oatmeal, suet, onions, etc.

"A habit or a railly," a riding-habit or a large camlet petticoat slipped over the ordinary dress and held up by straps over the shoulders.

"Sarsenet manners," the manners of a counter-jumper, *cf.* Shakespeare: "Giv'st such sarsenet surety for thine oaths as if thou never walkest further than Finsbury."

"A Tyburn tippet"—the hangman's rope—tippet: a length of twisted hair or gut in a fishing line. (The phrase occurs as early as Latimer's sermons.)

"Jack-pudding to a quack salver," the buffoon attending a mountebank.

"Gawsie cow, goodly calf," handsome mother, handsome daughter, *cf.* Horace's "O matre pulchra filia pulchrior."

"Twilts, pands and testers," bed-furniture, *i.e.*, quilts, valences or hangings (*pendre*) and the canopy or headpiece (*tête*).

7. "Quote any passages from the text in which the author deprecates the manners of his own time."

1. ". . . the formal gallantry of the time, which did not permit the guest to tuck the lady of the house under his arm, as a rustic does his sweetheart at a wake" ("Bride of Lammermoor," ch. 21).

2. "In these days when every new and foolish fashion is introduced to break the natural dependence of the people upon their landlord ("Waverley," ch. 5).

3. "The pedlars of those days . . . were men of far greater importance than the degenerate and degraded hawkers of our own times ("Kenilworth," ch. 19).

4. It was not then, as it may be now, a necessary part of a young lady's demeanour to indulge in causeless tremors of the nerves ("Bride of Lammermoor," ch. 5).

5. "My damsels will neither be clothed in purple and in lace, nor reduced to the primitive nakedness of a modern fashionable rout" ("Waverley," ch. 1).

Examination Paper No. XII

General Paper.

1.—Discuss the humour of Thackeray and of Dickens. In what respect does it differ from that of Miss Austen?

2.—Describe the occasion on which Wordsworth made his one recorded joke.

3.—Judging solely from the authors we have studied during the year, what is the character of great writers for domestic affection, affability and worldly wisdom?

4.—Contrast Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson, either in their attitude towards Nature or as describers of bird-life.

5.—If Browning had undertaken the story of Peter Bell how would it probably have been treated?

6.—Identify the actors in the following dialogue:

i. "Why, I am not much given to turn critic on people I meet, but as you ask me I will candidly avow that I thought him a very talkative vulgar young person, but I daresay he may be very clever."

ii. "Like him? Not at all. He is a dreadful old ass!"

7.—Trace to their origin the following quotations:

i. "'Twas said he ate strange flesh."

ii. "Golden lads and lassies must
Like chimney-sweepers come to dust."

iii. "There the antic sate
Mocking our state."

iv. "Bully Dawson would have fought the devil with such advantages."

8.—Estimate Scott's rank as a writer of prose fiction.

Our Literary Examination Papers

These papers are set by Mr. H. R. Heatley. They will be marked to scale as in an ordinary school or University examination. Prizes will be awarded to those obtaining the highest marks in each individual paper and also for the best aggregate marks for given terms as follows:

MONTHLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.—First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.

HALF-YEARLY PRIZES.—First prize, £2; second prize, £1; third prize, 10s.

ANNUAL PRIZE.—First prize, £5; second prize, £2; third prize, £1.

In accordance with the marking the first and second prize for this month will be divided equally between

"CONNLA" and "PENUMBRA."

The next examination paper will be on "Rudyard Kipling. Poems and Shorter Stories."

During the remainder of the current year the second monthly prize will not be awarded to any competitor who has already won a first prize.

RULES.

The papers must be signed with a pseudonym only. Pseudonyms should not contain more than eight letters.

The real name and address must accompany the first paper sent in by any competitor, in a sealed envelope with the pseudonym written on the outside. Once the name and address have been sent it will not be necessary to repeat them, unless requested to do so by the Literary Examination Editor.

The marks will be published monthly, the total for the month, quarter, half-year, and year, to date. Only the pseudonyms will be given with the marks, except in the announcement of prizes, when the real names and addresses may be given: for the present the real names and addresses of the prize-winners of the monthly competitions will not be given.

The awards and rulings of the Literary Examination Editor must be accepted as final.

Papers sent in competition must be received at the office of GOOD WORDS not later than the 20th of each month, addressed to The Literary Examination Editor, GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Papers which arrive after December 20 will not be adjudicated upon.

The marks for the December paper will be published in the February number of the magazine—and so on.

The Lesser Shrew: The Smallest British Mammal

THE smallest member of the highest order of the animal kingdom, *Mammalia*, should offer some points of interest, even if for no other reason than that of its unique position amongst animals.

The common shrew is much more abundant than the lesser, and often measures from two and a half to three inches in length of head and body. Each species is clothed with thick soft fur of a brownish colour above, and white or grey beneath; and externally differ in little excepting size.

The Lesser Shrew, the smallest British mammal

The lesser shrew, or shrew-mouse, is not only the smallest British representative of this first order of animals, but, indeed, excepting one other member of the genus to which it belongs, the smallest in Europe. It is true some natural history books will inform readers that the harvest-mouse is the least of British mammals, but as this animal often measures two and a half inches in length of head and body, and the lesser shrew rarely more than two inches, the evidence seems rather conclusive.

One would think that such small, useful, and retiring animals as these—for they feed on insects, worms, slugs, snails, etc., and are nocturnal in their habits—could scarcely possess a very evil reputation, yet this is another of those small, unfortunate and harmless animals which our forefathers held in evil repute.

Gilbert White, in speaking of a shrew-ash, says: "Now a shrew-ash is one whose twigs or branches, when applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains

which the beast suffers from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part afflicted; for it is supposed that a shrew-mouse is of so baneful and deleterious a nature that, wherever it creeps over a beast, be it horse, cow or sheep, the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish, and threatened with the loss of the limb."

This healing tree was made thus, quoting from the same writer: "Into the body of the tree a deep hole was bored with an auger, and a poor devoted shrew-mouse was thrust in alive, and plugged in, no doubt with several quaint incantations long since forgotten." So these inoffensive little creatures were the victims of cruel superstition.

The shrew has many enemies without man adding to their number. It has been observed by many naturalists that each year, towards the autumn, numbers of dead shrews are frequently found lying about garden paths and lanes; but the cause of this strange epidemic and mortality is difficult to account for.

Some naturalists have suggested that owls and cats are the murderers, as these are said to kill but not to eat the shrew. It, however, has been shown that owls will eat these animals; and the situations in which their dead bodies are found make it almost a certainty that the domestic cat has had little to do with the matter. So it still remains a mystery.

The first week in July of this year, on a path in an open field, I found my first dead specimen of this season, it being the lesser shrew, or rather the head of it, for something had taken or eaten its body, and a few ants were busy with the remaining head portion, not to mention a batch of flies' eggs which had been deposited upon it. So that in a very short time what one class of Nature's scavengers would leave another would eventually remove.

I proceeded on my way across the field, but only to meet with another example further on.

Here things were better, for surely a live specimen of the shrew, and especially the lesser shrew, in open daylight was worth studying. So I approached cautiously. The shrew, however, seemed little inclined to move, and remained quiet amongst the grass.

Having my camera in working order, naturally the opportunity was not to be missed. So the accompanying photograph was made.

After exposing the plate, I endeavoured to find why the creature had remained so quiet, and found that it, too, had evidently been attacked and injured in some way, for it apparently had no desire to move, so I pulled the grass about it and left it to take its chance, trusting that I had its picture as a memory.

The shrews are closely related to the hedgehog, and more distantly connected with the mole, and although often called shrew-mice have not the slightest affinity with mice proper.

The other example of British shrews is the water-shrew, which is a larger animal, and, as its name denotes, aquatic in its habits. Strange to say, in a brook which runs through this field in which I photographed the lesser shrew I recently, while gathering botanical specimens on the bank, had the opportunity of watching a water-shrew.

These animals are white on the lower parts and black above, each colour being sharply defined where they meet, although when swimming and diving they appear grey from above owing to minute air-bubbles adhering to their fur. JOHN J. WARD.

Some Remarkable Christmas Dinners

IN view of the fact that it was partaken of well within the arctic circle, the Christmas dinner enjoyed by Lieutenant Peary's expedition a few years ago does great credit to the chef preparing it. Included amongst the viands were broiled salmon, trout with tomato sauce, potato patties, olives, roast saddle of venison (reindeer), with cheese, sweets, nuts, raisin champagne, cigarettes and coffee—a refection that sounds more in keeping with the bill of fare of a London restaurant than with an expedition situated in the vicinity of the North Pole.

Very different were the Christmas meals eaten at the front by our gallant soldiers in

South Africa three years or so ago. At Ladysmith, for instance, the price of viands precluded a very gorgeous repast, as can be gauged from the following particulars: Potatoes sold for 1*s.* 1*d.* each, a cucumber realised 9*s.* 6*d.*, and eggs varied in price from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 11*d.*, nevertheless the officers of the 5th Dragoon Guards partook of a refection the menu of which made up in length what it lacked in quality. A tin of Julienne soup, especially kept for Christmas, opened the dinner and was immediately followed, in the absence of entrées, by trek ox, masquerading as "Ros Bif à les Anglais" (an apparently not altogether grammatical dish), the vegetables consisting of one potato for each man and a small tin of peas. Thanks to the generosity of General Hunter, the mess also rejoiced in a ham; the "Plum Pudding aū Bulwan," however, hardly appears to have been a greater success than the confection that did duty on that Christmas day that saw the relief expedition marching to Khartoum, when, as Count Gleichen relates, the puddings were made out of every imaginable edible saving suet, which was very difficult to obtain, as the cows and sheep of the district did not cultivate fat. So far as the "Plum Pudding au Bulwan" is concerned, it is unnecessary to say more than that even the hungry diners did not ask for a second helping. The "Ros Bif," it should be mentioned, was slightly spoilt owing to the bakery being shelled when the meat was in the oven, a circumstance that made the cooks beat an abrupt retreat. At Chieveley camp, on the same date, the relieving force under General Buller fared sumptuously, the officers of the Irish Fusiliers' mess, who had the officers of the Naval Brigade as guests, partaking of soup, fish, entrées, joint (trek ox again), and many other dainties, such as "Cronje Beetroot," "Asperges glacés Buller," "Mince Pies Lyddite," "Apricots 4 7"; the sweet figuring as "Gatacre à la Clery" was doubtless a species of gâteau; the wines, however, are not familiar to British connoisseurs, consisting as they did of "Champagne H.M.S. 'Forte,'" Port "Terrible," Whisky "Powerful," and "Maritz Beer de Plucky Natal"—the "vineyards" from whence they came, can, however, be easily recognised by those familiar with the names of the vessels on the South African Station.

At Kimberley, where the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes distributed forty-two plum puddings among the various camps, there were two or three men who had already in their lives enjoyed a Christmas dinner under similar conditions, namely, in Paris in the siege winter of 1870, but it would have been a most remarkable coincidence if any of them assisted at the famous siege dinner of which Mr. Washburne, who was then at the American Legation, preserves the menu. Amongst other items on this bill of fare appeared several strange viands, converted by skilful French cooks into very succulent dishes, though some, perhaps, would have preferred a more Sphinx-like reticence to have been preserved regarding their identity on the bill of fare. Katzenpfeffer, for instance, hardly disguises the fact that some feline fireside friend had been sacrificed to provide the jugged delicacy, the asses' flesh à la sauce Soubise, ragoût of mice and rats à la Chinoise, are also somewhat brutal in their frankness; perhaps, however, the diners were at that period inured to the sight of rats figuring on the butchers' bills of fare and priced at varying figures, but always running into several shillings a pair, according to whether they were fat Norwegians or prime "blacks." At Mezières, the same Christmas, the fare was even more meagre, insomuch as it comprised rat or cat flesh, and two ounces of bread per man.

One can hardly conceive that any one passing through the terrible Christmas of 1854, when hunger and cold were killing off our men in the trenches before Sebastopol far more rapidly than the Russian guns, could deprive themselves of their own free will of what little nourishment they received in order to start a gastronomical collection with their rations; nevertheless, in the window of a coffee-house in Hackney three years last Christmas there was exhibited a piece of a Christmas pudding made in one of the field kitchens of one of the companies of the Grenadier Guards in front of Sebastopol forty-nine years ago. Needless to say, this ancient memento of a terrible Christmas dinner has now acquired the appearance of a fossil.